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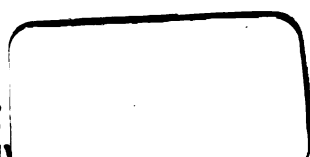
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D W I G H T ' S

JOURNAL OF MUSIC,

A Paper of Art and Literature.

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JOHN S. DWIGHT, EDITOR.

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VOLUME XVII

B O S T O N :

PUBLISHED BY OLIVER DITSON AND COMPANY, 277 WASHINGTON STREET.

1861.

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Reprint Edition 1967

JOHNSON REPRINT CORP.  
NEW YORK—LONDON

ARNO PRESS, INC.  
NEW YORK, N.Y.

*Library of Congress Catalog Card No. 67-24725*

Manufactured in the U.S.A. by Arno Press Inc.

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# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 417.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 1.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## "A Sure Stronghold is our God."

From ELIAS POLKO'S "Musikalische Märchen, Phantasien und Skizzen;" translated by FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

An autumn evening, filled with presentiments of winter, was followed by a dull, cold October day; cloudy shadows darkened the fields; an icy wind arose, and pitilessly tearing the fairest leaves from the branches where they clung, half wearied out, strewed them under the hasty foot of the wanderer. An anxious, expectant sorrow seemed to possess all nature, as though the voice of winter threatened from a distance, and in husky whispers told of the gloomy days to come, the long, dark nights, the ice and snow-flakes. But in the city, where the houses lay huddled together so comfortably in the midst of the vast plain, things looked much more cheerful; defying autumn weather, people had withdrawn to their warm houses; from many windows bright lights shone forth, tokens of social comfort. It was about the year 1732, and the city of which we speak, was called Leipzig. Surrounded by deep moats, high walls, and stately lindens, it was a safe and pleasant city to look on. The houses were almost all narrow and high, with pointed, square, projecting balconies; here and there a little tower arose from the roofs; of church steeples not many were to be seen. In the Cantor-house of the excellent Thomas-school, near the handsomest church in Leipzig, the lights glimmered particularly clear on the above mentioned October evening; happy voices sounded there, for there was a very united family assembled.

At the heavy oaken table, that stood in the midst of the small room, furnished with large, dark cabinets and curiously carved chairs, sat a man in a smooth suit of black and a large curled wig. His face was round and ruddy; a grave geniality played round the corners of his firm mouth; his forehead was fine and clear; and his fiery black eyes looked out from beneath it with an expression of concentrated power, whose influence it would be difficult to withstand. The heart would beat high in any breast which those dark eyes attracted to themselves; and one might fancy that they had drawn a black veil over the fathomless sea of light that swelled and shone within them. This man, the Herr Cantor JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, was celebrated throughout the city for his fine organ playing. Good people said of him, however, that he was a strange fellow, and often shook their wise heads over his extraordinary, involved figuration, and impossible-to-be-understood fantasias on the organ. But rarely did any one leave the church while the Cantor was playing, and a shudder of awe would pass over his hearers, when the sublime tones rushed forth in full force, as though they would burst the church walls, and bury the listening multitude beneath the falling ruins. At the right side of the Cantor sat his wife, a

fine looking woman with well cut features and gentle eyes, in a snow-white cap and dazzling neckhandkerchief. She held her youngest born, Christopher, a stout baby of about three months old, on her knees.

Other boys of different ages lay round their mother, comfortably eating roasted apples, and playing with their little brother. Bach's oldest son, Friedemann, a tall youth, resembling his father, but without his mild friendliness, stood near the immense earthen stove, and looked thoughtfully on the noisy group of boys. On the Cantor's left, a slender young man had taken his place, whose fine features, thick, black hair, and mild, kindly, brownish face bore the strongest possible resemblance to the head of the family. This was Bach's second son, Philip Emanuel, arrived on an unexpected visit from Frankfort on the Oder, after a long and tiresome journey. He had just been telling his father of the new musical academy, which he had founded, and now directed in Frankfort; he praised the talent and industry of his scholars, and timidly took some leaves of music paper from his pocket. Blushing, he pushed them towards the Cantor with these words: "Dear father, look if there is anything in it."

It was a fine Sonata, that old Bach ran through with joy-bedewed eyes and light movements of the finger, then rolled it up again, and said: "Time will make something of thee, my boy! only get on with the help of God the Lord! Friedemann also moves forward bravely, and does not play badly; good luck go with you both!" Both his eldest sons listened, smiling like children, to their honored father, and gratefully pressed his hands. The conversation was suddenly interrupted by a horse's hasty gallop, and a quick knocking at the little house door. Astonished, both the eldest sons sprang to the door; the children forgot their noise, the mother turned pale, and Sebastian Bach looked calmly on and said: "How can you all behave so? not one of us has a bad conscience; then let him come who will. In a few minutes, a postillion, tired out, covered with mud, appeared; he came direct from the electoral residence, Dresden, desired to speak with the Cantor Sebastian Bach, and handed him a letter from the powerful minister, the much dreaded Count Brühl. The Cantor drew the large oil lamp nearer, shaded his eyes with his hand, and read, while Philip Emanuel politely handed a chair to the messenger.

"My Dear Cantor!—Our gracious elector and lord, Augustus of Saxony and Poland, wishes to hear you, the celebrated organist, Sebastian Bach, at his residence. You must play in the church at Dresden, on Sunday, the 24th of October. Two days after the receipt of this letter, a royal carriage will convey you from Leipzig to the residence, when we expect you with great impatience. Therefore prepare yourself for this distinguished honor, my dear Cantor. I am commissioned by our gracious lord to greet you.

Signed, COUNT BRUEHL.

Bach stood thoughtfully for a little while; irony

and unwillingness spoke in his expression; his eyes glanced from one to the other of his dear ones. Friedemann and Philip were modestly silent. "Herr Courier," said the Cantor at length, slowly but firmly, "inform my lord the minister, that I, Sebastian Bach, Cantor of the Thomas school at Leipzig, will fulfil the command of my prince, and come to Dresden." "I beg you to give me a written document," asked the courier. "Man," thundered Sebastian Bach, drawing himself up to his full height, "what are you asking for? Did you not understand me? Have not I, Sebastian Bach, just given you my word? Do you take me for one of those dishonorable knaves that flourish in the air of the court, and whom a rag of paper will bind closer than a manly word, spoken in the face of God?" "Dear father," began Philip Emanuel soothingly. "Silence, young man, you don't understand any thing about it!" answered his father hastily; then turning to the courier, he said more calmly: "Now you have your answer! tell all you have heard to my lord the count; it will not trouble me." The messenger had retired a few steps, pale with fear. Bach seized him by the collar, drew him towards himself and said friendly: "Now is not this a wholesome lesson for you? Do not forget it as soon as you have left my house. The residence is not every thing. And now, *basta!* if you will help us to despatch the evening soup and a pitcher of beer, it will please me well!" But the courier preferred to take a hasty leave, and the Cantor took his place at the table cheerfully. Then his children crowded anxiously round him, and Frau Gertrude exclaimed: "Ah, my Bastian, would you venture into the wide world, the splendor of Dresden, the city of sin! and oh, the long bitter journey! No, you will not do such a thing for your wife and children's sake!" And then she broke into a passion of tears, and fell sobbing on the neck of her husband.

The children, as soon as they saw their mother crying, began to cry also, clinging to their father's coat; the two sons conversed loudly and hastily about the Count's missive; in short, there was a terrific noise in the little room. At last the full voice of the head of the family overcame the noise; the Cantor cried out: "Wife, take the crazy boys into the nursery! let none but Friedemann and Emanuel remain behind." Then, like a strong-shouldered lion, he shook off the screaming children, and their mother took the little flock to the old nurse. The Cantor began to measure the chamber with long steps, as his faithful wife returned, and took her place at the table with moist eyes. "You must not grieve over the long journey, Gertrude," he said mildly to her, "for if the Lord God does not decree otherwise, I shall be back in my old nest in fourteen days; and, besides, I propose to take these boys with me to the residence. They shall see all the finery, and, above all things, take care of their father." Friedemann and Emanuel thanked him with sparkling eyes. "Yes, my children,



we will knock at the hearts of the worldlings with the strong voice of the Lord God"—so he sometimes called his beloved organ,—“and they shall stretch out their hands in surprise and anguish, and cry *Pater, peccavi!* and master Hasse shall acknowledge that there may be higher, more godly strains than his sweet, wanton Italian melodies.” He looked so glorious as he said this, that his family looked towards him with the deep reverence. But then he cried out heartily: “Now, mother, let the little squallers in, and fetch us the soup!” The table was covered, a large stone pitcher filled with foaming beer was placed beside the master of the house, an immense loaf of bread was laid near it, and now Father Bach, after he had pronounced a short grace, served carefully out to all, eldest first, of course, while, with ladle and knife, in the meantime, Frau Gertrude helped to the smoking soup; all ate, chattered, joked.

Next day the Cantor visited the rector, in order to obtain the necessary permission to make a journey. This was a difficult step for him, for he avoided, as much as possible, any contact with this person. Rector and Cantor were certainly not friends. The first complained bitterly of his inferior's obstinate disposition and unyielding demeanor, and Bach scolded the rector for a stupid, God-forsaken pedant. There was no fresh branch on this old tree, indeed, with its promise or fulfilment of green leaves; the rector was winter-like, within and without.

Dry and circumscribed in body and soul, he was deeply buried in the thick dust of mouldy pedantry. Fresh flowers never rejoiced him; he counted their stamina, examined their cups, and then threw them from him. Mankind was indifferent to him; he loved no living soul. He called the organ-playing of his refractory Cantor devilish; he withdrew from its influence, and never visited the early service; he had even spread it abroad, that Bach had made a compact with the devil, to blow the bellows for him, when he played the organ. He laid obstacles in the way of his Cantor as often as possible, and rejoiced like a kobold at any sudden outbreak of anger from this giant nature. Willingly would he have overthrown him entirely; but to shake such a rock, needed greater force than his, and he stood alone in his hate; for teachers and scholars looked on the powerful lord of the rolling organ, in silent love and admiration. As Sebastian Bach, very much excited, entered the study of the school-tyrant,—for he had just held a choral rehearsal with the scholars, had been a little impatient over it, and his peruke, as was the custom on such occasions, was in a desolate condition,—the rector rose up in his leathern arm chair, fixed his gray eyes on the visitor, and said majestically: “Now what complaint brings the Herr Cantor?” “No complaint, Herr Rector,” answered Bach, “I only came to inform you that I must take a long journey to-morrow, by command of the Elector, and therefore request fourteen days leave of absence.” “What is this I hear?” asked the rector, breathless with surprise and anger,—“long journey?—must?—Elector?—and I have not been advised about it? Herr Cantor, this is another cunning plan of your genial artist brain? how should the Elector Augustus?”—“I am to play the organ at Dresden,” answered the Cantor calmly, “the

Elector has commanded it.” “It sounds very improbable to me,” sneered the rector. “No particular time seems to have been allotted to the journey, and I must tell you without any ceremony, that I cannot spare you for the next four weeks. After that, I will not oppose your wishes.” Bach's ingenuous face did not give any symptom of anger during this malicious announcement; his eyes rested quietly on the face of his dwarfish opponent, and a compassionate smile played round his lips. At last he said firmly: “Herr Rector, give me, if you please, a decided answer! Will you give me fourteen days vacation?” “No! no! once more, no!” answered the enraged rector. “Very well, then I beg to inform you that I shall go without permission!” said the Cantor; and turning away, with hasty step he left the chamber of his enraged tormentor, without once looking back.

(Conclusion in our next.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Süssmayr and Mozart's Requiem.

The London *Musical World*, of Feb. 11, says:

The widow of Mozart, for her own gain and profit, permitted the contemptible swindler, Süssmayr, to claim a share in the composition of the whole of her husband's greatest work, and to declare himself the sole author of some of the most beautiful portions of that transcendent masterpiece; having sold the right to print the *Requiem*, she, at a later period, repudiating the first transaction, made a second market of the work, and sold, for a second *honorarium*, the right to print (from Mozart's incomplete sketch, which had been filled up, according to the finished manuscript, by the execrable impostor, who impudently pretended to have co-composed the whole with Mozart) an edition of the *Mass for the Dead*, in which the portions respectively attributed to the true and the pseudo-composer are indicated. The consequence of this course of lawful exercise of right in property was, not only that great doubt arose in the minds of even studied musicians, as to Mozart's authorship of the work—this was of small comparative importance, since as the world possessed a composition, which no man, save one, that ever lived, could have produced, it mattered little whether or not that one was accredited with it—but that a man, whose only claim to notice was his insolent effrontery in putting on the lion's skin, which did not fit him, was allowed the too respectable position of having it doubted that he could have contributed to the chef d'œuvre.

Please read that again, so as to get fully the force of the invective against the unfortunate—but for his peace of mind now happily deceased—Süssmayr.

The catalogue of musical works sent by me to the Boston Library last year shows a collection of nearly all the literature, which can bear upon the history of Mozart's *Requiem*. The *Cæcilia*, containing the Gottfried Weber controversy, the resumé of this under the title of “*Ergebnisse, &c.*” the “*Vertheidigung der Aechtheit*,” by Abbo Stadler, with all the *Nachtrags*, Nissen's *Biographie*, a complete set of the *Leipziger Allg. Musik Zeitung*, &c., &c. I for several years contemplated contributing to the *Journal* a pretty full history of the controversy and the results to which it led. Some doubts as to the correctness of the views which I had drawn from a repeated perusal of the entire controversy, led me to defer writing until I could have the aids which I expected to find in Vienna; and then the expected appearance of Jahn's third volume occasioned another delay. That volume did not reach this part of Mozart's history; but at length the fourth volume too appeared; and his statements, with his discussions of the various points raised, are conclusive. In some points the article which I should have written would have been faulty, though I hardly think that upon the main question any doubts, after reading the controversy above mentioned, could remain. The only difficulty remaining was caused by that score of the *Requiem* found in Count Walsegg's musical collection, which

which was alleged to be in Mozart's hand throughout. This difficulty is now removed entirely. To clear up the entire matter—which through Pierpont's American First Class Book has a romance about it which has become history to millions in our country—I now translate pretty fully those pages of Jahn's work which bear upon the history of the *Requiem*, and which place the zeal of the writer in the London *Musical World* in a rather ridiculous light.

Mozart is now at work upon the *Zauberflöte*, and here the translation begins.

“At this time (July, 1791) Mozart received an unexpected order and in an uncommon manner. A messenger,\* a stranger to him—a tall, lean man, clad in gray, with a serious, solemn face,—a striking looking personage, just of the sort to make a strange impression—brought to him an anonymous letter, in which, amid the most flattering recognition of his artistic genius, it was asked at what price he would undertake to write a *Mass* for the dead, and how soon he could finish it.

“Mozart informed his wife of the affair, telling her that this order was a very welcome one, that he had a great desire to try his powers in that style of composition and to compose with all diligence a work which friends and foes should study after his death. By her advice he declared himself ready to undertake the work, although he was unable to set any time for its completion, and demanded as compensation fifty, according to others, one hundred, ducats. The terms proving acceptable, the messenger came a second time and paid the price agreed upon, adding a promise of something more when the work should be completed. He brought him directions to write entirely after his own mood and humor; moreover he should give himself no trouble to find out from whom the order came, since his pains would certainly be vain. Before Mozart could set himself earnestly at work, about the middle of August, he received a new order, which must be executed at once. At the approaching coronation of Leopold II. as King of Bavaria, at Prague, a new festival opera was to be given. Metastasio's *Clemenza di Tito* was chosen, and it was again the people of Prague who determined to make good what the Viennese failed in; the Assembly called upon Mozart to compose the work. For now unknown reasons this decision had been long delayed; there was now no time to be lost; but a few weeks were left during which Mozart had to compose and rehearse the work. After making but the most necessary preparations, he started for Prague. Just as he was entering his carriage with his wife, the unknown messenger appeared unexpectedly, gently pulled Madame Mozart by the gown, and asked: ‘What was now the prospect as to the *Requiem*?’ Mozart gave the absolute necessity of the journey as his excuse, and the impossibility of giving the unknown any notice of it, but promised that this should be his first labor after his return, if leave of absence could only now be granted; with which the messenger declared himself satisfied.”

[I pass over the account of the production and ill success of the *Titus*, with the aid afforded Mozart by Süssmayr in its composition; the ill effects upon his health of such continued exertion; Jahn's long criticism upon the opera; and the eighty-seven pages devoted to the *Zauberflöte*; and go on with the translation, where the *Requiem* again comes up.]

“After the *Zauberflöte* had been brought upon the stage, Mozart devoted himself zealously to finishing the *Requiem*. His friend, Joseph von Jacquin, came to him with a request to give lessons to a young lady, already an excellent pianiste, and found him at his writing table busy upon the *Requiem*. Mozart declared himself ready to take the pupil, if the lessons could be deferred a short time, as he had a work up-

\* The messenger was Leutzeb, steward of Count Walsegg— not to be confused with the hornist.—Jahn's note.



on his hands, which was pressing and lay very near his heart; until this should be finished, he could think of nothing else. Other friends afterwards remembered having found Mozart at this work, which occupied him exclusively until a short time before his death. The constancy with which he devoted himself to this labor, night and day, increased the illness which he had brought with him from Prague. Already, while perfecting the *Zauberflöte*, he had had fainting fits, and now this physical prostration grew greater continually, and with it came a melancholy, which acquired even more complete command of him. His wife, grown anxious upon his account, in vain sought to draw him from his labors and take him into society; he remained sunk in his own thoughts and sad. One day when she rode out with him into the Prater, and they sat there together, he began to talk of death, and said, with tears in his eyes, that he was composing the *Requiem* for himself. 'I feel too sensibly,' continued he, 'that I shall not last much longer; some one has certainly given me poison, I cannot get rid of this idea.' Horrified at this remark she took all possible pains to convince him of the folly of such thoughts and reassure him. Convinced that the labor upon the *Requiem* but added to his morbid condition, she took the score from him and called in a physician, Dr. Closset.

"In fact he grew somewhat better, so as to be able to compose a Cantata for a Masonic festival, which he finished Nov. 15th and directed in the lodge.\* Its excellent execution and the applause which it received rejoiced him and gave him new strength and desire to work; he himself now declared his idea of having been poisoned but a hallucination caused by his ill health, which was now dissipated, called for the score of the *Requiem* again, which his wife gave him again without hesitation, and proceeded with its composition. This improvement however was but temporary; a few days later his melancholy returned; he spoke again of having been poisoned; his strength failed more and more; his feet and hands began to swell; he was hardly able to move himself, and a sudden attack of vomiting followed. During the fourteen days that he was confined to his bed, his consciousness remained; death was always before his eyes, he looked forward to it with courage, but not without pain could he part with life. The success of the *Zauberflöte* opened to him the prospect of a nobler appreciation and remuneration than he had hitherto met with; for in these last days a company of Hungarian nobles had subscribed to secure him an annuity of 1000 florins, and from Amsterdam he had received the offer of a still higher sum for a contract to deliver annually a few pieces to be theirs exclusively; now, when he saw himself secure of a handsome competence, and could live for Art alone, he must away and leave his wife and his two little children to a future full of care. But still, on his sick bed, he remained as ever amiable, friendly, never exhibiting the slightest impatience.

"When he became sick," says Sophia Haibl, 'we made him night-clothes, which could be drawn on without compelling him to turn himself, which he was too much swollen to be able to do, and, as we had no idea how sick he was, we made him a wadded dressing-gown, ready against his recovery; with those he was heartily delighted. I visited him daily. One day he said to me, "Inform mamma (Madame Weber, his wife's mother), that I am getting along right well, and that I shall yet get up to the octave in time to wish her happiness on her name-day."'

"With lively sympathy he heard of the repetitions of the *Zauberflöte*, and evenings he would lay his watch beside him following in fancy the performance. 'Now the first act is over; now is the passage: *Dir, grosse Königin der Nacht!* On the day before his death he said to his wife, 'I should like to hear my

*Zauberflöte* once more!' and hummed, in a voice almost audible, 'der Vogelfänger bin ich ja.' Kapellmeister Roser, who was sitting by his bedside, arose, went to the pianoforte and sang the song, which enlivened Mozart much. The *Requiem* also continually employed his thoughts. While he was able to work upon it, he was in the habit of singing each number, as it was finished, playing the instrumentation upon the pianoforte. On the day before his death he had the score brought to his bed—it was two o'clock in the afternoon—and sang the alto himself; Shack sang as usual the soprano; Hofer, Mozart's brother-in-law, tenor; and Gerl, bass. They were in the first bars of the *Lacrimosa* when Mozart began to cry bitterly, and laid the score aside.†

"When the sister-in-law (Sophia Haibl) came, towards evening, her sister (Mozart's wife), who usually had such self-command, met her at the door, in despair, with the words, 'Thank God that you have come! He was so sick last night that I thought he would not live the day out; if he is so again he will die in the night.' As she drew near the bed, Mozart called to her, 'Good that you are here. You will remain with me to-night. You must see me die.' As she kept her composure and tried to talk him out of these thoughts, he answered, 'I have already the taste of death on my tongue, I smell death; and who will stand by my Constance, if you do not remain?' She asked his leave to step to her mother, to whom she had promised a report of his condition; when she came back she found Süßmayr by Mozart's bed in lively conversation about the *Requiem*. 'Have I not said that I am writing this *Requiem* for myself?' said he, as he looked it through with tearful eyes. And he was so certain of the near approach of death as to direct his wife that she should not allow it to be known farther until Albrechtsberger was informed of it, for before God and the world to him belonged his (Mozart's) appointment in St. Stephen's church.

"Late in the evening the physician came again and told Süßmayr in confidence that there was now no help possible; yet he ordered the application of cold bandages to his patient's head, which gave such a shock to his system as soon to deprive him of consciousness, which never returned. Still in the dying fantasies of the sick man the *Requiem* seemed to employ his thoughts; he puffed out his cheeks and endeavored to imitate the drums with his mouth. Towards midnight he raised himself; his eyes were fixed; he turned his head towards the wall, and seemed to sink into slumber; at one o'clock in the morning (Dec. 5) he had departed."

† Jahn says in a note, that Mozart not unfrequently was so affected by his own music as to cry, and gives an instance from Hogarth's "Musical Drama."

(Conclusion next week)

(From the London Musical World.)

### W. V. Wallace's New Opera.

"*Lurline*—Opera in three acts, written by Edward Fitzball, composed by William Vincent Wallace" (London, Cramer, Beale and Chappell; New York Wm. Hall and Son.)

Here we have the English text and piano-forte score of Mr. Wallace's new opera, which—as the first that has been heard from his pen since the production of *Matilda of Hungary* (with Mr. Bunn's memorable libretto), at Drury Lane Theatre, in 1846—presents more than ordinary interest. *Lurline* is said to have been in great part written as far back as twelve years ago; but it requires no such apology, bearing evidence as it does—evidence that springs from a comparison between this opera and Mr. Wallace's previous dramatic works—of having been carefully reconsidered and retouched by the composer from end to end.

The questionable feature of *Lurline* is its libretto, which belongs to a class of melodramatic writing happily now effete. Mr. Fitzball has treated the romantic and famous legend of the *Lurlei-berg* after a manner peculiar to himself. In the legend, the heroine, deceived by a false lover, invokes the spirits of the Rhine, and consents to become the bride of the river on condition of being endowed with gifts of

beauty and fascination that shall render her irresistible to man, whom hereafter it is her intention to lure into destruction by every means at her command. The compact is made, and Lorelei, or Lurlei (Lurline) becomes the spirit of the whirlpool, with what mission it is unnecessary to remind our readers. Mr. Fitzball finds the lady a spirit, and restores her to earth. She sees Count Rudolph in a bark on the river, falls in love with him, and tempts him to her abode beneath the waves, not to destroy, but, like Melusina, to cherish. Her vexed father (she has a father), the River-King, burning (or rather we should say freezing) to annihilate the rash mortal who has thus intruded on his domain, is frustrated in his desire by the amorous water-spirit, and at length persuaded to let Rudolph depart, loading him with treasures in the bargain, in order that he may be consoled for the loss of his beloved. Aware that the Count's affairs are by no means in good order, and that the emptiness of his purse had led to the rejection of his hand by Ghiva, daughter of a Rhenish Baron, the River-King judges—from a view of mortality, perhaps, common to water-spirits—that no sooner gone than, "out of sight out of mind," Rudolph will forget Lurline, and cast himself and his newly-acquired riches at the feet of the disdainful Ghiva. Lurline, however, with more faith, has promised to give her earthly admirer an interview at the Lurlei-berg, in the course of three days. On Rudolph's return to *terra firma* (how he managed to live under water we are left to surmise), the knowledge of his being possessed of untold wealth acts in the way the River-King had suspected—at least upon one mortal, the mercenary Ghiva, though not upon Rudolph himself. He, poor wight, does nothing but sigh after his lost water-nymph, and actually snubs Ghiva, who, in despair, possesses herself of a ring which Lurline has given him as a pledge, and, in a fit of jealous rage, throws it into the Rhine. True to her appointment, Lurline makes her appearance at the end of the stipulated period, and learning from a gnome (?) that Rudolph has parted with the ring (which, as the spirit of the Rhine, one might have thought she would be the first to know), gives way to unutterable anguish. In her subsequent interview with Rudolph, however, when matters are explained to her satisfaction, she once more, and for the last time, makes use of her supernatural power, invoking the storm-spirits dependent on the Rhine to overwhelm a band of reprobates, who, recently guests of the Count, are now plotting his assassination for the sake of his gold, and ultimately persuades her watery sire, the good-natured, though somewhat illogical River-King, to approve her choice and resign her to her terrestrial lover. Fancy the old Rhine spirit with whom Heinrich Heine held converse at Cologne, expressing himself in such terms as the subjoined:—

"Yes; thy fond father  
To Rudolph's hand here cometh to resign,  
By love and fate decreed,  
His child, Lurline,  
Best treasure of the Rhine!" [Joins their hands.]

And so, amidst a heap of elaborate vocal divisions, Lurline, "best treasure of the Rhine," expresses her sense of happiness, and the curtain drops. If *Lurline*—which, we understand, was written many years since, may be regarded as Mr. Fitzball's last great work—his *Requiem* (it certainly cannot be accepted as his *Transfiguration*)—why, then, there might be an end of the matter, and no critic, however soured by operatic libretti, would have the heart to be severe; but if, on the contrary, farther preparations of the same description are contemplated, it is as well to warn our composers that the time has passed for the toleration of such performances.

Such a jumble of spirits and mortals, with the special elements of either made apparently common to both—all the *dramatis personæ* being, more or less, amphibious—could only have sprung from the brain of a Fitzball, and justifies the epigrammatic epilogue of a wag, that the mixture of earth and water in *Lurline* accounted for the muddiness of its libretto.

But let us pass to a more agreeable subject—the music of Mr. Wallace. *Lurline* is certainly this gentleman's dramatic masterpiece, and as far superior to *Maritana* and *Matilda of Hungary* as the book of *Maritana* (not that of *Matilda*) is superior to the book of *Lurline*. Mr. Wallace has in every respect made progress, such progress as is rarely noted, indeed, between any two successive works of a dramatic composer. We find the old vein of melody as rich as formerly, with an increased knowledge of resources that gives it a tenfold value. The overture, in the broad and open key of D major, far surpasses, in clearness of design, and vigor of treatment, the orchestral preludes of Mr. Wallace's other operas. The instrumentation, too, is extremely effective, the combination of "wind" in the opening *adagio*, and the introduction, by the whole body of "strings," high and low, the double basses alone excepted, of

\* Published with English text in the Journal of Music, Vol. XIII., Nos. 21–24.

the beautiful melody which, in the third act, stands as the theme of Lurline's prayer, being equally points to admire. The quick movement, like that in the overture to Weber's *Oberon*, although the first subject is no more strictly akin to Weber than to the *allegro* in Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, is rather chivalrous than fairy-like. It is vigorous and brilliant from end to end, and among many new touches of fancy may be noted the passage of rhythmical recitative given to the stringed instruments, ushering in the progression which leads back to the principal theme. The second theme (afterwards an episode in the romance of the "Night winds"—Act I.) is essentially melodious, contrasts strikingly with the leading theme, and works in well with the rest. In short, Mr. Wallace in this overture has evidently written his best, and, earnestly bent upon success, has attained it. Although we have only the piano-forte adaptation before us, it may be as well to observe, once for all, that the manner in which the orchestra is handled throughout the opera of *Lurline*, imparting color to and heightening the dramatic sentiment of the various situations into which the chief personages are thrown, while engendering effects the occasional novelty and frequent beauty of which are sure to elicit the attention of musicians, confers infinite honor on the composer, and shows that his studies have been well directed in the long interval during which he has been condemned, in so far as the English public are concerned, to unmerited silence. The introductory symphony (in F major) at the rise of the curtain, where the accompaniment of the violoncello, to a melodious phrase for the horn, realizes what the Italian musicians designate as "ondeggando," at once suggests that we are about to be entertained with a spectacle in which some of the actors are fairies, and that the habitation of those fairies will, in all probability, turn out to be rather aquatic than terrestrial. Lurline's romance (Act I.), "When the night winds sweep the wave" (in A minor—already mentioned), a most original and beautiful piece in itself, offers, perhaps, the most remarkable example in the entire work of the fanciful treatment of the orchestra in which Mr. Wallace has shown himself so skilled an adept. The accompaniments to this are as uncommon as they are characteristic, and, at the same time, masterly.

The opening of the first scene (after the symphony to which allusion has been made) is somewhat ineffective. No one cares greatly for Rhineberg (an odd name for a king who resides underneath the water,) and no one cares a straw for Zelleck, the gnome (we thought gnomes were earth spirits), whom he wildly invokes in the bold and vigorous air, "Idle spirit, wildly dreaming" (in F minor). So that, however excellent *per se*, and however well given by Mr. Santley, the air and the recitatives that precede and follow it, the last being dialogue, in which Mr. Corri (the gnome) takes part, falls somewhat flat. The "other nymphs" (vide book) whom Mr. Fitzball summons "from their shells of opal" (no nymphs having yet appeared), in a pretty choral strain ("Hark, hark, hark,"—A flat) from behind, begin to awaken attention, and the graceful quasi-Weberian chorus ("King of the Rhine"—same key) with which, when before the footlights, they greet their dripping monarch, at once imparts life and interest to the scene. The apparition of Lurline, at the foot of a rock, singing to "an antique harp," the confession of her love for Rudolph, is illustrated by a brief concerted piece, in which the other personages, including Liba, a water-nymph (a part, we may here add, very prettily played and very prettily sung by Miss Fanny Cruise, a young and promising beginner), are concerned. The first romance of Lurline ("Flow on, flow on, oh silver Rhine"—E major), in which she begs the river, the flowers, and the spirits to explain her sentiments to Rudolph, is based on a melody sure from its piquant, simple, and unpretending character to become popular, and, moreover, graced with florid cadences and a florid coda, or tailpiece, precisely fitted to the peculiar talent of Miss Louisa Pyne, who warbles it exquisitely. The chorus divides the two couplets, and in the second verse the accompaniment is judiciously varied. A scene between Lurline and Rhineberg, in accompanied recitative—a form, by the way, into which Mr. Wallace (a task as difficult as it is thoroughly well accomplished) has thrown all those parts of the opera which would otherwise be spoken dialogue—leads to the delicious romance, "The Night Winds," already described, a revelation on the part of the water-nymph of the history of her love for Rudolph. The chorus that brings the first scene to an end ("Sail, sail, sail"—D flat), in which the principal characters join, though spirited and appropriate, offers no particular point for notice.

In the second scene, where we have to do with simple mortals, the music assumes an essentially dif-

ferent character—as in duty bound. It sets out with a very admirably written duet ("Oh! Rudolph, haughty Rudolph"—D major) for the Baron Truenfels (carefully represented by Mr. Honey, as a decrepid old man, with bent knees and crooked legs) and Ghiva (Miss Pilling) his daughter. This duet, of which, as in many of those of Auber and other French composers, the orchestra claims the lion's share, the voices being often little more than accompaniments, contains a very charming episode, in which a passage occurs on the words, "Oh, soft affection, to thy rest," equally to be admired for its melody and its harmony. The arrival of Rudolph (Mr. Harrison) brings some clever concerted music, conducting to a trio (A major):

"I see by the gray of the sky  
That morning is now very nigh."

where the composer, by showing how it is not absolutely necessary that the music and poetry in a dramatic composition should breathe the same spirit, has upset the pet theory of Herr Wagner, who, in his *Kunstwerk der Zukunft*, would fuse all the arts into one, and make them inseparable and dependent on each other. Although French in color and in the turn of its leading phrases (the last especially, "Good night, sir, good night," as, indeed, is frequently the case with the lighter music of Mr. Wallace—this trio may be unreservedly eulogized for spirit and scenic propriety.

The third scene (Rudolph's castle) opens with a drinking chorus, "Drain the cup of pleasure" (D major), in *bolero* measure, cheerful and animated, if not strikingly original, which owes no little of the favor it enjoys (it is always redemanded) to the admirable singing of the chorus (men's voices, of course). Some effective concerted music leads to a romance, with chorus for Rudolph ("Our bark, in moonlight beaming"—D minor), which embodies the legend of Lurline, the Rhine-spirit. Here the ordinary method of treating such matters at the French Opera has not been discarded, notwithstanding which the romance has both character and merit of its own. Though decidedly simple, it is imbued with a feeling of dreamy mysteriousness, entirely in keeping with the sentiment conveyed in the text. The *finale* (beginning in A flat, and ending in F minor), sets out with a harp arpeggio, while snatches from the ballad, "Flow on, flow on, oh! silver Rhine," indicate the approach of Lurline, who shortly emerges from the river and mingles with the noisy guests of her lover. Placing the ring on his finger, which is to be a pledge of mutual faith, no less than a potent charm, and a safeguard in case of subtidal difficulties, she at length, in spite of opposition from Rudolph's associates, lures him into a skiff, which immediately disappears. Rhineberg, with "a host of spirits," is seen among the rocks, vowing vengeance against Rudolph: a storm arises; the skiff is supposed to sink beneath the waters, and the curtain falls. All this is combined with vigorous, striking and picturesque music, and the result is a *finale* which brings the act to a climax in a thoroughly effective manner.

(Conclusion next week.)

### The Diarist Abroad.

NOTES, BERLIN, (FEB., 1860.)

Has M—any desire to know about music at court? Here then is a passage from a letter of a friend to his wife containing something on the subject:

"The Soirée and Concert at the Prince of Prussia's was a truly fairy festival. The range of rooms surrounding the concert hall was filled with the most brilliant company, while the passages and smaller rooms were transformed by means of orange trees, palms and flowers into gardens of paradise—this entire world of faerie being enlivened by music, conducted by Meyerbeer. The acme of the concert was the great scene out of Gluck's *Orpheus*, sung by Jenny Meyer and chorus."

The scene is the palace of the Prince of Prussia, now Regent. This building, with the Royal Library, forms a parallelogram, of which the palace fronts are upon Unter den Linden and Behren Sts., the Library looking across a small square upon the Opera House. The Concert hall, as described to me, is a large oval room, with a dome and narrow gallery running back of the Library and forming the connection between the two parts of the palace. The hall has space ample for the full royal orchestra, and a select

chorus from the opera, and an audience of six to eight hundred auditors. I have never seen it. From the gallery we look down into the hall upon the hundreds of women blazing with jewels and dressed in all the magnificence which European clothes-art can impart, upon the hundreds of princes, generals, ambassadors, ministers, professors, and so on, glittering with orders, in all sorts of splendid uniforms, and in short made up for a show; into the anterooms filled with foliage and flowers, and upon the ranks of singers or musicians—such a look my friend describes as beyond all his powers of description. Well, what music was given? A translation of the programme will show you:

"Concert in the Palace of their Royal Highnesses Prince Regent and the Frau Princess of Prussia, under the direction of the General-Music-Director and Court Capellmeister, Herr Meyerbeer, on the 18th of February, 1860.

1. Overture to *Egmont*. . . . . Beethoven.
2. Hymn from the Opera "The Vestal," sung by Frau Küster, Fraulein de Ahna and chorus. . . . . Spontini.
3. Wedding March from "Summer Night's Dream" . . . . . Mendelssohn.
4. Air, "Inflammatus," from "Sabbat Master," sung by Frau Küster and chorus. . . . . Rossini.
5. Overture to "Struensee" . . . . . Meyerbeer.
6. Grand Scene from the Opera "Orpheus," sung by Fraulein Jenny Meyer and chorus. . . . . Gluck.
7. Scene from "Trovatore," sung by Frau Küster, Herr Formes, (the tenor) and chorus. . . . . Verdi.
8. Finale from the Opera, "Count Orly" . . . . . Rossini.

My friend says that the scene from "*Orpheus*" was wonderful! that it killed what followed, dead, dead, dead!

A. W. T.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Letters on Musical Subjects.

V.

MUSIC A LANGUAGE—A SONATA OF BEETHOVEN.

My Dear Friend,—While our "Philharmonic Society" is forming, I may use the time, to answer some of your questions. And although you may find here many things that you know already, yet it is well sometimes, to look back and arrange familiar things in order.

Now to say, what is the principal and governing element of musical utterance, is a matter of some difficulty. Not, that it is impossible, nor, that it has never been done. All these things have been treated of so frequently, that they are now quite familiar to musical people. But the difficulty lies in the wide ground covered by that question.

A mysterious power, subtle and penetrating, working up all our being, making it throb in sympathetic unison with that of the tone-poet; an agent, now passing through the finest fibres of our being, with a thrill of joy and ravishing bliss, then lulling our senses and feelings into a delicious, dreamlike state of serene satisfaction; now touching us with the magician's wand, and in weird numbers making our flesh creep with darkening awe, then transporting us to regions ethereal, warmed by eternal sunshine; now making us bend low with humblest meekness, then raising us up to a proud consciousness of a majestic grandeur, in our nature; now singing out in trembling accents the half unconscious bliss of new-born, or in longing tones the pangs of unsatisfied love, and, then again, picturing the clash of opposing passions, fierce, unholy hatred; now exciting in us a deep sympathy with the suffering of others, then freeing us from the oppressive load of our own sorrows—such is Music, the youngest daughter of the muses, the friend and comforter of man. Acting upon our innermost being by means of the subtlest of elements, the air, invisible and hardly perceptible unless agitated, it partakes of the nature of this, its medium. And as the gentle breath of balmy Spring pervades us, sending out in every part fresh life and new enjoyment, so music steals in on its wings, and caressing our heart, nestling closely to it, and steeping it in bliss, attunes it in holy harmony to that which is

noblest and sweetest in human nature. Or it assails us in violent outbursts, overawing us, filling us with a perception of the gigantic and terrible, just as the air does, when, hurled along in violent gusts in the tempest, it strikes and cowers us.

It seems an almost fruitless endeavor, to seize this thing apparently bodiless, and yet acting so powerfully on us; to grasp, and become familiar with, the nature of a force, that has greater influence on us than words, the expression of logical thought, or any of the sister-arts. The fable of Orpheus, the stories about the effect of warlike music on the soldier, the experience of our own lives, prove the superior influence of music on our feelings. We know that much. But how are we to account for it?

It is a question that has puzzled man ever since he began to think, that is still as near or as far from its solution, as it was, when the ancient Hindoo and Chinese philosophers were theorizing about it; the question about the ultimate cause of all life. When the question shall once be settled satisfactorily, then the philosopher will have no further difficulty in giving a true account of the reasons, why music thus powerfully influences us. We know, that, entering the centre of nervous action, the brain, on the very shortest route, coming in bodily contact with the central and peripheric part of the nervous system by means of vibration, it is natural, the tone or a succession and combination of tones should affect us more powerfully than a picture or a statue. But why the tone is produced by a stated, countable number of vibrations of the body emitting the sound; why tones of a proportionate number of vibrations, and they in certain combinations only, should affect us pleasantly; how the action on the nerves is produced: these are questions which we may as well despair of ever seeing answered. We had better follow the naturalist, who, satisfied to leave the questions about the first origin of matter, of the final nature of the simplest elements, in their primordial darkness, considers the forms of the actual world of beings, trying to trace them to their elements. By applying his method to our Art, we may be sure to find out, which forms the tone-poet uses to express a sentiment; which is the arrangement of the simplest elements of such forms; and how these forms affect the hearer.

These are points settled, and not now wanting proof or discussion:—that music is the language of our emotions; that it speaks of, and to our feelings immediately, without the aid of the understanding; but that, the feeling having once come to our consciousness, the understanding may analyze, and in some cases, reduce them to a logical narrative of the consecutive order and arrangement of those feelings.

Let us take some examples which will show this practically. You remember the sweet Sonata in G major, op. 14, No. 2, by Beethoven. There is sunshine and youth; not a discordant element mixes with the blissful sensations pictured in the lovely work. There is variety of sentiment; the sentiment is strongly characterized. Yet no one, I think, could prove, why those sentiments follow and ought to follow each other in just the order, in which we find them. Let us take a passing survey of the work. The first movement opens with a prelude (measures 1—8). In measure 9 the first melody comes in, almost like a recitative, running out in tender, graceful runs, which lead us to the second melody in m 27, a melody, loving, but only as the first whisperings of unconscious, budding love; not deep yet; half playful, half longing. It calms down after seven measures in m 33, and leads over in m 48 to the quiet closing phrase of two measures, repeated to the end of the part, in m 64. The same elements are worked up in the second part, in m 64—125. It is in the nature of the second part of the Sonata-form to be more agitated. And thus the second part shows in m 81—115 some excitement. The bass takes the motive of the prelude m 1 and 2, while

the right hand accompanies in arpeggi to m 99. The prelude is introduced in E flat major, m 99—107, and once more the agitation, this time in a strong wayward bass-figure accompanied by hurried runs in the treble, shows itself to m 115, from whence, panting as if it were, after resting, the motive of the prelude rouses itself again leading over to the third part, an enlargement of the first, m 125—201. The excitement of the second part is not deep nor violent. It is more like a cloud flitting across a beautiful face, darkening it for a moment, but not contorting its enchanting lineaments by the deeper corrugations of passion or anguish.

Serenely the Andante; in *staccato* chords, introduces a melody full of the charming and loving simplicity of innocence, which yet admits of a touch of humor in m 17 and 18. In pleasant variations the theme unfolds itself, as if playing with its own loveliness (Var. 1.), not without a taste of an arch but innocent humorous coquettishness (Var. 2) and overrunning with most graceful merriment (in Var. 3). The Scherzo, *Allegro assai*, the third and last movement is brimfull of "real fun;" the lightly skipping, gay motive in m 1 filling at least two-thirds of the 255 m that make up the part. In m 24 a roguish motive follows the first, which comes in again in m 43—73. Here it is relieved by a melody of sweetest, graceful, musing happiness, which repeats after a second part, containing the same sentiments to m 125, when the first motive enters again, to m 185, and from here, in graceful *abandon*, a passage leads to the closing measures 189—255, having the motive of m 24 in the bass, and skipping about across the arpeggio-accompaniments to m 287, when the first motive closes in frequent repetitions in m 255. This beautiful work impresses me like a sweet maiden, just budding into womanhood. With all the roguishness, vivacity, innocent simplicity of the gay and joyous girl mingles a tinge, a sweet foretaste of the coming experience, which will ripen the bud into the loving woman. All the tenderness and grace of that age, where love is just trying its wings, not knowing when and whither it may take its flight; all the youthful loveliness and careless *abandon* of this period; the tender, half-fledged feelings; all find their utterance in this poem. But to say, why these moods follow each other just so, to prove that that they ought to follow thus, is a thing of impossibility in my judgment. It is the play of the feelings in a maiden fancy-free, now assuming this, now that hue. But reasoning understanding cannot follow this play of the feelings, it cannot deduce a series of ideas from them.

In my next letter I shall contrast with this another of Beethoven's Sonatas; perhaps the one in C sharp minor, op. 27, No. 2, the "moonlight Sonata," as it is called; or the one in E flat major, op. 81, which Beethoven entitled: "*Les Adieux, l'Absence et le Retour*," or maybe both, to show, how a logical order of feelings, capable of finding expression in words, may be represented in a piece of music.

Though not a musical subject, yet I may call your attention to an article in the N. Y. *Tribune* of March 24th, on Wilhelm Grimm, the great German philologist, since it is written by the genial "Diarrist" of this Journal, whose sensible, earnest, and oftentimes beautiful articles have certainly pleased and instructed you as they have your friend.

Cambridge, March 27, 1856. G. A. SCHMITT.

HOW SPOHR LEARNED TO PLAY THE HORN.—In 1808 was held at Erfurt the famous Congress at which Napoleon entertained as guests his friend the Emperor Alexander and the German kings and princes, his allies. All the curious persons flocked from the neighboring places to have a gaze at the show. I, too, went on foot from Gotha, with some of my pupils, less to see the great ones of the earth, than to admire the illustrious artists of the Theatre Francaise, Talma and Mlle. Mars. The Emperor had made these great actors come from Paris, and they were giving every evening some masterpiece or other by Corneille and Racine. I hoped to be able to be pre-

sent with my travelling companions at one of their performances; when I learned, to my misfortune, that they were only intended for the Princes and their suites, and that every other person was shut out. I still hoped to find a place in the orchestra, by the connivance of the musicians; but I was obliged to give up this idea, too, since they were strictly forbidden to introduce any person whatsoever. At last I hit on the expedient of replacing, with my pupils, a like number of musicians, and to be present at the entertainment by playing the music between the acts. By playing, we got the consent of the musicians, who knew that their deputies would replace them creditably. But another difficulty arose—the parts of violin and viola only gave us three places, and as we did not know how to play another instrument, one of us must be obliged to give up the treat. The idea then occurred to me of trying if I could not, in the course of one day, learn enough of the horn to be able to take on myself the part of second horn. I went at once to him I wished to replace, borrowed his instrument, and thereupon set to work. I began by producing frightful noises; but after scarcely an hour, I succeeded in giving out the natural sounds of the horn. After dinner, when my scholars went out to stroll, I at once resumed my exercises, and, in spite of the pain which they gave my lips, I did not rest until I was in a state correctly to play the part of the second horn in the overture—easy enough in truth—and of the *entr'actes* which were to be given. Thus ready, my pupils and I joined our comrades, each carrying his instrument—and got to our post without difficulty. We found the theatre brilliantly lit up, and already filled with the numerous train of the Princes. The places kept for Napoleon and his guests were just behind the orchestra. Like the unfledged hornplayer I was, I entrusted the conducting of the band to the heat of my pupils, taking my orders from him like the rest. Shortly after we had tuned, the august personages entered, and the overture began. The orchestra formed a long line facing the stage; and it was severely forbidden to the players to turn round in the direction of the Princes for the satisfaction of their curiosity. As I had been warned of this beforehand, I had brought with me a little looking-glass, by aid of which I could examine with impunity the arbiters of Europe's destinies, after the overture was done. But I was so rivetted by the admirable acting of the artists on the stage, that I soon handed over my looking-glass to my pupils, giving all my attention to the drama. The agony of my lips increased with every *entr'acte*, and at the end of the performance they were so swelled and bruised that I could scarcely snp. Even the next day, when I got home, my young wife was not a little surprised to see me come back with lips like a negro's. I added to her wonderment by telling her that I was reduced to such a state by kissing the pretty women of Erfurt. But she made famous game of me when the story of my studies on the horn came out.—*Spoher's Autobiography.*

## Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MARCH 26.—More rumors of opera. Rumors assuming a definite shape. MARETEK negotiating for the Winter Garden with success, and actually beginning his rehearsals. FABRI going to sing with ERRANI, the new tenor, and with Miss WISLER, a contralto from Philadelphia, said to be very good. Rumors that CORTESI will join the troupe, and that Maretzek is prepared to exercise all his energies to triumph over his natural enemy, ULLMAN.

Latter individual to be at the Academy of Music, in second week of April, and to have little PATTI and FREZZOLINI. They say that Frezzolini has completely recovered her voice, and is going to be as great as in her palmiest days.

ADELAIDE PHILLIPS arrived in town the other day, and is at her old stopping place, the St. James Hotel, on Union square. She came from Charleston by land, unable to bear the sea journey. In Havana, she had a serious attack of fever, but is now nearly convalescent.

I learn from a private letter from Santiago di Cuba, that the opera company there, under MORELLI, ASSONI and STEFANI, are meeting with only moderate success. They have given *Trovatore*, *Lucresia*, *Lucia*, and the *Barber*. GEIOMI, one of the singers imported by Ullman, had met with a great triumph

in *Ernani*. She never appeared in a leading rôle in this city. She is a blonde, and envious people say that Signora Ghioni is only an Italianized version of Miss Jones, as Donovan was of Miss O'Donovan, and Signor Maccaferri of Mr. McCaffrey. **LORINI**, the tenor, has been singing with Ghioni—**ALDINI**, a contralto who sang here several times only in the part of *Azucena* in *Trovatore*, also belongs to the troupe, and does the *Rosina* in the Barber.

**TIBERINI**, the tenor, who sang here a few years ago with La Grange, is trying to get another engagement in this country. He has a wife, one **ORTOLANI** by name, who from all accounts is a fair to middling prima donna—**MARINI** and **BETTINI** are engaged for next year at St. Petersburg. So they won't come here. **BOLCIONI**, who sang the tenor music in *William Tell* better than any Italian singer that has yet tried it here, has been having a quarrel with the manager of San Carlo, in Naples, where he was singing in *Luisa Miller*. So much for our old favorites.

Scharfenberg and Luis have just published Muzio's *Garibaldi Rataplan*, and the *Adelina* waltz sung by little Patti. Muzio is becoming quite popular here. He certainly patches up an opera admirably, and can compose in the Verdi style, just like the original Joseph Green himself. Did you ever know the graceful name Giuseppe Verdi is, after all (in English,) nothing more than Joseph Green?

The Philharmonic Society gave the last concert but one of the season, at the Academy of Music, on Saturday evening, the programme presenting the following attractions:

Symphony, No. 2, in D, Op. 86. . . . . L. Van Beethoven  
Scena ed Aria from "Attila," "Dag! Immortali vertici,"  
G. Verdi  
Signor Pietro Centemeri.  
Concerto, for piano, in A minor, Op. 86. . . . . Hummel  
Madame Johnson Graever.  
Tasso, "Poeme Symphonique," (1st time) . . . . . Franz Liszt  
Lamento e Trionfo.  
Souvenirs d'Harteburg, "Meditations Musicales," Op. 43.  
Litolff  
a. Oberthal. b. Witches' Dance.  
Madame Johnson Graever.  
Romanza, from "Maria Padilla," . . . . . G. Donizetti  
Signor Pietro Centemeri.  
Overture to "Der Freyschütz," in C. . . . . C. M. von Weber  
Mr. H. C. Timm presided at the piano; conductor, Carl Bergmann.

The "Symphonic Poem" of Liszt did not please. It is a harsh, ungrateful thing both to perform and to listen to: the audience manifested weariness long before it was over; although it exhibits a quaint and striking originality that cannot fail to interest the musician. Madame GRAEVER JOHNSON played with taste and elegance, and Signor CENTEMERI gave great satisfaction. He is one of the best baritones in the country, and it is surprising he has not been heard in opera. He sings in Dr. Cummings' Roman Catholic Church in Twenty-eight street, and his solos are among the finest performances that may be heard in that accomplished choir.

There is, at present, quite a feeling in favor of band music, owing principally to the great success of a concert recently given by the National Guard (Seventh Regiment) Band. This was formerly Shelton's band, but now consists of an amalgamation of Noll's and Shelton's band, under the leadership of Grafulla, formerly a cornet player under Shelton. The concert took place at the Academy of Music, and drew such an immense house, that the Secretary of the Mercantile Library thought it would be a good idea to get the same band to give a concert at the same place, for the benefit of the library. So the house was hired, the band performers secured, and Messrs. PERRING and THOMAS, vocalists (there were actually no female singers in town at the time, to be got for love or money,) engaged. It cost the library eight hundred dollars, but the speculation succeeded. The immense Academy of Music was crowded, and the net profits must have been something, if not more.

All this, gave quite an impetus to band music, and greatly enhanced the reputation of the National Guard Band. Now hitherto, Dodworths' band—playing for the Seventy-first Regiment—has enjoyed the precedence over all others. Naturally anxious for their reputation, the members of Dodworths' have decided to give a concert too, and it will come off next Saturday evening at the Cooper Institute. Altogether this is quite an interesting band tournament.

TROYATOR.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 27.—The Harmonic Society's concert, last night, consisted of a miscellaneous programme; English ballads and Italian cavatinae were consorted with oratorio and opera choruses. The solo singing was generally very satisfactory, whether furnished by the professional or the amateur portion of the society's forces; but all of the choruses lacked the requisite power. I was gratified with the singular purity of voice of a certain soprano, who bore a large share in the varied performances. Verily, her singing upon this occasion, was a new revelation—bringing to light the gratifying fact of a voice in our midst, which, in time, must prove a source of pride to all who are interested in the cause of music. The lady in question is said to be diligently pursuing a judicious course of study, under the able guidance of Sig. PERELLI, the eminent teacher of Italian vocalization.

Prof. AARON R. TAYLOR, principal basso on this occasion, acquitted himself in a creditable manner, vocalizing all the parts assigned to him with much feeling, self-possession and flexibility of voice—and displaying, withal, a uniformly tasteful appreciation of subject. The interest and success of this concert were materially enhanced by the participation of Messrs. JOHN J. FRAZER and THOMAS BISHOP, both known as quondam tenors of the Seguin Opera troupe, and now residing here professionally. Frazer sang "My sister dear," with so much of pathos and purity of intonation, as to hold his auditors spell-bound for the moment, and then to evoke thunders of applause, which carried him through a double encore. Nor was Bishop's success less. He, too, received the most enthusiastic plaudits from a public, which has long since ranked him among the very best ballad singers.

Our favorite organist, Prof. M. H. Cross, accompanied charmingly, as he always does—executing all transient intricacies with nicety, and at the same time, bearing in an admirable manner with the humors of the various vocalists.

We are to enjoy three nights of opera, next week. *Alle gute Sachen sind drei*. PATTI and COLSON are said to have charmed even the agitated, president-making politicians into something like sentimentality. A certain distinguished exponent of the squatter sovereignty abstraction, is said to have forgotten the ambitious scheme of a life time, in a nightly attendance within the seductive influences of music, as exerted by the two *Lore-leis*, Patti and Colson. The troupe returns to us, flushed with a success, both in Washington and in Baltimore, which has added fresh lustre to its reputation, and plenty of funds to the managerial exchequer. On dit, that MARETZEK, who is to open the New York Winter Garden on the 9th of April, has taken the Academy here, for a short season in May. He has been invisible from the corner of Broad and Locust, since a certain night when he and Torriani improvised a grand row with the habitués of that season—and when the indomitable Max is reported to have gone horizontally through a side window, in veritable Harlequin style. Miss ANNA WISSELER, who has resided here for several years, and who made a sort of informal operatic debut with the French Opera Comique Company, which humbugged us sometime since, has been engaged as the principal contralto of this Winter Garden troupe. She possesses a magnificent voice, and

a very high degree of cultivation. Her debut is to be made in *Linda di Chamounix*, an opera assigned to her by the inflexible *impresario*, contrary to her own predilections. On Thursday next, the last WOLFSOHN and HOHNSTOCK concert is to take place. Those who have attended these delightful classical reunions, will regret their close, but rejoice to learn that the complete success which has attended them, will prove necessary encouragement for another edifying series, next winter. MANRICO.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 31, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—We commence to-day the publication of WEBER's wild and exquisite opera *Der Freyschütz*, which we propose to give entire, arranged for the piano-forte. The first instalment of four pages contains the title-page, and an explanation of the plot, with references to each number of the music which will follow. BENNETT's "May Queen" Cantata will be continued alternately with the *Freyschütz*.

### Concerts.

Mn. B. J. LANG.—The Compliment to this young artist, on Saturday evening, previous to his departure for Europe, was general, hearty, and substantial. The new Hall in Bumstead Place was fuller than it has ever been.—No complaints this time on the score of ventilation; it was simply want of management before.

Moderato and Andante from Quintet in C, op. 8. . . . V. Lachner  
Mendelssohn Quintette Club.  
Scena and Aria from "Nina Pazzo" . . . . . Paisiello  
Mrs. Long.  
Adagio and Scherzo from Sonata in D, for Piano and Violoncello. . . . . Mendelssohn  
Messrs. Fries and Lang.  
Duetto from "Don Giovanni." "La ci darem" . . . . . Mozart  
Mrs. Long and Mr. Wetherbee.  
Duo for two Piano-fortes, (8 hands). . . . . Moscheles  
Andante con moto—Fugue—Finale, Alla Siciliana.  
Messrs. Dreese, Parker, Leonhard and Lang.  
Moderato and Andante from Quartet in E flat, No. 4. . . . Mozart  
Messrs. Schultze, Meisel, Ryan and Fries.  
Fantaisie for Piano, on themes from "Belshazzar" . . . . . Goria  
Mr. Lang.  
English Ballad. "What will you do, love?" . . . . . Lover  
Mrs. Long.  
L'Invitation a la Valse, arranged for two Pianos, (8 hands)  
Weber  
Messrs. Dreese, Parker, Leonhard and Lang.

Mr. Lang was rich in audience and in programme, rich in the friendly aid of other artists, in his own strength, and particularly rich in pianos; since there were two of those superb Erard-like Grands, just manufactured by the Messrs. Chickering. The two pieces performed on these instruments, by eight hands, were indeed the most interesting feature, apart from personal regards, in the whole entertainment. That by Moscheles is a masterly composition, happy in its themes, learned yet not dry in treatment, graceful in forms, keeping the interest alive by seasonable contrasts, and affording fine scope for the combined exercise of such executive and interpretative talents as our city may be proud of in the persons of Messrs. DRESEL, PARKER, LEONHARD, and LANG. A richer body of tone, — of full, yet always clear, upspringing harmony; greater precision of clear-cut outline, or more fineness of light and shade; greater vitality of touch, with perfect unity and *aplomb* in the striking out of vigorous chords, and sparkling purity and grace in ornamental phrasing, we may seldom hear. Weber's *Invitation* — the very poetry of the waltz — renewed the sensation it produced when played here for the first time last year. For assurance that no musician-ship or poesy was wanting in the eight-hand ar-



rangement, it is enough to know that it was made by Mr. Dresel. (Ditson & Co. have published it.)

Of the contributions by the Quintette Club, the two movements from Mozart's finest Quartet were the cream, of course. As for the Quintet by Lachner, we found our interest in the first movement rather on the wane than growing, while the Andante was soporifically long and tedious.

Mrs. J. H. LONG and Mr. WETHERBEE gave a great deal of pleasure by their singing. The *La ci darem* duet was indeed nicely rendered, and there was no evading a repetition of the ever popular old melody.

In his own person Mr. LANG, besides taking the upper part at one of the two pianos in the eight-hand pieces, gave us in the first place an excellent rendering of the two movements from Mendelssohn's piano and violoncello Sonata, admirably supported by WULF FRIES. We thought him more happy this time in his treatment of the *Allegretto Scherzando*, than he was a few weeks since; but he reversed the order of the movements, taking the Adagio first, and in his few bars of random preluding between, which seemed of the fingers only and to have no connection with the musical intention, failing to bridge the way back from one into the other. With all the excellencies of this rapidly rising young pianist, it is but friendly justice to him to make him aware of this one little unartistic habit which he has of running his fingers unmeaningly over the instrument when he sits down to play something. It is not preluding: it does not express a mind full of the music and the meaning coming; it is just an idle or a nervous physical outbreak of the fingers; and often, we have noticed, even fails to modulate into the key in which the piece commences. Mr. Lang will not find such things done in Germany. It is such crudities which make it desirable for a young native musician, be he ever so facile and brilliant an executant, to pass some time in a musical atmosphere like Germany, and get imbued with the artistic tone. Our young friend, no doubt, feels this, and already means to profit by it.

The Fantasia by Gorla is one of the brilliant show pieces, in which Mr. Lang exhibited his virtuosity to good advantage. Thalberg's visit, leading us back to the fountain head of these things—a rather shallow spring at best—nearly exhausted their interest. On being enthusiastically encored, Mr. Lang played one of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" with expression enough to command perfect attention.

We hear that Mr. Lang is also to receive a Complimentary Concert in his native place, Salem. With all these expressions of interest and good wishes, which we certainly share, he will go abroad with hope and high artistic purpose strengthened.

**MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.**—The eighth and closing Chamber Concert of the season, was in some respects one of the most interesting, although the programme might have been much better. Here it is.

1. Quintet, in A, op. 108.....Mozart  
Moderato—Larghetto—Minuetto—Finale.—Tems con  
variazioni.  
Clarinetto Principale.
2. "Souvenir de Haydn." Solo for Violin.....Leonard  
(Repeated by request.)  
William Schultze.

3. Third Quartet, in F.....J. C. D. Parker  
Allegro—Minuetto—Adagio—Finale—Vivace.  
First time.

4. "Possenti Numi," High Priest's Air, from the *Magio*  
Flute.....Mozart  
Arranged by T. Ryan.

5. 12th Quartet, in E flat, op. 127.....Beethoven  
Maestoso and Allegro—Adagio Molto cantabile—Scherzo—  
Finale, Allegro.  
Second time in Boston.

The Mozart Quintet with Clarinet is always agreeable, although it has become somewhat of an old story. Mr. RYAN's clarinet warbled the variations with its usual glib and mellow volubility. The new Quartet of our townsman, Mr. PARKER, evinced substantial progress in the art of developing themes through the several forms which commonly make up the logical unity of this extended and most subtle, complex kind of composition. The Allegro was clear and graceful; the slow movement by no means dull nor feebly commonplace; the Minuet and Trio particularly happy, as fluent and spontaneous as one could wish. About the Finale we could not feel so clear. As a whole, the work was listened to with pleasure, and did credit to the writer.

Mr. SCHULTZE listened to a not very wise "request" in making his audience again listen to the senseless string of variations upon Haydn, by the Leipzig violinist Leonard. He was perhaps more successful in the rendering this time, and yet not always sure of pitch in the uppermost tone strata.

The arrangement of the "O Isis and Osiris" solo and chorus from the *Zauberflöte*, proved the sterling and enduring quality of that noble music. Sarastro's grand bass solo was taken by WULF FRIES, another 'cello filling out the quartet accompaniment.

The great Beethoven Quartet was better rendered on this second trial, and gained astonishingly upon the liking of the audience. Of course it needs four consummate artists to preserve clear and delicate, with just the right accent and phrasing, all those exquisitely fine divisions into which the motives melt and flow this way and that way in the four parts—subtlest divergence and variety returning ever into lovely, complete unity. This first experiment upon the famous and much dreaded "last Quartets" of the deaf, sublime old master (there are six of them) was truly encouraging, and we would fain take it as an earnest of many more attempt, to make acquaintance with them in another season.

**ORCHESTRAL UNION.**—Here is the programme of last Wednesday Afternoon's concert, which drew an unusually large audience.

1. Symphony. No. 6. (First time in Boston).....Mozart
2. Walts Maiblumen.....Hessig
3. Overture. Die Hebriden.....Mendelssohn
4. Paullinen Polka.....Gungl
5. Potpourri, from Les Huguenots. (By request).....Meyerbeer
6. Ypanti Galop, (second time.)

The Symphony by Mozart was one in C, (not to be confounded with the "Jupiter")—a much smaller work than that, but yet delightful to listen to. We hope we shall have it again next week. It is full of the genial Mozart sunshine. The *Hebriden* or "Fingal's Cave" is Mendelssohn's best overture; full of poetry and cool sea-shore reverie. Why do we not hear it oftener? It evidently was not lost even upon a popular afternoon audience.

#### Musical Chit-Chat.

Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG's Complimentary Concert in the Bumstead Hall, this evening, gives excellent promise. Himself one of the most accomplished vi-

olinists and musicians we have ever had among us, Mr. E. cannot fail to give us a good concert. He will play a violin Concerto by Bach, with the Mendelssohn Quintette Club accompanying; the famous old Sonata of Tartini, called his "Dream," or "*Il Trillo del Diavolo*," with Mr. LEONHARD at the piano; and one of those quaint old curiosities, a dance called *La Puvane*;—also in some concerted pieces of his own composition, viz., three little trios for violin, viola and 'cello, and a Concertino for four solo violins, in which Messrs. SCHULTZE, MEISEL and COENEN will assist. The Orpheus Glee Club will sing a couple of their most taking part-songs; and Mrs. HARWOOD will sing a cavatina from *La Juive* and a *Lied* with 'cello obligato.

On Monday evening a new form of musico-dramatic entertainment invites us, in the "Parlor Operettas" of Mr. and Mrs. DRAYTON, which have found such favor in New York and other cities..... The call for chorus singers for the production of Mr. FRANZ KIELBLOCK's opera, "Miles Standish" has met with abundant response. The rehearsals go on vigorously under Carl Zerrahn, and the musical public will have a chance to hear and judge for themselves at the Music Hall next Saturday evening.... The Complimentary Concert for CARL ZERRAHN goes on swimmingly; the subscription is already large, and besides Mrs. HARWOOD, Miss WASHBURN and Miss FAY, the pianist, the Orpheus Glee Club volunteer their aid. The concert will take place Saturday evening, April 14.... There will be the usual Afternoon (orchestral) Concert on Wednesday afternoon.... Meanwhile, too, "Haymaking" is still continued; and the street corners and old walls are covered with the hideous old bonnets of the "Old Folks," black as well as white. The Ethiopians are not to be beaten in such dodges.

The Messrs. CHICKERING & SONS have moved into their new warerooms, in the elegant building just completed on the corner of Avon Place, Washington St. They have most spacious and artistic accommodations there; the place itself is worth a visit, as well as the unrivalled stock of fine pianos. One of their rooms has been constructed purely for a music room, suitable for choice chamber concerts, music parties, &c., and large enough for three or four hundred persons. It is a very beautiful and attractive hall.... The Orpheus Glee Club gave a second concert in Brookline this week, and are soon to give one, in compliance with earnest solicitations, at Jamaica Plain. Following the tuneful art in their own quiet, social, independent German way, this Club seems to have excited an appetite for the sound of their voices everywhere in the neighborhood.... There was a Band Concert in Providence this week, in which patriotism ran so high, that Mrs. LONG sang the "Star-spangled banner" in costume!.... The papers tell us that the prima donna FABBRI's name is fabricated; that she is not an Italian, but a German. She was born in Vienna, and her original name is Agnes Schmidt. Her wedded name—she was married to a German—is Molder. She ought to be called Agnes Molder.

#### Music Abroad.

PARIS, Feb. 29.—If some old Roman had been thrown into a lethargic state for a few centuries, like the sleeping beauty, and by the stroke of some magician's wand suddenly transported to Paris, were he to wake up in one or other of the principal lyrical theatres, his astonishment would not be as great as we might expect; for he would find himself surrounded with all the splendor of the pagan ages. At the Théâtre-Lyrique alone, he could one night descend with Orpheus into the dark regions of the lower world, and wander with him in search of his Eurydice; and the next night he could, in the same Théâtre-Lyrique, sup, in company with Philémon and Baucis, in their humble cot, with the great chief of the Olympian deities. The *libretto* of M. Charles Gounod's new opera is written by MM. Jules Barbier and Michel Carré. It is in three acts. Instead of a grand overture there is a simple introduction, worthi-

er of a classical subject and in accord with the subdued tone of the first act, the more striking and brilliant efforts of the composer coming in the later parts of the opera. This introduction is a pastoral, in F, and on its last notes, the curtain rising, we find ourselves in the cottage of Philémon and Baucis, which, poor as it looks, is rendered a pleasant spot by the happiness of the good old couple. In a duet these happy beings celebrate their love, which has resisted time and poverty and age. While they are softly singing this, sounds of quite a different kind are heard in the distance. The other inhabitants of the village, who have lost all fear of the gods, are giving themselves up to their impious saturnalia. The effect of this *ensemble* is striking. Soon, however, the rising sounds of a tempest are heard, and while the storm is raging round the little cottage, two strangers knock at the door, asking shelter. Philémon, who is for the moment alone, receives them. These two strangers are Jupiter and Vulcain. There is here a very good trio, after which Vulcain sings a few stanzas with a very characteristic accompaniment to represent the strokes of a hammer on the anvil. The air sung by Jupiter which next follows, "Allons, Vulcain," is also good. Baucis makes her appearance, and, after a long speech, sings in a manner that proves she can sing as well as she talks. But as Vulcain says, "Supper, not singing, is now the object," and to supper they accordingly go, when Jupiter, by changing their humble fare into a more *recherché* repast, declares himself, and promises to reward Philémon and Baucis for their virtue and piety, but, wishing them to avoid seeing the vengeance he intends taking on the impious villagers, he throws them into a deep sleep, and a *melange* of horns, arpeggios on the harp, and the tremolo of the violins, is a pleasing termination to the first act.

The second represents the people of Sybarites reclining in gala attire, under the portico of the Temple of Cybele. Here the composer strives to assume all the passion and fire such a scene requires. The stanzas sung by Mlle. Sax (a bacchante), "C'est le vin," are not, however, worthy of the rest of the score. In the midst of the dances to which they are giving themselves up, Vulcain appears, and upbraids them. They wish to drive away this bird of ill-omen, when Jupiter appears, and, in a grand and dramatic *finale*, destroys this sacrilegious people. All this time Philémon and Baucis have been sleeping, and, in the third act, the curtain rising to the refrain of the pastoral in the first act, Baucis is discovered in all the splendor of youth and beauty, and in festive attire. Still in a trance, starting up, she seeks Philémon, to whom his youth and good looks have also been restored. Hardly knowing each other at first, the truth then breaks on them, but for a moment their felicity threatens to be troubled, for Jupiter, like Pygmalion, is very nearly falling in love with his own work. Baucis, however, rather than listen to any other voice than Philémon's, implores her gray hairs and wrinkled features may be restored to her. Jupiter, thereupon, like a gentlemanly deity, withdraws his suit, but leaves the happy pair in the enjoyment of their renewed youth. Battaille performed the part of Jupiter, M. Froment that of Philémon, and Madame Miolan-Carvalho that of Baucis, and M. Balanque, Vulcain.

The concerts are going on still. The one given by Kruger on the 10th of February, in the new salons of Erard, was one of the best. Cruger played the grand sonata (Op. 57) of Beethoven, and the duet in D major of Mendelssohn, with the violoncellist, Rigault. He also gave "La chanson du chasseur," "Guitare et marche nocturne." Kruger had just returned from Stuttgart, where he had gone to be present at a festival given in honor of his father, on the occasion of the latter's completing the fiftieth year of his membership of the Chapel-Royal. The violinist, M. Servais, has just arrived here (Paris); he proposes making some stay here. The third concert of the Société des Concerts gave the symphony in E flat of Félicien David, the benediction of the flags from the *Siège de Corinthe*, and fragments from the ballet of *Prométhée*, the *Berceuse de Cherubini*, the Symphony in D of Beethoven completed the programme. The Société de Jeunes Artistes, under the direction of M. Pas de Loup, pursues its course with success. At their third concert some fragments, never played before, of Meyerbeer's opera *Struensee* were given; the "Revolt des Gardes" and "Le bal et l'arrestation" were the titles of these pieces: the overture was also given, but it is well known here. The rest of the concert was equally well composed. To-morrow a concert that is looked forward to with the greatest interest will be given in the *salon* of the Louvre, M. and Mad. Sainton (late Miss Dolby) being the great attraction. Mad. Pleyel will perform on the 7th. M. Jacques Bauer also gives a concert to-morrow at the Salle Erard. A banquet

was given the other day at the Cafe Vevour, at which many English and French writers assisted. M. Delaporte presided. He is the clever director of the concerts of the French Orpheonists. The object of the banquet was to publish the project that has been decided on, and which will be accomplished in the month of June. At that period 3,000 French Orpheonists will go to England to renew at the Crystal Palace the festival held by them in Paris in 1859. Twelve steamers will convoy these artists over. Every one seems to think the company of the Crystal Palace have behaved in the most liberal manner. 200,000 francs is the sum said to have been given to defray the expenses. The Orpheonists stay one week in England, and they will give three concerts. This enterprise has been welcomed in the warmest manner here, and will doubtless prove successful. These are some of the choruses that will be sung: "Le Septuor des Huguenots," "Le Cimbres et Teutons," "Le Psaume de Marcello," "Le Veni Creator," "La Re-traite, le Départ des Chasseurs," "Le Chant des Montagnards," and "Le Chœur des Prêtres des Mystères d'Isis."

March 7.—Never has Lent been so little kept in this gay city as at present. All goes on actively. New operas are in preparation; new dramas are brought out; and the various "Concerts d'Artistes" have to keep head against the "Concerts d'Amateurs." This latter amusement has extended itself even to the Tuilleries, where the Empress and a privileged few join in this innocent way of passing their time. While waiting the representation at the Grand-Opera of the *Pierre de Medicis* of Prince Poniatowski, the *habitués* of this theatre have just had a novelty, in the shape of M. Michot, a tenor, who used to sing at the Theatre-Lyrique. He *debuted* at the Grand-Opera in the *Favorite*, in the part of Fernand. He sang remarkably well, especially the airs, "Une ange, une femme inconnue," and "Anges si purs." He was most ably seconded by Madame Barbot in the rôle of Leonora. At the Opera-Comique, *Le Roman d'Elvire*, *Galathée*, and *Don Gregorio*, draw full houses; and the Theatre-Lyrique has no reason to repent of its adhesion to the mythology of the ancients, the receipts being anything but mythological. Roger, after performing in the *Traviata* the part of Alfredo (with Mme. Penco and Graziani as coadjutors) with unbounded success, has concluded his engagement at the Italian Opera; he has now left for Antwerp. Tamberlik will soon be here to fulfil his engagements at the Italian opera. Meanwhile, the rehearsals of *Il Crociato* of Meyerbeer are going on actively under the direction of M. Fontana. M. Merly will have a part in this opera.—*Corr. Lond. Musical World*.

LEIPZIG.—We take the following extract from a letter to the Taunton Democrat:

I hunted up an old friend, a Boston organist, who has come to this place to perfect himself in music, for Leipzig is the centre of the world of music as it is the centre of the world of books. The Conservatorium here is a kind of musical university, and every department of music is taught in it by distinguished masters. But Mr. T. gave me some particulars which are not very encouraging to musical men who think of coming abroad. He, let me premise, was one of the finest organists and pianists in New England, when he came to Leipzig, a year ago. He was at once put back to five-finger exercises, and so commenced at the very rudiments, not because he had a *bad* style, but because he had a *different* style from the Leipzig pianists. Of course this made him neither one thing nor another: his own style was fixed by habit, and the result was that he worked on through elementary exercises for nine months, playing worse and worse all the time, until at last he gave up the Conservatorium, took a private teacher, a very distinguished musician, and is now just beginning to feel that coming abroad will do him good. He thinks the Conservatorium is not the place for a man to enter, without he is a beginner; and that moreover, there the love of getting *numbers* of students is so great that very little time is given to each. Mr. T. told me that not more than seven or eight minutes could be given to each student at a lesson.

There are now little more than twelve American musical students at Leipzig, of various character and attainments, some very steady, hard-working fellows, some very idle, dissolute fellows. One man neglected his lessons to such an extent that he did not know the professor by sight, and on going to him to get his diploma signed, he mistook another gentleman for the professor, and for such palpable ignorance the diploma was refused. My friend Mr. T. will probably go to Berlin, as he says there are advantages greater than he can enjoy at Leipzig, particularly by one who wishes to receive private tuition. A musical student can live at Leipzig for fifteen dollars a month in very good style, and tuition is about fifty cents a lesson from first class men.

## Special Notices.

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# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 418.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 2.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## "A Sure Stronghold is our God."

From ELISE POLKO'S "Musikalische Märchen, Phantasien und Skizzen;" translated by FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

(Concluded from page 2.)

Never had such an assemblage of distinguished men and beautiful women been gathered together in the Catholic Church of Dresden, as on the afternoon of that Sunday, when Cantor Bach had promised to play the organ. Countless cavaliers in glittering court dresses, brilliant ladies in all the splendor of satin and jewels, or decked with the lovelier ornament of youth and beauty, formed a waving, sparkling wreath, in whose centre the princely form of Augustus of Saxony sat enthroned. The carriage of the somewhat elderly prince was still erect, his head upraised; but his features, whose former beauty was still to be seen in the delicate lines of nose and mouth, and the clear contour of the chin, appeared lax and sunken, and the fire of his large eyes was extinguished. Augustus conversed with his favorite Brühl, who stood at his side with the elegant demeanor of a man of the world, listening to the words of his lord with apparent humility. Untamed pride lay on this bold forehead, insatiable avarice glittered in these restless eyes, immeasurable imperiousness sat enthroned on the finely cut lips.

"And so the droll Cantor would not visit the court last evening?" whispered the Elector laughing. "Now I will annoy him again to-day! As soon as the concert is over, I will desire to see him; he shall be taken to the ball and supper, and the prettiest of our court ladies shall ask him to dance." Brühl bowed silently. "We are all, however, very anxious for the arrival of the celebrated organist; expectation sits on every face," continued the prince. "Hasse throws up his black eyebrows impatiently, and the charming Faustina looks as restlessly round the church, as if she were watching for a rival. Only our virtuoso Marchand has not yet laid aside his mocking smile."—"But now, silence! look, Brühl! there are three new figures in the choir! Who are those two young men, with the open, ingenuous faces, who have just taken seats at the side?"—"Those are the eldest sons of the Cantor, your Majesty," answered Brühl. And then the full organ tones, outswelling, filled the church as with a holy incense, purifying all hearts from frivolous emotions. A deep silence reigned; every heart seemed penetrated with devotion, and all eyes looked up. A noble prelude flowed out in a golden stream of sound; on its shores bloomed the flowers of Paradise; it drew the longing soul, on its strong waves, through the noble and glorious choral:

"A sure stronghold is our God."

This powerful hymn of the evangelical church floated down from the choir. With what a happy smile Father Bach accompanied his playing! At this moment, he rejoiced to think that his beloved church could triumph, even in the Catholic

house of God. A crowned conqueror, the fine melody rang through the lofty roof, strong as though countless angel voices joined in the lofty song of praise. And still the stream of harmony flowed on; father Bach's spirit rose higher; while ever the choral's giant voice floated above that rushing sea of sound: at every human breast it beat. The pillars of the church seemed shaken; the sorrowing voice of the entire human race seemed to cry from the deep for mercy; an entire world seemed lifting up its hands for grace. And then, alone, like a soft breath of pious incense, rose the melody again:

"A sure stronghold is our God."

And then a wondrous rush of tones gave answer to the prayer of believing love. At last the beseeching voices seemed to weary; softer grew the prayer; gentler the complaining. And then—oh, wonder! came the great forgiveness. The lofty roof disappeared, the blue and gold of heaven flowed in; the intoxicating breath of spring seemed to float through the church. Sweet, warm tones dropped through the air, and seemed the voice of boundless mercy, promising eternal forgiveness to all sinners. And then a pious delight trembled through those clear sounds, swelling, rising, strong as a million happy human voices, and amid them floated the joyful hallelujah of the angels, the glorious song of victory:

"A sure stronghold is our God!"

The organ was silent. Johann Sebastian Bach sat on the organ bench with folded hands; his face seemed almost transfigured. Pale with excitement, trembling with delight at the triumph of their honored father, his two sons stood near him. A dull murmur passed through the church. Then a side door of the choir opened, and the Elector appeared; behind him entered, at a respectable distance, a glittering crowd. Augustus of Saxony approached, almost timidly, the great man, who, half sunken in a pious reverie, scarcely observed his approach; he feared to disturb such a childlike, religious mood. At last he lightly laid his hand on Bach's shoulder. The Cantor stood up, and openly, laughingly, looked his prince in the face. The great master, full of the glory of God, to whose heaven he had ascended on the wings of music,—how could earthly power and worldly splendor move him in such a moment of holy enthusiasm? It seemed even difficult for him to find the words of earthly speech. "Gracious Prince," he said quietly, after a pause, "I can see that the voice of the dear God has touched your deepest heart! Is it not a strange happiness, and yet a wondrous awe? Is it not as if the sun shone upon you? Does it not seem as if you saw fairer, greater worlds than this grain of dust that bears us? Does not the glitter of earth crumble to nothing before the splendor above? Does not the voice of God give you spirit and life, to bear you there, whence it comes, into the eternal light?"—"Bach," answered the prince with an uncertain voice, approaching him nearer, "as I heard you play, I felt a presenti-

ment of coming death! But the thought rose before my soul like a friendly genius; I lost all fear; I no longer trembled before the face of death, as when, in lonely moments, I pondered on the enigmatical close of all mortal life. Oh, Master, could I hear you in my dying hour!"

Bach did not answer; he looked at the prince with eyes that overflowed with emotion and tender joy. His pious heart rejoiced, at this moment, far more than his artistic pride. There was a rustle at the door; a woman broke hastily through the prince's suite, a woman in the fullest bloom of life, with a noble form and proud Juno-like head; it was Faustina Hasse, the favorite singer, the idolized darling of the entire residence. With wet eyes and glowing cheeks, with all the passion of an Italian, she fell on the neck of the Cantor, and, sobbing, kissed him on both cheeks. "God bless thee, thou beam of His own light!" she cried, in the greatest emotion. Bach did not know what to do; the bystanders smiled: Hasse stepped up, softly drew his wife away, mentioned her name, and pressed the hands of the great master with unfeigned respect. Even the mocking Frenchman, the elegant virtuoso Marchand stepped up; no sneering smile played round his lips; his eyes sparkled with the dew of inward emotion. He silently drew the master's hand to his breast. The prince's suite followed these examples; the charming court ladies were not behindhand; fair hands touched those of the Cantor; sweet lips thanked him. At last the master, shaking off the crowd, cried in a voice that echoed through the church: "Enough! such soft flattery should not be the reward of holy, serious organ-playing! move aside, ye alluring forms, I will not gaze longer on ye! Now I see well enough, that I am in wanton Dresden, and I would I were far from the flowers and the serpents, in my quiet, comfortable house with my wife and children! Gracious prince, said he," turning to the prince, who regarded the scene with a melancholy smile, "let me go! you see, old Sebastian Bach does not feel at home here! he cannot swim in these waters!"—"I will not let you go," answered the prince kindly, "until you have requested a favor from me!"—"You cannot grant me anything, my king! I am richer than you."—"But think of your sons!" proceeded Augustus.—"Well, gracious prince, if you can do anything for my Friedemann" said Bach, drawing the blushing youth forward, "I shall be glad of it; but not for two years to come; I need the boy still; he engraves well on copper, and now we are working at the *Passions-Musik*. My Philip," here he nodded towards his second son, "is already cared for by the dear God; it goes passably with him. I thank you with all my heart, gracious Elector!" The Elector parted with the honored master, after the kindest promises as regarded Friedemann's future, gave his hand to father and sons, and assured them all of his favor. The most distinguished cavaliers pressed forward to accompany the departing visitors, and assisted the plain Leipzig Cantor to his

carriage with as much care and respect, as if he had been one of the loftiest rulers of the world.

As, on the next morning, Johann Sebastian Bach, with his two sons, rolled towards their beloved home; as they passed the princely palace, as the noble Elbe road revealed itself to their eyes, Philip Emanuel cried in an excited manner: "However, dear father, Dresden is beautiful! but the most beautiful of all is—Faustina Hasse!" "Silence, boy," answered the master, while a roguish smile touched the corners of his mouth, "you understand nothing at all about it!"

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Süssmayr and Mozart's Requiem.

(Concluded from page 8.)

[Thus far from Jahn's account of the last days of Mozart. I pass over the burial—the funeral in a terrible storm, which accounts for the loss of his grave, he having been buried among the poor, which graves are dug over every ten years—and go on with the translation where the *Requiem* comes again in question.]

"One of her (Widow Mozart's) next cares was the *Requiem*. Mozart had left the *Requiem* uncompleted. She must expect that he who had ordered it would now not only refuse to accept it and pay the sum still promised, but demand a repayment of that already advanced. In this extremity the idea occurred to her and the friends with whom she took counsel, whether the *Requiem* could not be made complete out of what Mozart had left, with some additions, and thus the order be satisfied. The completion of the work was offered to several musicians; they declined the doubtful undertaking, some for want of time, others because "they could not compromise their talents by a comparison with the talents of Mozart"; very possibly other doubts influenced them. So came the matter into the hands of Süssmayr, who seemed especially fitted for the task; he was at the time Mozart's pupil in composition, had aided his master in *Titus*, had, while the *Requiem* was in progress, several times sung and played the finished numbers through, and Mozart had often talked over the working out of the score with him, and explained the movement and grounds of the instrumentation. 'As Mozart felt himself growing weaker,' wrote the widow to Abbe Stadler, (Nachtrag, p. 40,) 'Süssmayr must often sing over what was written, with him and me, and thus he received regular instruction from the composer. And I can hear Mozart now, how he used to say to Süssmayr—"Ei, there are the oxen again at the foot of the hill—that you don't understand by a great sight!"' This expression was one also of which her sister Sophia had a lively recollection. The meaning of it is perfectly clear in the light of Mozart's method of jotting down a composition and working it out, as we have it before our eyes." [Jahn gives here a reference to his third volume, where this is discussed.]

"The first two numbers, *Requiem* and *Kyrie*, Mozart had fully completed and written out in the full score—on these there was nothing to be done. Of the *Dies irae*, he had only, in his usual manner, sketched the score; the vocal parts were completely written out, with the bass occasionally figured; of the instrumentation, he had only sketched the themes in ritornels and interludes and in passages where instruments were to appear prominently in the accompaniment, as hints for the full scoring of the work, which was left to some future time. In this manner the score was laid out to the last verse of the *Dies irae*; with the words:

'Qua resurget ex favilla  
Judicandus homo reus,'

Mozart ceased.

"He had not composed the different numbers of the *Requiem* in order, but worked out his conception of single movements according to the mood he was in. For instance, before the completion of the *Dies irae*, he had composed the *Offertorium*, which, consisting of the two numbers, *Domine Jesu Christe* and *Hostias*, was completed and the full sketch of the score written out.

"It is now easy to conceive how Mozart, as he went through the score thus sketched with his pupil at the pianoforte or at the desk, could carry on with him an instructive conversation upon the instrumentation; how he would have him try his hand at it, and then give him minute explanations of the manner in which the work should be executed; and how he himself had thought it out, so that Süssmayr, in fact, in many respects could have formed a lively picture of the complete score, as it was to be, and be fully able in divers points to supply the want of the hand of his master. Of this the manner in which the composition was wrought is a proof. Of the other numbers—the *Sanctus*, the *Benedictus* and the *Agnus dei*—no such score had been sketched.

"Süssmayr's first work was to copy all that Mozart had in this manner sketched out, 'so that two styles of chirography should not be mixed up together,' as the widow wrote to André (*Cecilia*, vol. VI. p. 202), and then he added to his copy the needful instrumentation in such manner and form as seemed to him most perfectly to meet the ideas of Mozart. The original sketches of Mozart came into other hands; the sheets (11—32) containing the *Dies irae* down to the *Confutatis*, and nothing else, Abbe Stadler, at a later period, obtained from the now unknown original owner, and afterward gave them to the imperial Library in Vienna; the rest of the sheets (33—45) containing the *Lacrimosa*, *Domine* and *Hostias*, Kapellmeister Eybler bought and presented to the same library. That these were intended by Mozart to be fully scored and to be united into one work with the *Requiem* and *Kyrie*, is proved by the numbering of the leaves, which is in his hand and is in regular order; besides, there is no instance known in which he ever copied such a sketch of a score before filling it out.

"Süssmayr, according to his own distinct statement, had then written 'entirely new' the close of the *Lacrimosa*, the *Sanctus*, *Benedictus* and *Agnus dei*; only, 'to give the work more unity,' he repeated the fugue of the *Kyrie* to the words *Cum sanctis*.

"The *Requiem* thus completed was now delivered to him who had ordered it—the first two movements in Mozart's original, the rest in Süssmayr's hand, as Stadler relates, (*Vertheidigung*, p. 13.) That the whole should be accepted as the work of Mozart, it was necessary for the score, by its appearance, to be an evidence to that effect. How decidedly it was so is shown by this score itself, which in the year 1838 became the property of the imperial Library. The first impression was and is for every one who sees it and is acquainted with Mozart's hand, that the above was written out by him; hence in the first tumult of delight at the supposed discovery it was published to the world that Mozart's original score of the *Requiem* had been discovered. More thorough examination and reflection began to raise doubts; variations from his usual hand, although slight, were found, and to a request for information made to Mozart's widow [then Madame Nissen], she replied (Feb. 10, 1839): 'There could be no complete score from the hand of Mozart, for the *Requiem* was not finished by him, but by Süssmayr.' A comparison with several scores incontestably from Süssmayr's hand—a terzet and a bass aria which he had composed as additions to the *Servia padrona* in 1793—solved the riddle. Here was found precisely the same hand, the same striking similarity to that of Mozart, the same slight variations from it which in the *Requiem* had aroused suspicion—in short, no possibility of doubt was left that Süssmayr had written the score from the *Dies irae*;

moreover the leaves from this point are newly numbered, beginning with No. 1, and beginning again with No. 1 at the *Sanctus*. There is one passage too in which the transcriber has betrayed himself by a mistake. The last measures of the *Tuba Mirum* are noted by Mozart in his sketch for the string instruments, thus:

"In copying this passage Süssmayr overlooked the octaves in the violins and the characteristic movement of the viola at the close; what he wrote instead is no improvement on the part of the writer.

"Süssmayr had then, purposely or unconsciously, formed his hand so after that of Mozart, that, except in very slight variations, it was similar, to the point of being easily mistaken for it. This is no solitary case. The second wife of Sebastian Bach wrote so much like her husband that only an expert can distinguish them; and Joachim's hand—at least formerly—was strikingly like that of Mendelssohn. This time this habit or skill was but too opportune to give the manuscript for him who had ordered the work the appearance of an original. There is no doubt that Count Walsegg received and accepted the score as one composed and written out by Mozart—whether he was distinctly told so or whether it was left to him as a natural inference, is no question for us; that the Count's intention was to practise a deception of quite another kind, is curious enough—though it is no excuse for that put upon him."

The farther history of the *Requiem* need not be translated for the present purpose. This is sufficient to prove conclusively that Süssmayr *did* have a share, and no small one, in the production of this famous work, the *London Musical World* to the contrary notwithstanding. A. W. T.

(From the *London Musical World*.)

### W. V. Wallace's New Opera.

(Continued from page 4.)

The second act ("Crystal dwelling of Lurline; doors of bronze") begins with a chorus of gnomes ("Behold, behold, wedges of gold," E minor), gloomy, savage, and monotonous, as befits the singers, and leading to an unpretendingly graceful ballad for Lurline ("Under a spreading coral wave"—G major), which Miss Pyne sings charmingly. In the absence of Rhineberg, the water-nymphs diapaire themselves in dance and song to a very lively chorus (B flat major) at the end of which a compliment to the River-King's sagacity is conveyed in the following language:—

"Though lock'd in your breast, he the secret can find,  
'Neath one beam of his eye your poor heart must unfold,  
And out floats the truth like the bee from the rose."

This chorus interrupts and mixes with the ballad of Lurline. The sparkling music of Mr. Wallace, however, here once more controverts the dogma of Herr Wagner. Rudolph's *début* as a vocalist under water is in a *cavatina* ("Sweet form that on my dreamy gaze"—B flat major), which, though it can boast an elegant melody, is even more strictly noticed for the ingenuity of the accompaniments. Lurline's *brindisi*



(with chorus), "Take this cup of sparkling wine" (E flat major), which obtains an encore every evening, thanks to Miss Louisa Pyne's brilliant singing, is, in its chief feature, a sort of reminiscence of the old English nursery tune, "Girls and boys come out to play." The concerted piece (E flat minor and G flat major), where Liba and her companions avert the watchfulness of Zeliack, intrusted with the guardianship of his master's treasures, is animated and clever. The introduction here of snatches of the foregoing air is felicitous; and the drinking song at the end (there are too many drinking songs and choruses), "As in this cup the bead flies up" (G minor and major), while in some passages too florid for Mr. Corri's method of vocalization, is eminently characteristic of the situation. Ghiva's ballad in the next scene ("Troubadour enchanting"—F major), almost primitive in its simplicity, is, nevertheless, extremely pretty and attractive. Miss Pilling (the new "contralto") sings it well, and, being invariably called for twice, it helps to lengthen the performance. A chorus of huntsmen ("Away to the chase"—E flat major) is one of the most vigorous pieces in the opera. The introductory symphony, with the unanticipated notes for various brass instruments, modifying the harmony of each section, is of itself remarkable, and the rest fully bears out the promise it entails. Rhineberg's ballad (B major), "The nectar cup may yield delight," (for which Mr. Santley's admirably expressive singing elicits an inevitable "encore"), is one of those model drawing-room ditties certain to gain the favor both of sentimental young gentlemen and sentimental young ladies, the especial delight of music publishers, and of which Mr. Balfe has invented the most admirable and popular specimens. The next piece, an "Ave Maria" (E major) supposed to be sung by Rudolph's friends in a boat on the Rhine, for the soul of their comrade, whom they imagine dead, while Rudolph, from his subaqueous and supernatural abode, actually overhears them, and responds to their appeal, is of a very different stamp. Nothing could be more beautiful of its kind, more ingeniously constructed and impressive. The *finale* to the second act (chiefly in E major) is superior to that of the first. The incident is the return of the Rhine King, who, at Lurline's intercession, spares the life of Rudolph, and sends him back to his mortal home, loaded with treasures, amid the mutual despair of the lovers, who, resigned to fate, are still loth to part. The music here is thoroughly dramatic, and most skillfully composed, the grand passage of combination (or "ensemble") consisting of a large and energetic melody, upon which (as in some of the operas of Donizetti and Verdi) is brought to bear the united power of chorus and orchestra, while the voice of the chief soprano (Lurline) predominates over the rest, in high, prolonged, and resonant tones, until the culminating point is attained (as by the same originals) in a broad phrase of unison, allotted to all the voices, choral and solo, and all the instruments except those of the lower register.

The third act (prefaced by a capital orchestral interlude, in which an episode belonging to the overture, in F sharp minor, is developed with much interest and skill), although quite equal in interest to the others, must be more briefly dismissed. Rudolph's song, "My home, my heart's first home!" (A major) is another improved drawing-room ballad, inferior, however, to the one in which the Rhine King gives gushing expression to the sentiment of paternal love, and at the same time still more nearly shaped on some of the specimens to which Mr. Balfe owes so many laurels. "Gold and wine heal every care" (E flat major) is another extremely effective chorus for male voices, comprising, moreover, one or two novel points—as, for instance, the pauses at the end. As in the drinking chorus (Act I.), and the hunting chorus (Act II.), the execution of this piece confers the highest credit on the singers. The duet which follows, for Rudolph and Ghiva (B flat major), is, in a great measure, like the duet between the baron and the same lady (Act I.), a display for the orchestra, in which the fiddles shine to their heart's (strings?) content, while the voices are too frequently subordinate. It is clever, nevertheless, and would have more pretensions to be styled "original," but for the provokingly Auberish phrase occurring at the end of the second movement ("Telling of fond eyes that weep.") The short chorus of "storm-spirits" (same key), that ensues upon Ghiva's casting into the Rhine the magic ring she has snatched from Rudolph's finger, may pass as a mere allusion. Lurline's grand *scena* (beginning and ending in F major), "Sad is my soul," which includes two beautiful slow movements, the second one (a prayer in A flat major, "Oh, Thou, to whom this heart") to the melody allotted the stringed instruments in the opening of the overture, and terminating with an extremely spirited *allegro* ("As a bounding barque,")

is a very striking composition, in which the voice-part and orchestral accompaniments are alike interesting, while the dramatic feeling is sustained with unabated vigor to the end. This is one of the capital pieces of the opera, and in it Miss Louisa Pyne exhibits her finest singing, whether expression or fluent execution be taken into consideration. Scarcely less effective, while equally well written, is the duet (commencing and terminating in A major) where Lurline first reproaches Rudolph for losing her ring, and then restores it to him. Abounding in passionate phrases, although somewhat too lengthy, for the situation in which it occurs, this duet never once flags in interest. Both the foregoing would gain by being placed somewhat earlier in the opera. There still remain to be mentioned a lively chorus with ballet ("Now with joy each bosom beating"—D major), at the opening of the last scene, which might have fallen from Auber's pen without raising a doubt about its genuineness; and last (in some respects best of all), the unaccompanied quartet, for Lurline, Liba, Rhineberg, and Zeliack ("Though the world with transport bless me"—E flat major), which in every respect fully warrants the enthusiastic reception it meets with from the audience. A genuine English glece, with florid passages and *cadenza* for the principal voice (Lurline), this quartet is attractive enough to have saved a weak opera, and may be accepted as all the more remarkable, considering the effect it produces after so much that is excellent has gone before. In a word, it is a faultless example of vocal part writing, and everywhere as pleasing as it is ingenious. The *finale* to the third act is, according to precedent, the least ambitious of the three. The commencement (in D major), with the accompaniments in triplets for violins, again smacks of Auber. Lurline's exhortation to the Rhine to devote its waters to the destruction of the conspirators (which climbs, by an ordinary sequence of semitonic progressions, from A minor, through B flat minor, to B minor), and the storm-movement (in F sharp minor) that follows, where the first subject of the *allegro* in the overture is presented in the relative minor key, are undistinguished by any very salient characteristics; while the concluding vocal display for the *prima donna* is merely a repetition of Lurline's first air ("Flow on, oh silver Rhine," in the same key as in Act I.—E major\*), embellished with ornaments and "bravura" traits to show off the neatness and brilliancy of Miss Louisa Pyne's vocalization. It brings down the curtain, however, with great animation, and is exactly fitted for the place it fills at the end of an opera, which, independently of its intrinsic merits, is the most successful dramatic work of a deservedly successful composer.

\*We should have preferred the *finale* in D major, the key of the overture. "Pourquoi?" Mr. Wallace will ask, and we shall be at a loss to answer him. *Nous ne savons pas*; but we should have preferred it. *Voilà tout.*

#### Liszt's "Tasso."

The *Century* of last week, after noticing the more familiar compositions given at the last Philharmonic Concert in New York, has the following comments on the new feature in the programme.

Finally comes the Symphonic Overture by Elector Kapellmeister, Dr. Franz Liszt, which is by no means to be so readily assigned its place as the compositions of Beethoven, Von Weber, and music-master Hummel. The war of opinion still rages whenever the orchestral compositions of this wild son of genius are heard, or even his name mentioned. Whatever we may think or say of the merits of this work, we must at least thank the Society for giving it to us. The production of the compositions of Wagner and Liszt, show, that the directors are determined to keep pace with even the swiftest musical reformers of the age.

The climax of interest at the concert rested in this Symphony. Here was a new champion, a proclaimer of new truths, to be rehearsed after a new fashion—the head of a new school—the vanguard of the composers of "the music of the future."

The chief element of difference between Liszt and the older or classical masters, is in the theory held and acted on by the former that tone by itself is capable of conveying ideas, as ideas, and not as sentiments—that musical phrases may appeal to our *intelligence*, and that they are all-sufficient in themselves to convey their absolute meaning with very little or no aid from words. Therefore, while Mendelssohn, for example, will be content to give us a symphony which shall be a tone poem alone, and shall appeal to us only spiritually, and in a manner not capable of translation into words, any more than the scent of a flower can be so translated, Liszt says: "I will tell you a story by means of tones, and will so use the expressional instruments of my orchestra, that, if

you are bright, you may follow me through to the end." So much for the idea upon which the work is based; as to material means, of course he differs as widely in the use of these from such as Mendelssohn as he does in theory. Every instrument is called upon to do its utmost towards the production of the grand effect to be obtained. Whatever individuality or expressional force any instrument possesses, is tortured from it. The story must be told at all hazards, so that he who runs may hear. In the instance before us, the subject upon which this experiment has been made, is the story of Torquato Tasso; and Liszt has attempted to give us a biographical sketch of the life of that distinguished poet. Unfortunately, owing doubtless to a lack of musical intelligence on the part of the world in general, it has been found necessary to accompany the performance of the piece with a printed explanation, pointing out the course of principal events. By this aid the musical intention becomes sufficiently clear, and we are left at leisure to study the means employed in the production and development of the story. Here we find ourselves on new ground. The ear is assailed from every quarter by the most uncouth tones; abrupt sequences of harmony startle and confound us; dissonances of the most complex character vex the ear; discords are hung suspended never to be resolved; the orchestra is a great sea of turbulence and unrest.

But out of this storm of discord come the violoncellos to our relief, with a charming little *cantata*, taken up again afterwards, and most felicitously, in a quicker tempo, and finally leading us into an heroic strain, strongly accentuated, and of much force and spirit. To the sway and pomp of this movement every instrument lends its strength, the kettle-drums being reinforced by their "big brother," the bass drum, and the trombones by their deep-throated friend the Ophicleide. Such a body of tone as is produced by a band of eighty performers so reinforced, is sufficient to carry everything before it—especially where the rhythm is strongly marked—the whole orchestral force bearing upon a single note in the bar, as in this case. At such times the audience feels the sway of the orchestra, and gives its applause freely enough, under the impression that a work that moves it so must certainly be very grand. Such is the ending of "Tasso—the lament and the triumph"—(lamento e trionfo.) We are forced to say that, however it may please, it is absolutely and radically a false work—false to the eternal laws of symmetry and beauty; and like all other untruths in art or in humanity, its relations with the beautiful are only specious, external, and momentary. A certain sensuous beauty it may have, just as a picture may have sensuous beauty of color, or a statue sensuous beauty of form; but they can only vitiate the taste that lends itself to their allurements, and must, if indulged in, mar all delicate perception of the calmly pure and serenely beautiful. It is the music of materialism.

The spirituality has gone out of it. The first offence is to take from music its own divine utterance, and to put in its place literalism, which is materialism; the second is to substitute violent color for simplicity of tone, abandoning the effects of melody for those of harmony, and leading the ear captive by splendid exaggerations. This is not the creative faculty which Beethoven had, (with what marvellous simplicity of means!) but the work of man's hands assured of death only, and not of immortality. It is easy to see how a musician of Liszt's power has been led into this error. In the first place, he was not born a creator of new things, but a splendid interpreter of the old. His transcriptions for the piano, of the compositions of others, are confessedly the best ever made; but it is as certainly impossible for a man to become a musical composer by dint of study, or by familiarity with the works of others, however extensive, as it is for one familiar with poetry to become a poet—the divine spark not having been born in him.

But Liszt was not content with the sphere of an interpreter. Having attained the highest living fame as a pianist, he wished to ascend still higher. He was a king at the piano: he did what he would with his audience; he commanded their smiles and their tears as he desired; he conveyed every mood and caprice of his mind to his instrument—swept its keys like a whirlwind, and held his auditors breathless with astonishment at the splendid audacity of his performance. Nothing appeared impossible—everything easy to his marvellous and mysterious power; and the instrument seemed subdued to his hand like a living creature. What wonder that he wearied of his absolute reign, and aspired to more daring conquests? What easier than to suppose that a great orchestra might vibrate to the wild promptings of his will as easily as the passive piano had done? How much grander a field—what exhaustless resources lay within his grasp? What undreamed of mysteries of tone might not be slumbering in the vast and untried

depths of that gigantic instrument, if only a man bold enough dare wave the wand and evoke them? Why might not that splendid technique that had worked like a spell of wonder on all hearers, be transferred to a grander arena, and so the author live long after his hand had lost its power, the founder of a new school—the great master who called forth the “music of the future?” Here were the means for the display of the wildest flights of genius—the great orchestra would climb up to heights to which the piano had no parallel, or sink to depths of which its heaviest chords were but a faint suggestion! The prospect was tempting, and the ambition of the man obtained the better of his discretion. We have here one of the results—“Tasso: a tone-poem.” The spirits of the orchestral deep have been evoked, and with a direful confusion of tone they have overwhelmed their would-be master in a surging chaos of sound.

### A Letter of Mendelssohn.

[Written at the age of 15 years to Frederik Voigt, author of the book to the opera, *The Wedding of Camacho*, translated and communicated to the *London Musical World* by his fellow-student and friend, Dr. Ferdinand Rahles.]

HONORED SIR,—Excuse me that my thanks for the excellent first act comes so late, as I would not express my gratitude before having acquainted myself thoroughly with its beauties; and having now done so, I find my thanks too feeble for such a masterpiece.

I shall endeavor to imitate your poetry; but feel afraid that I may not be able to express through my music those elevated impressions which it must produce on every one at the first reading, but hope with my ardent desire to try to do the utmost in my power. The first act is so beautiful and charming, that I anxiously wish to be in possession of the second as soon as possible, and beg of you to realize this favor at your earliest convenience.

You will kindly allow me to state the following remarks:

With regard to the verses and the diction of those parts, which are to be set to music, I have very seldom, I may say never, met before with such excellent ones, which in the first perusal have had the power of producing musical ideas in me. They are so smooth, so fitted to the adaptation of music, not too long, and contain all the qualities of a superior opera text.

As the numbers of pieces to be composed are too many, I make use of the liberty you kindly granted me in omitting the following ones, viz.—the arietta of Vivaldo, “My sword, my lyre;” the aria of Lucinda, “How inconvenient is a fortune;” and the immediate following air of Carrasco, “What a running;” because there would be seven music-pieces without an interspersed dialogue, by which the audience would be tired. The choruses of the cousins, in contrast to those which enter with Carrasco, please me exceedingly, and the short advice you give me, shows how I must set them to music.

I also must ask the favor not to divide the opera into three acts, but compress the whole in two, as agreed upon. Lately I saw *Hamlet*, in which a priest comes upon the stage and speaks, so I think we have got over the difficulties we thought we might encounter in bringing the clerical garb upon the scene. Let priest remain priest; but he must not be allowed to sing upon the stage: and the opera an opera in two acts. Amen!

What a fine fellow is Vivaldo, and an excellent part for a tenor singer, and as you will do away with Basilio's going through the air, I do not see any difficulty more in having a good singer for this part also. St. Peter may say, “Let every man have what belongs to him,” and so says the basso Sancho upon his gray mare.

The only favor I have again to ask you is, to let me have the second act, for which I am longing and very anxious; therefore be so good as to send it as soon as possible. I shall not feel happy before then. With my best thanks.

I remain, your obedient servant,

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLODY.

P.S.—I wish so much to be in possession of the second act that I cannot commence to compose before I have reviewed the whole of it.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLODY.

Berlin, March 13, 1824.

### Spohr's Letters from Paris.

(From Alexander Mallbrant's *Louis Spohr. Sein Leben und Wirken. Frankfurt am Main. J. D. Sauerland's Verlag, 1880.*)

I.

Paris, 18th December, 1820.

—With beating heart I drove through the barriers of Paris; the thought that I should now have the pleasure of becoming personally acquainted with the artists whose works had inspired me in my very

earliest years, excited this lively sensation. I transported myself back in thought to the time of my boyhood, when Cherubini was my idol; for I had, through the French theatre, which then existed at Brunswick, an opportunity of knowing his works sooner even than those of Mozart. I recollected vividly the evenings when *Les Deux Journées* was given for the first time; how, quite intoxicated with the powerful impression the work had made upon me, I got the score the same evening, sitting up over it the whole night, and how it was principally this opera which gave me the first impulse to composition. I was now about to see its author, and many other men whose works had exerted the most decisive influence on my education as a composer and a violinist.

We were, therefore, scarcely housed, before I made it my first business to call upon several of these artists. I was received in a friendly manner by all, and a friendly intercourse speedily sprang up between myself and several of them. I had been told of Cherubini that, at first, he was reserved, nay, gloomy with strangers; I did not find him so. He received me, without my having brought any letters of introduction, in the most friendly way, and invited me to repeat my visit as frequently as I chose.

On the evening of our arrival, Kreutzer took us to the Grand-Opéra, where a ballet, *Le Carnaval de Venise*, with pleasing, characteristic music by himself, was represented. It is evident that the singers and dancers are accustomed to move about in a larger building; they exaggerate too glaringly for their present locality, which is very limited in comparison with the opera-house they have left. Several grand operas, especially those of Gluck, cannot now be given, since it has not been possible to obtain the necessary space even for the whole orchestra. People are, consequently, looking forward with the greatest eagerness to the completion of the new opera-house, which, however, no matter how actively the works are carried on, cannot be ready before the middle of next summer. Previously to the ballet, the opera, *Le Devin du Village*, words and music by Rousseau, was given. Ought we to praise or blame the fact that the French, side by side with the admirable things with which their operatic repertory has been enriched in the last twenty years, still give the very oldest productions imaginable; and is it a sign of an advanced and cultivated taste for art, that we see them welcome the oldest operas by Grétry, in all their harmonic poverty and incorrectness, with just the same enthusiasm or even still greater than the master-pieces of Cherubini and Méhul? It does not strike me so. What a time has elapsed since the operas of Hiller, Dittersdorf, and others of that period disappeared from our repertories, although these, in inward musical value, are far, far preferable to most of Grétry's. It is true that, on the other hand, it is very dispiriting that only what is new, however insipid and incorrect, finds currency among ourselves, many admirable older compositions being cast aside and forgotten in consequence. It is, however, to be considered a great point in favor of the Germans' taste for art, that Mozart's operas alone form an exception, and that, for more than thirty years, they have been given uninterruptedly at all German theatres; because it furnishes a proof that the German nation is at last penetrated with the perfection of those unsurpassable master-pieces, and, being convinced of this, will not be led astray, however far the sweet musical poison, that flows so copiously from the other side the Alps, should extend.

The orchestra of the Grand-Opéra contains, in comparison with other orchestras, the most celebrated and distinguished artists, but is said to be inferior in ensemble to that of the Italian Opera. I cannot yet give an opinion, as I have, at present, heard no other. In Herr Kreutzer's ballet, played with great precision by the orchestra, I was delighted with an oboe solo, performed in a masterly manner by Herr Vogt. This gentleman has succeeded in imparting to his instrument a perfect equality of tone and intonation throughout the whole compass, from C of the small octave, to F upon the fifth line of the staff, which is something in which nearly all oboists fail. His style is, moreover, full of grace and good taste.

A few days since, I was less pleased at the Grand-Opéra than on the first occasion. The opera was *Les Mystères d'Isis*. The complaints of Mozart's admirers are only too just of the transformation of the magnificent *Zauberflöte* into this piece of patchwork, which, on its production, was christened by the French themselves *Les Mystères d'ici*. We must feel ashamed that it was Germans who committed this sin against the immortal master. Nothing has remained untouched, except the overture; everything else is jumbled together, changed and mutilated. The opera commences with the concluding chorus of *Die Zauberflöte*; next follows the march from *Titus*; and then, first one fragment and then another from

other operas of Mozart, and even a bit from a symphony by Haydn. Between all these, there is recitative, of Herr Lachnith's own manufacture. But worse than all is the fact that the adapters have put a serious text to many light, nay, comic parts of *Die Zauberflöte*, so that the music becomes simply a parody on the words and the situations. Thus, for instance, the Papagena here sings the characteristic air of the Moor: “Alles fühlt der Liebe Freuden,” while the charming trio of the three boys: “Seid uns zum zweiten Mal willkommen,” is given by the three ladies. Out of the duet, “Bei Männern welche Liebe fühlen,” they have made a trio, etc. But, worst of all, they have taken the liberty of making changes in the score, thus, for instance, in the air, “In diesen heiligen Hallen,” at the words, “So wandelt er an Freundes Hand,” they have altogether omitted the imitative bass:



which is here indispensable, not only on account of the harmony, but also, referring to the “wandering,” is so characteristic; instead of this, the basses only give now and then the B natural. How flat and bald this passage, so often admired in Germany, thus sounds, you may easily imagine. Furthermore, the adapters have introduced violoncellos and double-basses into the music of the three ladies, where, in Mozart, the third vocal part is only strengthened and supported by the violins, so that the bass lies on three different octaves to these tender passages, treated only in three parts, which is insupportable to a cultivated ear. There are more offences of the same kind. We must do the French the justice to say that, from the very beginning, they decidedly disapproved of this Vandal-like mutilation of a great masterpiece (a mutilation, which, as they are unacquainted with the original, is not known to them in its full extent); but how comes it that, despite of this, the *Mystères* has remained for eighteen or twenty years quietly in their repertory, when the public here, as I see every day, reigns so despotically in the theatre, and can do whatever it likes?

The performance could not satisfy a German, as I am. Even the overture did not go as well as it should have done, when executed by so magnificent a body of distinguished artists. It was taken too quickly, and, towards the end, hurried on still more, so that, at last, the fiddlers could only play semi-quavers instead of quavers. The singers of the Grand Opéra, whose great merit may lie, perhaps, in declamatory singing, are but little fitted to render satisfactorily the tender strains of *Die Zauberflöte*. They sing with a sturdiness which destroys anything like tenderness. The *mise-en-scène*, as regards scenery, costumes, and dancing, is respectable, but not so splendid as I had expected. Yesterday we went to the Grand Opéra, for the third time, and saw *Clari*, a grand ballet in three acts, music by Kreutzer. Little as I like ballets, and little as pantomimic productions strike me as worth the outlay of artistic resources here lavished on them, I cannot deny that the Parisian ballets entertain a person very agreeably, until he is tired by the monotony of mimic movements, and still more by that of the dances. But, even when given as perfectly as it is here, pantomime, on account of the poverty of its signs, which always require a printed explanation, strikes me as being, when compared to declamatory dramatic productions, like a shadowy outline compared to a drawing. However it may be decked out by a golden background and ornamental accessories (as the ballet here is by the magnificence of the scenery and costumes), it merely presents us with outlines, and life is wanting. In the same way I feel inclined to account the drama, when compared to opera, as a drawing compared to a painting. It is through song that the poem first obtains color, and the song only is able, when supported by the power of harmony, to express those indescribable emotions of the soul, of which we have simply presentiments, and at which language must content itself with merely hinting. The music of *Clari* is very successful, and, especially in the second and third act, overpoweringly effective. It very much facilitates, by correct painting of the passions, the task of understanding the story, and contains a treasure of pleasing melodies, which we regret not to see belonging to an opera. Mlle. Bigottini played the principal part, and gave proofs of having deeply studied action and gesture. That, in very passionate situations, she worked up the expression of her countenance to grimaces, may, perhaps, be justly attributed to the fact that, until now, she has always appeared in a large building, where, on account of the distance, great exaggeration was necessary. Perhaps, this only seems to me so, from my being a German, for the applause was never more tumultuous than when (so far as my feelings were concerned) she overstepped the limits of the Beautiful and the Graceful.

Before the ballet, they gave *Le Rossignol*, an opera in one act, on which is founded Weigl's German opera, *Nachtingall und Rabe*. The music of the French piece is insignificant, and only interested me by Herr Toulou's masterly rendering of a solo for the flute. It is impossible to hear a more beautiful tone than that which Herr Toulou obtains from his instrument. Since I heard him, it no longer strikes me as so unsuitable as it did for our poets to compare the harmony of a sweet voice to the tone of the flute.

#### Death of M. Jullien.

JULLIEN, the famous man of "monster concerts," died in Paris, in a lunatic asylum, on the 16th ult. The *Tribune* says: "The closing scene of his life was melancholy. While on the eve of carrying into execution plans for an orchestral campaign, more extensive and magnificent than even his previous exploits—embracing a tour throughout the whole civilized world, accompanied by an army of orchestral performers, vocalists, and men-of-all-work—just as he was collecting his forces at Paris for this purpose, he became harassed with pecuniary troubles to such an extent that first his health and then his reason gave way. In this condition he was conveyed to an Insane Hospital, where he died on the 16th day of March. Jullien was in his 48th year, having been born at Sisteron, an Alpine town, on the 23d of April, 1812. His father was bandmaster of a Swiss Regiment, and from him the boy learned the rudiments of the art in which he was to become renowned. Having lost a voice which was singularly beautiful and strong in childhood, he turned his attention more exclusively to orchestration; first learned the use of the violin, and successively studied the practice and capabilities of every orchestral instrument. When a young man he led a military life, conducting a regimental band, and being present at various battles, at one of which he was severely wounded in the shoulder. Finally, he went to Paris, where, receiving instruction from such masters as Cherubini and Rossini, his peculiar orchestral powers rapidly became developed, and he soon found himself before the public as director of the concerts of the Champs Elysées and the Royal Academy balls. The jealousy of rivals at his instantaneous popularity finally became powerful enough to drive him away from Paris, and he took refuge across the British Channel. Then at London, during twenty years, ensued a series of those grand popular triumphs which only Jullien could achieve, and with which our readers are familiar from their recollections of his late American campaign. It was in 1853-4 that he made the grand tour of the United States, accompanied by a monster orchestra, drawing great audiences, and admirably adapting our national melodies to the purposes of a multitudinous band. There was a marked scorn of conventionalism in his management. If he wished to produce a certain effect, and could only do so by the introduction of gun-shots and boatswain's whistles, the shots and whistles were fearlessly introduced. If his music was not classic, it had at least a certain largeness of combination, and was marvellously effective, as rendered by his own orchestra, under his own guidance. There is something inseparable between our recollections of the man and of a superb waistcoat and the whitest of perfumed gloves; but, for all the manner that seemed affectation and the elation so plainly visible after his conquest of applause, there was a real greatness in the power by which he brought a thousand performers into harmonious action, and carried the listener along, from the delicious fineness of a single violin note, through wave after wave of sound, to the grand clash and clang of the innumerable stringed and wind instruments, bells, and cymbals, and drums, that worked together to overwhelm us with the tempest of their sound."

### Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MARCH 28.—The Chamber Concert Union have given two concerts; one Tuesday of last week, and the other last evening.

#### PART I.

1. Trio in E flat, op. 70.....Beethoven  
S. B. Mills, Ed. Mollenhauer and Ch. Brannes.
2. Adelaide.....Beethoven  
Mr. Millard.
3. Rhapsodie Hongroise, (first time).....Liszt  
William Sear.

#### PART II.

4. Sonata, in D minor, (first time).....Schumann  
Ed. Mollenhauer and William Sear.
5. Le Chemin du Paradis, Chanson.....Blumenthal  
Mr. Millard.
6. { a. Valse,  
b. Polonaise in A flat,.....Chopin  
S. B. Mills.

#### PART I.

1. Trio No. 2, in F major, (first time).....Schumann  
Robert Goldbeck, Wm. Doehler and Ch. Brannes.
2. Mary's Dream, Song.....Goldbeck  
Dr. Guilmette.
3. Variations. (Études Symphoniques,) op. 13, (1st time)  
.....Schumann  
William Sear.

#### PART II.

4. Adagio and Rondo, op. 70.....Schubert  
William Sear and Wm. Doehler.
5. Pierre L'Érmitte, Scène Dramatique.....Membree  
Dr. Guilmette.
6. Scherzo in B flat minor.....Chopin  
Robert Goldbeck.
7. Nocturne, (Trio) op. 148, (first time).....Schubert  
William Sear, Wm. Doehler and Ch. Brannes.

It is greatly to the credit of several of our resident pianists, that they have thus undertaken to make music, of the kind in question, more popular with our public than it has been. I fear, however, that their chances of success are very small, when their first concert called forth, in one of our best papers, the *Evening Post*, a notice like the following, in which I give you, at the same time, a specimen of New York criticism.

The First Soirée of the "Chamber Concert Union" attracted a good audience last evening at Goldbeck's Music Hall, and the programme was adhered to with the exception of the piece of the evening, namely, Schumann's sonata for piano and violin, which Mr. Mollenhauer could not remain long enough to play. We regard the Beethoven trio in E flat as one of the least interesting of all he has written. It was tedious, and the names of the movements were omitted on the programme, a grave error where classical music is performed. Mr. Mills showed that, however excellent as a solo pianist, his playing in concerted music (at least of this character) does not do him as much credit. He played too loudly, and the trip-hammer style of which he is master marred the effect of many passages. Mr. Sear was warmly applauded. Millard was the vocalist of the evening. The programme of the entertainment was, on the whole, rather dry. To please any other than an entirely Teutonic audience, the projectors of this series of "chamber concerts" should not confine themselves too exclusively to composers whose merit every one is willing to acknowledge, but to whose music very few will consent to listen.

Allow me upon this to give my opinion, that the trio, though not equal to some others of the master, is still very beautiful, and that it was rendered by Mr. Mills in a masterly manner. To me, this was the piece of the evening, although I regretted the omission of Schumann's Sonata, for which many excuses were made by Mr. Goldbeck. Mr. Sear has improved greatly in his performance; he plays with more force and greater nicety. A little more poetry infused into his rendering of the music he gives us, however, would do no harm. Mr. MILLARD has a fine voice, though no great compass. His enunciation is execrable. He was half through the "Adelaide," before one could distinguish in what language he was singing it. His whole rendering of this gem, indeed, was exceedingly unsatisfactory, too hurried, and too milk-watery. His pronunciation of the refrain "Adelaide," with the third and fourth syllables drawn into one, like *i in mine*, was simply ridiculous. Mr. Mills was encored after his last piece, and gave an arrangement of "Hail Columbia," with which he had the good taste not to unite "Yankee Doodle."

The trio by Schumann in the second concert is not one of his clearest, and must be heard more than once to be appreciated. So too the variations. Both were well played, i. e., the first as far as the piano was concerned. Mr. DOEHLER has a clear tone, but not enough force nor spirit to appear to advantage in concerted music. This appeared, too, in the charming Rondo of Schubert, where the piano, rather too loudly played, sometimes almost drowned the violin. The trio by Schubert, quite short, and only in one movement, is charming, and was done justice too in all parts. In Chopin's beautiful scherzo Mr. GOLDBECK appeared to the greatest advantage; he played it admirably, and won the heartiest applause. The "Union" seemed doomed to disappointments, for on this occasion Dr. GUILMETTE had been taken ill, and could not appear. Mr. MIL-

lard kindly took his place, and sang an Italian aria, and a pretty little French song, "*Deux à deux*" from Halévy's *L'Eclair*. The third concert is announced for next Tuesday.

In compensation for the musical dearth of the past winter, we are being overwhelmed with concerts now. Most persons, however, would probably prefer a musical entertainment every week or two during the winter, to one every few days for five or six weeks. Following close upon the first Chamber Concert, was the Philharmonic, last Saturday. The orchestral pieces were Beethoven's lovely Second Symphony, a *Poème Symphonique*, by Liszt, and the ever fresh and beautiful *Freyeschütz* overture.

Of the first and last nothing need be said, except that they were very well played. Than Liszt's composition nothing could be more incoherent and out of. The fourth hearing of it brought me no nearer the solution of its mysteries than the first. The analysts, too, given on the programme, only

"Made the case darker  
Which was dark enough without."

Mme. GRANT-JOHNSON played Hummel's A minor concerto with great precision, force, and spirit. It is a much admired piece, and has many great beauties, but also many tedious passages, and I sigh to think how much Hummel has to answer for, by being the originator of the deluge of modern brilliant "Salon-music" which, in the mere mechanical imitation of one branch of his style, without his genius, has become insufferable. Mme. Johnson also played a couple of insignificant pieces by Litolff, and in answer to an encore, Taubert's graceful little *Campanella*. Signor CENTEMERI, an Italian, with a remarkably fine baritone voice, and good school, was the vocalist of the evening, and sang a couple of arias, by Verdi and Donizetti, which were not quite worthy of a place in a Philharmonic programme.

For to-morrow night Mr. SATTER announces a concert, and next week holds out the prospects of several like entertainments. So you will hear from me oftener for a while than you have lately had occasion to. One thing more: the Philharmonic Society announce the Ninth Symphony for their last concert, with the assistance of the Liederkrans. Think of our having the whole of the Choral Symphony, with a good chorus, twice in one winter! You had better appoint a delegation to come on and hear it for the Bostonians.

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NEWPORT, R. I., MARCH 20.—I wish I could say that the churches in this city, of which there are twelve or fourteen, were all blessed with good music. Some of them, however, are favored in this respect. The Catholic church, of which devotion to art, is characteristic has a very accomplished organist (Mr. PAYNE), and some admirable voices in the choir. Trinity Church (Episcopalian) has a choir of boys, under the direction of Mr. TOURJEE. This, I believe, is altogether a new feature in the church music of our city. It was introduced by Mr. Tourjee, who, possessing great energy and enthusiasm in his profession, has made it quite attractive.

The Philharmonic Society, conducted by Mr. T. W. WOOD, have given us two concerts this winter, and will soon favor us with a third. The Society had crowded houses each time; their performances exhibited very thorough drill and preparation; and their selection of music was of a very elevated character. Mr. Wood, indeed, possessing thorough culture himself, has inspired the Society with great zeal, so that they do not shrink from the most classic music; and, we are happy to say, that, in the execution even of the most difficult pieces, they exhibit great skill and correctness. In this respect we think the Society deserves great credit; for, while the popular ear does not demand the best style of music, they have steadfastly brought forward the most elevated pieces. In this manner, we think the musical taste

of our community has perceptibly improved. It may be mentioned that among the pieces at their last concert were, "Now the Philistines," "Hallelujah Chorus," Benedict's chorus, "Joy, freedom to-day." A duo for violins, by Mr. Wood and his brother, exhibited exquisite time and admirable expression.

There is an Antiquarian Musical Society in this city, the object of which is to revive some of the good tunes of lang syne. Singing, as yet, is not taught in our public schools.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 7, 1860.

**MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.**—By some unaccountable mistake, our last number contained four more pages of the "May Queen" Cantata, instead of the introductory pages of the piano-forte arrangement of WEBER's *Freyshütz*, which had been prepared, and were announced accordingly. We give them now, and shall continue the opera at intervals until it is completed.

### Mr. Eichberg's Concert.

We do not often find a musical entertainment so fresh and enjoyable throughout, as was the Complimentary Concert given in the Bumstead Hall, last Saturday evening, for JULIUS EICHBERG. The programme was choice, classical, happily varied and of just the right length. Indeed the evening, pleasant as it was, seemed short.

1. First Concerto, for Violin, in A minor, (1st time in America).....S. Bach  
Mr. Eichberg and the Mendelssohn Quintette Club.
2. Cavatina from the opera "La Juive".....Halevy  
Mrs. Harwood.
3. Tartini's Dream, a celebrated Sonata, composed in 1690  
.....Tartini  
Mr. Eichberg.
4. Turkish Drinking Song, (by request,).....Mendelssohn  
Orpheus Glee Club.
5. { a. Allegretto, } for Violin, Viola and Violoncello,  
   { b. Fairy Legend, } from op. 28.....J. Eichberg  
   { c. Sérénade Genoise, }  
      Messrs. Eichberg, Meisel, Coenen and W. Fries.
6. Lied, (with Violoncello obbligato, by Mr. W. Fries....Möring  
      Mrs. Harwood.
7. La Pavane, (Con Sordino,) Ancient Dance.  
      Mr. Eichberg.
8. a. Slumber Song.....O. M. von Weber  
   b. Beware.....Ginschner  
      Orpheus Glee Club.
9. Concertino for four solo violins.....Eichberg  
      Messrs. Schultze, Meisel, Coenen and Eichberg.

We have more than once spoken of Mr. Eichberg as the most masterly and artistic violinist whom we have among us. It does not seem quite right that such a classical, high-toned musician should have to earn his bread by the drudgery of preparing and presiding over the cheap, humdrum music of the Museum theatre. Yet it is proof of strength and manliness that he submits to it cheerfully, doing his best within the scope allowed to raise that music, while he is still faithful to his own higher artist aspirations. We could not see, by his performances on Saturday, that any virtue had gone out of him; he played with as much artistic style and earnestness as ever, and gave us satisfactory renderings of noble old works, as well as some interesting specimens of his own original production.

A large, firm, evenly sustained, noble execution is but the natural result of such familiarity as Mr. Eichberg has cultivated with the violin-works of Bach and old Italian masters. The Bach Concerto was strong, hearty, honest music; quite as remarkable for hearty, genial, strong humanity, as for the masterly contrapuntal skill with which its unity in variety is preserved. It was finely played, and put one in a sound and whole-

some appetite for what should follow. The "Dream," or *Teufels-Sonata*, of the old maestro Tartini is a famous work, for our only hearings of which here in Boston we have been indebted to Mr. Eichberg, nor could we wish a better interpreter. There is soul and genial fancy in the composition. The devil's part in it, the peculiar freak of virtuosity which gives the sonata its Italian name, *Il trillo del diavolo*, seems an anticipation of the modern showy virtuoso style. This might be called tracing a thing to its first source.

The old dance, called *Pavane*, is a quaint, hurdy-gurdy-ish sort of a thing, with quite a captivating melody, and was nicely rendered. Of Mr. Eichberg's Concertino for four solo violins, without speaking critically, we may say that it proved an ingenious, pleasing and effective piece. There was more richness than we could have supposed in the combination of four such equals, as if it were four prime donne without tenore or basso, and the alternating, commingling streams flowed smoothly and melodiously on. Mr. LEONHARD accompanied at the piano. Mr. E.'s smaller pieces we were obliged to lose, but understand that they gave pleasure.

The part-songs contributed by the Orpheus Club were three of their most captivating. The cunning little *Hüte dich!* (Beware!) still keeps its freshness; it was too good and too short to escape repetition, as it did. The voices sounded better in the hall than they did a few weeks since; this was quite perceptible in the sustained *Pianissimo* of Weber's exquisite little Slumber Song, a piece, with all its simplicity, most difficult to render as the Orpheus did it. Mrs. HARWOOD's voice, in her first piece, was overloud for such a hall; yet much was finely executed, and the voice in its middle and lower range is exceedingly rich and beautiful. In the *Lied*, accompanied so feelingly by WULF FRIES, she was very happy, not exerting her organ so painfully. Indeed it was a charming piece of singing. Why do we so seldom hear this lady?

### Drayton's Parlor Operas.

We attended the second of these novel and agreeable entertainments, in the New Melodeon, (a very pleasant, clean and airy hall, by the way, with comfortable seats), on Tuesday evening. The audience was not, in numbers, what we had expected or what the entertainment merited. For really it was a very genial, tasteful, easy, natural union of acting and singing, in a very simple, unexceptionable form—but all so cleverly done, so artistically, with so much of a certain French ease and liveliness, as to make it a refreshing rarity in these parts. There is no vulgar clap-trap, nothing coarse or violent about it; it is the genteel comedy of music. A nice little orchestra, about a dozen instruments, play you an overture—new in name, not new in sound, but well enough; the handsome curtain parts to either side, revealing a genteel little parlor scene, and the dramatis personæ, only two in number, Mr. and Mrs. HENRI DRAYTON, proceed to interest you, now by talking, now by singing, in the unfolding of a sentimental comic little drama, the first part of which is called "Love is blind," the second, "Never too late to mend," the lady passing herself off as two characters. They are both very clever actors, and the humor of the thing grows irresistible towards the end.

Mr. DRAYTON, a fine, manly looking person,

full of vivacity, has an uncommonly rich and marrowy bass voice, and is equally good in tossing off a strong and hearty old English song, in expressive sentimental *cantabile* (where he modulates his voice with great delicacy, sustaining and diminishing a note finely), and in voluble *parlando*. Mrs. DRAYTON is a pleasing actress, with a plenty of pretty *espieglerie*. Her voice is very sweet and musical, finely drawn out in high and liquid passages, but with a certain filmy veil over it (possibly the effect of a cold that evening); some low tones surprised by their richness. Her execution is smooth and graceful.

The music itself consists of shreds and straws gathered from all quarters and ingeniously woven into the little bird's nest of an opera; the plot being so managed as to afford plenty of opportunities for "introducing a song." Altogether there is a refined and parlor air about the whole thing, which may not make it popular with a Negro Minstrel public, but must surely win its way with those who like a quiet, genial, home-like sort of evening amusement. The Draytons, in their very limited experiment, do much; while they suggest how much more might be done, with say four instead of two such clever artists; chorus might also be added. Private parlors may well take a hint from them.

### The Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

We have already mentioned the concert tour which these five long-united and accomplished musicians are about to make to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, &c. We earnestly commend them to those who have a love for chamber music in those cities. For eleven years these gentlemen have furnished us in Boston with our regular supplies of classical Quartet, Quintet and Trio music. They have made us acquainted with most of the important works in these forms by Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn, with not a few specimens of Schubert, Schumann, Gade, Cherubini and many others. We do not call them perfect interpreters; for a perfect Quartet is the rarest thing in the world of music, even in Germany or England. But they have given us many a memorable feast, and have done a vast deal in awakening and cherishing a love for such music both in Boston and the whole country round. In all the musical places of New England they are known and valued.

Of course they will unlock some of their pure classical stores wherever they go. But they are equally furnished and expert in music of a lighter and more miscellaneous character, arrangements from operas, solos, variations, &c. Each of the five is a skilful solo-player, and that skill not confined to the stringed instruments; one can turn his hand to a flute, another to a clarinet upon occasion, and thus they make out a nice little quasi-orchestral accompaniment to the voice, in airs and scenes out of Mozart's operas, and other vocal pieces. This time they take with them one of our best native singers, Mrs. J. H. LONG, who will add greatly to the interest of their concerts. We look for good accounts of their reception in the cities where they shall make known their quality.

### Musical Chit-Chat.

To-night, it is presumed, we all "assist" at the first taste of a new American opera, (to be given, however, Cantata-wise—if it were on Sunday evening we should say Oratorio-wise—without scenery or costume), in the Music Hall. American, we mean, in subject, it being Longfellow's "Miles Standish," run into libretto mould by Mr. C. T. CONGDON—and in the fact that its composer, Mr. FRANZ KIELBLOCK,



has for years resided in this country and found his inspirations here, as well as in the musical masters of his Fatherland. The piece has been diligently rehearsed under Carl Zerrahn, and the performance will be conducted by the composer himself. It will be sung by Mr. WEINLICH as Miles Standish, Mrs. HEYWOOD as Priscilla, Mr. C. R. ADAMS as John Alden, Mr. GEORGE WRIGHT, JR., as Elder Brewster, with a large volunteer chorus, supported by the orchestra of the Philharmonic Concerts. We are told that it bids fair to become popular.

The preparations for the Complimentary Concert to CARL ZERRAHN are nearly completed, and all augurs success. The orchestral pieces will be Beethoven's Fourth Symphony (in B flat), and the overtures to *Leonore* and *Tannhäuser*. The Orpheus Glee Club will sing some of their best, and so will Mrs. HARWOOD. . . . The principal features in the Afternoon Concert this week were Beethoven's Symphony, No. 1; the *Hebrides* overture by Mendelssohn, again; the *Lohengrin* finale, and Schubert's "Eulogy of Tears." This was the twenty-second concert of the season, and it is announced that only two more will be given. We trust the public will turn out in such force as to demand a much longer continuance of them. . . . The "Messiah" was performed last week by the Montreal Oratorio Society—choruses and solos good, it is said, but the orchestra consisting of only eight or nine instruments.

The operas in New Orleans during the few past weeks have been, *Martha*, *Il Barbiere*, the *Huguenots*, *Rigoletto*, *Norma*, &c. Mme. GAZZANIGA has given a concert there, with the tenor Tamaro, M. Berthal, basso, of the Orleans theatre, Sig. Albites, and a young pianist, Henry Sanderson, who is much praised. . . . Mme. ANNA BISHOP was creating a sensation in Texas. . . . The New Orleans Classic Music Society gave for its fifth concert Beethoven's "Heroic Symphony," overtures by Weber, Rossini and Mendelssohn, an Andante by Haydn, &c. Both COLSON and PAKODI were expected in that city. . . . The Springfield Republican says:

It is a fact, perhaps not generally known, that Springfield people are indebted to the original P. T. Barnum for the parlor operas which were given in this city last week by Mr. and Mrs. Drayton. He hired them in England and brought them over here, and ever since they have been in this country they have been in his employ, though he has been behind the scene. To Barnum's shrewdness may be attributed in part their success, and to that in part his own recovery from his late financial prostration.

The last volume of the new American Cyclopaedia contains an article on Haydn, in which it is said that a French traveller in 1782, wrote the following account of Prince Esterhazy's orchestra:

"Esterhazy's orchestra is one of the best I ever heard, and the great Haydn is his court and theatre composer. He (the count) often engages a troupe of wandering players for months at a time, and he himself, with a few officials and servants, form the entire audience. They are allowed to come upon the stage uncombed, drunk, their parts not half learned, and half dressed. The prince is not for the serious and the tragic, and he enjoys it when the players, like Sancho Panza, give loose reins to their humor. For this man the witty and jocose Haydn, ever ready with new and excellent music, was just the man."

Little PATTI was announced in Philadelphia this week to sing both in *Martha* and in *Don Pasquale*. The "Sicilian Vespers" for Tuesday evening; and on Wednesday the Ullman-Strakosch season was to close. . . . The Cecilia Society in Cincinnati performed at their fifth concert, March 20, the third scene from the first act of Wagner's *Lohengrin*; an Andante and variations, for two pianos, by Schumann; the Terzet from *Fidello*; songs by Robert Franz, &c. Herr RITTER is the conductor. The Männerchor in the same city are rehearsing Lortzing's *Czar und Zimmermann*. . . . The young American violinist, H. VAUGHN, of whose successful studies in Germany our "Diarist" has informed us, has returned to Cincinnati, which place is his home.

The New York Sängerbund has established a singing school for beginners, which already numbers about 250 scholars, under the instruction of Herr Methfessel. . . . In Chicago a series of six so-called classical concerts has been commenced. The programme of the first contains the name of Meyerbeer three times, that of Beethoven once; also Brahms once, a song by Franz, &c. . . . CARL BERGMANN was to give a concert in New York, the programme including: Schubert's D minor Symphony (a piano-forte arrangement of which by Carl Klauser, of Farmington, Ct., is soon to be published); *Les Préludes*, by Liszt; Beethoven's *Leonore* overture, No. 3; "The Lord's Supper," a biblical scene for male voices and orchestra, by Wagner; and concertos for piano and for violoncello.

The letters of FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLOMY are soon to appear in print in Germany, edited by his brothers, Droysen and Paul Mendelssohn. . . . "LOUIS SPOHR, *Sein Leben und Wirken*" (his life and labors) is the title of the biography just published, written by his pupil, Alexander Malibran. Spohr's autobiography will also soon appear. . . . ELISE POLKO, some of whose charming musical tales and sketches we have been giving to our readers, has published a musical romance, entitled "Faustina Hassé."

One of our young American singers, it would seem, has "taken Holland." She came from Albany, which may account for it. We read:

Miss HINCKLEY, the American prima donna, recently had a great success in Amsterdam. She sang in the opera of *Linda*, in presence of the Queen of Holland, who came and took her by the hand, and thanked her for the great pleasure afforded by her singing. Her Majesty has spoken of the young vocalist very often, and says that she has been dreaming of her ever since, "she looked so pretty." At Utrecht she sang, and after the concert she was serenaded by the students, who came in a torchlight procession, and the lady was called out upon the balcony of her hotel, and saluted with huzzas and fireworks. A banquet was also prepared in her honor. At Rotterdam, also, her success was brilliant.

Fast day in Worcester was to be improved by the performance of Haydn's "Seasons," with selections from Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn, by the Mozart Society, which has received a large accession of members, and has organized an orchestra under the leadership of GEORGE P. BURT. . . . Springfield, on the same day, was to receive a visit from the Hartford Beethoven Society, who were to perform the "Messiah." . . . We congratulate the good people of Springfield on the acquisition of so good a pianist and teacher, and so gentlemanly a man, as Señor CASSERES, the young West Indian, who gave one or two concerts in this city a year since. During his stay in Canada he has gained health and control of nerves, and has now settled down in Springfield for the good, we trust, of numerous pupils. Of an invitation concert, which he gave there on Monday, the Republican says:

The concert was a decided success, so far as it vindicated the high reputation which Mr. Casseres has brought with him from Europe and our own eastern cities. His great excellence consists in the precision and delicacy of his touch, and the taste of his musical articulation. If we were to criticize him at all, we should say that his playing lacks the power which is necessary for brilliant success in the concert room. He loves to let his fingers glide delicately over the keys, bringing out the sweetest harmonies and modulation, as if seeking rather to please himself or a listener leaning over the piano, than to startle and electrify an audience. His playing is eminently sympathetic, and is better calculated to win him reputation in drawing rooms or at a chamber concert, than in rooms as large as the Music Hall. He labored last night, however, under the disadvantage of having only a square piano, which, though a finely tuned instrument, lacked the volume necessary for the room and for the music. An offer of one of Chickering's grand pianos, obligingly made by the manufacturers, came to late, we understand, for Mr. Casseres to avail himself of it. We felt the want of it throughout the evening, and especially in Beethoven's magnificent

sonata in A. flat (the world-famous Opus 26) with which the concert ended. In spite of his fatigue after two hours' playing, Mr. Casseres rendered it admirably, and we were gratified with the impression which this grandest of musical utterances (?) made for the first time on a Springfield audience.

In Montreal they are organizing a Choral Society, partly for the performance of a Cantata, by a resident composer, M. Sabatier, in honor of the approaching visit of the Prince of Wales, and partly with the permanent end of uniting musicians and amateurs in the practice of good music. The COOPER troupe are to open there on the 9th. . . . An exchange paper tells us:

There are now in Florence, Miss Field, Miss Fay and Miss Chapman, of Boston, and Miss Bodenheimer, of New York, as well as others from different parts of the country, in training either as amateur or professional singers. Miss Greenough, gifted with one of those sweet and bird-like voices such as one does not often hear, after some months' instruction there, has recently left for Rome. Of those in training as professional singers, without doubt Miss Chapman promises best, says a correspondent of the Times.

A writer in the Albany Journal, "G. W. W."—the initials of a well-known organist and teacher there—endorses all that was said here last summer of the great organ built for that city by Messrs. Simmons and Willcox. He says:

The Grand Organ in the New St. Joseph's Church is at last completed, and our musicians have already had a taste of its superlative merits, thanks to the kindness of Mr. Willcox, who is one of the builders and also most certainly one of the very best organists in this country. This instrument is by all odds the largest and most complete yet erected in America and is a monument of skill and musical science on the part of the builders, which will carry their fame throughout the continent. This organ was exhibited at the factory in Boston last Spring and brought out such encomiums from the press, including the musical papers, and such an ovation from the profession, that its prestige has made all persons interested in the King of Instruments most anxious to hear it. At this time it will be impossible to describe why this organ is so remarkable, except to say that it numbers the most pipes (especially those of large calibre) all of which are of extra quality of metal and of the choicest voicing. That its mechanism is a wonder and it must be said of intricate simplicity. That it possesses all the modern effects of action, couplings and variety in stops, which have made the celebrity of the large cathedral organs of Europe; in fact, that nothing has yet been done in this country which can be compared on a level with this organ of the new St. Joseph's Church.

## Music Abroad.

### Paris.

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* translates the following: March 10.—Last evening, at the Grand Opera, took place the first performance of *Pierre de Medicis*, an opera in four acts and seven tableaux, words by Messrs. St. George and Emilien Pacini, music by Prince Poniatowski. The house was splendid to look at. As it had been announced in the bills that every place was taken in advance, the box-offices were not even open.

The Emperor and Empress, Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clotilde, all the great officers of the Crown, all the ladies of the Court, half of the Senate, all the aristocracy of Paris, all the diplomacy, in fact all that Paris regards as celebrities in letters and in the arts, were present, making the most brilliant public that can be imagined. The ladies were in ball dress, very much décolletées and covered with diamonds. The theatre was illumined by them. The Empress wore a simple dress of lace, with a diadem of diamonds.

Rossini, the master of Prince Poniatowski, and who loves him much, was not present at the performance, but he had been at the general dress rehearsal on Wednesday last. This was the first time he had consented to set foot in the opera for twenty-five years. After hearing the work, the master complimented the Prince and said to him: "Ah, my friend, I was more excited than you, this evening."

Pierre de Medicis, son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, became sovereign of the States of Florence, Pisa, &c., in 1492, on the death of his father. He was a young prince of dissolute habits, very cruel, and yet of weak character. His subjects revolted against him, and his brother, Julien de Medicis, succeeded him.

The scene opens at Pisa. Pierre has come thither,

attracted by his love for the fair Laura Salvati, niece of the Grand Inquisitor, Fra Antonio. Laura is in love with, and is loved by, Julian de Medicis, the duke's brother. The scene represents the grand saloon of the ducal palace, on the triumphal arrival of Pierre de Medicis. After showing himself to his people, he remains alone with the Grand Inquisitor and asks him for the hand of his niece. He sings to him,

"D'elle j'attends son coeur, devous j'attends sa main,"

and for this reward he promises the ambitious monk that he shall share his power with him.

The scene changes to the chamber of the Countess Laura Salvati. Her ladies of honor are preparing her evening toilette. Left alone, she sings a love song. Soon Julien arrives. He tells Laura that Pierre wishes to marry her, and he urges her to fly with him to seek happiness in another land. She resists, and the act closes with this duo.

In the second act, we are in the gardens of the palace of the Dukes of Medicis at Pisa. Pierre is giving a fête to the people. In the back ground is a fountain of real water, which obtained a success of enthusiasm. The assembled people are present; soldiers and peasants are playing at a game which turns into a quarrel. Knives are drawn, but the procession which appears stops the struggle and the fête begins. This fête is a mythological ballet—the loves of Diana and Endymion. Diana, the great huntress, is in turn hunted; Love pursues her and hurls a dart at her. Diana, wounded in the heart, loves Endymion, and shows her love to him in a lively, animated dance. The ballet closes and the gardens of the city of Pisa, suddenly illuminated, are seen. The illumination is made with gas, although it was unknown in the days of the Medicis.

During the fête, the Grand Inquisitor informs Pierre that his brother is his rival, and Pierre, to rid himself of Julien, appoints him Grand Admiral and Commander of the fleet which is to go to fight against the infidel. Laura, who learns that all is lost, consents to fly with Julien.

In the third act we are introduced to a fisherman's house on the banks of the Arno. It is here that Laura is to meet Julien. She comes, but she has been followed. The Grand Inquisitor and Pierre de Medicis hasten to prevent her flight. Laura formally refuses the hand of Pierre, who exclaims: "You refuse my hand? Then be the bride of heaven!" Nuns enter, take possession of Laura, and lead her away. The scene changes to the Campo Santo at night time. Julien is at prayer before his mother's tomb, when news is brought to him that Laura has been arrested and thrown into a cloister. Julien's friends surround him and offer to restore the woman he loves. The conspirators swear to conquer or die, and they hasten away to the combat.

The first tableau of the fourth act shows a tavern where some soldiers are drinking, while a party of young girls are dancing the *trescone*. Pierre de Medicis arrives alone, pale, wounded, holding in his hand his broken sword. He has been deserted by his friends in the melee; he has repented what he has done, and wishes to hasten and restore Laura to her father. Will he arrive in time?

The scene changes to a cloister. A procession of inquisitors and nuns passes. Laura appears in the dress of a bride—the bride of heaven. The ceremony of taking the veil takes place. Laura's hair falls under the sacred steel. Suddenly a great tumult outside is heard. The cloister doors, broken down by blows of axes, fall to pieces. Pierre de Medicis, dying, enters, supported by Julien, and cries "Stop!" He advances and restores Laura to his brother; but the Grand Inquisitor, pointing to Laura, stops them with a gesture, saying "she belongs to Heaven." Pierre expires, Julien seems paralyzed with grief; the nuns lead off Laura, and the curtain falls.

The third act is richer than the two preceding, if not in the number, at least in the value of its pieces. It contains among other beautiful things a Prayer to the Virgin, sung by Laura, a trio by Pierre, Laura and Fra Antonio, in which Obin makes a great point, and finally the air of Julien in the Campo Santo, for which Bonnehé was called out. In the fourth act the chorons of drinkers and the finale deserves praise. For the rest, the score is hard to analyze. There is not in it a single piece that does not show happy intentions, interesting details and very skilful instrumental combinations.

The performance was excellent. Mme. Gueymard-Lauters alone would have secured success. Gueymard, Obin and Bonnehé sang very well. Mme. Ferraris danced with infinite talent and success in the ballet of Diana. A young dancer, Mme. Fiore, is charming in the part of Love.

The work is mounted with great splendor. The costumes are extraordinarily rich, the decorations very fine. The first, second, third and last tableau

produce great effect. The fifth tableau, the Campo Santo by moonlight, is marvellous. It is positively asserted that the *mise en scène* of this opera cost 125,000 francs.

### London.

**NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.**—Dr. Wylde has this year again taken the field early, and again taken the initiative in the great classic performances of the season. The director and conductor of the New Philharmonic Concerts has issued his prospectus, but stands pledged to nothing definite. He intimates persistence in his former course of administration, and proclaims non-interference with the open policy of the Musical Society of London, especially that part of it which holds out a protective hand to the British musician. The first concert of the ninth season was given on Monday evening week. The programme was as follows:

Overture (Abenoeagen). . . . . Cherubini  
Aria, "Parto, ma tu ben mio" . . . . . Mozart  
Concerto in E minor, violin and orchestra. . . . . Spohr  
Chorus (Ruins of Athens). . . . . Beethoven  
Romance of Arie, "Einest trübsinnig" (Der Freischütz). . . . . Weber  
Symphony in B flat. . . . . Beethoven  
Concerto in G minor, piano and orchestra. . . . . Mendelssohn  
Sarabanda e Gavotte, violoncello. . . . . Bach  
Madrigal, "In going to my lonely bed". . . . . Edwards A.D. 1560  
Aria, "Batti, batti" . . . . . Mozart  
Overture (Ruler of the Spirits). . . . . Weber  
—London Musical World, March 3.

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.**—Probably a larger audience was never assembled in St. James's Hall—which, though calculated to admit two thousand persons, was by no means sufficiently spacious to accommodate more than three-fourths of the amateurs of classical music who applied for admission at the doors—than at the eleventh concert. Many hundreds were unavoidably denied admission, and almost as much money was "returned" as would have made an ordinarily successful evening. The programme was as follows:

Quintet, in A, stringed instruments and clarinet. . . . . Mozart  
Song, "Soft and bright" . . . . . H. Smart  
Song, "I quit my pillow" (Don Quixote). . . . . Macfarren  
Sonata, in A flat, piano and orchestra. . . . . Paganini  
Sonata, in E flat major, for piano and orchestra. . . . . Weber  
Song, "Adelaide" . . . . . Beethoven  
A Lullaby, "Golden slumbers kiss your eyes". . . . . 17th Century  
Quartet, in D major, op. 18. . . . . Beethoven  
Conductor—Mr. Benedit.

The concert of Monday week, (the first of the new series, the thirteenth of the second season), was one of the greatest possible interest. It was composed entirely of works, vocal and instrumental, of the Italian masters. The selection was as follows:

Quintet, in A major, for two violins, viola, and two violoncellos. . . . . Boccherini  
Aria, "Basta in pace, idolo mio" (Gi' Ormai ed i Our-lui). . . . . Cimarosa  
Recitativo e Rondo, "Ah non mi qual pena". . . . . Sarti  
Scena Tragica—Grand Sonata, in G minor, for piano and orchestra (Didone Abbandonata). . . . . Clementi  
Duetto, "Cantando un di". . . . . Clari  
Aria, "Com'ape ingegnosa" (Tarara). . . . . Ballerini  
Quartet, in E flat (No. 5), two violins, viola, and violoncello. . . . . Rossini  
Grand Quartet, in E flat major, for two violins, viola, and violoncello. . . . . Cherubini  
Grand Aria, "Se il ciel mi divide" (Didone Abbandonata). . . . . Paganini  
Capriccio (Moto Continuo), violin alone. . . . . Paganini  
Aria—Almaviva—"Io son Lindoro" (Barbiere di Siviglia). . . . . Paisiello  
Duetto—Almaviva and Bartolo—"O che umor" (Barbiere di Siviglia). . . . . Paisiello  
Ternetto—Rossini, Almaviva, and Bartolo—"Ah chi sa questo suo figlio" (Barbiere di Siviglia). . . . . Paisiello  
Trio, for violin, viola and violoncello. . . . . Corbelli

The selection from the *Barbiere di Paisiello* excited general curiosity. The tenor air (remarkably well sung, by the way, by Mr. Tennant) was at once remembered by the old opera goers as the late Mr. Tom Cooke's duet, "Ah! maiden fair," interpolated in place of the great air, "Ecco ridente," in Rossini's *Barbiere*. In those days managers and directors had but little respect for masterpieces. Paisiello's (not Tom Cooke's) air, however, is eminently graceful. It must be remembered, Paisiello's *Barbiere* was written thirty or forty years before Rossini's. The duet (Mr. Tennant and Mr. Winn) and the trio (the same gentlemen with Miss Susanna Cole) are extremely graceful and quaint, and, no doubt, on the stage, would open a vein of comedy, which they seem to want in the concert-room.

A Beethoven Night was given on Monday, and attracted an immense audience. The programme could not have been better selected:—

Posthumous Quartet, in F major (No. 17). . . . . Beethoven  
Song, "Ave Maria". . . . . Schubert  
Air, "Dah per questo". . . . . Mozart  
Air, "La Pastorella dell'Alpi". . . . . Rossini  
Sonata Appassionata, in F minor, op. 57. . . . . Beethoven  
Sonata, in A major, op. 80, for piano and violin. Beethoven  
Songs, "Ah, how sweet it is to love!" and "On the brow of Richmond Hill". . . . . Purcell  
Song, "A bird sat on an alder bough". . . . . Spohr  
Septet, in E flat, op. 20. . . . . Beethoven

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# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 419.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 3.

Translated for this Journal.

## Mme. Schroeder-Devrient.

(From the Leipzig Zeitung.)

A short time since (Nov. 10, 1859) the public journals brought us the news from Munich, that SOPHIE SCHROEDER, at the age of nearly eighty years (her maiden name was Bürger, her first married name Stollmers) had excited such a jubilee by her recitation of Schiller's "Bell," as would have been possible to but few of the younger notabilities of the stage. And now (Feb. 9, 1860) we read of the decease in Coburg, of her equally renowned daughter, Wilhelmina SCHROEDER-DEVRIENT, by second marriage Mme. Bock. Five and twenty years younger than her mother, her shorter career has been not less eventful, and not less rich in victories and triumphs. Born in 1805 at Hamburg, in her fifth year she figured on the stage of her native city as an Amourette in a ballet; and then she went with her mother to Vienna, where she first appeared as an actress at the age of fifteen, and in such parts as Alicia in *Phädra*, Louise in *Kabale und Liebe*, Beatrice in *Der Braut von Messina*, did honor to the teaching and example of her great mother. At the same time she received musical instruction from Grünwald and Mozart, and already in the year 1821 turned her attention to the opera. Emmeline in Weigl's "Swiss Family," Maria in Grétry's "Blue Beard," and *Fidelio* are mentioned as her first and most prominent parts. If the much repeated and embellished story that it was she who first caused the world to recognize the power and beauty of Beethoven's opera, at first so little understood, is wholly untrue, inasmuch as *Fidelio* had maintained its place upon the repertoire of the Vienna opera since 1816, still it is true that in her study of this rôle the young Wilhelmina Schroeder of sixteen did enjoy the personal instruction, and in her performance the fullest applause, of the composer. Thus equipped, she stepped forth into the world. She went first (in 1823) to Berlin; and from there to the court theatre at Dresden, with which she remained connected, notwithstanding all sorts of artistic tours, until her retirement from the stage in 1848. Here she never tired of learning and of making progress in her art; but even when she had long shone as a model, she repeatedly began anew at the foundations, availing herself of the instructions of the celebrated singing master, J. Miecksch. Here she laid the chief foundation to her fame, which after her journeys to Paris, in 1830 and '31, and to London in 1832, '33 and '37, spread over the greater part of cultivated Europe.

Should we undertake to recall all the rôles, in which she appeared during a period of twenty-seven years, we should not wander far from the truth, if we maintained that she had represented all the leading parts in all the operas written and produced before and during her theatrical career. While she revealed to us the perennial freshness in the works of Gluck, Grétry, Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini, Spontini, she understood how, at the same time, to make Rossini and Bellini, Au-

ber and Donizetti, Halevy and Meyerbeer exceedingly enjoyable to us; and any person who has admired her in the German masterworks of later times, in the operas of Weber, Spohr, Marschner and Richard Wagner, will find it hard to tell how much these masters owed to her and how much she to them. We shall not see such another Armida or Iphigenia, such another Donna Anna, such another *Fidelio*, or Euryanthe, or Rebecca, or Adriana, or any of the great rôles she created for us; we shall not see again that perfect harmony of two geniuses, of the composer and the interpreter, which we have enjoyed in her creations. But perhaps the highest thing in her art was the soul with which she quickened and ennobled weaker and even weak forms. To the end of her stage career she was on this account besieged by an uninterrupted series of those artists, who thought they felt within them the clear call to immortality, but who, not exactly knowing how to find the true and shortest way to their own glory, found it convenient to bespeak the friendly mediation of the disinterested artist woman. Nay, I could name one — composer, who hardly could have believed in his own immortality, whose operas Schroeder-Devrient regularly studied and performed, because, forsooth, the man had expectations not only of a rich operatic, but also of a rich family fortune, and because a prospect opened before him of an *honorarium* from another great court theatre, the moment that his work should pass the ordeal of one stage with applause. "She could help the man," and Schroeder-Devrient was always glad to help where she was able. Most glad, to be sure, when it would really serve the cause of Art. For she had sincere joy in her art; for her it had nothing mechanical, nothing slovenly or careless, nothing done for mere applause or gain. When she made a pilgrimage to Paris and London, to Vienna and Berlin, it was no Barnum raid, but an internal need of finding whereabouts she stood then in her art. It was the need of testing the correctness of her efforts before a strange and a perhaps higher and severer judge; not the desire to take her talents to a richer and more paying market. Hence we do not see her seeking an inexperienced and uncultivated public of backwoodsmen; but we see her going to the places upon which all her great predecessors had stood, where she still found living rivals, where the public had seen and appreciated the highest and best of its time. In fact, her artistic journeys were far more productive of fame, than of any material advantage which she carried home.

The same zeal for Art she always showed towards other talents striving in the same direction.

If it was not possible to carve, as she said, a Schroeder-Devrient out of every piece of wood, yet there were a great number of younger talents whom she taught, and helped to develop, whom she favored, furthered, or at least carried along with her. For, indeed, we must not imagine her instruction to have been any systematic schooling, lessons to be learned and said by heart. Where

no real soul for art betrayed itself, where the capacity to understand and follow her was wholly wanting, there her influence could not of course avail; and, in such cases, she would privately and in her own way advise one to keep on knitting stockings. But where there glimmered any spark of native fire, she knew well how to quicken it, sustain it and cause it to shine out. From Agnes Schebest to Johanna Wagner I could mention a whole list of singers, who, if they would be just and candid, would have to confess, that they must ascribe the best that they have ever done to her, to her example and her teaching.

Her zeal for the aspirations of more recent tone-poets, has been already alluded to. There has hardly been one of any importance, who has lived at the same time with her, who has not sought her acquaintance, been enthusiastic for the genial, gifted woman, and, if he deserved it, won her friendship. She was one of the first to recognize the genius of Richard Wagner; she too belonged to that prophetic artist circle, who did not let themselves be led astray either by the unmistakable excrescences that cleaved to the first works of that master, or by the fault-finding criticism of those days, but who clearly foretold the rising of a new and genuine star; she it was who in the parts of Adriano and of Senta, decided the quick victory of these creations. Nay, for the first representations of the *Tannhäuser*, she undertook the part of Venus.

This was the last creation of her genius; the rôle in many respects was not well suited to a woman then of forty; but we shall not see such another Venus. It was her unmistakable enthusiasm for the composer and his work, that lent a coloring to her performance, which those present never can forget, and which they, who have only seen this opera without her, cannot understand.

It has been my good fortune to have seen and heard this artist often, during many years, in nearly all her famous parts, and that repeatedly; I am aware, therefore, that for all who knew her, there is and can be no description even remotely corresponding to the memory we have of her. And I know just as well, that, since she stands *beyond all comparison* with any living singers, it is hardly possible for one, who has *not* seen her, to form any conception of her performances. Who can *imagine* a *Fidelio*, who, with the first words she uttered seized upon every public, and in the prison scene moved even the actors on the stage to tears? Or a Donna Anna, who, in the brief words of the introduction: *Padre mio!* thrilled every nerve of our being in the deepest manner? Or a Euryanthe, who could breathe such an ecstasy of love into the duet: *Hin nimm die Seele mein!* Who, if he has not — I will not say seen or heard — but if he has not *lived* it, can form any idea of that cry, with which Rebecca greets the trumpets of Ivanhoe? And who could trust to the same artist, a few moments afterwards, to move him so deeply, as she does with the words of painful gratitude:

Yes, thou hast fought for me, the Jewess!  
What more would the poor Jewess have?

We shall again see Clytemnestra rage, and Marie toy in "Blue Beard," and perhaps an Emmeline smile amid tears; we shall certainly often hear the *Adelaide* and the *Erlkönig* sung; and we shall again be thrilled by the imperishable beauty of these strains; but still the highest enjoyment we shall feel in them will and can only be, that the singer falls not too far short of the ideal which has been realized to us once and not again. Such oneness of the artist with her part, such perfection of dramatic expression generally and of each single expression which the situation demands, such a union of splendid resources, of most highly cultivated singing with complete impersonation,—all this we shall never see again in such perfection.

The happy instinct with which she saw and caught the spirit of every rôle and the peculiar meaning of its every moment, has often been a theme of wonder. This, to be sure, was native to her. But the great reason of it was, that she had cultivated her taste to the finest degree, and that she was never weary of proving the task set before her on all sides, and never ceased to study it until she had found the truest expression for it.

As the Devrient was always great and noble in her performances, so too she always set for herself the highest tasks in her art. And thus she has worked for her time, and her name will live through all time.

In announcing the death of the great German singer, Mme. SCHROEDER-DEVRIENT, the London *Musical World* says:

When Madame Schröder-Devrient appeared at Drury Lane for the first time, Pasta was declining from her zenith at the Italian Opera; Sontag had just risen above the musical horizon; and Malibran, from a different point of the hemisphere, was beginning to emit a few brilliant scintillations of that light which was destined in so short time to obnubilate, if not extinguish, all contemporaneous luminaries. That, indeed, may be denominated the great operatic epoch of the age. Season after season brought new singers of celebrity to London, and from Catalani to Grisi may be traced one unbroken line of indisputable queens of song. Madame Schröder-Devrient then had some names and reputations to contend against. The sympathies of the public were either enlisted with Malibran and Sontag at the Italian Opera, or with our own Miss Stephens and Miss Paton, on the English lyric stage; while at the oratorios and in the concert-room were heard such popular and renowned songstresses as Ronzi de Begnis, Camporesse, Lalande, Pizarro, Blais, and other foreign *cantatrici*. Nevertheless, the great Teutonic artist, who, in all probability, on the Italian stage would not have taken rank among the first singers, achieved an unparalleled success at Drury Lane, and attracted all London for an entire season. Mad. Schröder-Devrient was a singer apart from all comparisons. She possessed very superior capabilities, both vocal and histrionic. Her voice was a high soprano, powerful and sonorous, matchless in the expression of passion and strong emotions, but somewhat deficient in tenderness and suavity. Thus, in the character of Fidelity, not even Malibran, perhaps, gave equal force to the denouncement of Pizarro in the prison scene; while to the Governor's interrogation, "Who art thou?" the answer "I am his wife!" (almost lost, by the way, in the English translation) was transcendent in its energy and earnestness. In the last finale too, Mad. Schröder-Devrient's voice, a real soprano, "towered" above principals, band, and chorus; and the singer never failed to send away her hearers with her last brilliant tones ringing in their ears. As an actress—a serious actress, let it be understood—her powers were of a high order. Indeed, nothing short of the rarest endowments and finest impulses could have enabled an artist to conceive and grasp a character like that of Leonora, at once so domestic and tragic, so natural and so lofty, so simple yet so sublime. Mad. Devrient's figure did not consort well with the male. She had too much *enbonpoint*, and her walk was over-studied and conventional. Every

action and movement, however, was instinct with reality, and became the requirement of the moment and the situation. She was truly absorbed in the scene, and in her abstraction seemed to forget the stage; the footlights, and the audience.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Iphigenia in Aulis.

From ELISE POLKO'S "Musikalische Märchen, Phantasien und Skizzen;" translated by FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

Oh, radiant art of tones, blessed is the head thou surroundest with thy shining glory! Like a powerful talisman, thy light preserves from the insect swarm of every-day mortal cares; happily wander the spirits thou shelterest, over the rough floor of life, and through its darkness; their feet stumble not, and before their prophet eyes all shadows disappear. "Loneliness amid the noisy crowd of life, is true loneliness!" Thus, on a lovely April morning, might any of the fair forms have whispered to themselves, whose glances rested on a serious, thoughtful man, who had taken a place on one of the little seats in the budding garden of the park of Versailles. His upward-looking face was turned away from the glittering crowd; his forehead bore the unmistakable stamp of greatness; his clear, blue eyes shone undazzled by the sunlight, and a smile of heavenly enthusiasm played round his noble mouth. His dress was simple—almost negligent; and its plain, gray color contrasted strongly with the richly embroidered apparel of the French court gentleman; for it was in the year 1774, and Louis the Sixteenth was then king of France. The countless promenaders, who came and went like a swarm of bees, laughing, chattering, and coquetting, scarcely remarked the immovable stranger; the violet sellers, who pounced on every man like a swarm of flies, had grown tired of importuning this apparent petrification, and no longer condescended to direct a look or a smile to him. The crowd gradually thinned; the garden grew quieter, paler gleamed the sunbeams, the blue of heaven darkened, the spring-intoxicated birds sought their nests, and at length all was silence around. Then the lonely man arose and turned homewards; but, walking with up-turned glance, he missed the way to the entrance door, and wandered deeper into the centre of the park. Here all was enchanting secrecy; the sweet spring seemed to have hidden herself in those close walks, thickets and bushes; all was bloom and perfume; fountains told their watery legends, and white marble deities peeped through the young green. The wanderer paused and smiled dreamily; but not the beauty of the garden had called forth the smile; it arose from the deepest soul of the silent one; glorious thoughts seemed to agitate him. He lifted up his hands, then let them fall; then went on in haste, humming to himself a complaining melody. Then his expressive face darkened, threatening glances shone from his eyes, and with a full, penetrating voice he sang this recitative:

"Go, seek death at a father's hand! my step shall follow thee to the dreadful altar! there will I lame the arm that threatens thee!"

Then, clinching his hands, and raising himself to his fullest height, he stretched out his arms, and sang with passionate anger:

"Soon shall he be my anger's prey!—  
My dagger before him unheathing.  
The altar they're cruelly wreathing,  
In the dust shall this revenging arm lay!"

At this moment, two of the Swiss guards burst like tigers from the bushes, seized the excited stranger by the shoulder, and plentifully showered him with French and German words of abuse. "Scoundrel!" cried one in broken German—"Dare you lift your arms to threaten the palace! Dare you raise a dagger against king Louis? Will you blaspheme the holy church and the altar of the Lord?"

"Look here," panted the other, "the fellow has destroyed the flower-beds of the royal park, and trodden down all the violets and daisies. Off to prison with him!" The accused was motionless for a moment; he stared at his captors in astonishment, threw a glance of surprise on the destruction his footsteps had caused; at last a smile played over his features. "Now then," he said quietly to the tall soldiers, whose eyes angrily followed his every movement, "take me wherever you will! but I desire first to be led before the king: only to him will I exculpate myself." The soldiers made signs to each other that their prisoner was decidedly weak in the upper story; however, they nodded to him affirmatively, and the little procession moved onwards.

As they arrived in the court yard, a splendid gilt carriage, drawn by four spirited white horses, whose heads were decked with blue plumes, drove up, and stopped before the portal of the palace. Officious hands were offered to assist a graceful female form to alight from the elegant fairy equipage, whose seat was covered with nothing less than blue velvet. A black velvet hat, with floating feathers, ornamented the lady's delicately powdered little head; lace and rose-colored satin veiled her exquisite figure. This lovely apparition was Marie Antoinette, queen of France. While the queen's fat companion struggled with difficulty out of the carriage, Marie Antoinette, looking curiously around her, observed the mysterious prisoner, held fast in the grasp of the soldiers. "What is the matter?" she asked hastily, in German, pausing at the threshold of the palace. At the sound of her voice, the prisoner looked up and smiled; a little scream escaped from the rosy lips of the princess. "Oh, Master Gluck," she cried delighted, holding out her hand, "dear, dear Gluck, who ventures to fetter your free spirit in my kingdom?" Gluck's eyes glistened; a glance from the queen dismissed the confounded Swiss guards. "Come, master, follow me," cried the queen, gayly, "you shall not escape! Now I will be your gaoler. Tell me what led you in such suspicious company to the door of our palace; and rest a few moments in the apartment of your former scholar." So saying, she ran in such girlish haste up the carpeted staircase, that Gluck found it difficult to follow her. The assiduous crowd of servants remained, on a little word of command, in astonishment behind. Marie Antoinette passed, with a rapid step, through several handsome, gilded state-chambers, then opened a tapestried door, and stepped, with her silent companion, into a charming, simple little room, with a fine view over the fresh spring garden.

"Princess!" cried Gluck, visibly surprised, "this is precisely the comfortable room of our beloved arch-duchess Maria in the royal palace at Vienna! What a graceful miracle!" "Do you recognize it so well?" answered the queen, handing a soft seat to the master. "Come, sit down by me," she continued with enchanting



grace and cordiality, "we will talk German and chatter about our dear Vienna, shall we not, Gluck? So long as you are here, I am only the cheerful, careless princess Marie, the darling of her noble queen mother, and the awkward pupil of the great master, Gluck." As she said this, she laid aside her rose-colored mantle and her hat, and stood before her former teacher in a pale green silk dress, with a bouquet of orange-blossoms and roses at her breast; a lovely picture to look on. Throwing herself into a large arm-chair, and resting her little foot on a red velvet cushion, she went on: "Ah, Gluck! since I heard of your arrival in Paris, how often I have longed to be back in those by-gone days! but the troublesome court festivals have left me no leisure. I have not seen you since that stiff reception, when you were presented to the king, and brought me letters from Vienna. I scarcely knew you in your court dress; but I was obliged to smile to myself, when I saw your proud greeting, that accorded so ill with your finery. In that hardly visible movement of the head, that set all our courtiers beside themselves, I recognized our Gluck again. Now I like you a great deal better; in this plain gray coat, I find my austere master again." "Gracious princess," answered the master absently, "those were pleasant hours that I passed in the pretty blue saloon of the royal palace at Vienna, and Marie Antoinette was a careful, attentive scholar, anxious to learn, and persevering as few women are." "Not always, Gluck," answered the queen, shaking her head; "do you not remember how cross you were sometimes, when I played badly, because a court ball or a sleighing party was running in my head? And have you forgotten how little I fancied Bach's fugues? and how often you drew me away from the piano, saying,—'Archduchess, such jingling is not to be borne!' and then you would take my place, and thunder away at the fugues, so that I almost lost sight and hearing, and drew back frightened into the furthest corner of the room. Oh, then how you played finer and finer, and I understood the intricate melodies, as I could not before, until the door softly opened, and the queen came in to listen; and then the quiet auditors increased, until the room and the ante-chamber were both full! And you paid no attention to them, but went on with your flights of tone, until some careless listener stumbled against a noisy object, or the fat, tight-laced, court-gouvernante was taken with her spasmodic cough; then you would start up suddenly, and say hurriedly: 'That was finely played, archduchess!' But sometimes you were so strange, that I scarcely dared to speak; then Marie Antoinette might play as she would, Master Gluck heard nothing, did not reprove false chords, unresolved dissonances, heavy allegros, or furious andantes; the eyes of my master were turned on high; his hands played on the piano-lid, he murmured to himself, until at last, he almost sprang up, and whispered with a happy smile: 'Ah, now, now thou art mine, sacred melody!'—and then you would turn to me, as if no interruption had taken place, and say: 'Go on archduchess!'"

Gluck looked with fatherly kindness on his former pupil, and his forehead grew clear under the cheerful, happy influence of her lovely face. "We have not altered, your Majesty," he said, dreamily; "you are still the childlike, careless, gracious princess; I am always the awkward,

odd, absent-minded Gluck." The princess suddenly bethought her of his new opera: "Is it not *Iphigenia in Aulis*? When will it be brought out? Have you commenced the rehearsals yet?" "Ah, your Majesty," answered the Master, "I held the first rehearsal to-day, in the royal garden. Have you forgotten that I promised to give you an account of the way I came to appear in such company before you? I was just flinging to the winds the recitative and grand air of my Achilles, with the suitable gestures, as two of the park guards seized me. The good Swiss supposed that my Achilles, as he raved about his drawn dagger, was threatening the life of their lord, and they strangely confounded Louis the Sixteenth with Agamemnon!"

"Poor ill-treated, unappreciated singer!" jest-ed the queen, "what a good thing it was, that I happened to be queen of France, just at the moment they were slipping off with my dear Master! But tell me seriously, how your *Iphigenia* is getting on, and when will it be brought out? I can scarcely wait for the triumph of my countryman and master over Piccini, Sacchini, and Lulli!"

"I do not even dream of victory," answered Gluck, sadly; "there is yet nothing said of a representation; I have fought unceasingly against the power of secret intrigues that prevent any rehearsals, that prejudice public opinion beforehand, and wound me in a thousand ways. But I will not yield; my work deserves that I should employ all my strength to smooth its way to the hearts of men. And should I sink after the struggle, it would be without a sigh! for then I could say—I have not lived in vain; I have left my trace behind me! Yes, my queen," continued the noble master, with louder voice, and increasing enthusiasm, "it is a good work, this youngest child of my soul, this fruit of consecrated hours! I have displayed in it the noblest movements of my soul, the purest feelings of my heart, and my loftiest thoughts. In this opera is my own being unveiled; here shall posterity see what I am, or rather what I would be. This music is all Gluck! I have not merely felt, I have also thought it; it is a part of myself! Gone forever are my days and nights of error; gone my restless, passionate striving;—the lofty ideal of my soul, unclouded clearness, a glorious simplicity of melody, a godlike truth to nature, all stands now unveiled and eternal before my eyes; my happy aim will soon be gained, the blessed goal reached!"

Gluck was silent; how wonderful was the expression of his classic features, and his glowing eyes, that seemed looking into another world! Marie Antoinette regarded him with wondering reverence. She cried,—"Dear Master, trust in your queen! *Iphigenia* shall be brought out, next week if you will, by our command. With a royal word of power, I will annihilate the cobwebs of envy. To-morrow I will express my wishes to the intendant of the royal opera. You shall not struggle any more; you shall conquer, and I will crown the conqueror myself." Gluck looked kindly, but doubtfully, in the face of his excited pupil, whose lively enthusiasm would probably be extinguished by the next ball; but she met his glance with one so serious and determined, that he, with much emotion, took her pretty hand and pressed it with devotion to his lips.

Near the midnight hour of the 19th of April, 1774, the Parisian opera house rang with such delight as its walls had never before re-echoed. The *Iphigenia in Aulide* of Gluck was just ended; the audience had accompanied every number with increasing applause; but the glorious aria of Achilles raised enthusiasm to the highest pitch; the officers grasped their swords involuntarily; public excitement was displayed in a manner that mocks description, in a manner that we cold blooded German citizens would have stigmatized as insanity; tears flowed, sobs resounded, Gluck's name was pronounced by a thousand lips, flowers fell in showers on the stage. On the red velvet cushions of the royal box leaned Marie Antoinette, splendidly attired, her eyes glittering and overflowing for joy in the noble triumph of her honored master. Louis the Sixteenth stood near her; his ordinarily pale face, with its kindly eyes, was colored with a slight blush; he looked with lively sympathy on the excited crowd. "Good heavens," he cried suddenly, turning to the queen, "if the feverish flames of delight should be transformed to those of rage, in the breasts of this easily excited populace! What a fearful idea!" Marie Antoinette did not answer; she looked in wonder on the king, shuddered involuntarily, and anxiously grasped the arm of her husband. "Where is Gluck?" she whispered, in a restless and hardly audible voice. He was but that moment breaking away from the embraces and raptures of his admirers, the compliments of his vanquished enemies; and pressing the hand of his generous opponent Piccini, he hurried from behind the scenes, and followed, with uncertain steps, and almost overcome by his feelings, a patient attendant, who led him to the royal box. As Gluck entered, he bowed to the king; but the countless tapers dazzled his eyes with their light, his heart beat loudly; he struggled for breath. The queen approached the hesitating master, and with a lovely smile, placed a full, fresh laurel wreath on the head of the hero of tones. But he, suddenly rising, with burning eyes, passed his thin hand over his pale forehead, and turning to the queen with a look of horror, cried out: "Merciful God, what a fearful sight! Gracious queen, wipe off that dreadful streak of blood that encircles and disfigures your white throat! Who gave you such an ornament? Quick, destroy it! the horrible band grows larger every moment; your head is tottering; it is a stream of blood now! too late, too late, oh, heavenly father!" With this cry he staggered, and fell down in a swoon.

"Does Gluck see ghosts?" asked the king, as pale as death; "this extraordinary excitement was too much for him; the victory was too sublime; too brilliant for body and soul to support." Marie Antoinette trembled all over; like a frightened child, she tore off the precious ruby necklace that encircled her snowy neck, and, recommending the senseless Gluck to the care of her physicians and servants, she left the box, still sobbing and shuddering, on the arm of the king.

Little didst thou foresee, newly arisen Orpheus, that, in this moment of exaltation, thy prophetic eye pierced the veil of the future, as thy lip pronounced those fearful words. That thy spirit overcame time and space in that superhuman hour, and prophesied what was to be.

The unwithering laurel of fame flourished over

thy grave, and between its leaves, blossomed in imperishable freshness those flowers of woe: *Helena, Alceste, Orpheus, Armida*, and those glorious twin blossoms, thy two *Iphigenias*! Sweetly didst thou rest after thy struggles, and even the worship of posterity no longer reached thine ear; in a happier land cherubim and seraphim hearkened to the transfigured tones of thy purified lyre; then came the fearful fulfilment of thy prophecy.

Nineteen years after thy first glorious triumph, the head of Marie Antoinette sank under the axe of the guillotine, in October of the year 1793.

### Music in Southern Seminaries.

FEMALE INSTITUTE, RIFLEY, TENN.

*Mr. Editor:* What are old-fashioned, conservative people to do in these "fast" times? Or, in other words, what are teachers of music to do, who are expected to accomplish in five or ten months, what used to require almost as many years? I do not mean to say that people have any very definite ideas on the subject; because, as a general thing, it is a matter about which they are profoundly ignorant; but only that, in this comparatively new country, where everything is fresh, unsettled, and full of movement, the teacher who cannot make his pupils, in one or two sessions, rattle off, in some fashion, a number of polkas, schottisches, &c., is thought to be a very poor concern. And, really, where so little time is allowed for laying a foundation, where people want immediate results, it seems to me that a modification of the old slow and sure method of teaching—something analogous to the Ollendorf plan in language—might be profitably introduced.

I have been teaching music for many years, and have been considered, I believe, a successful teacher; but I have been gradually changing my method, and I am now convinced that, in consideration of the peculiar difficulties of the case, my present plan is by far the best. And I throw off these hints for the benefit of my fellow-laborers, especially those who are young and inexperienced; praying them, at the same time, not to misunderstand me; and not to think that I am advocating a superficial method. That be far from me!

Instead then, of keeping my pupils long in the instruction book, hammering away at dull exercises, I take a piece which is an exercise in itself. But, mind now, I do not mean some easy waltz, by some musical sophomore; no, I mean classical music, which will teach a true musical construction, the proper fingering of the scales, and, at the same time, form the taste and delight the ear.

Fortunately, of these little pieces, there is a great variety. My plan is, to write to headquarters, describe the advancement of my pupils, and order suitable music. Mr. Ditson sent me thirty pieces by mail the other day; I could not have selected them half so well myself; he has better opportunities of knowing what is good music than I have, and is probably a better judge.

Now, to make my meaning plainer, let me cite one or two examples. The first, a little girl of about ten years old—has been taking lessons about four months—is here from abroad—and practices at the Institute only the five school days. Now, I take one of the pieces of the "Nebelbilder"—a beautiful collection of 24 pieces, by Oesten, arranged "für kleine Haende." For this little girl I have selected the *Shower of Pearls*. Then I take the instruction book and make her play the scale two or three times in that key, till the key is firmly fixed in her mind. Then I make her play the bass, counting carefully herself every note, and noticing every mark of expression. I explain everything till I am sure she understands it. Then I play with the right hand, while she plays again with the left. Her countenance lights up, she perceives the beauty of the music.

Then I make her play the two parts together. Though she plays it very slowly, to my surprise and gratification, she plays it correctly, and with expression. But with the two hands, I give her a very small portion to practice; this she is to know by the next lesson.

Another case, my own little son, not yet eight years old. For him I selected the "Barcarolle," No. 4 of *Nebelbilder*. I pursued the same plan. He has taken five or six lessons upon it, and now plays it—a little slowly, but almost in time; and with good expression; and really understands it.

One little girl, quite small, who took lessons last year from another teacher, but was interrupted by the two months' summer vacation, has progressed with wonderful rapidity under my present plan. I gave her, as an experiment, No. 5 of the 12 "Fantaisies on German Songs," by Oesten. She plays it beautifully, and her little fingers fly over the keys to the surprise of everybody. When she had conquered that, I gave her a piece of much greater difficulty—in fact, it was more difficult than I supposed—and, by pursuing the same system, she learned it patiently and well.

I could write much more, for my mind and heart are both full of this subject; but my letter is already longer than I intended. Perhaps, at some future time, I may tell your readers how I try to train the voices of the little ones, which have been sadly neglected. There is great love for music in the West, and a good deal of talent. But such ideas as the mass of the people have!

Last summer, while in Mississippi, I carefully drilled a double quartet to sing at an exhibition of a male school, where heretofore they had been accustomed to the fiddle, played by the boys, keeping time with their feet. I thought, and so did some good judges, that we had very passable music; but at the next exhibition, the boys said that they all liked the fiddle best; and so we let them have the fiddle to their hearts' content. M. S. B. D. S.

March, 28, 1860.

P. S. Since I closed my letter, I have thought of an anecdote which is too good to be lost. We attended, in Mississippi, a service of our church—the Episcopal—at a place where a zealous missionary was endeavoring to establish regular services. Before church, the clergyman asked me if I would raise the tunes. I told him if I knew what tunes the people could sing, I would lead them.

"Everybody knows Old Hundred," says he, "sing that."

"Very well," said I.

So, when the time came, I started Old Hundred; but not a soul joined in, except the minister, who, after some time, began singing the air an octave below, in a jerky, thumping, staccato style, which would have upset my gravity if I had not been burdened with the responsibility of carrying the tune to the end, or—letting it fall. We dispensed entirely with the second hymn.

After service, I asked my friend why nobody sang. "I thought you told me," said I, "to sing Old Hundred."

"Oh," said he, "they didn't know that was Old Hundred. I didn't find it out for some time, and then I helped you all I could, I'm sure."

And truly, when I heard them sing it after their own fashion, I didn't wonder that they didn't recognize my version of it. S.

### Mozart—Child and Man.

(Continued from Vol. XVI., page 849.)

No. 71.

L. Mozart to his Wife.

Rome, June 30th, 1770.

Have we performed before the King of Naples? No, we have not. We have not yet got beyond being saluted by the Queen each time she has perceived us. However, the Queen can do nothing for us, and it is

easier to tell you than to write you a description of his Neapolitan Majesty. But you can easily imagine how these sort of things are managed at court. The young violinist Lamotte,\* who is in the service of the Empress, and who has been travelling in Italy by her orders and at her expense, had been a long time in Naples, and extended his stay three weeks longer, kept in a state of suspense, as he had been led to hope the King and Queen would ask to see him. Of course nothing came of this. I have a hundred amusing stories to tell you of this court; and I will show you also a picture of the King. I have not yet been able to see any one here. I did not tell you the reason why in my first letter, but as things are assuming a better aspect now, I will do so. You know that two horses and one postillion make three brutes. At the last stage before Rome, the postillion whipped the horse harnessed to the shaft, and who consequently supports the *sedan*. The horse fell rolling in the sand and dust, and fell violently on one side, dragging with him the front part of the *sedan*, which has only two wheels. I held Wolfgang by one hand, so that he did not fall out of the carriage, but the shock dragged me down, and my right leg, which was caught in the iron fastenings of the apron of the carriage, was torn for about the length of my finger to the bone.

No. 72.

The Same to the Same.

Rome, July 4th, 1770.

To-morrow we are going to dine with the Cardinal Pallavicini; the day after with the Baron de Sainte Odile, Ambassador of Tuscany. We are to learn to-morrow a piece of news that will greatly astonish you. The Cardinal Pallavicini has received orders to remit to Wolfgang an order from the Pope with the diploma. Do not say anything about this yet. If the news prove true I will let you know soon. The last time we were at the Cardinal's, he said several times in speaking to Wolfgang, *Signor Cavaliere*; we thought it was a joke. Wolfgang has grown very much since he has been in Naples.

No. 73.

The Same to the Same.

Rome, July 7th, 1770.

What I wrote to you the other day about the order is true. It is the same order as that which was bestowed on Gluck; in the papers appertaining to it the words written are, *Te creamus aurata militie Equitem*. And he must wear the beautiful gold cross that he has had presented him; you can imagine how I laugh each time I hear him called the *Signor Cavaliere*. We are to have an audience of the Pope to-morrow on account of this.

P. S. de Wolfgang.—*Cara Sorella mia*, I was agreeably surprised to see that you can compose so well; your air is really very fine; try often to do the same kind of thing; send me soon the six minuets of Haydn. *Mademoiselle*, I have the honor to be your very humble servant and brother—Chevalier de Mozart—Addio. †

No. 74.

The Same to the Same.

Bologna, July 21st, 1770.

We congratulate you on your *fête* day, wishing you good health, and before all the grace of God. It is the one thing necessary, all the others are added blessings. We have been to hear a mass performed at Civita-Castellana, after which Wolfgang played on the organ. On the 16th we went to Loretto; I bought several relics there; amongst others a splinter of the true Cross. We saw the fair at Sinigaglia; yesterday we came here. We left Rome on the 10th: the Count Pallavicini has offered us here all that we wanted. I accepted the offer of his carriage. If Wolfgang continues to grow as he does, he will be very tall.

P. S. of Wolfgang.—I congratulate my dear mother on her *fête*-day, and hope she may live a hundred years. It is what I pray God for every day, and what I shall continue to ask for her and for my sister in my prayers. I can only offer my mother the bells, the wax candles, the caps and the ribbons, that we bought at Loretto, and which we will bring her. Meanwhile I remain her faithful child.

Io vi auguro d'iddio vi dia sempre salute e vi lasci vivere cent anni, e vi fanno morire quanch'avrete mille anni. Spero che ovi imparerete meglio conoscermi in avvenire e che poi ne giudicherete come

\*Francis Lamotte, born at Vienna, in 1751. Acquired while very young a high reputation. He died in Holland in 1781.

†Mozart only wore the Order of the "Cross of the Golden Spur," and which gave him the right to call himself the Chevalier de Mozart, (as Gluck called himself the Chevalier de Gluck) in his younger days, in the imperial towns and in his journey to Paris, by the express orders of his father, in 1770. Mozart was fourteen years old.

ch'egli vi piace. Il tempo non mi permetto di scrivere molte; la penna non vale un corno, ne pure quello che la dirige. Il titolo dell'opera che ho da comporre a Milano non si sa ancora.

I have just received as a present from our hostess at Rome, the "Thousand and One Nights" in Italian; they are very amusing tales to read.

No. 75.

*The Same to the Same.*

*Bologna, July 28th, 1770.*

My leg has not got quite well yet; this accident will cost us 12 ducats. It is not very gay work being ill while at an inn; if I had made 1000 ducats at Naples I could easily console myself for the expense of my illness. However, we have always something in hand, and with that, thank God, we live happily.

Yesterday we received the libretto, and the names of those who compose the Opera Company. The title of the opera is, *Mitridate re di Ponto*, and it is written by a poet of Turin, Vittorio Amadeo Cigna Santi by name. The opera was performed in 1777. The dramatis personae are:—

*Mitridate*, King of Pontus, Signor Guliemo d' Ettore, tenor.

*Aspasia*, betrothed to Mitridate, Signora Antonia Bernasconi, prima donna.

*Tipare*, Son of the King, in love with Aspasia, Signor Santorini, first soprano, (who played in the last Carnival at Turin.)

*Farnace*, eldest Son of Mitridate, in love with Aspasia, Signor Cicognani.

*Ismene*, Daughter of the King of Parti, in love with Farnace, second prima donna, the Signora Varese.

*Artabes*, Governor of Mijee soprano.

*Magio*, Roman Tribune, tenor.

We heard Sartorini sing at Rome, we already know La Bernasconi, and Cicognani is also our friend.

The two portraits have pleased us very much, but one must not look too closely at them, for a pastel is not a miniature. They are rather too highly colored, but they lose this looking at them from a distance; and we are satisfied and that is enough.

*P. S. of Wolfgang*.—Cara sorella mio, Io vi devo confessare che ho un grandissimo piacere che vi avete mandat i minuetti i quali mi piaccio in molto.

(To be Continued.)

**THE BLIND NEGRO PIANIST.**—If we may credit the reports of the southern papers, the blind slave-boy Tom, of whom we have already given our readers some account, is one of the most remarkable instances of inexplicable genius that has ever been heard. All great men have moments of inspiration that seem to be the effect of some visitation of a supernatural power, rather than the result of mere human intellect, and this, though often evinced at an early age, cannot be called precocity. There have been poets who in early youth have poured forth strains that all their productions of maturer years could not excel. Among musicians and artists there are similar instances, which can only be attributed to some mysterious gift of deity that cannot be explained. This negro boy, Tom, though on a different scale of action, is another argument in behalf of this theory. Though a blind slave-boy, without musical culture, and without even ordinary intelligence on other subjects, he evinces an ability in musical execution that usually requires years of labor and undoubted musical genius to attain.

A few nights ago, in New Orleans, the manager or conductor of his entertainments, requested any one of the audience to play on the piano some piece of music not common or popular. A lady present played a Spanish piece of some length, and rendered more difficult by elaborate variations. As she played the boy listened, leaning his elbows on the end of the piano, with his hands clasped in the wool over his ears, his sightless eyes rolling upward, and his whole body writhing and twisting as if in pain. When the lady finished he played the piece so as to astonish everybody. But the lady detected a few faults, and, on being requested, again played the selection. Tom listened again, and afterwards played it without a single mistake. A few days after he remembered it perfectly, and played it again when asked.

With Tom this is rather an exercise of memory than of absolute musical talent, for his memory is as great, though less intelligent, in other things. If a long sentence is said to him in any foreign language, he will at once repeat it just as it was spoken, but without really understanding a word. So it may be with his music. He probably does not understand it, though in this case the facility with which he can find the right notes on the piano is as marvellous as the memory which can retain the piece after one or

two hearings. Mozart had this memory when he heard and reproduced on paper the music of the *Miserere* at Rome; only, his was an intelligent memory, cultivated in the art of music, while Blind Tom's memory is a gift, of which the lad cannot appreciate the extent.

As Tom is a slave, his owners will probably be afraid to exhibit him in a free state, so that it is doubtful whether the New York public will have any ocular or auricular proof of the reported talent of this singular boy.

**CHINESE MUSIC.**—The musical scale of the Chinese consists of only five notes instead of seven, and their music is not written on five lines like ours, but in perpendicular columns, like the characters in their books. The elevation or depression of tones is indicated by distinctive names. They have no semi-tones, and hence arises a tedious monotony of sound. There is said to be a resemblance between the Chinese melodies and the ancient Scottish airs. If this be so, Scottish music in the days of Ossian must have been much ruder than it has ever yet been represented, for of all unearthly sounds Chinese singing is the most unearthly. There is no noise like it. Those who have attended a genuine Chinese theatrical performance, have had a specimen of how the men acquit themselves in song; but Chinese music can only be heard to perfection by strolling through the narrow streets of a Chinese town. Men, women and children all strain their voices to the utmost pitch, and give out a sort of double-fortified squeaking falsetto. The singers are usually accompanied by the viola, and sometimes by the pig-skin drum likewise. One's tympanum throbs and thrums as though a dozen fairies were beating upon it. Yet the Chinese have their Jenny Linds, Grisis and Sontags; their Lablaches and Tamburinis. They have their "infant phenomena," too, who, if they keep their lungs whole until arriving at mature age, certainly deserve the name. You are frequently called upon to admire what in another place than a Chinese town you would suppose to be an imitation of the piteous complaint of a pig jammed under a gate; being all the time in a state of nervous excitement, lest the warbler should break a blood vessel in your presence.

Unlike our private singers at home, the Chinese need no pressing to "favor" a company with a song. On the contrary, the performances are generally voluntary, and the performers never give the excuse of cough or cold. In truth, a slight cold is rather an improvement upon their style. The willingness with which they entertain you in this respect is only equalled by the evident vanity of the singers, or the exulting pride of the bystanders of celestial origin. "That booty!" she will ask; and others, "How you likee dat?" "What you tinker dat?" "Merican side can sing so booty?" To all of which it must be your invariable rule to give the expected answers, or you will immediately find yourself involved in a discussion in their horrible lingo, called pigeon-English, of which you are sure to have the worst, for the odds are too strong against you.

So long as a Chinese songstress can keep herself surrounded by listeners she will sing, and I believe really that singing in a Chinese town, like the reveille and tattoo of Great Britain around the world, never ceases. Their favorite hour is just at the close of twilight. When all else is still, and silence would reign with darkness, howls and squeals begin to float upon the air; at first low and indistinct, but soon loud, confused and piercing. Almost every other door-step is thronged with noisy musicians (your pardon, Euterpe!) and their eager and admiring listeners. From windows and casements come the tones of more delicate and retired singers, beating a select party within. Every group has at least one "infant phenomenon," the gentle cadence of whose voice is occasionally heard, followed by exclamations of astonishment and delight, repeated perhaps for the hundredth time. Be the theme of any song plaintive or gay, the tune seems to be much the same, and at times a hideous chorn will startle you into the belief that fiends are let loose upon earth.—*Krackerbocker.*

## Musical Correspondence.

**NEW YORK, APRIL 2.**—GUSTAV SATTER gave a concert last Thursday at Dodworth's Hall, which was quite a *rara avis* in these days, so unprosperous for entertainments of the kind. It was not only exceedingly well attended, but the audience was evidently a *paying* one. Most of the familiar faces belonging to the genus "dead-head," and which compose a usual New York concert assemblage, were among the mis-

ing. One must congratulate Mr. Satter upon his success in bringing about a gathering so original.

The programme contained several very attractive numbers. A Prelude and Fugue by Handel, (originally composed for the organ); a beautiful Sonata, by Beethoven, (in E flat—the companion to the Moonlight Sonata); and Schumann's Andante and Variations for two pianos, were the finest. The first two Mr. Satter played admirably; in the third he was ably sustained by Mr. TIMM. His wonderful arrangement of the *Tannhäuser* Overture concluded the programme, and was far more satisfactory than Liszt's arrangement, for two pianos, of *Les Préludes*. All the defects and inequalities which, in Liszt's orchestral works, are glossed over by the richness and gorgeousness of the instrumentation, are painfully observable in the more meagre form of a piano arrangement. The only other instrumental piece was a Quintet, for piano, two cornets, horn, and baritone, by Mr. Satter, which, though excellently rendered, did not produce a very deep impression.

Mrs. BARCLAY, a lady with a pleasing mezzo-soprano voice, but very little school, who made her début in public during the past winter, sang Cherubini's *Ave Maria*, but seemed to be laboring under great nervousness, and, I should judge, hardly did herself justice. Mme. JOHANSEN took a more prominent part in the entertainment. She sang a couple of songs by Mr. Satter—one of them, "Bird in the forest," a pretty, humorous little thing, imitating the warble of various birds, but hardly appreciable by those of the audience who did not understand the words. Schubert's *Barcarole* Mme. Johansen sang exceedingly well, but I should advise her not to rely too much upon her own skill in accompaniment. She nearly spoiled the whole by a gross error in the piano part. There still remains to be mentioned the very satisfactory performance, by Mr. SCHREIBER, of Spohr's "*Rose, wie bist du so reizend und mild*," for cornet-a-piston. This gentleman is perfect master of his instrument, and the long drawn notes of the beautiful melody seemed just suited to the soft, mellow tones which he knows how to produce.

**NEW YORK, APRIL 2.**—Last week was almost destitute of musical novelties. The only feature was a rather deplorable one. A person, who advertised himself as a "new Spanish tenor" and bore the name of Señor ALSINA, gave a concert at Hope Chapel, assisted by two pianists and a violinist—all "youths to fortune and to fame unknown." The entertainment, I am told, was about on a par with the musical efforts of boarding-school misses, and the young men with pale faces, no-colored hair and tea-spoonful-amount-of-voice, which abound in every community.

WILLIAM H. FRY has written an overture. Mrs. Bateman has recently dramatized Longfellow's poem "Evangeline," for the purpose of giving her daughter Kate a good part in which to re-appear on the stage after several years' retirement. For this play Mr. Fry has written an overture, or rather an overture for the poem; for the lady dramatist has taken most startling liberties with the original, and makes the principal trials of Evangeline's life and her subsequent meeting with Gabriel at the hospital in Philadelphia only a dream, so that the play ends in the conventional happy lover style.

Now Mr. Fry's overture only expresses the poem in its originality. The first theme is for the cornet-a-piston; and is followed by a motive arranged as a duet for the flute and bassoon! Then there is a solo for violoncello, a strain for two horns, a long solo for violin (admirably played by Mr. Mollenhauer.) The overture closes without the customary *allegro*, and for that reason appears somewhat unsatisfactory and unfinished. Yet in closely adhering to the sentiment of the poem, the composer could have done nothing

else. Had he followed the play, he could have ended with the expected climax. It is for this reason that the overture has not been a great success with the majority of those who heard it. It bears about the same relation to the conventional overture that a poetic recitation does to a drama.

Mr. Fry's *Leonora*—I believe the only one of his operas that has been played here—evinces much talent, and though the airs do not display much originality, the recitatives and bits of concerted pieces are effective. He has several other operas in manuscript which would be worth producing, from what I hear. At present Mr. Fry is so engrossed in politics that he pays no attention to music.

The "Chamber Concert Union" is giving a series of moderately successful soirées at Goldbeck's Music Hall, a snug little box of a room in Broadway. To give an idea of what is done at the concerts, I append a copy of the programme of the concert for to-morrow evening:

1. Trio in C minor, Op. 1. .... Beethoven.  
S. B. Mills, Wm. Doehler and Ch. Bannes.
2. Mary's Dream, Song. .... Goldbeck.  
Dr. Guilmette.
3. Fantasia on a Russian Air, (Flute). .... Heinemeyer.  
Mr. Eben.
4. Scherzo Eroico. .... Goldbeck.  
Robert Goldbeck and Wm. Doehler.
5. Pierre L'Ermite, Scène Dramatique. .... Membree.  
Dr. Guilmette.
6. Campanella. Etude. .... List.  
S. B. Mills.
7. Serenata, Op. 41, (Flute and Piano). .... Beethoven.  
Mr. Eben and William Saar.

Next week we shall have the two opera troupes, which commence operations simultaneously, Maressek at the Winter Garden and Uimann at the Academy of Music. TREVATOR.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 3.—The performance of Flotow's *Martha*, last night, on the occasion of Uimann and Strakosch's *rentrée* at the Academy, was by no means such as might have been expected from the abilities of the individual artists of the troupe. There was a carelessness manifested in almost every portion of the charming music, which displayed a great want of respect for the audience. *Imprimis*: STRAKOSCH, who was the conductor, whether through a want of mental concentration upon the task before him, or through imperfect rehearsal, presided over the orchestra so unenergetically, that many portions of the accompaniment seemed like a grand scrub race, in which each of the contestants appeared laboring after a prescribed goal, by a special method of his own.

JUNCA, as Plunkett, sang fairly, but displayed such an utter lack of the *vis comica*, as to cause much surprise that he should ever undertake a rôle, which affords so much scope for pleasant points. His countenance seemed, throughout, like that of a solid Quaker, meditating over the curse of slavery, at an abolition meeting. Splendid looking son of Apollo, nevertheless—superb in all rôles demanding dignity and imposing presence!

BRIGNOLI treasured his power throughout the first two acts, for his *pièce de résistance* in the third—the *M'appari*, which lies in his best tones, and in which his *Marta*, *Marta!* gushes forth, as though his whole soul were gliding through his mouth into the hearts of his auditors. Of course, he made not the slightest attempt at a delineation of the character; so far from any mental conception of that, he was not even able to go successfully through the mechanical part of the spinning wheel scene.

Mme. STRAKOSCH is said to have been much out of her regular health, and her singing substantiates the truth of the rumor.

PATTI looked most charmingly, with a red mantle thrown over her little shoulders, a *la* Red Riding Hood. Her success here has been immense. I cannot help thinking that the rigorous demands of the management upon her services, must, if persisted in, wear her out, physically and musically, ere she shall have attained that status of art development, to which she certainly seems destined by her "natural gifts," (in the words of Hawkeye.) It seems to me that,

even already, cavatinas which, a few months ago, seemed to flow as spontaneously from her pretty lips, as the spring from the mountain rock, now cost her physical exertion quite premature. If she be judiciously treated, her future reputation must become world-wide. The young men in shining patent leathers, who stand in the door ways of the Academy, in a *blasé* attitude, as though it was not worth their while to secure seats for that which is as familiar to them as their own billiard balls, throw to her an extensive assortment of bouquets, each night; a procedure which has placed Brignoli and a sensitive portion of the public in antagonistic positions. When the troupe was here in December of last year, the handsome tenor found himself, one crowded opera night, hissed with much malignity, from the neighborhood of the family circle, for the imaginary offence of refusing to stoop in his tights and pick up about a wheelbarrow load of bouquets, which a couple of young English lords, sojourning in this latitude at that time, had cast at her tiny feet. Then arose the most dire confusion—a storm of mingled plaudits and hisses, in which, however, the former far outweighed the latter. Tenor stood upon his dignity. On the following morning, the newspapers commented upon this bit of comedy—some of them berating the metallic-voiced singer in unmeasured terms, and others eulogizing his independence, on the score of European precedents, which, according to them, render it unnecessary for the artist to lower himself beyond the first bouquet. Indeed, this subject has been the theme of controversy in polite circles ever since. Last night the bouquets fell, as usual, in copious showers; Brignoli maintaining his first principles. An attempt was made to hiss him again—but the thundering storm of applause which rose above it, endorsed the action of the lackadaisical Brignoli, and settled, once for all, so far as the Quaker City is concerned, the absurdity of an attempt to convert a romantic tenor into a serving bouquet gleaner, to the imminent risk of his tights. Imagine Amodio stooping to pick up three score, or thereabout, of these votive offerings. MANRICO.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 14, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Opera, *Der Freyschütz*, by C. M. von WEBER, piano-forte arrangement, commencing with the Overture.

### Mr. Kielblock's "Miles Standish."

It is not to be wondered at that Mr. FRANZ KIELBLOCK, a cultivated German musician, living in New Bedford, and among descendants of the pilgrims, a man of poetically sensitive nature, readily enamored of Longfellow's poem and its hero, full of the music of his fatherland and wont to see and feel things through a musical medium, unconsciously perhaps translating his experiences into tones,—should have been moved to make an opera of "Miles Standish." It was a bold task, and a formidable, for a beginner in large forms of composition; one in which few succeed, even with the public of a day; and in which the fewest of the few achieve a real success. Creative genius, marked, significant originality, is heaven's rarest gift. Yet one may properly indulge the impulse to produce, without imagining himself a Weber or a Mozart. The misfortune is that, leaving the final great rewards of genius out of the account (and they come usually quite tardily, after long outward failure), the other prizes (of immediate popular success), the "lucky hits," are much more apt to fall to coarser and more superficial talents, coupled with worldly enterprise, than to much finer powers, which feel, appreciate, aspire to what is highest, yet fall short of genius. The

new composer of a new opera, therefore, necessarily meets a sceptical public; or rather does not meet it at all; used to hearing the world-famous works, the public waits to be pre-convinced of the excellence of a thing, before it troubles itself to go out and listen to it. At least this is true of a half-musical American public, which only trusts, and is only tempted by either that which is "classical" or that which is "popular." Mr. Kielblock, therefore, might well take it as encouraging that the great Music Hall was more than half filled, last Saturday evening, with eager and respectful listeners to the first necessarily imperfect trial of his work. Among these was a very large delegation from New Bedford, whose interest in the occasion speaks exceedingly well for the estimation in which Mr. K. is held among his familiar friends and neighbors. Most of the audience testified their gratification, as the work proceeded, by looks and frequent applause, even to the end of a three hours' performance.

The impression of the music suffered from two causes, extrinsic to itself. In the first place, what was written for the stage was given as a Cantata, which of course made much of the recitative tedious, and robbed the whole of vitalizing dramatic explanations and connections. In the next place, the libretto, however fine poetically (and much of it was in the very words of Longfellow's admirable poem), seemed not entirely plastic in the hands of music. Some sentences and phrases sounded very oddly; thus Priscilla's "Why don't you speak for yourself, John," though treated as well as it could be, perhaps, in the only possible form, that of Recitative, seems to lie entirely out of the sphere of music; and many other verses were too complete as word-thoughts, to require or not to lose by musical interpretation. Some of the songs, a prayer, &c., expressly written by the librettist, were much to the purpose.

On the part of the performers, the thing did not much suffer. On the contrary, they for the most part did themselves and the composer credit. Much is due to the earnest rehearsals under CARL ZERRAHN, who gave his heart and best skill to the work of conducting. In the lady who sang the part of Priscilla, (Mrs. LIZZIE HEYWOOD) we had the fresh sensation of a new soprano voice of uncommon purity and beauty, and great compass; besides a natural, refined, easy way of using it, although there may be room for schooling; but the part of the Puritan maiden was simply and expressively presented. Mr. ADAMS, tenor, sang of course sweetly, although with not great energy (how far due to the music and how far due to him we feel not sure), the part of John Alden. Miles Standish had a German for a representative, Herr WEINLICH, with a powerful bass voice and a good singer. But his German accent aggravated the awkwardness of some of the recitative. "A wonderful man was this same Julius Caesar" sounded oddly, whereas in the poem it is simply quaint and characteristic. Mr. GEORGE WRIGHT gave the parts of Elder Brewster and the Captain of the Mayflower passably. The chorus, of near 200 voices, was excellent. The orchestra, too, was well at home in its work.

And now for the composition. Of course we do not fully trust the impression of a single hearing. We should say it was pleasing, striking, even beautiful in parts, and those occurring pretty frequently;



but that it seemed to lack central vitality, unity, proportion, and also directness, concentration, as a whole. There were many striking, beautiful beginnings which somehow ended in the vague, or in familiar sounding commonplaces, or seemed helplessly prolonged to tediousness. The most natural thing in the world, no doubt, with a first work. Equally natural was it that the music should seem to abound in reminiscences, should often sound exceedingly familiar. One writes of course, honestly, out of his own musical consciousness, his own musical life;—and how much that is made up of commingling vibrations of all the music one has heard and loved! Once in a while, very rarely, a positive original genius insinuates a new element of its own amid the reflected influences, and then we have a Beethoven, a Schubert, a Rossini. We cannot say the work contains no fresh ideas; at the same time we cannot say we felt the presence anywhere of a decided, new creative genius.

The work is melodious, flowing, smooth, for the most part, even to the point of seeming more Italian than German sometimes; or at least suggestive of that class of German composers, who are sometimes called Italian Germans,—the Lortzings, Flotows, Kückens, Abts, &c. Some of the concerted pieces, trios, &c., which were really pleasing and effective, struck us in this way. The best parts, to our ear, were the choruses; and those had so much life and vigor, that we could have wished one or two introduced nearer the beginning of the work. The chorus of sailors and people, opening the second part, was quite effective; and particularly the chorus: "Over the billows morning is dancing," interested by its buoyant, billowy rhythm.

There were not a few happy orchestral ideas. The first half of the overture, for instance, promised finely; the chorale strain by flutes and reeds alone, answered by the brass, making a good episode; but the last part seemed weak and common. The figurative accompaniment, where Priscilla is heard singing "Old Hundred" from within, was quite poetic, full of birds and blithe wood sounds. The agitated figure, too, kept up through the whole length of John Alden's first solo: "Must I relinquish," was suggestive of the tumult within, but grew monotonous by length. The orchestral introduction to the second part, scene by the sea shore, was striking, yet hardly continued so well as it began. One merit the work may claim, both in the instrumentation and the song parts, to-wit the absence of extravagances, of "new school" strainings after novelty by "o'erstepping the modesty of nature" and the bounds of Art. The worst sin seemed to lie in some indulgences in certain modern effects, which have grown to be commonplace, such as certain of the Verdi sort of dying harmonic cadences on the prolonged key-note (in the bass) after a period seems fairly ended.

Melodies of marked novelty or interest we cannot recall, although the work generally is melodious. The greatest fault however, of the opera, was excessive length, not merely as a whole, but length of almost every part, seeming as it were a chronic infirmity. It needs abridgement, concentration, pruning; especially for such undramatic mode of performance. The first of the three parts lasted more than an hour and a half, and it was a real refreshment when the chorus came in for the first time at the end of it. Miles Standish's first air: "Look at these arms," was long and wearisome, and empty. That could be spared, perhaps, to advantage. The tedium of the first part injured the impression of the second and third, which really seemed better written, more direct, sure, and to the purpose. Plainly the first part was overlabored; painfully and doubtfully worked out; the rest was written quickly and went more straightly to the mark. Here was skill gained upon the way, and this is certainly encouraging.

On the whole "Miles Standish" shows musical temperament and culture, a ready flow of ideas, whether original or not, a good deal of facility in the handling of instruments and voices, and poetic feeling and conception. Who has not heard many an

opera, by idols of the day, that contained less to interest one or to be commended? But most of the popular operas, however false or trashy, show a certain dramatic skill and directness, which we shall fear that this new work wants, until we shall be convinced to the contrary by a performance on the stage. Mr. Kielblock has surely done himself no little credit; and we trust he will give the public a better opportunity to judge his effort, by producing it again in a somewhat abridged and condensed form.

CARL ZERRAHN.—We trust we do not need to remind any good music-lover of the Complimentary Concert to our excellent Conductor, which comes off in the Music Hall to-night. We shall say nothing of the public debt to him, which all acknowledge. But just look at the programme. Can we afford to lose a chance of hearing Beethoven's warm and love-inspired Fourth Symphony, and his great overture to *Leonore*; together with the *Tannhäuser* overture, the choice part-songs by the Orpheus Glee Club, and Mrs. HARWOOD's singing?

ORCHESTRAL UNION. The twenty-third concert, last Wednesday afternoon, offered the following selections, which a large audience appeared richly to enjoy:

1. Symphony. No. 9. (First time in this country.) Mozart.
2. Waltz. Die Flotten, (by request.) Lanner.
3. Overture. Uriel Acosta. Schindelmesser.
4. Cavatina, from Bellario. Donizetti.  
Sung by Mr. C. R. Adams.
5. Polka. La Favorita. Strauss.
6. Soldier's Chorus. Prayer and Barcarole. From the North Star. Meyerbeer.
7. Galop. A Summer Night in Denmark. Lumbye.

The concert for next Wednesday is announced, we are sorry to say, as the last. Why not continue them indefinitely? Surely the public appetite has only grown with what it has fed on.

### The Diarist Abroad.

BERLIN, FEB. 17. — Concert of LAUB, the violin virtuoso, aided by LIEBIG's orchestra, DRETSCHOCK, the pianist, and Fraulein HESSE, a young Swedish singer. Laub is certainly one of the greatest of violinists. In the general estimation he bore the palm completely away from Vieuxtemps, who had just been giving concerts in one of the theatres, not only in the character of the music he played, but in the execution, the deep feeling and beautiful tone of his playing. This evening the grand piece was Beethoven's Concerto, the others show pieces, among them a prelude by Bach, a sufficient proof that they were not mere show pieces. Of violinists whom I have heard but one is before him, Joachim. Even in this case, the difference—judging from recollections now of four years' standing—is one not of execution but of style; Joachim's style being of the grand and majestic order, Laub's of the more beautiful and elegant. Hence, on the whole, I had rather hear Joachim play the Concerto, because his conception of it happens to please my taste more; others would prefer Laub's. A small, quiet, unpretending man is Laub, full of music and transfusing all he plays with his own feeling; his tone delicious, his execution wonderful; in all respects a greater player than I have ever heard in America. He has had offers to induce him to come to America, but none of them were such as he could accept without positive loss, since a few months in Russia and Holland are worth more to him than has been offered for a year in our country.

Feb. 25. I hear from Leipzig that several American students, among them a young lady, have withdrawn from the Conservatory, choosing the loss of the tuition (which they have paid for a year in advance) rather than to remain connected with the institution. I can of course record no ex parte statement of the questions at issue, cannot decide as to the wisdom and propriety of the step which they have taken; but, granting the facts as represented to me, without hearing what the directors have to reply, it is their wisest course. Certainly grave charges are made, and such that no American student should come there to the school, especially a young lady, without ample inquiry made and a satisfactory answer received.

My personal observations in Leipzig four or five years ago led me to the views several times expressed

in *Dwight's Journal*, that a young man or woman, who has already made considerable progress in music, would do better in all respects to make Berlin his or her place of study; while for quite young students, those who are at the early stages, the Conservatorium is the place—and this on the general ground of the advantages of pursuing a general course of study in a school with a corps of teachers over private instruction; just as I would have a young man in a law school a few terms before going into an office, so I would have a beginner in music in a music school at first. I wish, for the benefit of the many young men and women at home, who think of coming abroad to study music, that some one or more of those interested, would give the *Journal* the facts in the case, or at all events their statement, and thus give the other side an opportunity to reply if thought worth the while. For any young man or woman, who leaves home to go away three thousand miles and spend ten or twelve hundred dollars and two or three years' time, the question is one of grave importance.

March 4. In leaving Berlin a note is proper as to what our American musical students are doing. FAINE is still at work perfecting himself in organ playing and composition. Howe, of Brookfield, Mass., after overcoming the evils of acclimating himself to wet, gloomy, disagreeable winter weather, is taking up the organ with the energy which promises success; and PEASE, of Cleveland, O., is making rapid and excellent progress, I learn, in mastering the pianoforte. These are all the musical students, whom I saw, but I believe the number is to be increased in the course of the spring. A. W. T.

## Music Abroad.

### Germany.

LEIPZIG.—The operas performed in the month of January were: *Santa Chiara*, by the Duke of Gotha; "Merry wives of Windsor," Nicolai; "Jewess," Halevy; *Zauberflöte*, Mozart; *Prophète*, Meyerbeer; *Freyshütz*, Weber; *Der Tempel und die Jüdin*, Marschner; the "Vale of Andorra," Halevy; *La Dame Blanche*, Boieldieu; *Belmonte und Constantza*, Mozart; *Don Juan*, Mozart; *Undine*, Lortzing;—in all 12 operas in 12 performances.

Mme. Bürde-Ney sang at the 12th Gewandhaus concert a scena and aria by Beethoven, and Mendelssohn's *Lorelei* finale. The orchestral pieces were the overtures to *Leonore* (Beethoven) and to the story of "the fair Melusina" (Mendelssohn), and Schumann's first symphony (in B flat); also a concert piece for chorus and orchestra, called *Frühlings-Botschaft* (Message of Spring), by Gade.

In the 14th concert the selections were: Symphony No. 12, Haydn; Adagio and Rondo from Chopin's E minor Concerto, played by Fräulein Jenny Herling; Overture, Scherzo and Finale, by Schumann; Symphony, No. 4, Beethoven.—In the 15th Concert: overture (op. 115), Beethoven; Recitative and Aria from Carafa's *Val de Chambre*, and Schubert's *Wanderer*, by Herr Julius Stieckhausen; Spohr's 9th violin Concerto, by Herr Lauterbach, from Munich; Songs, by Robert Schumann; and Rubinstein's "Ocean" symphony.

BERLIN.—At the last symphony concert of the Royal band, the music to *Orpheus* was performed. Notwithstanding the favorable manner in which it was received, I cannot call the choice judicious. Gluck's music is always beautiful, but the scenic effects are absolutely necessary. Those who had often heard the work within the same walls in its entirety, could not feel perfectly satisfied with the result. The whole opera would, I presume, have been given, were Mdle. Johanna Wagner not temporarily incapacitated from taking her rôle. The other pieces were Mendelssohn's magnificent overture to *Ruy Blas*, and Beethoven's second symphony. It need scarcely be added that everything was superbly executed. With such a band, and Taubert at its head, it could not well be otherwise.

The Dom-Chor has been giving three extra *soirees*, which have only served to strengthen my opinion as to the incomparable excellence of this renowned body of choristers. The chief director (Neithardt) is suffering from severe indisposition, and the choir may flatter itself that its second director (Herr von Herzberg) is no unworthy substitute. The following was the programme of the last concert:—

1. Gloria. . . . . Palestrina.
2. Crucifixus. . . . . Palestrina.
3. Agnus Dei. . . . . Caldara.

4. Sonata, Op. 29, G major. . . . . Beethoven.  
 5. Requiem Aeternam. . . . . Nre. Jonell.  
 6. Motet. . . . . J. S. Bach.  
 7. Chorus. . . . . Melchior Frank.  
 8. Motet. . . . . Schicht.  
 9. Sonata, Op. 70 (Le Retour à Paris). . . . . Dusek.  
 10. Ave Verum. . . . . Mozart.

A young composer had just been introduced to the public, whose future career, if rumor is to be credited, will be worth looking to. He is called Heinrich Bellerman, son of the professor of that name. He directed a number of his own compositions in the Sing-Akademie, the chief of which was a setting of Goethe's *Mahomed*.

More important for the musical world, however, than Bellerman's production, is Herr Blumer's new oratorio, *Abraham*, which was performed, for the first time, on Thursday last, and which is to be repeated this evening. A detailed account of the performance we must postpone till our next, and will dismiss it now by saying, that it has been unusually well received; in fact the critics are unanimous in its praise.

At the Royal Opera nothing new. Graf Redern's *Christine* was, however, given on Sunday, for the third time, with the substitution of Madame Köster for Mdle. Wagner as the heroine. The change has given great satisfaction; and will in all probability save the opera from a doom we most sincerely believe it does not deserve. At the Victoria Theatre, Mdle. Artot continues to attract full houses. *Il Barbiere* has given place to *Rigoletto*, in which Signor Carrion is very effective. There is a sad want of good male singers at the opera, particularly of tenors and basses.—*Corr. London Musical World, March 8.*

VIENNA.—Two main stays of sound musical taste in this city are the "Philharmonic Concerts," and "Hellmesberger's Quartet Soirées." The latter are said to be models in their kind, both in selections and in execution. The Philharmonic Concerts are given by the orchestra of the opera under Carl Eckert's direction. Their selections have been mainly from well-known classical works, as symphonies of Mozart, Mendelssohn, and especially Beethoven. But Schumann, says the *Signale*, is the name of greatest musical influence in Vienna.—Schumann, who 20 years ago was only known there as the husband of the wonderful pianiste Clara Wieck. The programme of the third Philharmonic Concert contained Schumann's Overture, Scherzo and Rondo, op. 52; and Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony. Something from Handel was to be given the next time.

Clara Schumann gave three subscription concerts here in March. She is still as uncompromising as ever in the classical purity of her programmes. On the first evening she played her husband's D minor Trio (with Herren Hellmesberger and Röver); Beethoven's Sonata in C, op. 53; and R. Schumann's series of little pieces called the *Carnaval* (*Scènes mignonnes*). The intervals were filled up by songs of Schubert and Schumann, sung by Fräulein Krauss.

In the third of Herbeck's "Gesellschafts-Concerts," Liszt's *Prometheus* Symphony provoked a warm battle between the clappers and the hissers. The most opposite thing possible, Mozart's G minor Symphony, was placed in the same programme. . . . Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" was soon to be brought out at the Court theatre.

### London.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE was to open with Italian Opera on the 10th of April. These are the attractions held up in the manager's prospectus:

ENGAGEMENTS.—Mdle. Piccolomini (her farewell nights previous to her final retirement from the stage). Mdle. Vaneri, Madame Laura Baxter, Mdle. Maria Brunetti (from the Grand Opera Paris, her first appearance in this country), and Madame Alboni; Mdle. Lotti della Santa (her first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre), Mdle. Dell'Anese, Mdle. Nardi, and Madame Maria Cabel (Prima Donna of the Opera Comique, Paris); Madame Borghi Mamo (her first appearance in this country,) and Mdle. Titiens; Signor Mongini, Signor Belart, Signor Corsi, Signor Mercuriali, Signor Soldi, Signor Giuglini, Signor Everardi (of the Imperial Italian Operas of Vienna and St. Petersburg, his first appearance in this country), Signor Aldighieri, Signor Fellar, (his first appearance,) and Signor Sebastiano Ronconi, (of the Regio, Turin, La Pergola, Florence, &c.); Signor Gossier, Signor Castelli, and Signor

Violetti. Directors of the music, Composers and Conductors—Mr. Benedict and Signor Ardit. Principal Violins—Herr Molique, and Mr. Henry Blagrove. Leader of the Ballet—Signor Bolilli (Musical Director for the Theatre Bologna.) The Military Band of the Grenadier Guards, under the direction of Mr. D. Godfrey. Suggestore—Signor Fontana. Regisseur—Signor Grus. The carefully selected and highly trained Chorus under the direction of Signor Vaschetti. The Corps de Ballet will include several additions from the continental theatres.

It is the intention of the management to produce during the season the following:—Weber's grand romantic opera of *Oberon*, which has been for a long time in active preparation, and will be produced on a scale and with a completeness worthy of this great work. The minor as well as the principal parts will be effectively filled. The scenery and dresses are being prepared with great care, and will present features of special interest. The whole will be produced under the immediate superintendence of J. R. Planché, Esq., Author of the Libretto, by whom several changes and modifications have been made, while the whole of the original music has been carefully preserved. The recitative expressly arranged by M. Benedict, pupil of the composer of this great work. Beethoven's *Fidelio*, Leonora, Mdle. Titiens. A new and original opera by Maestro Campana, in which Mdle. Piccolomini will appear. Rossini's opera of *Otello*.—In consequence of the enthusiastic reception accorded to Mme. Borghi Mamo, at the Italian Opera in Paris, the above opera will be produced early in the season, with the following cast:—Otello, Signor Mongini; Rodrigo, Signor Corso; Elmiro, Signor Vialetti; Iago, Signor Everardi; Desdemona, Mme. Borghi Mamo. And about the middle of May, Rossini's *Semiramide*, with the following powerful cast:—Semiramide, Mdle. Titiens (her first appearance in that character); Arsace, Madame Alboni (her first appearance this season); Idreno, Signor Belart; Oreo, Signor Vialetti; and Assur, Signor Everardi. Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro*, with an unprecedented cast. Also Weber's opera of *Der Freischütz*, in which Signor Mongini and Mdle. Titiens will sustain the principal characters. Mdle. Brunetti will arrive at the end of April, and make her first appearance at the early part of May, in Verdi's opera of *Rigoletto*. Madame Alboni will make her first appearance about the middle of May, as Arsace in *Semiramide*. Mdle. Titiens will appear on the opening night Tuesday, April 10, in conjunction with Signor Giuglini. Madame Borghi Mamo will make her first appearance in this country on Thursday, April 12, as Leonora, in *La Favorite*. Madame Marie Cabel (from the Imperial Opera Comique, Paris,) will appear during the season in several of her favorite characters. The season will commence on Tuesday, April 10, when will be performed (for the first time at this theatre) Flotow's admired opera of *Martha*. Lionello, Signor Giuglini (his first appearance this season); Plumkett, Signor Vialetti; Lord Triestino, Signor Sebastian Ronconi; Nancy, Mdle. Vaneri; Lady Henrietta, Mdle. Titiens (her first appearance this season). On Thursday, April 12th, *La Favorite*. Fernando, Signor Giuglini; Alfonso, Signor Everardi (his first appearance); Baldassare, Signor Vialetti; Leonora, Mdle. Borghi Mamo (her first appearance). On Saturday, 14th April, will be performed Verdi's opera of *Il Trovatore*, Manrico, Signor Giuglini; Ferrando, [Signor Vialetti]; Conte di Luna, Signor Aldighieri; Azucena, Madame Borghi Mamo; Leonora, Mdle. Titiens.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—The season closed with March, and with continued success of *Lurline*. In a valedictory address of the managers (Louisa Pyne and Wm. Harrison) their achievements are summed up as follows:

"In three seasons we have produced four English operas and one operetta by native composers, namely—*The Rose of Castille* and *Satanella*, by Mr. Balfe; *Victorine*, by Mr. Alfred Mellon; *Romance*, by Mr. Henry Leslie; and *Lurline*, by Mr. Vincent Wallace. Also *Martha* and *Dinorah*, and a *répertoire* to whose merits the public approbation has been the best test.

"Again we request English composers, who have works complete, or in a state of preparation, to acquaint us with the same, in order that we may make our arrangements accordingly.

"We have been the means of introducing to the English operatic stage the following English artists: Miss Parepa, Miss Corelli, Miss Pilling, Miss Thirlwall, Miss Fanny Cruise, Mr. Santley, Mr. Ferdinand and Glover (an artist whose love we much deplore), Mr. Patey, Mr. Grattan Kelly, Mr. Wallworth, Mr. Honey, &c., &c. During the three seasons we have expended, for artists, authors, rent, &c., the sum of £79,788.

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MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

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One of Gordigiani's popular Neapolitan Songs, one of the songs that is heard sung and hummed in the streets of gay and sunny Naples, full of life and mirth.

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Adapted to the beautiful melody of "Loreley." Very easy.

God bless the sailor on the sea. *B. Covert. 25*

Will have a large sale, like the same author's fine song, "Jangle's on the stormy sea."

This heart of mine. (Das arme Herz) *Reichardt. 25*

A gem. This is a song of that class which Stigall renders so finely.

On the mountain's airy summit. *Kücken. 25*

A joyous melody after the Tyrolean pattern, for voices of moderate compass. Will do for very young beginners.

By the banks of the Genesee river. Song and chorus. *R. S. Taylor. 25*

A good minstrel song with an effective chorus.

Across there at the window. Song with Violoncello (or Flute or Violin or Cornet) obligato. *Mähring. 25*

A charming little song, first introduced by Mrs. Harwood at Mr. Kieberg's concert a fortnight ago, and repeated by her to-night at Zerrahn's benefit. Just the thing to delight everybody. Easy for voice and instruments.

#### Instrumental Music.

Victory Polka. *J. Wright. 10*

Reminiscences militaires. Polka brillante. *C. W. Sanderson. 25*

Marion Polka. *L. O. Emerson. 25*

Le Billet doux Polka Masurka. *H. Prince. 50*

Come into the garden, Mand. Transcription. *Brinley Richards. 40*

A charming arrangement of Balfe's popular song, which has met with as much favor in England as the song itself.

#### Books.

THE NEW GERMANIA. A collection of the most favorite Operatic Airs, Marches, Polkas, Waltzes, Quadrilles, and Melodies of the day. Arranged in an easy and familiar style for four, five, and six instruments. By B. A. Burditt. 1,25

A very desirable collection of instrumental music; one that the musical community have long required, and one for which the thousands of small bands and amateur clubs throughout the country will be very thankful. The Melodies are of that class which the great mass of the people, both as performers and listeners, at once adopt as their own and stamp as "favorites." They are very finely arranged, and, as the title indicates, in a style easy, familiar and acceptable to all. Mr. Burditt has been long and favorably known as the leader of one of the best Bands in this city, and as a composer and arranger of this class of music. His long experience has enabled him to determine correctly as to what was wanted in a collection of this kind, and how it was wanted; he has therefore acted understandingly in the preparation of this volume.

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 420.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 4.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Letters on Musical Subjects.

VI.

### MUSIC A LANGUAGE. — SONATA IN E FLAT BY BEETHOVEN.

*My Dear Friend,*—In my last letter to you I made the statement, that music, though speaking to our feelings directly, without the aid of the understanding, and in its expression not necessarily following a logical order, (as shown in the G major Sonata, op. 14, No. 2), may yet depict emotions in an order so logical, that the understanding may reduce them to words. Such works present the closest union of the feelings and the understanding, and by thus summing up the principal and ruling powers in the nature of man, show us the Art of Music in its highest and ultimate development.

Such a work we have in the E flat major Sonata, op. 81, by Beethoven, which he entitled "*Les Adieux, l'Absence et le Retour.*" The origin of it, or rather the time and ruling events in Beethoven's life leading to it, are not known to me. But the meaning is nevertheless clear, though we are not able to prove how the work was rooted in Beethoven's life. A speedy publication of his life, for which the "*Diarist*" has been collecting materials so long and with so much indefatigable zeal might help us to find out its connection with Beethoven's own experience. Fortunately we do not need such an explanation. The poet speaks to us in Nature's own tones, unmistakeably; and our sympathy as well as our understanding are equally interested in the development of the beautiful work.

The Sonata opens with a thoughtful Adagio, two-four time, E flat major, which is the Introduction. Its first two measures contain the principal motives of the first and second movements of the Sonata. The first three tones (in the intervals of a Third, a Fifth, and a Sixth) are the music to the title of the movement: "*Lebewohl,*" fare thee well. This motive we shall meet frequently in all the various gradations from loving tenderness to bitter anguish. M 2 in inversion we shall find again as the principal motive of movement two. This introduction, beginning cheerfully, immediately changes to plaintive questions, as if the loving woman were asking: "Must you go; can not you stay with me here, where arms of love embrace you?" It closes *pianissimo*.

You may remember an engraving, representing a young wife tying the white ribbon around the arm of her Huguenot husband, who is about leaving her, never to return. There you have these 16 measures represented by the hand of the painter. It is the same sad, loving face, tenderly looking up to the man of her heart; our poet made it speak her love and anguish.

In the first two measures the *Allegro*, 2-2 time, bursts forth in bitter grief, calmed down in trusting and loving chords in m 3 and 4. Measures

5-15 express the loving emotions, that chase away that first grief, which however, is to return presently. M. 16-18 lead to a mournful duet of the lovers which in both parts repeats the motive first of the introduction, changing in m 30-33 to assuring tenderness. Half in grief and half in love m 34-41 represent the mixed feeling so natural at parting, and in m 42-49 the part closes, followed in 50-53 by that first motive leading back to the beginning. After the repetition follows the second part, m 54-95, which is shorter than usual, and, like the second part of the last movement, quiet instead of being full of motion and increased life. The reason is obvious. With artistic taste and true to nature the poet here represents the height of grief, as in the last movement the sum of bliss, both of which are silent, by soft, sweet sighs, and by happiest, tenderest forgetfulness of self in the embrace of each other in the last movement. Hence the character and size of the second parts of both movements. Thus this second part consists of the first motive accompanied by the second, which in the Introduction and in the second movement is so expressive of grief and sorrow, mostly on diminished seventh chords. Only in measures 74 and 76 the Soprano sighs out a sweet lament, and in 77-79, diminishing from a forte, the single assuring phrase in this part occurs, similar to m 1-4. The rest to m 93 is grief, sighing, almost sobbing. After two leading over measures the third part repeats the first to m 147 entire, and in m 148-166 the m 1-11 of the same part come in again, when they are followed by the Coda m 167-241. The violence, the bitterness, the desolation of grief are yet moderated, and so represented in this movement, by the presence of the departing friend. And the painful emotions are charmed away by the hope of his return. He is not going to leave forever; these eyes shall yet rest on his beloved face, these arms shall yet embrace the dear form, this heart yet beat against the heart of the returning friend. And so sweet hope mingles with the parting "*Lebewohl,*" fare thee well. This the Coda says, when that first motive is accompanied by cheerful, loving runs now in the bass, now in the treble. The pen despairs of describing all the shades of feeling, which the music sings out in most perfect truthfulness. Not even the inspired poet were able to fill us with those emotions, which the tones excite in every sympathetic heart. And thus, without attempting any further description, I leave it to you, my dear friend, to feel the love and the sorrow, the doubts and the assurance, which the tone-poet sings out in sweetest tones, and which will wake an echo in your own bosom. I remark in conclusion, that Beethoven with perfect consciousness and fitness, makes strange chords mingle, as those farewells mingle in one accent though uttered by two voices. You will at once see these Dominant and Tonic chords sounding together in m 18-20. Critics (they severely remarked of course on this violation of harmonic laws, when the work was first pub-

lished) do not always feel the truth of nature. The feeling, sympathetic heart does.

It would be equally useless to attempt a description of the second movement of the Sonata, headed, "*Die Abwesenheit (l'Absence),*" *Andante espressivo*, C minor, 2-4 time. It is not even necessary to state the two elements that make up the movement, utter desolation of grief and tenderest, most loving remembrance of the absent friend. The meaning is obvious. And yet it takes a heart well skilled in bearing ill, a heart that had to suffer bitterest anguish at the hands of Fate, a heart rich in experience and in sorrows, to feel all the grief, all the love, that speak to us in this movement. Alas! he had suffered much himself. Alone, with his soul burning with love for a being, he might call his own; alone, after he had loved so deeply and tenderly, with no one to share his joys, to bear his troubles with him: a lonely man and well versed in sorrows, he might write such a lay. Here is a counterpart to his "*Adelaide*" or to the *Allegretto* from the eighth Symphony. In m 1-36 those contrasting emotions are described. The principal motive of the movement fills the m 37-42.

These last six measures lead over without a stop to the last movement entitled "*Das Wiedersehen (Le Retour)*" in 6-8 time, *Vivacissimamente* in E flat major. An introduction m 1-10 ascending and descending on the Dominant-seventh chord in quickest, impetuous runs fitly represents the whirl of an overwhelming joy at meeting again. A simple motive of three notes alternating on a few chords, now sung by the Soprano, then by the Basso, the latter accompanied by a graceful figure in the Soprano in m 11-28 and runs on the Tonic and Dominant chords in m 29-36 picture the loving joyous emotions of the re-united couple. Short tones on two chords m, 37-44, much like joy too full for coherent speech, represent the feeling naturally following the first outburst of blissful happiness, that namely of half doubtful, half assured certainty. "Is it you, yourself again?" they seem to ask. As if sobbing with very bliss, the Soprano in short and tender cries accompanies the same chords in m 45-52. Here a melody of simplest structure, counting two measures only, enters, which represents the feeling of being one-in-one again, sweetly, dreamily. It is a duetto, the voices proceeding in contrary motion, and is accompanied by a trill in the middle in m 53-56. A cadence on quick runs m 57-60, leads to the same sweet melody m 61-64, followed by the same cadence, this time in the basso, and is succeeded by a phrase calling back the tender longings of the time of separation most feelingly, m 69-72. Four measures, melody and harmony the same as in those sweet measures 84 and 85 from "*Adelaide,*" on the words: "One day, O wonder, on my grave a flower will spring from the ashes of my heart," follow, an expression naturally of the same loving emotions; and in m 77-81 strong runs form a satisfactory close to the first part.

The second part of necessity assumes a more quiet character, since the first and third parts of this movement are so full of motion. It begins in *m* 83—88 with similar doubts and reassurance, as we found in *m* 37—44 of the first part, leading over in a most simple and loving succession of chords *m* 89—94 to the same sweet melody we found in the first part *m* 53—56. In *m* 104—110 the second part closes and is followed by the third, which in more animated treatment repeats all of the first part to *m* 177. In this *m* the *Coda* begins *poco Andante*, repeating in *m* 177—185 the motive of *m* 11 in various harmonic changes, simple and in loving thirds; *m* 186—191 bring a variation on the same motive. It is a thoughtful, blissful reverie as it were; and lovingly, as if a symbol of the happy reunion, in contrary motion, yearning for each other, the chords ascending and descending towards each other in thirds and fourths pause on the dominant-seventh in 191 *poco ritardando*, whence in the original quick tempo the piece comes to a happy close in *m* 197.

Here we have a poem of the most perfect truthfulness to nature, in noblest expression describing a succession of emotions as they necessarily follow and derive from, one another. So two hearts feel in actual life at parting, in separation and on their blissful reunion again. There is a psychological necessity in the succession of those feelings; and this series may be represented in words or it may form a subject for the brush of the artist or the chisel of the sculptor.

This work is one of those, as I said at the beginning of the letter, that show us the two sides of the nature of man, sentiment and understanding in closest transubstantiation, in oneness; one of those boundary stones of the Art, to overstep which is impossible.

I might have chosen for illustration almost any of the Quatuors of Haydn and one of the last by Beethoven; or a Symphony by Mozart, such as for instance the lovely first, contrasting it with the third or fifth or seventh or ninth of Beethoven. But not knowing whether they would be as accessible to you as these Sonatas, I made them serve my purpose.

In the next letter we may try to find the elementary forms made use of to express a sentiment, and speak of the manner in which to find them, to make them apparent to the eye and through it to the understanding. Meanwhile I am, as ever, your friend,

G. A. SCHMITT.  
Cambridge, April 7th, 1860.

### Review of Marx's Beethoven.

(From the Atlantic Monthly.)

Ludwig van Beethoven. *Leben und Schaffen*. Herausgegeben von Adolph Bernhard Marx. 2 vols. 8vo. Berlin, 1859. pp. 379, 389.

Beethoven died March 26, 1827, and thirty years passed away without any satisfactory biography of him. The notices and anecdotes of Seyfried, (1832,) Wegeler, and Ries, (1838,) the somewhat more extended sketch by Schindler, (1840, second edition 1845,) and what in various forms, often of very doubtful veracity, appeared from time to time in periodical publications, musical and other, remained the only sources of information respecting the great master, and the history of his works, available to the public, even the German public. Wegeler's "Notizen" are indispensable for the early history of the composer; Schindler's "Biographie," for that of his later years. Careful scrutiny has failed to detect any important error in the statements of the former, or in those of the latter, where he professedly speaks from personal knowledge. Schindler is one of the best-abused men in Germany,—perhaps has given sufficient occasion for it,—but we must bear this tes-

timony to the value of his work, unsatisfactory as it is. Seyfried and Ries give little more than personal reminiscences of a period ending some twenty-five or thirty years before they wrote. The one is always careless; the other died too suddenly to give his hastily written anecdotes revision. Both must be corrected (as they may easily be, but have not yet been) by contemporaneous authorities. Their errors are constantly repeated in the biographical articles upon Beethoven which we find in the Encyclopædias, with one exception, the article in the "New American," published by the Appletons.

A life of Beethoven, founded upon a careful digest of these writers, combined with the materials scattered through other publications,—even though no original researches were made,—was still a desideratum, when the very remarkable work upon Mozart, by the Russian, Alexander Oulibichef, appeared, and aroused a singular excitement in the German musical circles through the real or supposed injustice towards Beethoven into which the hero-worship of the author had led him. We had hoped that now some one of the great master's countrymen would give us something worthy of him; but the excitement expended itself in pamphlets and articles in periodicals, in which as little was done for Beethoven's history as was effected against the views of Oulibichef.

Another Russian, however, Wilhelm von Lenz, came to the rescue in two works,—*"Beethoven et ses trois Styles,"* (2 vols. 8vo. St. Petersburg, 1852,) and *"Beethoven, eine Kunststudie,"* (2 vols. 12mo. Cassel, 1855). A very feeble champion, this Herr von Lenz. The first of his two works—in French, rather of the Stratford-at-Bow order,—consists principally of an "Analyse des Sonates de Piano" of Beethoven, in which these works are indeed much talked about, but not analyzed. The author, an amateur, has plenty of zeal, but unluckily, neither the musical knowledge nor the critical skill for his self-imposed task. We mention this book only because the second volume closes with a "Catalogue critique, chronologique, et anecdotique," in which the author has, with great industry and care, and for the first time, brought together the principal historical notices of Beethoven's works, scattered through the pages of the books above noticed and the fifty quarto volumes of the "Leipziger Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung."

The first volume of *"Beethoven, eine Kunststudie"* is a "Leben des Meisters," a mere sketch, made up from the same works as the "Catalogue," with a very few additions from other sources. As a biographer, Lenz fails as signally as in his capacity of critic. Much original matter, from one living so far away, was not to be expected; but he has made no commendable use of the printed authorities which he had at hand. His style is bombastic and feeble; there is neither a logical nor a chronological progress to his narrative; moreover, he is not always trustworthy, even in matters personal to himself;—at all events, a very interesting account of a meeting between him and Mendelssohn, at the house of Moscheles in London,—apropos of nothing,—has called out a letter from the latter in a Leipzig musical journal, in which the whole story is declared to be without foundation. In our references to Lenz, we shall consider his "Catalogue" and his "Leben des Meisters" as complements to each other, and forming a single work.

Lenz's *"Beethoven et ses trois Styles"* was avowedly directed against Oulibichef, and called out a reply from that gentleman, with the title, *"Beethoven, ses Critiques et ses Glossateurs,"* (8vo. Paris and Leipzig, 1857,) in which poor Lenz is annihilated, but which makes no pretensions to biographical value. It contains, indeed, a sketch of the master's life; it is but a sketch, so highly colored, such a mere painting of Beethoven as he existed in the author's fancy,—not in real life,—as to convey a most false idea of him and of his fortunes. The introduction is an admirable sketch of the progress of music during the first twenty-five years of the present century,—a supplement to his famous view of modern music in his work upon Mozart. His analyses of such of Beethoven's works as met his approbation are masterly and unrivalled, save by certain articles from the pens of Hoffmann and our own writer Dwight. With the later works of the composer Oulibichef had no sympathy. Haydn and Mozart had given him his standards of perfection. We can forgive Beethoven, when at times he rises above all forms and rules in seeking new means of expression; Oulibichef could not.

But it is not endless discussions of Beethoven's works which the public—at all events, our public—demands. We wish his biography,—the history of his life. What has been given us does but whet the appetite. We wish to have the many original sources, still sealed to us, explored, and the results of

this labor honestly given us. None of the writers above-mentioned have been in a position to do this, and their publications are but materials for the use of the true biographer, when he shall appear.

It was therefore with a pleasure as great as it was unexpected, that we saw, some months since, the announcement of the volumes named at the head of this article. They now lie before us. We have given them a very careful examination, and shall now endeavor to do them full justice, granting them much more space than has yet been accorded to them in any German publication which has come under our notice, because out of Germany the reputation of the author is far greater than at home,—whether upon the old principle, that the "prophet is not without honor," etc., we hope hereafter to make clear.

Some particulars respecting Dr. Marx may find place here, as proving that from no man, perhaps, have we the right to expect so much, in a biography of Beethoven, as from him. We draw them mostly from Schilling's *"Encyclopædie der gesammten musikalischen Wissenschaft,"* Vol. IV., Stuttgart, 1841,—a work which deserves to be better known in our country. It is worthy of note, that in this work, of which Mozart fills eight pages, Handel, Bach, Haydn, and Beethoven seven to seven and a half each, Gluck six and a quarter, Meyerbeer four, and Weber four and a half, Marx, eighteen years since, occupied five.

Adolph Bernhard Marx was born at Halle, Nov. 17, 1799, and, like so many of the distinguished musicians of recent times, is of Jewish descent. He studied at the University of his native city, choosing the law for his profession, but making music the occupation of his leisure hours,—the well-known contrapuntist, Türk, being his instructor in musical theory and composition. "He [Türk] soon saw whom he had before him, and told Marx at once that he was born to be a musician."\*

Soon after finishing his legal studies, Marx removed to Berlin, as the place where he could best enjoy the means of artistic culture. "For one quite without fortune, merely to live in a strange city demands great strength of character; but to go farther and fit one's self for a career and for a position in the future, which even under the best auspices is of very difficult attainment, and beside all this, to have others dependent upon him for the necessities of life,—what a burden to bear! . . . By a very intellectual system of instruction in singing and in composition, and, at a later period (1824—31,) by editing the 'Berliner Allgemeine Musik-zeitung,' and several theoretical and practical musical works, he earned the means of subsistence. Never was a periodical more conscientiously edited. It was for Marx like an official station, and his seven years upon that paper were in fact a preparation for the position of Public Teacher, to which in 1830 he was appointed, in the University at Berlin, after having declined a judicial position offered to him, with a fair salary, in one of the provinces. Honorably has he since that period filled his station, however great the pains which have been taken in various quarters that it should not be said of him, 'Virtus post nummos!'"\*\*

"The diploma of Doctor of Music Marx received from the University at Marburg; and thereupon (?) obtained the greatest applause for a course of lectures, in part strictly scientific for the musician, and in part upon the history of music, its philosophy, etc.; also, as Music-Director of the University, he has brought (1841) the academic choir into such a flourishing state, both as to numbers and skill, as to be adequate to the most difficult music."†

Again we read,—*"We remember, that, some time since, Fétis, at Paris, pointed out Marx as the one who had introduced the philosophy of Kant into music."* Were this so, so much the more credit to Marx, who, at that time, we are informed, had never studied the works of the philosopher of Königsberg, and his basing music upon the Kantian philosophy is therefore but a proof of the profundity of his genius.

From the same article we extract the following list of his productions:—1. A work on Singing, in three parts; the second and third of which "contain throughout admirable and novel remarks." 2. "Maigrass" (Maygreeting). "This pamphlet, humorous and delicate, yet powerfully written," calls attention to certain novel views of its author in regard to music. 3. Articles in the "Cécilia," a musical periodical. 4. Essay on Handel's works. 5. A work on Composition. 6. Several biographies and other articles in Schilling's Encyclopædia,—indeed, all the articles signed A. B. M." 7. Editions of several of Bach's and Handel's works. To these we may now add his extensive treatise upon Musical Science, in four volumes, his "Music in the Nineteenth Century," and the work which is now before us.

\*Article in Schilling.

†Ibid.



Of musical compositions we find the following noticed:—1. Music to Goethe's "Jery und Bätely,"—which, in theatrical parlance, was shockingly *damméd*;—but then "its author had made many enemies as editor of the 'Musikalische Zeitung,' and the singers and actors embraced this opportunity of revenge." 2. Music to the melodrama, "Die Rache wartet," (Vengeance waits,) by Willibald Alexis, the scenes of which are laid in Poland at the time of Napoleon's fatal Russian expedition. "This background was the theme of the music, which consisted of a little more than the overture and *entr'actes*, but was held by musicians of note to be both grand and profound. The character of the campaign of 1812, especially, was given in the overture with terrible truth of expression. Still, however, the work *did not succeed*." 3. "Undine's Greeting," text by Fouqué, with a festive symphony, composed on the occasion of the marriage of the present Prince Regent of Prussia. This was also damned,—but then, it was badly executed! 4. Symphony,—*"The Fall of Warsaw,"*—still manuscript. "The music paints most touchingly the rash, superficial, chivalrous character of the Poles, their love of freedom amid the thunder of cannon, their terrible fall in the bloody defeat, their solitary condition on strange soil, the awful judgment that fell upon that people." We are sorry to add, that the Berlin orchestras will not play this work,—preferring Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven. 5. A Choral and Organ Book,—*"one of Marx's most interesting works."* 6. "Nahib,"—a series of songs, the music of which "is gentle, tender, and full of Oriental feeling." 7. "John the Baptist," an oratorio,—twice performed by the University choir in one of the churches of Berlin. "A great charm is found in the peculiar sharpness of characterization which distinguishes this music. The solos and choruses, being held throughout in spirited declamation,—the music not being aggravated in conventional tone-masses, but developed vigorously after the sense of the text,—are distinguished from those in the works of recent composers." Unfortunately for Marx, the public preferred the solos and choruses of such recent composers as Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, and Schumann to his. A few songs and hymns completed the list of his works at that time.

"At present," (1841,) says our authority, "Marx is laboring upon an oratorio, 'Moses,' for which he long since made studies, and which in its profound conception of character will have but few equals."

The "Moses" was long since finished, and was performed in several places; but the public has not proved alive to its merits, and it fares no better than did Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in its nonage.

We have perhaps quoted somewhat too largely from the article in Schilling; but have thought so much necessary to give the reader the basis of the great reputation which Marx has, particularly in England and the United States;—for, singular as the fact may appear, we are unable to recall the name of any young composer who has appeared and gained any considerable degree of success, since Marx began to teach, whom he can claim as his pupil. Most of the younger generations are from the schools of Hauptmann, Haupt, Dehn, the Schneiders, and the Vienna and Prague professors. Marx's reputation, then, is that of an author,—a writer upon music.

There is one fact, however, worthy of mention in regard to the article from which we have quoted, which, while it exhibits the modesty of Marx,—modesty, the ornament of true greatness,—may (or may not) add weight to the extracts we have made from it,—namely, that the article was written for Schilling by Marx himself.

We have, then, a man of three-score years, whose youth and early manhood fell in the period of Beethoven's greatest efforts and fame; a musician by profession, and composer, but, through "the opposition of singers and musicians and the scandalous journalism" of Berlin, forced from the path of composition into that of the science and literature of the art; for thirty years lecturer on the history and philosophy of music; professor of the art in the first of German universities, a position, both social and professional, which gives him command of all the sources of information; dweller in a city which possesses one of the finest musical libraries in the world, that, too, in which the bulk of the Beethoven papers are preserved,—a city, moreover, in which more than in any other the more profound works of the master are studied and publicly performed. Certainly, from no man living have we the right to expect so much, as biographer of Beethoven, as from this man.

We have no extravagant ideas of the value of the so-called Conversation-Books of Beethoven. We are aware that they seldom contain anything from the hand of the master himself,—being made up, of course, of what people had to say to him; but one

hundred and thirty-eight such books—though in many cases but a sheet or two of foolscap doubled together, generally filled with mere lead-pencil scribbling, now by his brother, now by the nephew, then by Schindler or the old housekeeper, upon money matters and domestic arrangements, but often by artists, poets, and literary men, not only of Vienna, but in some cases even from England, and in one from America—must contain a great mass of matter, which places one amidst those by whom the master was surrounded, makes one to "know his goings-out and his comings-in," and occasionally facts of high importance in the study of his character, and the circumstances in which he spent his last years. For some twelve years these books have been in Berlin and at the disposal of Marx. The numerous files of musical periodicals and the mass of musical biography and recent musical history preserved in the Royal Library must be of inestimable value to the writer on Beethoven,—a value which Marx must fully appreciate, both from his former labors as editor, and his more recent ones as contributor of biographical articles to Schilling's Encyclopædia.

As we take up this new life of Beethoven, then, the measure of our expectations is the reputation of the author, plus the means, the materials, at his command. And certainly the first impression made by these two goodly volumes is a very favorable one; for, making due allowance for the music scattered through them with not too lavish a hand, by way of examples, we have still some six hundred solid pages of reading matter,—space enough in which to answer many a vexed question, clear up many a dark point, give us the results of widely extended researches, and place Beethoven the Man and the Composer before us in "Leben und Schaffen,"—in his life and his labors.

In the first cursory glance through the work, we were struck by an apparent disproportion of space allotted to different topics, and have taken some pains to examine to how great an extent this disproportion really exists. We find that in the first volume, four works,—the First, Second, and Third Symphonies and the opera "Leonore" or "Fidelio" occupy 136 of the 375 pages; in the second, that the other five Symphonies and the "Missa Solemnis" fill out 123 of the 330 pages. Bearing in mind that the works of Beethoven which have *Opus* numbers—not to speak of the others—amount to 137, and that, in some cases, three and even six compositions, so important as the Rasoumowsky Quartets, for instance, are included in a single *Opus*, the disproportion really appears very great. We notice, moreover, that just those works which are most familiar to the public, which have for thirty years or more been subjects of never-ending discussion, and which one would naturally suppose might be dismissed in fewest words,—that these are the works which occupy so much space. What is there so new to be said of the "Heroic Symphony" that fifty pages should be allotted to it, while the ballet "Prometheus," still strange to nearly every reader, should be dismissed in three?

We find it also somewhat remarkable that Marx thinks it necessary to give his own notions of musical form to the extent of nineteen pages, (Vol. I. pp. 79 *et seq.*) preparatory to his discussion of the greater works of the master, and yet is able to condense the history of Beethoven's first twenty-two years—the period, in our view, the most important in making him what he was—in sixteen! We have not space to follow this out farther, and only add, that, were this work a mere catch-penny affair by an unknown writer, we should suspect him of "drawing out the thread of his verbosity" on topics where materials are plenty and talk is easy, in preference to the labor of original research on points less known.

In reading the work carefully, two points strike us in relation to his printed authorities: first, that the list of those quoted by Lenz in his "Catalogue" and "Leben des Meisters" comprises nearly all those cited by Marx; the principal additions being the works of Lenz, Oulibichef, and A. B. Marx,—the latter of which he exhibits great skill in finding and making opportunities to advertise;—and secondly, that, where the Russian writer, through haste, carelessness, or the want of means to verify facts and correct errors, falls into mistakes, the Berlin Professor generally agrees with him. As it is impossible that a gentleman who for nearly thirty years "writes himself, in any bill, warrant, quitance, or obligation," Extraordinary Professor of a great German University, should simply adopt the labors of an obscure Russian writer without acknowledgment, we can only suppose these resemblances to be coincidences. These coincidences are, nevertheless, so numerous, that we may say in general, what Lenz knew of the history of the man Beethoven and his works is known to Marx,—what was unknown

to the former is equally unknown to the latter. Marx, however, occasionally quotes passages from Schindler, Wegeler, and Ries at length, to which Lenz only gives references. We will note a few of the coincidences between the two writers.

Here is the first sentence of the biography:—

"Ludwig van Beethoven was born to his father, a singer in the chapel of the *Electoral Max Franz*, Archbishop of Cologne, Dec. 17, 1770." (Marx, Vol. I. p. 4.) Beethoven was fourteen years old when this Elector came to Bonn. Max Franz is confounded with Max Friedrich,—a singular mistake, since Wegeler writes the name in full. It may, however, be a typographical error, or a *lapsus penne* on the part of Marx. We give him all the benefit of the doubt; but, unluckily, we read on p. 12, that the Archbishop, "brother of Joseph II.," called the Protestant Neef from the theatre to the organ-loft of the Electoral Chapel,—this appointment having in fact been made four years before the "brother of Joseph II." had aught to do with appointments in that part of the world. Lenz confounds the two Electors in precisely the same manner.

Both Lenz and Marx (p. 9) relate the old exploded story of the child Beethoven and the spider. The former found it in the "Leipziger Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung," and probably had not authorities at hand to correct it. Had Marx sent to the Library for Disjournal's "Arachnologie," the work which he gives as his authority, he would have found, that, not Beethoven, but the French violinist Berthoume, was the hero of the anecdote, as, indeed, is also related in Schilling's Encyclopædia, not many pages after Marx's own article on Beethoven in that work.

That Lenz should misdate Beethoven's visit to Berlin is not strange; that Marx, a Berliner, should, is. Nor is it remarkable that Lenz knows nothing of Beethoven's years of service as member of the Electoral orchestra at Bonn; but how Marx should have overlooked it, in case he has made any researches into the composer's early history, is beyond our comprehension.

Schindler has mistaken the date of certain letters written by Beethoven long before he had any personal intercourse with him, the notes to Julia Guicciardi, which he dates 1806. Both Lenz and Marx follow him in the date; both quote Beethoven's words, that the lady in question married Count Galenberg before the departure of the latter to Italy; both coincide in overlooking the circumstances related in the "Leipziger Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung," that, before June, 1806, a grand performance of music, composed and directed by Gallenberg, took place at Naples in honor of Joseph Bonaparte; proof sufficient that Beethoven could not in July of that year have addressed the lady in these terms: "Mein Engel, mein Alles, mein Ich!"

Both Marx and Lenz relate the following anecdote. Haydn, meeting Beethoven, praised the Septet of the latter; upon which the young man exclaimed, deprecatingly, "Ah, it is far from being a 'Creation'!" To which Haydn replied, "That you could not have written, for you are an atheist!"

That the absurdity of making Beethoven, then a man of thirty and supposed to be possessed of common sense, hint at any comparison of a piece of chamber-music with one of the grandest of oratorios, and that, too, to the author himself, should not have struck Marx, is strange; nor is it less so, that, in the course of his researches, he has not met with the correction of the story, by the late Alois Fuchs of Vienna.

In fact, the ballet "Prometheus," in which the progress of man from a state of rude nature to the highest culture and refinement is depicted, and the "Creation," were both given for the first time within a few weeks of each other. The affinity of the subjects is clear, and the remark of the young man, "Ah, dear papa, it is far from being a 'Creation'!" is only natural. "No," said Haydn, "it is indeed not a 'Creation,' nor do I think its author will ever reach that!"

In the dates given by Marx to Beethoven's compositions he generally coincides with Lenz, in his "Catalogue," particularly when the latter is wrong, and when he differs from him, he is as apt to be wrong as right. Any person who has both works at command may easily verify this remark.

But we cannot dwell longer on this point.

(To be Continued.)

### The Diarist Abroad.

VIENNA, MARCH 22.—A few days since I had what may be called a musical holiday. In the morning I was at the room of one of the finest pianists of Vienna, although he does not set himself up as a virtuoso. Some members of the great orchestra were

there and the business was to try a few pieces of chamber music and select one for a concert. Of the pieces played, one is well worth attention by our Quintette club, if still unknown in Boston. It is a Quintet for Pianoforte, violin, viola, violoncello, contrabass, by Schubert, op. 114. The first movement is not remarkable, though good; the second is an Andante, not very deep or grand, but of exceeding beauty; the third a very fine Scherzo; fourth, variations on the "Forelle," exquisite; the finale (Allegro giusto) a worthy close to the work. Schubert's fault of spinning out his movements too long for the musical idea contained is not at all prominent in this work, which is one that I think would become a favorite — perhaps already is — in Boston.

At midday I went to the opera house to hear Handel's "Israel in Egypt." The choir was piled up on the stage; the huge orchestra, nearly all string instruments, in the usual place. Where I sat the choruses sounded smothered and dead; but notwithstanding this, I could fully sympathize with an American friend who now heard an oratorio for the first time in his life, and whose voice choked and tears ran, as he, in the intervals, endeavored to express his feelings at the effect of those mighty combinations of tones. The choruses were sung by a young society, which has not yet attained full command of such music — but in spite of all drawbacks it caused "my soul to mount upon the wings of eagles." Argue as the Bachists may, Handel and Beethoven are still for me the two greatest of all the composers.

In the evening, at Herr Ferdinand Luib's, I heard the little Julia Svoboda, of whom I have before spoken, play the pianoforte again. She is so small that she has to rest her feet upon a stool when playing. I discussed with Mr. Wessely the question whether her great execution, her power and delicacy, her musical conception of the works played, or her extraordinary memory, is her strong point, and we were alike unable to decide the problem. Of the pieces which she played as from memory, I remember Beethoven's Sonata, op. 27, No. 1, his Polonaise, op. 89, a Gigue by Mozart and one by Bach, an Allegro by Handel, Schumann's piece "Am Abend," and two beautiful pieces in modern style by a young composer, Jungmann, who was present, viz., a "Gracioso" and "Spanier Händchen." These are all I remember. Then we had divers things for four hands, and two movements of Beethoven's E flat Concerto for pianoforte. For this latter the little girl had the notes before her, but seldom looked at them. I advised Mr. L. to pay Boston and New York a visit with her — which I certainly should not do if she had nothing but mechanical dexterity.

Two or three years since this Journal contained a notice of MICHAEL GLINKA's death. OULIBICHEFF thus speaks of him and of his Russian opera.

"Der Freyschütz filled our young (Russian) musicians with enthusiasm, and our first operas, a medley of devil scenes and popular melodies, were the prelude to the master work of Michael Glinka, "Life for the Czar," one of the greatest productions of our century, as I dare believe, and in general one of the most important forward steps in dramatic music. In this work it was not alone his purpose to combine the dramatic and popular song, as Weber had done, without melting the two into one, but to characterize two different nations in giving the melodies from the beginning to the end, even in the most affecting tragic situations, their proper polish and Russian coloring. This is a problem, which at the time when I was engaged upon my Life of Mozart, I considered incapable of solution, and yet Glinka has solved it with a talent and happy result, all the more extraordinary because no one had written, who in any respect can be considered as his model. The work is therefore a new creation and its author a genius. The Russian composer never reached his brilliant

success by following the steps of Weigl in his "Swiss Family;" means insignificant in their nature were intolerable to his artistic soul, and little events could have found no proper place in the grand framework of his plan. On the contrary, Glinka chose the broadest forms of modern music, and proved himself equally great as a melodist, instrumentist and contrapuntist; and in all showed himself more thoroughly a Russian, than any other on our stage; and for the first time our national music was adequate to the historic grandeur of the nation and the moral greatness of the people."

This passage is from Oulibicheff's work on Beethoven, which, though very interesting reading, gives a shockingly distorted view of the great German composer, both in his character and his history.

A. W. T.

### Mozart—Child and Man.

(Continued from page 20.)

No. 76.

The Same to the Same.

Bologna, August 4th, 1770.

I shall be surprised if my illness costs me less than 20 ducats, if it is even as little. With the help of God, if one keeps one's health let the devil take the money! Mislinetscheck\*, who has just paid us a visit, has the first opera for the Carnival of 1772, to do at Milan.

P. S. of Wolfgang.—I am truly sorry for poor Martha, who still continues ill, and I pray every day for her return to health; tell her from me not to agitate herself, and to eat a great many salt things. Apropos! Have you given my letter to Robini? You have said nothing about it; when you see him tell him he has quite forgotten me. I cannot write better than this, as my pen is made for making notes, not for letters. I have got fresh strings to my violin, and I play every day. I only tell you this because my mother wished to know if I still played on the violin. I have had the honor of going alone at least six times to different churches, and assisting in some magnificent ceremonies. Meanwhile I have already composed four Italian symphonies, besides five or six songs, and a motet.

Does your M. Balordo come often? and does he still honor you with his interesting discourses? and Monsieur Charles Noble, of Vogt, does he still condescend to listen to your insupportable voices? Tell Mr. Schidenhofen to help him often to compose minuetts, or else he shall have no more bon-bons. My duty would be, if I had time, to inflict on MM. de Moëlle and Schidenhofen a letter, but I have not a minute to spare. I pray them then to excuse me, and reserve myself the honor for another time. My sole amusement consists in the somersaults I permit myself from time to time. Italy is a country for making one sleep, and one always feels sleepy in it.

No. 77.

The Same to the Same.

A Country House near Bologna, Aug. 11th, 1770.

We are living here in the house of the Marshal Pallavicini in a most princely manner; we have a valet and a footman always at our orders; the first sleeps in our ante-chamber, so as to be always within call; we have the coolest rooms next the Sala terrena. The young Count, who is exceedingly well brought up, and has much talent, is the best of friends with Wolfgang, who loves him tenderly. They never allow me to stand, they insist on my being seated on one chair, with my leg supported on another. Indeed, to-day, in the chapel, during mass, which is performed every day at noon, two chairs had been thus arranged for me. The young count, who is only the same age as Wolfgang, is already Chamberlain to the Emperor, and he assists in the mass, after which they say the chapel, the litanies, the Salve Regina, and the De Profundis.

Wolfgang goes out in the carriage with the old countess and her son, I with the old count. We shall stay here until my leg is quite healed.

No. 78.

The Same to the Same.

Bologna, Aug. 21st, 1770.

We are still in the country, at the Croce del Biacco, which belongs to the Count Bolognetti, but which has been rented of him for several years by Count Pallavicini. The 30th they will celebrate in a mag-

\*Composer born near Prague in 1787, and that the Italians called *Il Boemo*. He died in Rome in 1781, after having struggled against poverty a long time. He only received from his operas 50 to 60 sequins, that is about 16 pounds.

nificent manner the annual *fête* of the Philharmonic Society of Bologna; there will be high mass, vespers, &c.

P. S. from Wolfgang.—I am still living, and always gay; to-day I had a wish to ride on a donkey; it is the fashion in Italy, so consequently I thought I must try it. We have the honor of knowing a certain Dominican, who passes for a saint; as for me I don't believe a word of it, because I see him take at breakfast, first a good cup of chocolate, and then on the top of that, a large glass of Spanish wine. I have had the honor of eating in the company of this saint, who, besides drinking freely during the repast, finished it up with a large glass of the strongest wine, two good slices of melon, peaches, pears, five cups of coffee, a plate of little cakes, and a lemon ice. Perhaps he did all this on a system of "mortification," but yet I should have some trouble to believe that; it would be too much at a time, and then, besides his dinner, he takes too good care of his supper.

No. 79.

The Same to the Same.

Bologna, Aug. 25th, 1770.

We are still in the country! We have a Dominican friar here, who is a German (from Bohemia), which has enabled us to perform our devotions in the parish church; we have confessed, taken the communion, and made a little pilgrimage to the cross together. At noon we were at mass in the chapel in the castle. You may certainly prepare two beautiful golden relic boxes for your husband and son, as we shall certainly be saints by the time we come back. My friends must forgive me for being such a poor correspondent. To give credit is not to cancel a debt—better late than never—are two proverbs that come as excuses for my idleness; and then, in travelling, one has a thousand things to occupy one's time. My books and my collection of music are most notably augmented. Everything is getting too small for Wolfgang; the silk rolled round his diamond ring has been unwound, only a little wax remains; his limbs have become larger and stronger; he no longer has any voice for singing, neither high notes or low ones, not even five pure notes. This vexes him, because he can no longer sing his own compositions, which he was very fond of doing.

No. 80.

The Same to the Same.

Bologna, September 1st, 1770.

Still in the country! The 30th we heard the high mass and vespers of the Philharmonic Society, at which ten maestros had worked. The Kyrie and the Gloria were by one, the Credo by another, and so on; each composer superintended his own work; but to do that, one must be a member of the Academy.

No. 81.

The Same to the Same.

Bologna, September 8th, 1770.

Do not forget to tell me about the ecclesiastical council who have arrived in Salzbourg; of whom this congress is composed, and where it is held. If you do not know, ask of one another.

We shall soon leave for Milan. As we have not been able to go to Leghorn, I shall make a little excursion from Milan to the Borromean Islands, which are quite worth visiting.

P. S. from Wolfgang.—I add a few words to accomplish my duty—tell me to what brotherhood I belong, and what are the prayers I have to say. I am reading at this moment the second volume of Telemachus.

(To be Continued.)

## Musical Correspondence.

VIENNA, JAN. — The Christmas and New Year holidays I have just spent with dear friends in Berlin and in Dresden, and have by this opportunity heard the renowned Berlin and Dresden operas and concerts; of course to a very limited extent, yet that little will I chronicle. Here in Vienna, the cradle of music and of musicians, we are continually told that one must go to Berlin to hear good music well played and sung; the taste of the Viennese is low and the standard of the musicians accordingly. I was curious to see and hear in the great Prussian capital.

Christmas evening we went to the very handsome opera-house, to hear *Don Juan*; for though we were warned that the singers were old and pretty poor, we still thought that this great opera would offer suffi-

cient enjoyment, through its orchestral music, its concerted pieces and its choruses, in short through its intrinsic beauties. You will hardly believe that we had a very stupid time, yawned and longed to go away. I think TAUBERT, of whom we hear so much, directed; but if not, DORN, the other Kapellmeister, is also renowned. The orchestra played and the singers sang and the leader led, but, with one or two exceptions, they performed their parts with as little life and feeling as is possible. The orchestra had not a *piano* or a *forte* apparently; nothing was shaded, no *diminuendo* or *crescendo* was to be heard; the leader looked as if he were going to sleep; the choruses and concerted pieces were most slovenly given; the Don Juan, HERR SALOMON, dawdled about the stage; the Zerlina, Frau TYCZEK, was awkward, romping, and terribly vulgar, with no idea of decent singing; the Elvira was most melancholy to behold, voiceless and lifeless; the Governor, a poor old blind man, who should have given up singing long since (want of a strong, effective voice is in this part death to it); the Masetto miserable; the Ottavio well-meaning but entirely ineffective and misplaced in such a character; the Leporello very vulgar, but not much better than the others; and lastly the Donna Anna, Frau KÖSTER, very good indeed. This was indeed the single point which saved the entire performance from damnation before any other than an infatuated and self-admiring Berlin audience. Frau Köster conceives this part, as indeed "Fidelio" and all others, to my knowledge, with great understanding and fire. Her voice, it is true, has suffered much with years, and yet I was surprised to find so little difference between the present time and seven years ago. Yes, she was very excellent indeed, and that is about all that I can say for *Don Juan* in Berlin.

We saw one ballet, which was very pretty and very well put on the stage; and we heard and saw *Così fan tutte*, of Mozart; it was better, but again Frau Köster was the only redeeming feature of the evening. The singers in Berlin have become old in service, and have not been replaced by new. They have just engaged a new tenor, with a great voice it is said, and have, besides those already mentioned, JOHANNA WAGNER, still great without doubt, and HERR FORMES, a tenor brother to Carl Formes. These two must be good, as perhaps a few others; but the want of life and care in orchestra and in chorus is not for a moment to be pardoned. It proves great neglect on the part of the management and of the leaders, Taubert and Dorn.

We went to hear LIEBIG's orchestra one afternoon with your old Berlin correspondent, but were forced to go away from want of room. The hall was jammed with little tables and chairs, and was for the greater part, filled with ladies knitting and drinking coffee or chocolate. The little that we heard was very good, though Liebig ought to put more life into his orchestra. The programme was long and very excellent; the playing very precise; all that one needed was more musicians and more life. Liebig does a deal of good in Berlin by his Symphony concerts; in that respect Berlin has a great advantage over Vienna.

In Dresden we saw some tableaux, with music of the great masters and with declamation; saw a little comedy, with DAVISON, one of the first German actors, and heard "Abu Hassan," a little opera of Weber's; it is very pretty and characteristic. Another evening we saw EMIL DEVRIENT, also a leading German actor, who has trodden English boards, and Frau BAYER-BUERSCH, (the best German actress to my knowledge and ranking next to Rachel, I think), in a comedy of Freytag's (the author of *Soll und Haben*). *Die Journalisten*, as it is called, was put upon the Dresden stage in 1853, was excellently played and received then, and has apparently remained a favorite comedy to the present day. It is given now

and then here too. Why should not some one translate it for the stage at home? for it would certainly please.

Lastly we heard *Rienzi*, one of Richard Wagner's earliest operas, I think; it was excellently played and sung. The Dresden orchestra proved itself to us far better than that of Berlin; but I very much doubt, if either of them can equal (at all events not more) our Kärthner-theater orchestra. The old tenor, TICHATSCHKE, a man of fifty and more, sang with a beauty and a fire, which hardly any one is able or will soon be able to rival. Mitterwürger, also an old singer, sang the baritone part. Frau KREBS-MICHLESI, the wife of the opera director, Krebe, took the mezzo-soprano part, and Frau KRALL sang *Rienzi's* sister charmingly. The whole performance was excellent; Mitterwürger is an old singer, but always pours much feeling and understanding out with his beautiful voice, added to which he is an excellent actor. Frau Krall is a quite young and to me a new singer; she has a very fair soprano voice, sweet and warm, with considerable power, though a little thin in her highest notes. Of the opera "*Rienzi*" I shall take an early opportunity to speak in detail.

We also heard a concert given by MAXSFELDT's orchestra at the Linkesches Bad (a great hall on the right bank of the Elbe, in a suburb). The programme was very long and excellent; it was as follows:

1. Overture *characteristique*. . . . . Beethoven.
2. Aria from *Hans Hellwig*. . . . . Marschner.
3. *Die Werber* Waltz. . . . . Lanner.
4. *Variations*. Op. 80. . . . . Beethoven.
5. Overture. "Night Sounds" from *Ossian*. . . . . Gade.
6. *Finale* from *Don Juan*. . . . . Mozart.
7. Overture to *Armida*. . . . . Gluck.
8. *Symphony* No. 7. (A). . . . . Beethoven.
9. Overture to *Elisa*. . . . . Cherubini.
10. *Allegro* from the *Military Symphony*. . . . . Haydn.
11. *Flowers of Fancy*. Waltz. . . . . Gungl.
12. *Ella Polka*. . . . . John Strauss.

No one could easily find fault with this programme, and the execution of it was capital. J. L.

NEW YORK, APRIL 16.—Last week the double opera season opened. After a couple of months of operatic destitution, we are suddenly flooded by a great inundation of opera. *Prima donna* march in upon us in hordes, and opera singers chirp along our streets like crickets upon a very cricketed hearth.

It's the funniest thing in the world to note the bearing of the two opera managers towards each other. ULLMANN is a perfect St. Simeon Stylites of dignity. He mounts upon a towering pillar of conscious power and pride, and claiming to superintend the legitimate opera, of New York, does not bestow a word of notice, even an expression of contempt, upon the new comers at the Winter Garden.

At this latter establishment MAX MARETZKE has fairly entrenched his forces. He claims to be a sort of opposition to monopoly opera. You know Marezek cut his throat a year or so ago. I don't mean he severed his jugular with a razor, but he cut his operatic throat by a sharp speech on the stage of the Academy, after one of his operatic seasons, when he took occasion to say some severe truths about the stockholders. Of course the stockholders couldn't stand this. They paid once for their seats, but now are to all practical purposes the most defunct of dead-heads. "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," and earth no more unrelenting demon than your snubbed dead-head—especially if he be rich, and feels it is rather mean to be one. So the wrathful subscribers or stockholders never forgave the verbose Marezek.

Of course Marezek would have proffered the Academy, but, as he couldn't get it, he suddenly became impressed with the great advantages of the Winter Garden and so pitched his tents there.

Ullmann opened his campaign last Monday, with PATTI, BRIGNOLI, SUSINI and FERRI, in the *Barber*. Immense crowd, excellent performance, great applause and volleys of bouquets.

Marezek opened his campaign Wednesday, with the GASSIERS and ERRANI in *Lucia*. Gassier and his wife are good, popular singers and were well received, but the attendance was rather poor. Errani the new tenor has a sweet but worn voice, with power, and a good method. He belongs to the class of second-rate tenors, along with Sbriglia, Stefani, Lorini and others. The same night Ullmann produced *Don Pasquale*, in which Patti sang and acted and looked charmingly, and Brignoli gave the sorenade in an utterly unsurpassable style. The favorite tenor is now at the very zenith of his popularity and power. He has for five years been the most admired tenor in the country, and has survived triumphantly the rivalry of many new comers of greater fame.

Thursday night the Gassiers and Errani sang at the Winter Garden in *Sonnambula*. Friday night *Don Pasquale* was repeated at the Academy, to not so good a house. On Friday night at the Winter Garden, FABBRI made her debut in *Traviata*.

Fabbri is a German lady, far from an infant in years, and with a voice of great power. Her real name is Mulder, and her husband, Richard Mulder, a pianist of some eminence in Germany, conducts the orchestra when she sings. In acting Mrs. Mulder uses the intense French melodramatic style, and consequently created a greater sensation in the last act than in the previous ones, her style, both of figure and manner, being too heavy for the light, fanciful gaiety of the Violetta of the first act. In the dying scene she was painfully elaborate in all the "make up" and in the coughing, hand-clutching and other peculiarities of a consumptive. She also sang this act throughout rather *sotto voce*, as though her very voice were impaired by her illness; an idea that is certainly appropriate to the situation, although it precludes her from making any of those startling points in which Gazzaniga was so effective. Fabbri is quite good, very original, and will appear to better advantage. To-night she appears in *Ernani* with STIGELLI.

The engagement of this tenor will be a great card for Marezek, for Stigelli is deservedly popular, though he will not draw an audience like Brignoli. Stigelli did not like the idea of playing second fiddle to the "handsome tenor." He complained that he was only brought forward when Brignoli was sick or tired, and so he would rather leave. Ullmann shrugged his shoulders and let him go, and so Marezek snapped him up. The indomitable Max certainly is not niggardly in making engagements. He has, besides Fabbri and Gassier, secured the services of FREZZOLINI, who sings on Wednesday in *Lucrezia*, with Miss WISSELER, the Philadelphia contralto. He will give a series of German operas in which Stigelli, Mrs. Mulder (alias Signora Inez Fabbri) Mrs. Van BERKEL and WEINLICH will take part. The first of these operas will be Flotow's *Stradella*. Marezek advertises it in the German papers only, and affectingly appeals to the Teutonic population of New York to support this attempt to realize the long cherished idea of a German opera in New York. But the majority of our Teutons are more addicted to lager, and Hoym's Theatre, than to the music of even the German composers.

At the Academy, in the meantime, Ullmann and Strakosch are preparing novelties. Little Patti is as delightful as ever, but still there must be something new; so a Signora PANTI, from Lima, will shortly make her debut in *Trovatore*, with ADA PHILLIPS, who has improved while in Havana, they say, and will sing in *Favorita* before the end of the season. It is thought that the management will bring out Verdi's *Nabucco*, if any new opera be produced this season.

Of course the German critics will be rampant at the idea of another dose of Verdi. TROVATORE.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 16.—I send you the programme of CARL GABRTNER's third classical soiré

of the present season. He was assisted by CHARLES JARVIS, Jr., the most promising pianist of our latitude, and by Mr. CHAS. SCHMITZ, violoncellist.

1. Grand Sonata, for Piano and Violin, Op. 20. Dedicated to the Emperor Alexander I. .... Beethoven.
2. Song: Wanderer. .... Schubert.
3. Polonaise, for Piano, Op. 22. .... Chopin.
4. Concerto, No. 8, Violin. .... De Beriot.
5. Grand Trio: Piano, Viol. and Cello, Op. 97. Beethoven.

This really excellent soirée took place last Thursday evening, and afforded unqualified delight to the rather limited circle of connoisseurs assembled. Gaertner is a highly cultivated musician, whose *penchant* is toward the old masters, and whose efforts to awaken an interest here, for the solid works of these, are entitled to the grateful appreciation of all those who cherish a love for the purest styles. His violin performance on this occasion showed a true sense of Beethoven's individuality, as well as of the emotions which may be supposed to have prompted him in the composition of the Sonata, and of the fine Trio. Gaertner has one fault in his rendering of such compositions; namely, a lack of that mental composure which is so essential to a proper development of rhythmic effects. He is excitable, and at times splashes the smoothly flowing current of melody.

In other compositions, such as De Beriot's Concerto, in the second part of the programme, this restless excitability is not so much amiss. Altogether Gaertner's achievements elicited the warmest praise. Not less were the auditors gratified with the piano performance of Mr. CHARLES JARVIS, of whom I made a slight mention to you in a former letter. Indeed, his conception of Chopin's spirituality and poetry, as evinced in his rendering of the *Polonaise*, Op. 22, was, of itself, sufficient to substantiate the most flattering auguries of his abilities. Mr. Jarvis's manner and style are essentially like those of Thalberg—quiet, graceful, and displaying singularly liquid manipulation; eschewing, at the same time, all oscillations of the body, or undue motion of the arms. The very sight of his performance is a pleasure. Add to this, that his appreciation is keen and that his execution never fails of exactitude in fingering, as well as in power and rapidity when necessary, and you will begin to realize that we have a pianist, who is an honor to the city. His repertoire is not circumscribed by any individual inclinations toward certain composers or styles, but comprises, literally, everything that is worthy of the student's attention. I have heard him play Bach's and Clementi's fugues; Beethoven and Mozart sonatas and symphonies; all of Thalberg's fantasias; the compositions of Wilmers, Dreyshock, Stephen Heller, and Liszt; all of Chopin's Valses, Preludes, and Polonaises; the piano-forte works of Mendelssohn, Schumann, and others; in short, I have seen him wandering through all the flowery fields of art, and picking up its beauties with an æsthetic discrimination, which has excited not only my own admiration, but that of all those who know him well. He has furthermore, been studying harmony, diligently, under the guidance of Dr. LEOPOLD MEIGNEN, who reports the progress of his pupil to be exceedingly rapid.

The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB (from Boston,) are displaying their posters, and several portraits. I think, from present appearances, that they will be successful here. MANRICO.

NEW YORK, APRIL 16.—I regret that I can merely send you the programme of the last Chamber Concert, as indisposition prevented my attending. The fifth of the series takes place to-morrow evening, when Sig. STIGELLI is announced to sing.

1. Quartet in E minor, Op. 8. .... Mendelssohn.  
William Sear, Wm. Doshier, M. Rayer, and Ch. Branner.
2. Duet, from "Der Freischütz" ..... Weber.  
The Misses Gellie.
3. a. Au Bord d'une Source,  
b. Air de Don Juan, transcrip. } ..... Liszt.  
William Sear.

4. Sonata in D minor, (Piano and Violin) ..... Gade.  
S. B. Mills and Wm. Doshier.
5. Duet—"Ich wollt' meine Lieb" ..... Mendelssohn.  
The Misses Gellie.
6. Fantasia in F minor. .... Chopin.  
S. B. Mills.

On Saturday night we had MASON's second Soirée. It gave great satisfaction to an audience just large enough to fill the smaller of Chickering's pretty concert rooms, which is preferable to the larger one on account of being more quiet. But though the audience was small, it was quite as appreciative a one as graces all these concerts. The programme was excellent. Mozart's D minor Quartet was so beautifully played that one could only regret that it was the only one that we were to hear. The Trio in D major, which ended the list, was also rendered in an admirable manner. These were the two *pièces de résistance*. The minor numbers were two songs by a Madame de LUSAN, and solos by Messrs. MASON and THOMAS. The vocal pieces were "Voi che sapete" and Schubert's *Ave Maria*; Madame de Lusana has a fine voice, but hardly more cultivation than is common to industrious amateur singers. She sang with considerable taste, however, except occasionally indulging in the abominable habit of inserting ornaments which the composer never meant to have sung in his piece. Mr. Mason played a *Nocturne* and a *Barcarolle* and *Ballade* of his own, besides a "Danse Rustique" in answer to an *encore*; all pretty, striking pieces, vastly superior to and more valuable than the flood of "Fantasias," "Brilliant Variations," etc., which inundate the musical world. The most interesting number of the programme was certainly Bach's *Chaconne*, very ably interpreted by Mr. Thomas. I remember recording the impression received from the same piece, as played by the same artist, in one of my letters some years ago. It was only renewed on this occasion. It is a wonderful composition, of which familiarity with it alone could give one a just appreciation. Mr. Thomas does his best to make the listener understand it—he brings out the finest points, and plays the whole with remarkable fire and spirit. He is decidedly one of the best violinists we have in the city. —t—

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 18.—An exhibition of the splendid organ, just erected in the church of the Holy Trinity, Rittenhouse Square, by the Messrs. Hook of your city, took place last evening. Need I add that the audience were delighted with this noble specimen of that successful firm's handiwork? You have already published a schedule of its stops, &c. I can assure you of its immense power, faultless action, and voluminous diapasons. Its powers were splendidly tested by a number of our leading organists. Mr. JOHN A. DARLING, who is to preside over the instrument, led off with an original *Marche religieuse*, with *pedal obligato*. The construction of this piece displayed a knowledge of harmony, such as cannot fail to make the young composer acceptable as an organist, so the members of that church, and to lovers of solid organ playing, generally. The *Marche*, barring a little flurry in several movements, was finely performed.

Then followed Mendelssohn's overture to *Athalie*, superbly executed by Prof. H. G. THUNDER, who subsequently furnished an impromptu arrangement of several themes from Donizetti's *Polinto*, which delighted a majority of the audience. Mr. Thunder's achievements in this line display an intimate acquaintance with the resources of the organ, and fine talent for the production of dramatic effects.

MICHAEL H. CROSS, organist of the Arch Street Baptist Church, and a performer of much celebrity, entertained the audience with an original fantasia, on an air of Dr. Arne's, abounding in brilliant execution and fine combinations. Mr. Cross possesses an agile finger, exquisite taste, and that calm self-possession, so essential to satisfactory organ performances. Af-

ter him, FRANCIS T. S. DARLEY, of the Calvary Presbyterian Church, proceeded to improvise upon the popular old melody, *Adeste fideles*. After ingeniously disguising its time-honored strains in harmonic sequences, modulations and suspensions, the devotional movement, borne upon the full power of the organ, finally burst grandly upon the spacious interior of the massive edifice, in all its beauteous simplicity. Prof. BENJ. CARR CROSS next assumed the seat, and successfully interwove some very florid solo passages with occasional bursts of solid harmonies, upon the great organ. This gentleman has been for many years identified with the progress of music in our city. Besides being one of our ablest teachers, he has successfully filled divers organ situations with great credit, and has led, successively, the quondam Philharmonic Society, and now the Handel and Haydn.

Thus, you will perceive, Mr. Hook's noble instrument had its qualities fairly tested, last evening. There was but one expression, that of unqualified admiration. MANRICO.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 21, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Opera, *Der Freyschütz*, piano-forte arrangement.

### Concerts.

COMPLIMENTARY TO CARL ZERRAHN.—The concert, (Saturday evening,) was a genuine success. The Music Hall was full of people and enthusiasm; the programme excellent; and the bronze Beethoven seemed to look down over the heads of the orchestra approvingly, as much as to say that this was one of his occasions: did not the opening and concluding pieces make it so?

1. Symphony No. 4, (D flat major,) ..... Beethoven
2. "Der frohe Wandersmann" ..... Mendelssohn  
Orpheus Glee Club.
3. Aria: "Ah! con lui," from the opera "Saffo," ..... Pacini  
Mrs. Harwood.
4. Overture: "Tannhäuser" ..... R. Wagner
5. "Hüte Dich," ..... Girschner  
Orpheus Glee Club.
6. Song: "Across there at the window," ..... Möring  
(With Violoncello obligato, by Wulf Fries.)  
Mrs. Harwood.
7. Overture: "Leonore," (No. 3,) ..... Beethoven

The only drawback was the necessary absence (from the city), of several important members of the orchestra, (the first clarinet, first oboe, first bassoon, &c., the latter being replaced by a violoncello). The substitutions both weakened the strings,—already too weak for that great *crescendo* near the end of the *Leonore* overture, or for the doubly divided violinism of the *Tannhäuser*,—and disturbed somewhat the usual smooth and perfect fusion of the warm tone-colors, in a piece in which reed instruments have so much individual prominence. Under these circumstances the Symphony was more expressively brought out than one knowing them could have dared to expect. The slow movement was particularly enjoyed. It was a happy thought to give us just this Symphony, this warm and glowing one, the tenderest and loveliest of the nine, inasmuch as it had not been played during the whole past year. It reminded us of the many-sidedness of Beethoven. After more frequent hearings of the fifth and seventh, it was like Romeo and Juliet after Lear or Hamlet. The audience listened entranced by its beauty. And so they did to *Leonore*, with its more exciting and dramatic progress. The trumpet part was excellent.



What was most wanting was a body of strings equal to the grand proportions of the musical design. The *Tannhäuser* overture was still keenly relished; and it was placed happily in contrast with the Symphony and other pieces.

We never heard the Orpheus voices sound so well together. They were uncommonly well blended, and free from dull or harsh sounds. They took the house by storm, and were not let off without additional contributions. Mrs. HARWOOD's selections were in the best range of her fresh and beautiful voice, and she sang them exceedingly well.

Mr. ZERRAHN must have felt gratified and cheered by this general and hearty turn-out; and we are glad to learn that the concert was not without solid material benefit. May it suggest to him, with no illusive confidence, the policy of still continuing in good works another year. We understand that the musicians have held several meetings with a view to organizing a Philharmonic Society, which will place the matter of Symphony concerts, we hope, on a more permanent and profitable footing.

**ORCHESTRAL UNION.**—This week we have had the twenty-fourth and last of the Wednesday Afternoon Concerts. "Classical" and "popular" were mingled in the following proportions:

1. Symphony, No. 4. . . . .Mozart
2. Walts, "Philomela". . . . .Strauss
3. Reminiscences of Flotow's "Martha". . . . .Heinecke  
Germania Band.
4. Overture. Yelva. . . . .Reisiger
5. Potpourri. From "Les Huguenots". . . . .Meyerbeer
6. Scenes and Aria. From "Macbeth". . . . .Verdi  
Germania Band.
7. New Gallop. "Ever of Thee." (First time. . . . .Zerrahn

We heard only the Symphony, which proved to be that greatest one of Mozart's, by some called the "Jupiter," in C. It was rather too grandiose a work, and too full of contrapuntal complication for so small an orchestra when put to extra shifts to supply absent reeds, &c., and therefore did not sound as well as usual. These Concerts have done us one great service this winter. They have added three to our old stock of three (the best and best known) Mozart Symphonies. And if the new acquaintances are not as great works as the "Jupiter," and those in G minor and in E flat, they have been at least positive acquisitions of beauty and imaginative genius. One or two of them have made a very decided impression and will be called for frequently in future. Such concerts are just the right occasions for bringing forth some of the obscurer works of men of real genius.

The audience this time was very large, so that late comers could not drop into seats without some searching. This would seem to show that the "Union" are leaving off just as the tide is turning in their favor. The musicians probably have earned small wages by these concerts thus far; but they cost little; and in long continuance, and frequent, lies the gain of such popular and simple enterprises. Now bright Spring days invite the young crowds out, and what place so pleasant for an afternoon hour or two as the Music Hall?

**THE DRAYTONS.**—The "Parlor Operas" of these two capital singers and actors are continued nightly at the Melodion. They need only to be known to conquer the reserve of Boston; and they now attract such audiences, in point of numbers and refinement, as they really deserve. Mrs. Drayton proves herself more and more a charming singer—in spite of hoarseness—and one of the cleverest, gracefulest and most versatile of actresses for such nice little pieces. Mr. Drayton has one of the richest of baritone voices, sings with taste and feeling, and has a manly, hearty, humorous way withal. All their pieces are amusing, but do not fail to see "Love's Labor Lost."

**ARTISTS' RECEPTION.**—The third and last of these occasions, which took place in Bumstead Hall, on Wednesday evening of last week, was the most successful and delightful of the three. The hall was beautifully decorated with evergreens and the greatest profusion of flowers; the green brought out the other beauties of the hall, especially those hanging baskets of light, most happily; the display of paintings and sculpture was uncommonly interesting; the lighting admirable; and the company, crowding floor and galleries, one of the finest that could be collected. The character, intellect, and beauty of Boston could scarcely have been better represented.

The stage end of the hall made a fine appearance, with the colossal Venus of Milo for a central figure in front, and a copy of the Faun of Praxiteles (which Hawthorn has just made so interesting), Brackett's grand bust of John Brown, and works of Ball Hughes, Stephenson and others upon either side. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club, on the stage, embowered, discoursed whole scenes of *Don Juan* and other choice music. Paintings and drawings invited one within the recess. We had scarcely a chance to look at half of the fine paintings on the walls. Among those which did awaken in us a desire to see them often were "Maud Muller" and "Pocahontas" in Ames's warm and glowing colors; a couple of very striking Italian scenes by Brown; a most beautiful "Dawn in Tuscany" by Miss Clarke; a fine little landscape by Mrs. Darrah; several of the best productions we have yet seen by Champney, Ordway, Williams, Morioiler, and others; a charming little crayon picture of a child, the "Street-sweeper," if we remember rightly, by Staigg; and an elaborate allegorical drawing, called "Charon" (founded on a modern Greek poem), by Neffen.

The artists did the right thing in letting the ornaments and works of Art remain, over the next evening, for a promenade concert given by the Quintette Club. The concourse of people was not quite so thick, and there was better opportunity to see the pictures.

These "Receptions" have been productive of great good, immediate and permanent. They bring the artists into pleasant and direct relations with their proper public; make the doings of the artists known and educate the Art-lovers; and they have set beautiful and refreshing examples of a mode of social intercourse in which not fashion and folly, but the Muses themselves preside, and in an atmosphere as free and recreative as it is mentally inspiring.

**OPENING OF A NEW ORGAN.** On Friday afternoon, April 14, there was a large assemblage in King's Chapel, eager for a first hearing of the Organ which has just been built by Messrs. SIMMONS & WILLCOX, to take the place of the venerable instrument which has stood there over a hundred years. The diapasons, mixtures, and some other pipes of the old instrument have always been admired, and time had only mellowed them. These pipes have been wisely retained and incorporated in the new work, of which the contents are as follows:

There are Three Manuals extending from C, 8 ft to g<sup>2</sup>—56 notes.

Compass of Pedal, from C1 to d—27 notes.  
GRAND MANUAL. \*1. Contra Diapason, 16 ft, 56 pipes. 2. Open Diapason, 8 ft, 56 pipes. \*3. Stop'd Diapason, 8 ft, 56 pipes. 4. Hohl Flute, 8 ft, 56 pipes. 5. Viola da Gamba, 8 ft, 56 pipes. 6. Quint, 5 1/3 ft, 56 pipes. 7. Octave, 4 ft, 56 pipes. 8. Flute Octavante, 4 ft, 56 pipes. \*9. Twelfth, 2 2/3 ft, 56 pipes. \*10. Fifteenth, 2 ft, 56 pipes. \*11. Mixture, 4 ranks, 224 pipes. 12. Trumpet, 8 ft, 56 pipes.  
SWELL MANUAL. 1. Bourdon Bass, 2. Bourdon Treble, 16 ft, 56 pipes. \*3. Open Diapason, 8 ft, 56 pipes. 4. Stop'd Diapason, 8 ft, 56 pipes. 5. Viol d'Amour, 8 ft, 56 pipes. 6. Octave, 4 ft, 56 pipes. 7. Flute Harmonique, 4 ft, 56 pipes. \*8. Mixture, 3 ranks, 168 pipes. 9. Contra Trumpet, 16 ft, 44 pipes. \*10. Trumpet, 8 ft, 56 pipes. 11. Oboe, 8 ft, 56 pipes. \*12. Clarion, 4 ft, 56 pipes.

CHOIR MANUAL. 1. Eolian, 16 ft, 56 pipes. 2. Dulciana, 8 ft, 56 pipes. 3. Keraulophon, 8 ft, 56 pipes. \*4. Stop'd Diapason, 8 ft, 56 pipes. 5. Dolce, 4 ft, 56 pipes. \*6. Flute d'Amour, 5 ft, 56 pipes. 7. Mixture, 2 ranks, 112 pipes. 8. Cornu di Bassetto, 8 ft, 56 pipes. 9. Contra Fagotto, 16 ft, 44 pipes.

PEDAL. 1. Open Bass, 16 ft, 27 pipes. 2. Bourdon Bass, 16 ft, 27 pipes. 3. Quint Bass, 10 2/3 ft, 27 pipes. 4. Violoncello Bass, 8 ft, 27 pipes. 5. Posuone Bass, 16 ft, 27 pipes.

The case of this Organ and the stops designated in the foregoing description by an asterisk, were made in London, A. D. 1755, by Adam Smith, and were renovated, transposed, and incorporated in this instrument built by Messrs. Simmons & Willcox, from a specification prepared by F. C. Loring, Esq.

The trial consisted of vocal pieces by a select choir, and of organ selections and improvisations. In the latter Mr. WILLCOX showed to great advantage the many very beautiful and powerful stops of the instrument, as well as his own rare skill in combining them. The reeds and flutes were singularly sweet and individual in their quality. And there was no lack of richness, grandeur, good proportion,

prompt speaking, and ready control of the full forces of the multitudinous instrument. It is in all ways worthy of the high reputation of these makers.

Among the selected pieces were the "Pastoral Symphony" from the "Messiah"; an organ Fantasia and Fugue, by Hesse, (played by Mr. WILLCOX and Mr. HOWARD, organist of the Chapel), and the overture to *Zampa*. The latter, we must say, seemed to us peculiarly unfitted for the organ.

We know not when or where we have heard so satisfactory specimens of quartet choir singing as on this occasion. The choir of the Chapel and of St. Paul's were united, consisting of Mrs. FOWLE, Miss WHITEHOUSE, soprani; Mrs. SHATTUCK (Miss Humphrey) and Miss CLOUTMAN, contralti; Messrs. ADAMS and STONE, tenors, and Messrs. BALL and UDERWOOD, basses. The Motet by Haydn, *Insane et vance curae*, with eight voices, was a very interesting composition, anticipating in one place one of the striking effects of modulation in Mendelssohn's "Rain Chorus." Spohr's sextet: "As pants the hart;" the Quartet from "Elijah": "O come every one that thirsteth, and a Veni Sancte Spiritus, by Deitch, were also admirably sung. For solos, Mrs. Fowle sang "With verdure clad," and Mr. Adams: "If with all your hearts" (from "Elijah"),—both to great acceptance.

**A GOOD DISTINCTION.** The April number of the *Crayon* has the beginning of an admirable article entitled "Thoughts on Poetry and its Varieties," by JOHN STUART MILL, one of the most profound and philosophical of English writers, whether he discuss economical and moral problems (witness his treatise upon Liberty, which ought to be republished here), or problems of Poetry and Art. In this article he makes a distinction between Poetry and Eloquence, which, as he applies it also to Music, strikes us as singularly suggestive and to the purpose in its bearing upon present controversy. He says:

Poetry is the natural fruit of solitude and meditation; eloquence, of intercourse with the world. The persons who have most feelings of their own, if intellectual culture has given them a language in which to express it, have the highest faculty of poetry; those who best understand the feelings of others, are the most eloquent. The persons and the nations, who commonly excel in poetry, are those whose character and tastes render them least dependent upon the applause, or sympathy, or concurrence of the world in general. Those to whom that applause, that sympathy, that concurrence are most necessary, generally excel most in eloquence. And hence, perhaps, the French, who are the least poetical of all great and intellectual nations, are among the most eloquent; the French, also, being the most sociable, the vainest, and the least self-dependent.

If the above be, as we believe, the true theory of the distinction commonly admitted between eloquence and poetry; or even though it be not so, yet if, as we cannot doubt, the distinction above stated be a real *bona fide* distinction, it will be found to hold, not merely in the language of words, but in all other language, and to intersect the whole domain of Art.

Take for example, music: we shall find in that art, so peculiarly the expression of passion, two perfectly distinct styles; one of which may be called the poetry, the other the oratory of music. This difference, being seized, would put an end to much musical sectarianism. There has been much contention whether the music of the modern Italian school, that of Rossini and his successors, be impassioned or not. Without doubt, the passion it expresses is not the musing, meditative tenderness, or pathos, or grief of Mozart or Beethoven. Yet it is passion, but garrulous passion—the passion which pours itself into other ears; and therein the better calculated for dramatic effect, having a natural adaptation for dialogue. Mozart also is great in musical oratory; but his most touching compositions are in the opposite style—that of soliloquy. Who can imagine "Dove sono" heard? We imagine it overheard.

Purely pathetic music commonly partakes of soliloquy. The soul is absorbed in its distress, and though there may be bystanders, it is not thinking of them. When the mind is looking within, and not without, its state does not often or rapidly vary; and hence the even, uninterrupted flow, approaching almost to monotony, which a good reader, or a good singer, will give to words or music of a pensive or melancholy cast. But grief taking the form of a prayer, or of a complaint, becomes oratorical; no longer low and even, and subdued, it assumes a more emphatic rhythm, a more rapidly returning accent; instead of a few slow equal notes, following one after another at regular intervals, it crowds note upon note and often assumes a hurry and bustle like joy. Those

who are familiar with some of the best of Rossini's serious compositions, such as the air "Tu che i miseri comforti," in the opera of "Tancredi," or the duet, "Ebben per mia memoria," in "La Gazza Ladra," will at once understand and feel our meaning. Both are highly tragic and passionate; the passion of both is that of oratory, not poetry. The like may be said of that most moving invocation in Beethoven's "Fidelio"—

"Komm, Hoffnung, lass das letzte Stern  
Der Müde nicht erblicken;"

in which Madame Schröder-Devrient exhibited such consummate powers of pathetic expression. How different from Winter's beautiful "Paga fui," the very soul of melancholy exhaling itself in solitude; fuller of meaning, and, therefore, more profoundly poetical than the words for which it was composed—for it seems to express not simple melancholy, but the melancholy of remorse.

If, from vocal music, we now pass to instrumental we may have a specimen of musical oratory in any fine military symphony or march; while the poetry of music seems to have attained its consummation in Beethoven's Overture to Egmont, so wonderful in its mixed expression of grandeur and melancholy.

## Music Abroad.

### Paris.

The Grand Opéra continues to be one of the greatest points of attraction, and, the success of *Pierre de Médicis*—*La Pierre de Médicis*, as some of its now-admirers call it—has gone on increasing. M. Bonnehée, who filled the part of Julien de Médicis, is about to take a holiday of two months duration, on account of the state of his voice, and will be succeeded by M. Dumestre. The *Semiramis*, of Rossini is to be given in September, not in June, as was first said. The two sisters Marchisio will make their debut in this opera, and M. Obin, I believe, will play the part of Assur. Next year the *Tannhäuser* of Richard Wagner will be given. As Richard Wagner is the musician of the "future," it is not to be wondered at that this opera is spoken of so long ere it will be given. The *Galathée* of Victor Massé, still keeps good her ground at the Opéra-Comique, and though the part of Pygmalion seems to me utterly unsuited to the voice of Mlle. Wertheimer, Mad. Cabel is such a favorite that the little opera always goes off triumphantly, with a never-failing encore for Mad. Cabel in the drinking song, "Verse encore ce vin généreux." Before M. and Mad. Faure leave the Opéra-Comique, M. Faure-Lefèvre is to play the principal part (Rita) in an unedited work of Rossini's, the libretto of which is written by M. Gustave Vaëy. Afterwards M. Faure is engaged to sing at Covent Garden with Madame Miolan-Carvalho in the *Pardon de Ploërmel*. Madame Faure, they say, is going to St. Petersburg; meanwhile several revivals are projected at this Opéra, amongst others, *Le Jugement de Midas*, by Grétry, and *Masaniello* of Carafa. At the Théâtre-Lyrique, Madame Carvalho, who was most warmly received on her re-appearance in *Philemon et Baucis*, will enjoy a little rest if they bring out, as they talk of doing, the *Fidelio* of Beethoven, Mad. Viardot performing the principal part. The *Crociato*, of Meyerbeer, was given last night at the Opéra.

When I think of all the concerts given lately, I hold my pen poised in the air with despair—where and with whom to begin, and where shall I end or what select. So that to mention two or three is all that one can do: I will begin with the one given at the Tuilleries. The first of these *concerts d'artistes* was composed of the artists from the Opéra-Comique, the second of those from the Italian Opéra, and the third of the artists of the Grand-Opéra; the selections of pieces were from *Pierre de Médicis*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Les Huguenots*, *Vêpres*, *Trouvère*, and *Herкуланum*; the pianist was M. Hans Bulow, and Franc-homme, on the violoncello, was clever as he always is. Meanwhile the Emperor's private concerts go on wonderfully, and some two or three "bright particular stars" attract considerable admiration and attention. Haydn's *Seasons* was the principal performance in the programme of the concert given on Sunday by the *Conservatoire*. The performance both instrumental and vocal, was in every way worthy the work, though Roger, who had come from Belgium expressly to sing at it, was already beginning to feel the effects of the influenza, that has since prevented his singing at a concert at Amiens, which has been put off in consequence. At Brussels, Roger was received in the warmest manner; and one representation, got up entirely in honor of him, brought in a sum of 6,000 francs.

The second concert for the performance of modern music for piano and voice was given last Wednesday,

in the Salle Beethoven. The rooms were crowded. The programme was exclusively (as regards instrumental music) reserved to the modern classical style—that is to say, modern music written in the style of the ancient masters. Fifteen pieces on the piano were given, and the three last, performed by M. Louis Dronier, were as warmly applauded as if the young virtuoso had given them at the commencement of the evening. M. Padlike, in the andante of the fourth concerto of Herz, and Fissot, in the *prêre* of Stephen Heller, deserve especial mention, also the vocal part of the programme was ably interpreted by Mlle. Renaury, M. Richer Cremon, and M. Bieval. Mlle. Pleyel gave her second concert on Monday, and her playing of the *Serenade* of Mendelssohn, the *Fleur de Lilouff*, the *Truite* of Stephen Heller, and the *Etudes* of Jules Cohen, was admirable. Tagliacico's singing and Sighicelli on the violoncello completed the programme.—*Corr. London Musical World*, March 28.

### London.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—At the second concert, on Monday week, there was even a better programme than at the first:—

PART I.—Overture, "Isles of Fingal"—Mendelssohn. Aria, "O del mio dolce ardor"—Stradella. Concerto in E flat, pianoforte—Mozart. Aria, "Penna alla patria"—Rossini. Pastoral Symphony—Beethoven.

PART II.—Overture, "Masaniello"—Auber. Chorus, "Away, the morning freshly breaking"—Auber. Song, "The first violet"—Mendelssohn. Fantasia, violin, "Hongrois"—Ernst. Aria, "Robert, toi que j'aime"—Meyerbeer. Hungarian March—Berlioz.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The instrumental pieces last Monday were from Beethoven, and the song from Mr. W. Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*. A better programme has been seldom presented:—

PART I.—Grand Septet, in E flat major, Op. 20—Beethoven. Song, "Bally in our alley," 1620. Song, "Oh! the oak and the ash," 1650. Sonata, in E major, Op. 109, for Pianoforte Solo (First time)—Beethoven.

PART II.—Romance, in G major, Op. 40. Violin Solo (First time)—Beethoven. Song, "At her cottage door," 17th Century. Song, "Kitty, dear Kitty," 1806. Grand Sonata, in A, Op. 47, for Pianoforte and Violin—Beethoven.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.—The third concert was one of the best ever given by the choir. The programme (the first part of which was unusually interesting) is worth citing:—

PART I.—The Forty-third Psalm, "Judge me, O Lord." For an Eight-Part Choir. No. 2, Op. 78—Mendelssohn. Motet for Quartet and Chorus, "Source of all light"—Hauptmann. Sonata for Pianoforte, in D minor, No. 2, Op. 29—Beethoven. Motet, "Pater noster"—Meyerbeer.

PART II.—Madrigal, "Sweet flowers"—T. A. Walmisley. Vocal Duet, "When birds are singing"—Henry Smart. Part Song, "Welcome, Spring"—Henry Leslie. Air, "O Nanny, wilt thou gang with me?"—harmonized by Harrison. Part Song, "Home"—Benedict. Countryman's Song—Dr. Rimbauld. Fantasia, Pianoforte, on Airs from "Maritana"—W. V. Wallace. Part Song for Male Voices—J. L. Hatton. Madrigal, "In the merry spring"—Ravencroft. Part Song, "Oh! who will o'er the downs"—R. L. Pearsall.

Hauptmann's "motet"—clever and well written as it is—was placed at great disadvantage in coming immediately after Mendelssohn's Psalm, an incomparable masterpiece, and executed in the most finished style imaginable. Meyerbeer's impressive setting of the Lord's Prayer, a sacred composition in the strictest application of the term, was not so well sung, the voices dropping more than a tone before the conclusion, and the intonation not being always perfect. It was, nevertheless, encored.—*London Musical World*, March 31.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The last two concerts, Saturday the 17th and Saturday the 24th instant, did not present any novel points of interest. At the former the instrumental pieces comprised Haydn's symphony in B flat, and the overture to *Melusina* (Mendelssohn) and the *Flauto Magico* (Mozart). Madame Sainton-Dolby and Miss Paropa were the vocalists, and M. Sainton played two solos of his own composition on the violin. The ladies were encored severally in Mr. Balfe's ballad, "The green trees whispered low," and the cavatina from *Victorine*, "Oh, bright were my visions;" and M. Sainton was loudly applauded in both his performances, chiefly in his *Lucresia Borgia*. There was a good attendance.

At the concert, last Saturday, Mr. Augustus Manns, not satisfied, let us suppose, with the reception accorded at the concert on the 10th instant, to Robert Schumann's symphony in B flat, introduced it a second time, and announced in the programme its repetition as by "special desire." This, no doubt, referred to a few individuals, lovers of the music of Robert Schumann, who, with great philanthropy, would convert all to their own way of thinking. The symphony did not much improve on closer acquaintance. [So says the *London Musical World*.]

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Oh! the lark is singing in the sky. H. von Hoff. 25

A very attractive parlor-song, lately added to the repertoire of charming English ballads, interpreted by Mrs. Long.

Jenny Bright. Nicolai. 25  
Lively and well marked; good for beginners.

Lassie are you waking. Geo. Lanley. 25

Dearer still. " 25

Mine. " 25

I don't forget. " 25

New songs by this highly esteemed poet and composer, published simultaneously here and in England.

#### Books.

THE SONG FESTIVAL: A Compendium of Music of every variety; Psalmody, Songs, Ballads, Duets, Trios, Quartets, Gleees, Sacred and Operatic Choruses, suited to the wants of Choirs, Singing Classes, Glee Clubs, Musical Conventions, Chorus Societies, and the Drawing-Room. By Virgil C. Taylor. 50

When this work appeared—some months ago—the most devoted friends and admirers of Mr. Taylor's music would hardly have dared to predict for it a success so flattering as its increasing popularity and constantly extending use has already established. If any one feature may be specified as particularly characterizing the work, it may be said of it—there are no pieces contained in it designed only to "fill up" the book—each piece has a specific character, which renders it difficult to decide which, if any, could be dispensed with.

Of the Psalmody department, while there are many tunes of a plain and easy form which come within the scope of singers but of ordinary attainments to execute, we feel constrained to say, we doubt whether, in the same space, the book can be found, which contains as many gems, of a strictly classical and artistic make, as this. The most fastidious Quartet choirs of city churches would hardly desire anything in the shape of Psalmody more intrinsically select and beautiful than the tunes Lawren, Reeves, Jernold, Piper, Dexter, Bodstein, Yinton, and others similar; while the Secular department is again equally choice in its varied contributions of Songs, Duets, Trios, Quartets and Choruses, both of the Oratorio and Operatic order. The Quartet, "Moonlight on the Sea," is not only a rare production, even among its many competitors in the work, but is a composition upon whose merits may justly be based the claim of celebrity for its author to a degree challenging comparison with the most brilliant efforts of European composers. To commend music of such a character to the numberless musical societies through the country who are in quest of that which is truly desirable, is but an act of public good; as, not only the very existence of all such associations depends, in part, upon the perfection of the music performed, but the general advancement of the cause of music will be in correspondence with the salient qualities of that which is practiced, the character of which will go to form the public taste.

The familiar arrangement of "Joy! Joy! Freedom to-day," in the Opera Chorus Book, from "The Gipsy's Warning," will be found in the "Song Festival," in a new and attractive garb; in place of the too lengthy and slow Trio for Tenors and Bass in A flat in the original, Mr. Taylor has substituted a most brilliant duet; together with other changes and alterations, which render the piece, according to his version, one of the most stirring and popular choruses of the Opera kind extant. Without extending our notice of the work unduly, we will call attention to but one more piece, the last in the book and extending over nine pages, "The Song makes Fresh the Weary." The style of this Chorus is eminently operative throughout. The first movement being an Allegretto in six-eight time, and followed by a Tenor Solo in A flat, accompanied by a Trio for male voices. This latter portion of the piece not only excels anything else from Mr. Taylor's pen in the book, but in point of elaborate structure as well as classical music, is hardly surpassed—by anything of a similar strain—by the standard operas of the day.

In view of the unusual merits of this work, it is but expressing what a universal cultivated musical taste, upon becoming acquainted with its true character, would heartily endorse, to say, that the diffusion of a musical literature like that composing the pages of the "Song Festival," is the planting of seed in musical soil, which will not only prove prolific of an abundant harvest, but will be preeminently instrumental in refining and elevating the musical taste of the country to a most desired degree.

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 421.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 5.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Leonora.

From ELISS POLKO's "Musikalische Märchen, Phantasien und Skizzen;" translated by FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

"A victory over the heart is great,—  
I honor the brave who wins it;  
But he who conquers by means of his heart,  
From me gains the loftiest honor!" —SCHILLER.

The merry inhabitants of Vienna, busily, restlessly as they hasten from one day to another, fond of change although they may be, have displayed in one particular manner a true seriousness and depth of feeling; I mean, in their sympathy with their great musicians. The Viennese is, and always was, as proud of every one of them, as of his being, and of his Prater. If the Viennese did not always take care that their dear Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven possessed full purses and comfortable dwellings, we must not blame them for it; every true Viennese has enough to do to take care of himself. But every one of them rejoices from the bottom of his heart, when he hears a piece by one of his darlings, wishes "long life" to them (with the glass in his hand, be sure!) and would swing his hat to the earth, if either of these renowned men fell in his way. Don't smile; for even that is a great deal! How many lofty spirits in commonplace bodies go past men, and no one gives them a kind glance, or even a "thank you" for what they have created. And yet such glances and thanks penetrate the soul like a spring sunbeam, and no man, however high he may tower above the rest, can live without them, and not suffer from the want.

In the uncommonly fine month of June of the year 1822, at the same hour of the afternoon, a man might have been seen walking up and down the so-called "water-glacia," from whose path every one moved respectfully. This lonely promenade came neither earlier nor later; always at the same hour; neither heat nor rain caused him to accelerate his pace; slowly, proudly, and securely he walked on, his glance turned earthwards, his hands crossed behind him. Thick grey hair hung roughly round the thoughtful forehead; he did not trouble himself, if the wind tossed it about or drove it over his eyes. No one could pass him by unmarked; the stamp of the extraordinary was visibly imprinted on his brow; the power of genius drew a glory around his bended head. Every child could say "that is LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, who has made such splendid music," and would cease playing, stop the ball that was rolling under the Master's feet; hide his whip, or knock down his humming-top, when the grave man passed by. Old and young, high and low, stepped aside, or greeted him respectfully, without hoping that the greeting would be returned.

Charcoal carriers, bending under heavy burdens, stopped patiently until the wonderful dreamer had passed; each and all honored him in his own manner. Just at that time, the Viennese

felt more interest than ever in the venerated apparition; Beethoven had finished his first and only opera "Leonora," (he afterwards named it "Fidelio") some months before, and had so far obstinately refused to bring it out. Stubborn, deaf to all entreaty, he kept the precious score locked up in his desk. "I cannot find the Leonora I want," said he to his friends, who untiringly besought him to produce the work. "To be sure, there are plenty of songstresses, but not the one for me. My Leonora shall not fling out a single trill, or break her neck over senseless runs; neither will she change her dress ten times; she need not even be exceedingly handsome; but something she must have besides her voice, and what that something is I will not tell you, for you would only laugh at the 'mad' Beethoven more than ever. Let the opera rest, and don't trouble yourselves about it!" But his impatient friends would not let it rest; they worried the great musician every day, sent him one songstress after another, and at last began to get seriously angry. Beethoven waited patiently. One evening, however, some visitors came hastily in, and told him wonderful things about the first appearance of a young songstress, with whom all Vienna was enraptured. She was the daughter of the great actress, SOPHIE SCHROEDER, not yet seventeen; she had lately come with her parents from Hamburg to Vienna, where they talked of settling. As Mozart's Pamina, every one had been delighted with her voice and figure; a great future was prophesied for her; all this was told to the Master, and then they said that every one hoped this fair hand would bring the hidden treasures of his last work to light. Then Beethoven cried out: "What? trust my jewel to a child, a creature just from school? I think you must be dreaming, or else curiosity has robbed you of your senses. No, Ludwig van Beethoven did not compose his Leonora for a thing of seventeen! But I am tired of all this annoyance, and I declare to you, once for all, that I will burn my opera, if any one asks me another question about it!"

His anger was so imposing, his eyes blazed so resolutely, his voice grumbled so deeply, and so many storm-clouds gathered on his broad forehead, that his friends slid off without a word; and from that time the Master no longer heard the name "Leonora" forever ringing in his ears. It had happened for some time, that the great master, on his return from his daily walk, met, at a little distance from the city, a fair-haired young girl. She usually wore a simple white dress, a plain straw bonnet, and a dark red shawl. Like all who were in the habit of meeting the composer, she stepped respectfully aside; but she did so with a peculiar grace, at the same time fixing her great eyes on the master's face. Those were eyes that had power to bind and set free! eyes that could wake up a dreaming soul, attract, and hold it fast! eyes of very dark blue, with thick lashes and brows, eyes of impassioned gravity, and fathomless depth. Only the dreamer Beethoven could have so long withstood the fixed

glance of such eyes; many times he passed by the young girl without observing her. Her delicate lips trembled as he strode by; it seemed as though she wished to speak, but could not; she looked after him with a mixture of admiration and pain, and then returned slowly back to the city. One day, toward five o'clock in the afternoon, a heavy storm blew up. The thunder rolled nearer, lightning began to pierce the clouds, the birds fluttered anxiously around, and every one out hurried to reach a shelter. Gusts of wind blew at intervals, but as yet no rain fell to cool the sultry air. Just then Ludwig van Beethoven, looking like a prophet, was returning from his walk. With his head upraised, his brow clearer than ordinary, he seemed to enjoy the fine spectacle. He surely understood the sublime speech overhead, for he smiled when the thunder rolled, and looked undazzled at every flash of lightning. For him the roaring of the storm was the mighty trumpet tone of a great symphony of Nature; the wind that tossed his hair, seemed almost to bear him aloft; the grave man then raised his arms in a glad, silent enthusiasm, and it seemed as if he was expecting an angel to visit him on the path of the lightning. Oh, that the angel would bring a gigantic harp, so that he might storm forth those sublime conceptions, that now filled his soul to overflowing! Indeed, Beethoven really thought he saw an angel before him; a form clad in white stood near; he stared at it, expecting a miracle. But the supposed angel tremblingly stretched out her hands to him, murmured a few unintelligible words, and looked imploringly in his face. He gazed astonished at a pale girl. This charming face and figure impressed him like a remembrance; surely he had seen her before? Probably in a dream? He could not be certain. "Child," said he at last, kindly, "you should not be out in such weather. Are you belated, or have you lost your way?"

"I was only going to you," she answered with a mild and yet firm voice.

"To me? and what did you desire from me?"

"Your—Leonora!"

Beethoven drew back. "Who are you?"

"Wilhelmina Schröder. I have come here several days with this prayer, but never before dared to breathe it."—"And did you not see what a cloud was gathering? Are you not afraid?"

"I only fear one thing; that my prayer will be denied!" The master answered not a word—he looked friendly into the eyes of the maiden. She did not cast them earthwards, but, blushing warmly, she returned his glance with one as firm. Then seizing her little hand with his strong grasp, Beethoven breathed deeply, and quietly said: "Take courage, and come and see me to-morrow my child; I think I have found my Leonora. But now, let me conduct you home."

She took his arm with a beating heart, glowing cheeks, and a happy smile; the fulfilment of her wish was approaching. The storm had broken, the flashes of lightning were fainter, and the rain

was beginning to fall. At the city gate, Beethoven handed the young girl with fatherly care into a passing hackney-coach, and Wilhelmine Schröder gave him her mother's address. With childlike enthusiasm she kissed the master's hand as she bade him farewell; he turned to go. But he must look back once more—and then he saw the young girl's charming face turned towards him from the carriage window. Pale with emotion, her serious young brow overshadowed with waving golden hair, she bowed to him, while her magical eyes looked their farewell. Ludwig van Beethoven felt a soft warmth stream over his heart; a happy, yet melancholy presentiment thrilled him; he thought to himself: "This woman will shed another ray of sunshine over my path, but it will be the last!"

And on the following morning, the young songstress, WILHELMINA SCHROEDER, stood near Beethoven at the piano. The score of his "Leonora" lay open before them. He explained to her the text of the opera in a few words, then passing over the first numbers, for Jaquino and Marcellina he hummed Leonora's part in the quartet, "Tis marvellous to me," beating time with one hand, and accompanying with the other. The young girl followed every tone with deep attention. At the trio, "Well done, my son," her blue eyes lit up gloriously; but when the fine tone-painting of the great air, "Monster, whither hastenest thou," was unfolded to her, a thrill of emotion ran through her whole being. With every number the young listener's admiration increased, the master grew more enthusiastic, and she scarcely noticed that the voice, which carried these noble things through her ear to her soul, was harsh and broken. She did not know, that at the duet of the second act, "Now quickly on, the grave dug freshly," the tears were rolling down her cheeks; she did not raise her eyes from the inspired composer, whom she venerated with all her heart. What a picture the frame of that poor room contained in these two figures, of grave and glorious autumn, and of smiling spring! The master in his fur-bordered dressing-gown, with glowing eyes and expressive brow, buried in his own creation, and but occasionally glancing up seriously to his young listener; the maiden, her face, with its pure lines, glowing redly with spring freshness, while sunbeams seemed to play in the hair that waved along her cheeks, and was gathered in a low knot behind. Beethoven went on faster and faster; his hand hurried over the keys. "Now comes the moment of highest emotion," said he; "in it is collected every ray from the other parts of the opera. Observe this cry, my child, for here is the place to show whether I am deceived in you or not." And now, with thrilling enthusiasm, he intoned that famous cry, "first kill his wife!" Now Wilhelmine Schröder first fully comprehended what a gigantic gift it was, for which she had stretched out her hands. Pleasure and fear alternately filled her breast. "First kill his wife!" This cry re-echoed through her soul; she heard nothing more, and the brilliant finale went by her like a dream. But when Beethoven rose, closing the score, she said, solemnly: "Give me your blessing, before I venture on this attempt, so that I may succeed in it!" She bowed her head, the master thoughtfully laid his hand on her fair locks, and a smile of satisfaction played over his face, like an autumn sun-

beam. Before the young girl slept that night, she folded her hands, and closed her morning prayer with these words: "O God, let me become such a Leonora as he has dreamed of, so that I may bring one more joy to his heart."

Some weeks after this scene, WILHELMINA SCHROEDER made her first appearance in the opera of "Fidelio" at Vienna, and became the embodiment of that highest ideal of heroic love, which Beethoven's genius had created. The composer sat in a small, dark box near the stage. Alas, the powerful and pleasing tones that streamed from the young singer's breast penetrated but in part to his already almost closed ear; but he saw the glow and inspiration of her expressive face, he saw the impassioned eyes, the abandonment and enthusiasm that awakened so much delight in the audience, that their applause, in its outbreak, resembled the roaring of an ocean. The second act proceeded; the faithful wife descended to the gloomy dungeon, reached out the bread to her starving husband, ran through every degree of soul-martyrdom, until that wonderful point of light, that mighty outcry, "First kill his wife!" Beethoven rose feverishly when the chord was struck, his breath was suspended, he trembled all over, and his eyes hung on the lips of the songstress. A second only, she seemed to hesitate, then drawing herself up, in truly sublime beauty, the now famous B flat thrilled through the souls of her electrified hearers, in a tone vibrating with the loftiest passion. And, as if endowed with miraculous power, this strong, soulful tone broke through all barriers, and penetrated, like a missionary of light, to the closed ear of the master. Suddenly all seemed clear within him, golden tone-waves streamed over his soul; his Leonora sang and sounded aloud; in the glorious overpowering B flat that he heard, the whole seemed mirrored, as all things may be reflected in one clear drop of water. Nameless joy, unbounded satisfaction filled his heart; he had not been disappointed in his Leonora! Long buried wishes, long slumbering hopes arose as from the repose of death, and looked smilingly at him. But body and soul were only inured to sorrow: the sudden feeling of overpowering joy subdued the man, strong only in suffering and resignation; Ludwig van Beethoven sank back, almost fainting. This representation of "Fidelio," was indeed the last, but probably also the brightest sunbeam that fell on the gloomy path of the great composer. But what was that "something," which Beethoven wished the representative of his Leonora to possess, and which he found in the young girl's blue eyes?

Wilhelmine Schröder made "Fidelio" famous, all over the world. How is it possible for any one, who has once heard her matchless personation of Leonora, ever to forget her? Hundreds of songstresses have sung Leonora since; but which of them took the soul captive like her?—Was no one, then, so handsome as WILHELMINA SCHROEDER DEVRIENT? Had no one so powerful a voice, or such captivating grace?—Charming women clothed themselves in the shabby male attire of Fidelio; splendid voices sang the air, "Monster, whither hastenest thou?" Mistresses of the art of representation lavished all their strength on this creation; but did the outcry, "First kill his wife!" ever ring half so sublimely, so thrillingly, from any lips, as from those of that

fair-haired woman? And why was it so?—Wilhelmine Schröder Devrient possessed the rare charm that overcomes and conquers the world; that mysterious gift, which, in our prosaic, cold-blooded days, is fast becoming a tradition; that costliest earthly treasure, that fairest blessing of Heaven,—a warm heart!

### Review of Marx's Beethoven.

(From the Atlantic Monthly.)

(Concluded from page 27.)

The English or American reader, whose only biography of Beethoven has been the translation of Schindler's work by Moscheles, will be pleased to find scattered through Marx's two volumes a number of interesting extracts from the "Conversation-Books." These are not always given exactly as in the originals, although the sense is proved intact. For instance, (Vol. I, p. 341,) speaking of the original overture to "Leonore,"—afterwards printed as Op. 138,—Marx says, "It shows us, as in a mirror of past happiness, a view of that which is hereafter to reward Leonore and raise Florestan from his woe. Yes, Beethoven himself is in theory of this opinion. In his Conversation-Books we read the following:—

"Aristotle, in his 'Poetics,' remarks, 'Tragic heroes must at first live in great happiness and splendor.' This we see in Egmont. Wenn sie nun [so] recht glücklich sind, [so] kommt mit [auf] einem Mal das Schicksal und schlingt einen Knoten um ihr Haupt [über ihren Haupte] den sie nicht mehr zu lösen vermögen. Muth und Trotz tritt an die Stelle [der Reue] und verweigen sehen sie dem Gesckicke, [und sie sehen verweigen dem Gesckicke,] ja, dem Tod in's Aug'."

The words in brackets show the variations from the original; they are slight, but will soon be seen to have significance.

Again, Marx says, (Vol. II, p. 214, note,) "In one of the Conversation-Books Schindler remarks, 'Ich bin sehr gespannt auf die Charakterisirung [der Sätze] der B dur Trio. . . . Der erste Satz trümt von lauter Glückseligkeit [Glück und Zufriedenheit]. Auch Muthwille, heiteres Tändeln und Eigensinn [mit permission — Beethovenscher] ist darin.' [Should be "und Eigensinn (Beethovenische) ist darin, mit Permission."]

On page 217 of the same volume is part of a conversation between Beethoven and his friend Peters, dated 1819. The Conversation-Book from which it is taken is dated, in Beethoven's own hand, "March and April, 1820."

But enough for our purpose, which is to prove that Marx knows nothing of the Conversation-Books from personal inspection, although he always quotes them in such a manner as to impress the reader with the idea that the extracts made are his own. Now, 1st, all his extracts are in the second edition of Schindler's "Biography;" 2d, all the variations from the original are found word for word in Schindler's excerpts; 3d, the first of the above three examples, which Marx takes for an expression of Beethoven's views, was written by Schindler himself, for his master's perusal! But though a biography give us nothing new in relation to the hero, still it may be of great interest and value from the manner in which well-known authorities are collected and digested, and the facts presented in a picturesque, fascinating, living, narrative. Such a work is Irving's "Goldsmith." Such a work is not Marx's "Beethoven." It is neither one thing nor another,—neither a biography nor a critical examination of the master's works. It is a little of both,—an attempt to combine the two, and a very unsuccessful one. Biography and criticism are so strangely mixed up, jumbled together,—anecdotes of different periods so absurdly brought into juxtaposition,—chronology so oddly abused,—that one can obtain a far better idea of the man Beethoven by reading Marx's authorities than his digest of them; and as to his works, those upon which we want information, which we have no opportunity to hear, which have not been subjects of criticism and discussion for a whole generation,—on these he has little or nothing to say.

But the extreme carelessness with which Marx cites his authorities is worthy of notice; here are a few examples.

Vol. I, p. 13. Here we find the well-known anecdote of Beethoven's playing several variations upon Righini's air, "Vieni Amore," from memory, and improvising others, before the Abbé Sterkel. Wegeler is the original authority for the anecdote, the point of which depends upon the fact that the printed variations were a composition by Beethoven. Marx here and elsewhere in his book attributes them to Sterkel.



Ib. p. 31. Speaking of the pleasure Van Swieten took in Beethoven's playing of Bach's fugues, and of the dislike of the latter to being urged to play, Marx quotes as follows: "He came then (relates Ries, who became his pupil in 1800) back to me with clouded brow and out of temper" etc. To me,—Ries—a boy of sixteen,—and Beethoven already the composer all of whose works half a dozen publishers were ready to take at any prices he chose to fix! Ries relates no such thing. Wegeler does, but of a period five years before Ries came to Vienna; moreover, he relates it in relation to Beethoven's dislike to being urged to play in mixed companies, the fact having no relation whatever to Van Swieten's weekly music-parties.

Ib. p. 33. Beethoven is now twenty-five. "At this time, as it seems, there has been no talk of ill health." Directly against the statement of Wegeler.

Ib. p. 38. The Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra, Op. 15, "Probably commenced in 1800, since it was offered to Hoffmeister, Jan. 5, 1801." He relates from Wegeler, that Beethoven wrote the finale when suffering violently from colic. How is it possible for a man to overlook the next line, "I helped him as much as I could with simple remedies," and not associate it with Wegeler's statement that he himself left Vienna "in the middle of 1796"? This fixes the date absolutely four or five years earlier than Marx's probability. He is equally unlucky in his reading of the letters of Hoffmeister; for the Concerto offered him Jan. 5, 1801, was not this one, but that in B flat, Op. 19.

Ib. p. 186. The Sonata, Op. 22, "Out of the year 1802." If Marx will turn to the letters to Hoffmeister again, he will find this Sonata offered for publication with the Concerto.

Ib. p. 341. "Schindler, who, however, first became acquainted with Beethoven in 1808, and first came into close connection with him in 1813." Compare Schindler, 2nd ed. p. 95. "It was in the year 1814 that I first became personally acquainted with Beethoven." In 1808 Schindler was a boy of thirteen years, in a Gymnasium, and had not yet come to Vienna.

Vol. II. p. 36. Sonata, Op. 57. "The finale, as Ries relates, was begotten in a night of storm"; and on this text Marx discourses through a page or two. Ries relates no such thing.

Ib. p. 179. "Once more, relates Schindler, the two (Goethe and Beethoven) met each other," etc. For Schindler, read Lenz.

Ib. p. 191. "The Philharmonic Society in London presented to him . . . a magnificent grand-pianoforte of Broadwood's manufacture." Schindler says expressly, "Presented by Ferd. Ries, John Cramer, and Sir George Smart." Cannot Marx read German?

Ib. p. 329. We give one more instance of Marx's method of citing authorities,—a very curious one. It is an extract from a letter written to the Schotts in Mayence, signed A. Schindler, containing an account of Beethoven's last hours, and published in the "Cäcilia" in full. Here is the passage:—

"When I came to him, on the morning of the 24th of March, (relates *Anselm Hüttenbrenner*, a musical friend and composer, of Grätz, who had hastened thither to see Beethoven once more,) I found his whole countenance distorted, and him so weak, that, with the greatest exertions, he could bring out but two or three intelligible words." *Anselm Hüttenbrenner*!

Throughout these volumes we find a certain vagueness of statement in connection with the names of musicians with whom Beethoven came in contact, which raises the question, whether Marx has no biographical dictionary in his house, not even a copy of Schilling's Encyclopædia, for which he wrote so many biographies, and "indeed all the articles signed A. B. M."? At times, however, the statements are not so vague. For instance,—in the anecdote already referred to, Marx makes the two Rombergs and Franz Ries introduce the "fifteen-year-old virtuoso" to Sterkel,—that is, in 1785 or '86. At that date, (see Schilling,) Andreas Romberg was a boy of eighteen, Bernard a boy of fifteen; moreover, they did not come to Bonn, until 1790, when Beethoven was nearly twenty years old. In 1793-4 Marx makes Schenck "the to him [Beethoven] well-known and valued composer of the 'Dorfbarbier,'" which opera was not written until some years later. In 1815 died Beethoven's "friend and countryman, Salomon, of Bonn, in London." It is possible that Beethoven may have occasionally seen Salomon at Bonn, but that violinist went to London as early as 1781, after having then been for several years in Prince Henry's chapel in Berlin.

These things may, perhaps, strike the reader as of minor importance, mere blemishes. So be it then; we will turn to a vexed question, which has a literary

importance, and see what light Marx throws upon it. We refer to Bettine's letters to Goethe upon Beethoven, and the composer's letters to her, the authority of which has been strongly questioned. Marx gives them, Vol. II. pp. 121-135, and we turned eagerly to them, expecting to find, from one who has for thirty years or more lived in the same city with the author, the *questio vexata* fully put to rest. Nothing of the kind. He quotes them from Schindler with Schindler's remarks upon them, to which he gives his assent. As to the letters of Beethoven to Bettine, he has not even done that lady the justice to give them as she has printed them, but rests satisfied with a copy confessedly taken from the English translation! Of these Marx says, "These letters—one has not the right, perhaps, to declare them outright creations of fancy; at all events, there is no judicial proof of this, no more than of their authenticity—if they are not imagined, they are certainly translated . . . from Beethoven into the Bettine speech. Never—compare all the letters and writings of Beethoven which are known with these Bettine epistles—never did Beethoven so write. . . . If he wrote to Bettine, then she has poetized [überdichtet] his letters, and she has not done even this well; we have in them Beethoven as seen in the mirror Bettine." He adds in a note, "In the highest degree girl-like and equally un-Beethoven-like are these constant repetitions: 'liebe, liebe; liebe, liebe; liebe, liebe; gute; bald, bald!'"

What does Marx say to this beginning of a letter to Tiedge: "Jeden Tag schwebte mir immer folgende Brief an Sie, Sie, Sie, immer vor"? Or to these repetitions from a series of notes written also from Toplitz in the summer of 1812? "Lieben Sie wohl, liebe, gute A." "Liebe, gute A., seit ich gestern." etc. "Scheint der Mond. . . so sehen Sie den kleinen, kleinsten aller Menschen bei sich," etc.

And so on this point Marx leaves us just as wise as we were before. There is a gentleman who can decide by a word as to the authenticity of these letters of Beethoven, since he originally furnished them for publication in the English translation of Schindler's "Biography." We refer to Mr. Chorley, of the "London Athenæum." Meanwhile we venture to give Marx's opinion as much weight as we think it deserves, and continue to believe in the letters; more especially because, as published by Bettine herself in 1848, each is remarkable for certain peculiarly Beethoven-like abuses of punctuation, orthography, and capital letters, which carry more weight to our minds than the unsupported opinions of a dozen Professors Marx.

Justice requires that we pass from merely biographical topics, which are evidently not the forte of Professor Marx, to some of those upon which he has bestowed far more space, and doubtless far more labor and pains, and upon which, in this work, he doubtless also rests his claim to our applause.

On page 199 of Vol. I. begins a division of the work entitled by the author "Chorische Werke." In previous chapters, Beethoven's pianoforte compositions—sonatas, trios, the quintet, etc., up to Op. 54, exclusive of the concertos for that instrument and orchestra—have been treated. In this we have a very pleasing account of the gradual progress of the composer from the concerto to the full splendor of the grand symphony.

"The composer Beethoven," says Marx, "was, as we have seen, also a virtuoso. No one can be both, without feeling himself drawn to the composition of concertos. These works then follow, and in close relation to the pianoforte compositions of Beethoven, with and without the accompaniment of solo instruments; and to them others, which may just here be best brought under one general head for notice. From them we look directly upward to orchestral and symphonic works. To all these we give the general name of 'choral' works, for want of a better, a term which in fact belongs but to vocal music, and is exceedingly ill adapted to a part of the compositions now under consideration. The term, however, is used here as pointing at the significance of the orchestra to Beethoven."

Marx's theory of Beethoven's progress, taking continually bolder and loftier flights until he reaches the symphony, must necessarily be based upon the chronology of the works in question,—a basis which he adopts, but evidently, in the case of two or three of them, with some hesitation; yet the theory has too great a charm for him to be lightly thrown aside.

We will bring into a table the compositions which he is now considering, together with the dates of their composition, that we may obtain a clearer view of their bearings upon the point in question.

Concerto in C for Pianoforte and Orchestra, op. 15. 1800. (See p. 38.)  
Concerto in B flat, op. 19. 1801.  
Concerto in C minor, op. 37. Not dated.  
Six Quatuors for Bowed Instruments, op. 18. Published in 1801-2, but "begun earlier."

Quintet, op. 29. 1802.  
Septet, op. 20. Not dated.  
Prometheus. Ballet, op. 43. Performed March 28, 1801.  
Grand Symphony, op. 21. 1799 or 1800.  
Grand Symphony, op. 86. Performed 1800.

A glance at the dates in this table throws doubt upon the theory; the doubt is increased by the consideration that all these important works are, according to Marx, the labor of only three years! But let us turn back and collect into another table the pianoforte works which are also attributed to the same epoch.

Pianoforte Trio, op. 11. 1799.  
Three Pianoforte Sonatas, op. 10. 1799.  
Two do. do. op. 14. 1799.  
Adelaide, Song, op. 49. 1798 or '99.  
Sonata for Piano and Horn, op. 17. 1800.  
Sonata Pathétique, op. 13. 1800.  
Christus am Oelberg, Cantata, op. 85. 1800.  
Quintet, op. 16. 1801.  
Sonata, op. 22. 1802.  
do. op. 26. 1802.  
do. op. 28. 1802.

From this list we have excluded works which Marx says were published (*herausgegeben*) during these years, selecting only those which he calls "aus dem Jahre,"—belonging to such a year.

Marx himself Vol. I. p. 246 et seq. shows us that the works above-mentioned, dated 1802, belong to an earlier period; for in the "first months" of that year Beethoven fell into a dangerous illness, which unfitted him for labor throughout the season.

We have, then, as the labor of three years, three grand pianoforte concertos with orchestra, six string quartets, a quintet, a septet, a grand ballet, and two symphonies, for great works; and for minor productions,—by-play,—nine pianoforte solo sonatas, one for pianoforte and horn, a pianoforte trio, a quintet, the "Adelaide," and the "Christ on the Mount of Olives," a productiveness (and such a productiveness!) not surpassed by Mozart or Handel in their best and most marvellous years.

But these twenty-eight works, in fact, belong only in part to those three years. The first concerto was finished before June, 1796; the second in Prague, 1798; the third was performed late in the autumn of 1800. A performance of the first symphony is recorded at least ten, of the second at least three months before that of the ballet. As this, the "Prometheus," was written expressly for Viganò, the arranger of the action, it is not to be supposed that any great lapse of time took place between the execution of the order for and the production of the music. In fact, Marx has no authorities, beyond Lenz's notices of the publication of the works in the above lists, for the dates which he has given to them; none whatever for placing the works of the first of our lists in that order; certainly none for placing Op. 37 before Op. 18, Op. 29 before Op. 20, and Op. 43 before Op. 21 and Op. 36. And yet, at the close of his remarks upon the septet, Op. 20, we read, "Each of the compositions here noticed" (namely, those in the first list down to the septet) "is a step away from the pianoforte to the orchestra. In the midst of them appears the first (!) orchestral work since the chivalrous ballet, to which the boy (?) Beethoven in former days gave being. It was again to be a ballet, 'Gli Uomini di Prometeo.'" Then follow remarks upon the ballet, closing thus: "On the 'Prometheus' he had tried the strength of his pinions; in the first symphony, 'Grande Sinfonie,' Op. 21, he floated calmly upon them at those heights where the spirit of Mozart had rested."

No, Herr Professor Marx, your pretty fancy is without basis. Chronology, "the eye of History," makes sad work of your theory. Pity that in your "researches" you met not one of those lists of the Electoral Chapel at Bonn, which would have shown you that the young Beethoven learned to wield the orchestra in that best of all schools, the orchestra itself!

Three chapters of Book Second (Vol. I. pp. 239-307) are entitled "Helden Weihe," (Consecration of the Hero,) "Die Sinfonie Eroica und die ideale Musik," (The Heroic Symphony and Ideal Music,) and "Die Zukunft vor dem Richterstuhl der Vergangenheit" (The Future before the Judgment Seat of the Past). Save the first fourteen pages, which are given to Beethoven's sickness in 1802, the testament which he wrote at that time, and some remarks upon the "Christ on the Mount of Olives," these chapters are devoted to the "Heroic Symphony," its history, its explanation, and a polemical discourse directed against the views of Wagner, Berlioz, Oulibichef, and others.

The circumstances under which this remarkable work was written, the history of its origin and completion, are so clearly related by Ries and Schindler, that it seems hardly possible to make any great blunder in repeating them. Marx has, however, a very happy talent for getting out of the path, even when it lies directly before him.

"When, therefore, Bernadotte," says he, "at that time French Ambassador at Vienna, and sharer in the admiration which the Lichnowskis and others of high rank felt for Beethoven, proposed to him to pay his homage to the hero [Napoleon] in a grand instrumental work, he found the artist in the best disposition thereto; perhaps such thoughts had already occurred to his mind. In the year 1802, in autumn, he put his hand already to the work, began first in the following year earnestly to labor upon it, and, with many interruptions, and the production of various compositions in the mean time, completed it in 1804."

From this passage, and from remarks in connection with it, it is clear that Professor Marx supposes Bernadotte to have been in Vienna in 1802-3, and to have ordered this symphony of Beethoven. Schindler's words, when speaking of his conversation with the composer in 1823, on this topic are, "Beethoven erinnerte sich lebhaft, dass Bernadotte wirklich zuerst die Idee zur Sinfonie Eroica in ihm rege gemacht hat" (Beethoven remembered distinctly that it really was Bernadotte who first awakened in him the idea of the "Heroic Symphony"). On turning to the article on Bernadotte in the "Conversations-Lexicon," we find that the period of his embassy embraced but a few months of the year 1798.

It seems to us a very suggestive and important fact toward the comprehension of Beethoven's design in this work, that the conception of it had been floating before his mind and slowly assuming definite form during the space of four years, before he put hand to the composition. Six years passed from the date of its conception before it lay complete upon the table, with the single word "Bonaparte" in large letters at the top of the title-page, and "L. Beethoven" at the bottom, with nothing between. And what, according to Marx, is this product of so much study and labor? A musical description of a battle; a funeral march to the memory of the fallen; the gathering of the armies for their homeward march; a description of the blessings of peace. A most lame and impotent interpretation! Marx somewhere says, that Beethoven never wrought twice upon the same idea; hence the funeral march of the Symphony cannot have been originally intended in honor of a hero,—we agree with him so far,—for this task he had once already accomplished in the Sonata, Op. 26. But then, if the first movement of the Symphony be a battle-piece, how came its author to compose another, and one so entirely different, in 1812?

How any one, with the recollection of Beethoven's fondness for describing character in music, even in youth upon the pianoforte,—with the "Coriolanus Overture" before him, and the "Wellington's Victory at Vittoria" at hand,—and, above all, with any knowledge of the composer's love for the universal, the all-embracing, and his contempt for minute musical painting, as shown by his sarcasms upon passages in Haydn's "Creation,"—can suppose the first movement of the "Heroic Symphony" to be in the main intended as a battle-picture, passes our comprehension. It may be so. It is but a matter of opinion. We have nothing from Beethoven himself upon the point, unless we may suppose, that, when, four years later, he printed upon the programme, at the first performance of the "Pastoral Symphony," "Rather the expression of feeling than musical painting," he was guarding against a mistake which had been made as to the intent of the "Eroica."

We have no space to waste in following Marx, either through his exposition of his battle theory, his explanations of the other movements of the Symphony, or his polemics against previous writers. His programme seems to us little, if at all, better than those which he controverts. Instead of this, we venture to offer our own to the reader's common sense, which, if it does not satisfy, at least shows that Marx has not put the question forever at rest.

"Rather the expression of feeling than musical painting" seems to us a key to the understanding of this, as well as of the "Pastoral Symphony." Mere musical painting, and the composition of works to order—as is proved by the "Wellington's Victory," the "Coriolanus Overture," the music to "Prometheus," to the "Ruins of Athens," the "Glorreiche Augenblick," to say nothing of minor works, such as the First and Second Concertos, the Horn Sonata, etc.—Beethoven could and did despatch with extreme rapidity; but works of a different order, for which he could take his own time, and which were to be the expression of the grand feelings of his own great heart,—the composition of these was no light holiday-task. He could "make music" with all ease and rapidity; and had this been his aim, the extreme productiveness of the first years in Vienna shows that he might, perhaps, have rivalled Father Haydn himself in the number of his instrumental compositions. His difficulty was not in writing music, but in

mastering the poetic conception, and finding that tone-speech which should express in epic progress, yet in obedience to the laws of musical form, the emotions, feelings, sentiments to be depicted. Hence the great length of time during which many of his works were subjects of meditation and study. Hence the six years which elapsed between the conception and completion of the "Heroic Symphony."

Beethoven passed his youth near the borders of France, under a government which allowed a republican personal freedom to its subjects. He was himself a strong republican, and old enough, when the crushed people over the border at length arose in their terrible energy against the King, to sympathize with them in their woe, perhaps in their vengeance. What to us is the horrible history of those years was to him the exciting news of the day; and it is not difficult to imagine the changes of feeling with which he would follow the political changes in France, the hopes of humanity now apparently lost in the gloom of the Reign of Terror, and now the rising of the day-star, precursor of a glorious day of republican freedom, in the marvellous successes of the cool, determined, energetic, stoical young conqueror of Italy, living, when Bernadotte fired his imagination by his descriptions of him, with his wife, the widow of Beauharnais, in a small house in an obscure street of the capital.

To us, then, the first movement of the "Heroic Symphony" is a study of character. In the "Coriolanus Overture" we have one side of a hero depicted: here we see him in all his aspects; we behold him in sorrow and in joy, in weakness and in strength, in the struggle and in victory,—overcoming opposition, and reducing all elements of discord to harmony and order by the force of his energetic will. It may be either a description of Napoleon, as Beethoven at that time understood his character,—we are inclined to this opinion,—or it may be a more general picture of a hero, to which the career of Napoleon had furnished but the original conception. The second movement is to us the wail of a nation ground to the dust by the iron heel of despotism.—France under the old regime.—France in the Reign of Terror.—France needing, as few nations have needed, the advent of a hero. The scherzo, with its trio, is not a form for minute painting of how the hero comes and saves; nor is this necessary; it has been sufficiently indicated in the first movement. We hear in it the awakening to new life, from the first whispers of hope, uttered mysteriously and with trembling lips, to the bright and cheering expression of a nation's joy,—not loudly and boisterously,—(Beethoven never gives such a language to the depths of happiness.)—in the exquisite passage for the horns in the trio. We agree with Marx in feeling the finale to be a picture of the blessings of that peace and quiet which the hero once more restores,—but peace and quiet where liberty and law, justice and order reign.

One fact in relation to the finale of this symphony has caused Professor Marx no little trouble. The movement is a theme and variations, with a fugue, and was published by Beethoven as a "Theme and Variations for the Pianoforte" (Op. 35, dedicated to Moritz Lichnowsky. The theme is from the finale of the "Promethens." Now what could induce Beethoven to make this use of so important a work, as such a finale to such a symphony, is to our Professor a puzzle. It troubles him on page 70, (Vol. I.) again on page 212, and finally on page 274. The same theme three times employed—he may say four, for it is one of the six "Contredances" by Beethoven, which appeared about that time,—and the third time so employed! Lenz happens to have overlooked the fact,—and so has Marx,—that the Variations for the Pianoforte, Op. 35, were advertised in the "Leipziger Musikalische Zeitung," already in November, 1803. How long Beethoven had kept them by him, how long it had taken them to make the then slow journey from Vienna to Leipzig, to be engraved, corrected, and made ready for sale, we are not informed. A very simple theory will account for all the phenomena in this case.

A very beautiful theme in the finale of "Prometheus" is admired. Beethoven composes variations upon it, and, to render it more worthy of his friend Lichnowsky, adds the fugue. The work becomes a favorite, and the theme being originally descriptive of the happiness of man in a state of culture and refinement, he decides to arrange it for orchestra, and give it a place in the new symphony. How if Lichnowsky proposed it?

A large proportion of the three chapters under consideration, as indeed, of many others, is directed against Oulibichef,—"Oulibichef-Thersites," as he names him in the Table of Contents. The very different manner in which he treats this gentleman, throughout his work, from that in which he speaks of Berlioz, Wagner, Lenz, is striking; but Oulibichef

is dead, and cannot reply. Some of the Russian's contrapuntal objections to the "Heroic Symphony" are well answered; but, as we are satisfied with the poetic explanation of the work by neither, we must confess, that, after the crystalline clearness of Oulibichef, the muddy wordiness of Marx is not to edification.

We turn now to the chapters devoted to the opera "Leonore," afterwards "Fidelio,"—one of the most interesting topics in Beethoven's musical history. Here, at length, we do find something beyond what Ries and Schindler have recorded,—no longer the close coincidence in matters of fact with Lenz; indeed, the account of the changes made in transforming the three-act "Leonore" into the two-act "Fidelio" we consider the best piece of historic writing in the volumes, the one which gives us the greatest number of new facts, and most clearly and chronologically arranged. It is really quite unfortunate for Professor Marx, that Professor Otto Jahn of Bonn gave us, some years since, in his preface to the Leipzig edition of "Leonore," precisely the same facts, from precisely the same sources, and in some cases, we had almost said, in precisely the same words. The "coincidence" here is striking, as we cannot suppose Marx ever saw Jahn's publication, since he makes no reference to it. In the errors with which Marx spices his narrative occasionally, the coincidence ceases. Here are some instances. According to Marx, one reason of the ill success of the opera at Vienna, in 1805-6, was the popularity of that upon the same subject by Paer. The Viennese first heard the latter in 1809. Again, at the first production of the "Fidelio," in 1814, Marx says, the Leonore Overture No. 3 was played because that in E flat was not finished. Seyfried says expressly, the overture to the "Ruins of Athens." Marx speaks of the proposals made to Beethoven in 1823 to compose the "Melusine," and still another text, and so speaks as to leave the impression, that, from the "fall of the opera" in 1806, the composer had purposely kept aloof from the stage. Does the Professor know nothing of Beethoven's application in 1807 to the Theater-Direktion of the imperial playhouses, to be employed as regular operatic composer? of the opera "Romulus?" of his correspondence with Koerner, Rellstab, and still others? It appears not.

We must close our article somewhere; it is already, perhaps, too long; we add, therefore, but a general remark or two.

To many readers Marx's discussions of Beethoven's last works will be found of interest and value, though written in that turgid, vague, confused style, "words, words, words," which the Germans denominate by the expressive term, *Geschwätz*. This is especially the case with his essays upon the great "Missa Solennis," and the "Ninth Symphony."

We cannot rise from the perusal of this "Life of Beethoven" without feeling something akin to indignation. Were it a possible supposition, we should imagine it to be a thing manufactured to sell, and, indeed, in some such manner as this: The labors of Lenz taken, without acknowledgment, for the skeleton of the work; Wegeler, Ries, Schindler, and Seyfried at hand for citations, where Lenz fails to give more than a reference; Oulibichef on the table to supply topics for polemical discussion; a few periodicals and papers, which have come accidentally into his possession, to afford here and there an anecdote or a letter; the works of Professor A. B. Marx supplying the necessary authorities upon points in musical science. As for any original research, that is out of the question. Why stop to verify a fact, to decide a disputed point, to search out new matter? The market waits, the publisher presses, so, hurry-scurry, away we go, and the book is done! Seriously, such a book, from one with such opportunities at command, is a disgrace to the institution in which its author occupies the station of Professor.

When Schindler wrote, Johann van Beethoven, the brother, and Carl van Beethoven, the nephew, were still alive, and feelings of delicacy led him to do little more than hint at those domestic and family relations and sorrows which for several years rendered the great composer much of the time unfit for labor, and which at last brought him to the grave. When Marx wrote, all had passed away, who could be wounded by a plain statement of the facts in the case. Until we have such a statement, none but he who has gone through the labor of studying the original authorities, as they exist in Berlin, can know the real greatness, perhaps also the weaknesses, of Beethoven in those last years. None can know how his heart was torn, how he poured out, concentrated all the love of his great heart upon his adopted son, but to learn "how sharper than the serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child." Nothing of all this in Marx. He quotes Schindler, and therewith enough. Long as this article has become, we have referred

to but the more important of the passages which in reading we marked for comment; enough, however, we judge, to show that the biography of Ludwig van Beethoven still remains to be written.

### The New Singers.

FREZZOLINI—FABBRI—Miss WISSLER.

(From the Tribune.)

The Winter Garden—or, in other words, the Spring Opera-House—appears to be made for Madame Frezzolini, and Madame Frezzolini for the Winter Garden. Within its graceful and sonorous lesser circles there has been given a memorable entertainment in the production of the opera of *Lucrezia Borgia*, Madame Frezzolini administering the dulcet decoctions of music and arsenic. All that Rossini and Donizetti and Verdi have said of Madame Frezzolini and her poetic style, will be found to be true in seeing this performance. We do not claim for her the voice she had fifteen years back. But she is a great artist—with the great traditions of Italian singing—traditions established before it was found politic to spoil good and sustain bad voices by two cornets and three trombones playing in unison with it—the traditions of style which came down from classic heroisms, from the divine Greeks—without which we would be a compound of snifle and angle, devoid of grace or manners—of a style which personates the entire artist, in dress, port, action, gesture, as well as in refined pronunciation of language and of sympathetic musical utterance. The genius of Italy lies in circles. What distinguishes her painting as well as music is this line of grace. The transcendental analogies, about which yet nothing has been written, show that Italian grace is a unit of all things. The poetry is half music, and so the composer has but half duty to perform. The very structure of the verse forbids the jagged, halting, which some other languages incite to music. When an artist is educated up to the point of giving this verse and this music, has an aristocratic bearing necessary to lyrical representation—and now that Madame Rachel is dead—is the best dressed woman on the stage—there ensues an entertainment worth seeing and listening to—one which we can speak of positively, though the voice—as in the case of Ronconi—is not in its first youth.

To represent an historical duchess is no joke. The artist must look one to begin with. So does Madame Frezzolini. Her bearing is superb. In that regard she has no equal on the lyrical stage, and we question if on any stage. It has no pretense, no swagger—and the new rich woman can swagger as well as the man—but it has the inherent breadth and style of unconscious good breeding and nobility. This is one phase of her acting. Another is her exquisite delicacy of poetic and musical phrasing. Every line is a study. In these days when men are called composers, and critics praise them, who have not the first idea of vocal divisions and symmetries without which music is disheveled rubbish, when so-called artists, whether singers or public speakers, are turned out with eccleebion speed and sputter, it is satisfactory to find the perfect appreciation by the auditory of the great artist in question. The character of *Lucrezia Borgia* is the very best for Madame Frezzolini. It is a pity she did not appear originally in it, but took that of *La Sonnambula*, which now is not her forte.

On the same occasion at the Winter Garden there appeared an American debutante, a Philadelphia young lady, Miss Anna Wissler, as the contralto. It is an abominable breeches part, in which no woman can exhibit any divinity, but is simply out of place from first to last. Miss Anna Wissler is a full, deep contralto voice, ranging from E below the line up for more than two octaves. This is, we believe, the second time she ever appeared on the stage. There is every reason to suppose that with the Italian method she already possesses, experience will place her in a superior position.

(From the Albion.)

To return to Mme. Fabbri, who is the town talk: Her debut in "*Traviata*" was unqualifiedly triumphant; she has since appeared in "*Ernani*," and the first enthusiastic impression has been more than justified. What are her especial merits? These;—she can sing better than any purely dramatic artist who has ever been to this country, and her voice is equal to any six of her predecessors. It is of astonishing volume, and the rarest quality. Her conception of a character, too, displays marked originality. In the "*Traviata*" she was different to any one else that we have seen in the same part. Without purposely avoiding the excellencies of Gazzaniga she more than equals them. To speak briefly and clearly, she is not only a remarkable singer, but an astonishing actress. The last act of the opera to which we have

referred, has never been interpreted with so much pathetic earnestness. It was a sad and tender picture of the regrets and dying yearnings of a human creature conscious of a mis-spent life.

Madame Fabbri's voice is a pure soprano, particularly rich in the upper part, and somewhat less opulent in the lower. She has special vocal excellencies, such as the trill or shake; the clear execution of the ascending scale, and the knowledge of how to use the mezzo-voco. Facility is not a characteristic of a purely dramatic voice; emphasis and overwhelming power take its place. Madame Fabbri, who belongs entirely to the new school, is nevertheless remarkable for her facility. She has more than sufficient for its requirements, and her triumphs will undoubtedly extend to many works which are now regarded as purely lyrical. In the first act of "*Ernani*" on Monday, she created a perfect *fuore*, and in the third her voice rolled out in such magnificent volumes that after being called out twice, the finale had to be repeated.

On Wednesday Mr. Maretzek produced the somewhat familiar opera of "*Lucrezia Borgia*," and infused into it new life by an extremely effective distribution of the parts. Mad. Frezzolini was the heroine; Signor Errani the *Gennaro*, Miss Anna Wissler the *Orsino*, and Signor Gassier the *Alfonso*. Regarded simply as a reputation, Mad. Frezzolini is decidedly one of the best now before the public. Rossini wrote extatically about her powers, and Verdi showed his appreciation of them by composing the part of *Leonore* in the "*Trovatore*" expressly for their illustration. An objection to be urged successfully against Mad. Frezzolini must be based not on the question of reputation, but simply on the broad and universal grounds of voice. Much of the former splendor remains, but Mad. Frezzolini's organ no longer responds to the fervid impetuositics of dramatic art. Although still beautiful in quality, it is weak, especially in the lower register, where the best modern effects are now made. When we have said this (and even to cold criticism it is an ungrateful task) the worst is told. In every other point of view her reputation is as deserved now as it was ten years ago. She is so thoroughly and essentially an artist, that it is impossible for any one familiar with the secrets of the prison house to refrain from a burst of enthusiasm at the repeated feats of skill which, with careless grace, she performs. The Winter Garden being better adapted to her present powers than the Academy of Music, we notice an improvement in all that pertains to success; moreover, we are informed that the lady was sick when she appeared in Fourteenth Street, and is now well. Certainly her performance on Wednesday was better than any preceding one in our recollection. All the slow movements were superbly sung, with a delicacy of phrasing, and a nicety of emphasis, which left nothing to be desired.

Errani, of whom we have already spoken, was very good in this opera, and justified the high approbation expressed of him in the Havana papers.

The principal interest of the cast attached, of course, to Miss Wissler, who was not only a debutante but an American. Considering the latter circumstance, her reception was cold and distrustful; but, as the lady ultimately obtained a decided success, this circumstance will probably not disturb, but tend rather to brighten the pleasures of her triumph. We do not often hear a voice like Miss Wissler's—so full, so rich, and so distinct in character and color. The pure contralto voice like the baritone, is "trained up" so much in these days that it has become lost in the indistinguishable mazes of the mezzo-soprano. Alboni was unquestionably the purest contralto we have had in America, as she was the greatest artist. With the exception of this superb singer we can remember no one who could boast of the voice of Miss Wissler—which is magnificent, both in quantity and quality. The lady's debut in the part of *Orsino* was naturally a success, but it did not by any means exhibit her full capabilities. She will, we are persuaded, be heard to much greater advantage at the *Matinée* to-day. A first night with its hopes and fears, is a fierce ordeal for any one to pass through; doubly so for a young woman who sings for the first time before a strange audience and in a strange language. Miss Wissler appears to be a good artist, and already possesses much facility of execution. The compass of her voice does not appear to be great, and is limited in the upper part—stopping at G for practical purposes; in the lower it is remarkably full and equal. She has of course much to learn as a singer; and as an actress she has but taken her first lesson. All that she needs to know can be acquired easily under the manager with whom she is now engaged, and then we shall undoubtedly have to speak of one of the greatest of living contraltos.

## Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, APRIL 23.—The opera war continues. During the past week the Academy of Music has relied entirely on the attractions of Miss PATTI, giving on Monday *Lucia*, and on Wednesday *Sonnambula*. Friday evening there was no opera.

The way of it was this. A month ago one Signora BANTI, a very beautiful prima donna as to looks, (though as to musical ability I cannot say,) arrived here on her way from Lima to Paris. She was engaged by Muzio to sing once at least, and if she pleased the public, she was to receive further engagements. Under these circumstances Banti awaited her debut. But it was postponed from day to day till last Friday night, when she was announced for *Norma*. Madame STRAKOSCH was sick however, and the opera was changed to *Ernani*, but in the evening the tenor MACCAFERRI was taken sick, and the Signora declining to sing with SCOLA, the house was closed, and numerous people went away in disgust.

But this was not all. Bills were posted announcing the indisposition of Signora Banti, as the cause of the disappointment. This aroused the ire of the lady's husband, and cards were published in the papers next day stating that Signora Banti was not indisposed, but was ready and willing to sing.

This Signora Banti is a native of Bologna, about twenty-three years old, and of an elegant stage presence. She is a pupil of the favorite tenor SALVI, who is now living in domestic repose at Bologna.

Ullmann announces for this week PATTI in *Puritani* and *Martha*, with ADELAIDE PHILLIPS in the latter opera. He has in rehearsal Rossini's "*Moses in Egypt*."

MARETZKE in the meantime has made several hits. His new prima donna, FABBRI, turns out to be a sensation singer with a powerful voice, enormous dramatic intensity and fair execution. But she is neither young nor pretty. She sang the other night in *Ernani* with STIGELLI, and made a great hit. In the second act her dress caught on fire from the footlights; but Stigelli extinguished it, and Fabbri with amazing presence of mind went on singing as though nothing had happened. Fabbri and Stigelli have since sung in Flotow's *Alessandro Stradella*, which was given in German to an immense and Teutonic audience.

Last Wednesday evening, we had a treat in the return to the stage of FREZZOLINI, who sang in *Lucrezia*. Her voice is much decayed, but she is such a consummate artist, such a noble actress, and so majestic in every form and gesture, that her performance was a splendid lyric treat—such as has been but seldom offered to our operatic public. Max Maretzek says of her: "*Frezzolini is the greatest artiste ever heard in this country. You say she has no voice. I know she is but a ruin, yet we go to Athens and Rome to see ruins, and acknowledge them to be greater than all our modern architecture.*"

In my opinion, Frezzolini is a more satisfactory and enjoyable lyric singer than any of the loud-voiced sopranos that are now so popular. Gazzaniga, Cortesi, Fabbri are all good, but one act sung and acted by Frezzolini is better than a whole opera by any of those just named.

The sixth concert of chamber music takes place Tuesday evening at GOLDBECK'S Hall, with the following programme:

1. Trio in D minor, Op. 49. . . . . Mendelssohn  
Miss Pauline Eichberg, Messrs. Doehler and Brannes.
2. Romance from "*Louise Miller*" . . . . . Verdi  
Mr. W. H. Cooke.
3. L'illusion, Fantasia sur "*Norma*" (Flute) . . . . . Fuertstman  
F. J. Eben.
4. Ballade in A flat, Op. 47. . . . . Chopin  
Miss Pauline Eichberg.
5. Sonata in F minor. . . . . Saar  
William Saar.

6. "Thou'st stole my heart away;" Ballad. .... Cooke  
W. H. Cooke.  
7. Rondo, (Op. poeth.) for 2 pianos. .... Chopin  
S. B. Mills and William Saar.

The last Philharmonic Concert takes place on Saturday night; Beethoven's Ninth Symphony being the great feature. TROVATOR.

NEW YORK, APRIL 23. — We are almost overwhelmed with music, good music, and well interpreted, at the present time. Two opera troupes of equal attraction, and no end to the concerts. The past week brought us two of the latter that were charming — that of the Chamber Concert Union, and Mason's third. At the first Mr. GOLDBECK played a Trio, No. 2. of his own, which, at first hearing, was not as attractive as his first Trio, which we heard several times some years ago. Still, he is evidently an aspiring artist, and his works are full of ideas, though not always the most original ones. His playing, too, in this piece as well as a Rhapsodie of Liszt, was very fine. Mr. DOEHLER inaugurated a new violin — new in looks and decidedly new in tone — by playing a fantasia of Vieuxtemps. The young artist evidently took the greatest pains, but the crudeness of his instrument did not permit him to do himself justice. Mr. SAAR and Mr. BRANNES gave us three little pieces "im Volkston" by Schumann, for piano and violoncello, which seemed rather insignificant. The chief feature of the evening was the appearance of Signor STIGELLI, who was in excellent voice and mood, and sang as if he gave himself up entirely to the charm of the snug little hall and small though appreciative audience. He sang, as the programme announced, two of his own compositions, the "Tear" and "Isolina," both of the higher (not of the highest) order of modern songs; but the real enjoyment came when, in answer to vehement *encores*, he substituted the "Poet" and the "Fisher Maiden" of Schubert. Never before have these been sung in this country as he sang them. They made one long for the privilege of listening to Schubert's songs from him for just one whole evening.

And while upon this subject, i. e., Signor Stigelli, let me tell you of the new laurels he won by his representation of *Stradella* on Friday night. Contrary to the gloomy predictions of "Trovator," this opera proved a greater attraction to "our Teutonic population" than lager-beer and Hoym's theatre, and they had turned out in numbers sufficient to produce the largest audience that Maretzek's opera has yet drawn. Great, but good-natured disappointment was manifested when it was announced that Sig. Stigelli was suffering from a severe cold, but would nevertheless do his best to sing, and only craved the indulgence of the public. That this was no mere excuse, was painfully apparent at the commencement of the opera; but the artist managed his voice so skilfully, that before the third act, one had forgotten that any apology had been needed. The part is a fatiguing one, as there is much to do, and something most of the time; but instead of seeming worn out, the singer appeared only to have rubbed off the rust as he warmed up, and in the last scene he really surpassed himself.

FABRI is fast becoming a general favorite — her voice is uncommonly fine, and her acting so thoroughly artistic, that it makes one forget some slight deficiencies in her manner of singing. She seemed to enjoy her German part thoroughly, and though it does not admit of any very vivid action, she threw so much light and shade into it by her singing, her gestures, play of feature, etc., that she made the very most of it, and appeared quite charming. Her exterior, at first glance, is not prepossessing, her figure stout and heavy, and her face very plain; but she is never awkward in her movements, and her features are so mobile, so full of life and expression, that you soon find them more interesting and attractive than the most faultless outline could make them. The opera was, on the whole, well given. The other solo

parts, the two robbers and the guardian, were in the hands of Messrs. MUELLER, QUINT and WEINLICH, who all did their best, though they are by no means first-rate singers. The first two were particularly good in their first duet, into which they infused all due humor and spirit, thus making it irresistibly comic.

On Saturday night we listened with the greatest pleasure to MASON & THOMAS' delightful Soirée. The choice of instrumental pieces was unexceptionable, and they were, for the most part, admirably played. Only in one passage in the Quintet, I think, did Mr. Thomas' violin sound rather harsh. The concert commenced with Schumann's Quartet in A major, op. 41; next came the Trio in C minor, op. 66, by Mendelssohn; and lastly, Beethoven's exquisite Quintet, op. 29. These were separated by a couple of vocal numbers by Mrs. MOZART, of whom I need hardly tell you that she has a beautiful voice, but not much method. Her choice was hardly fortunate; "O mio Fernando" did not suit the occasion as well as many other compositions of like character might have done; and "When the Swallows homeward fly," though very advantageous to the singer's voice, and a sweet melody, is entirely too hacknied to be sung at any public concert of the present day.

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## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 28, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of Opera, *Der Freyschütz*, piano-forte arrangement.

ELISE POLKO'S MUSICAL SKETCHES. — We have not, as a general thing, much partiality for romantic tales and fictions dressed up out of incidents (not always authentic) in the lives of great composers. Indeed we have for the most part little patience with such trash, and stand already editorially committed against the introduction of such into our columns, as being calculated to deceive, or to convey namby-pamby, sentimental and absurd impressions of the lives and characters of great and simple men. But there may be exceptions; nor is literal truth of history always essential to that more inward moral truth, the truth of mind and character, which may be conveyed through an imaginary picture or tissue of incidents and conversations. It all depends upon whether the romancer can do it well; can seize the spirit of his subject, and reproduce, if not the literal facts, at least the character from history that is to figure for a brief spell on his little stage. And we do not see why it is not quite legitimate to use the salient commonly reported traits or incidents of such lives as Gluck or Beethoven, for the nuclei of such little fictions as would in any case be worth the reading from their geniality and cleverness.

The little pieces which we have given lately, translated by Miss Raymond, from the German of Elise Polko (whether the name be any more real than her stories we know not), have seemed to us to fall within these conditions. They are not works of genius, to be sure; not very remarkable perhaps in any way. But they are clever; they are readable; they set forth the lives of some of the great masters, singers, artists, in an instructive and for the most part true light; preaching by example some of the truths of Art; holding up the true, the high, the noble as more worth and more attractive than the glittering shams of a to-day's success. It is understood that they are fancy pieces, and hence no one

will look to them for biographical authority. Our friend the "Diariet," with that terrible memory of his, no doubt could riddle them full of holes — historical flaws, anachronisms, and what not. But take them for what they are, and are they not pleasant, and not altogether unprofitable reading? That which we print to-day, will be read with peculiar interest, after the reminiscences which have been called out by the decease of Mme. SCHROEDER-DEVRIENT.

### Concerts.

OTTO DRESEL. — This gentleman, who has more of the artist in him, and more perhaps of what may fairly be called genius, than any of our resident musicians, has greatly tantalized those who knew this fact by his equally well-known insuperable aversion — almost Chopin-like — to playing in public. Yet on Friday evening of last week, he so far yielded to the desires of many of the good people of Cambridge, as to give a concert in Lyceum Hall, almost beneath the venerable elms of Harvard University. Classical Cambridge, by the way, should have a better hall for concerts; naturally one would imagine Cambridge one of the chosen haunts of chamber music, and of all music that goes by the name of classical.

As it was, there were some four hundred people collected, filling the room almost completely; and it was an audience to inspire an artist, containing as it did the President and many of the Professors of the College, with their families, with most of the cultivated society of Cambridge and a numerous delegation from Boston. We are the more moved to note the fact, in the hope that it may prove the forerunner of many such occasions henceforth in the old University suburb. There should be stated provision for this branch of culture there, with a good music hall, as well as noble libraries, museums and observatories. And we know of no artist who could make periodical, or at least occasional, visits to such a place with more inspiring influence than Mr. DRESEL, and of no body of the "sons of harmony" who could accompany him with greater certainty of welcome than our German ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB. At least so it proved on this occasion. — The programme was singularly appropriate and choice.

1. Chorus from *Oedipus*. .... Mendelssohn
2. Piano Solos. a. Duet. .... Mendelssohn  
b. Hungarian March. .... Schubert
3. Four-Part Songs: a. In der Ferne. .... Robert Franz  
b. Rheinwein Lied. .... Robert Franz
4. Piano Solo. Rondo, op. 18. .... Chopin
5. Chorus from *Antigone*. .... Mendelssohn
6. Piano Solos. a. Gondollera. .... Mendelssohn  
b. Scherzo. .... Mendelssohn
7. Songs. a. Remembrance. .... Robert Franz  
b. O welcome fair woods. .... Robert Franz
8. Piano Solo. Polonaise, (A flat,). .... Chopin
9. Chorus from *Antigone*. .... Mendelssohn

The three Greek choruses were certainly in place; they were greatly relished by the audience, and especially by the genial President, late Greek professor, whose administration might well signalize itself by the production some day of an entire tragedy of Sophocles, with Mendelssohn's noble music, by the students under his charge. His enjoyment would have been still more perfect, no doubt, had the choruses been sung in Greek instead of German. The singing was admirable; we know not when the Orpheus have acquitted themselves better; and that in spite of the cavernous place into which half of them were



crowded and their voices shaded out of all proportion with the rest. It was pleasant to see some of our most scholarly Germans in the singing ranks. The part-songs by Franz are among the best things of the kind ever written, not yielding the palm even to Mendelssohn, and they were sung with life and understanding. Mr. KREISSMANN, too, their leader, was very happy in his rendering of the two beautiful Franz songs.

Mr. Dresel's playing of the piano pieces excited the greatest enthusiasm. The clearly contrasted, singing quality of the two voices in the Mendelssohn Song-without-words ("Duet"); the fiery, persistent on-sweep of Schubert's "March" (Liszt's arrangement?); the crisp delicacy of the fairy "Scherzo;" and above all, the dreamy, pure, poetic rendering of the "Gondola Lied," gave a rare variety of exquisite sensations. The larger pieces, by Chopin, were responded to as such music seldom is when played before so many people. Being recalled, Mr. Dresel only increased the appetite by playing, or rather causing the instrument to sing, his own charming little "Lullaby."

**CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL.**—Tremont Temple has been the scene, thrice over, during the past two weeks, of a crowded and interesting exhibition of choral training under the direction of Mr. EDWIN BRUCE. With four hundred masters and misses, the Bowdoin Street choir of seventy voices, the boys of the Church of the Advent, and good assistants in the solo department, and with a very good selection of operatic and popular music, he has furnished forth quite an enjoyable feast, which may serve at the same time as an encouraging landmark of the progress made in "singing among the million," under earnest, able teachers like himself. The chorus-singing of the four hundred children was certainly marked by a good deal of precision and of light and shade. Here is what was done:

1. Prayer. From "Mazaello".....Auber.  
By the children.
2. Quartet. Lovely Night.....Chwatol.  
Messrs. Adams, Howard, Gilbert and Wright.
2. Song.....  
Mr. Adams.
4. Chorus. From "Lombardi".....Verdi.  
By the children.
5. Aria. From the "Magic Flute".....Mozart.  
Mr. Wright.
6. Trio. Magic Wave Scarf.....Barnett.  
Mrs. Heywood, Messrs. Adams and Wright.
7. Anthem.....  
By boys from the Church of the Advent.
8. Chorus. From "Wm. Tell".....Rossini.  
By the children.
9. Cavatina. Anna Bolena.....Donizetti.  
Mrs. Heywood.
10. Duet. From "Martha".....Flotow.  
Messrs. Adams and Wright.
11. Chorus. From "Moses in Egypt".....Rossini.  
By the children.
12. Solo. Piano.....  
Mr. Baumbach.
13. Hail Columbia.....  
By the children.

### Musical Chit-Chat.

In the long review of Marx's work on Beethoven, which we copy in this and last week's number from the *Atlantic Monthly*, our readers will not be slow to recognize the hand of "A. W. T." Whether he do full justice to Marx or not, he certainly has made an interesting and a valuable article, and one which deserves a permanent place in company with so much other interesting Beethoven matter in the volumes of this journal. The review was written in May, 1859, and was by press of matter crowded out of the *Atlantic* until now. What is said in it about Marx hav-

ing furnished the sketch of his own life in Schilling's Lexicon, is founded, we are assured, upon a printed statement signed by the editor of the Lexicon, Dr. Schilling himself.

The Concert Season here in Boston seems to have come to a full stop. The Orpheus Glee Club have been regaling the ears of the suburbans in various quarters, as Jamaica Plain, Brookline, Newtonville, &c. Last evening two of their principal sweet singers, the brothers SCHRAUBSTÄDTER, were to give a concert in the latter village, assisted by the Orpheus.

Our MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB have reaped unqualified praises—if nothing more material—in their southern tour. On the way they stopped to treat the Worcester people to one hearing. Brinley Hall was filled, and everybody ("Stella" says) delighted, especially with the Andante to the Fifth Symphony. Mrs. Long sang Gluck's *Che farò*, but her ballads appear to have been more appreciated. In Philadelphia they have played twice, and, after visiting Baltimore and Washington, were to return there and give a cheaper concert in the large Musical Fund Hall to-night. Here are the impressions of the Philadelphia *Bulletin*:

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club, of Boston, gave their first concert in Chickering's Saloon, last evening, and it is discreditable to Philadelphia taste, that the audience was small. Those that were present were delighted; the performance was pronounced perfect, and we are quite sure that no stringed quintet equal to this has ever been heard in Philadelphia. Mrs. Long sang in excellent style and was much admired.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club, of Boston, gave their second concert in Chickering's Saloon, last evening. They played Beethoven's quintet in C, (op. 29); an andante from a posthumous quartet of Schubert's, and Mendelssohn's first quintet in A, (op. 18). Each piece was played in perfect style, and was warmly applauded. Mr. Schultze played on the violin a brilliant fantasia on themes from *Lucrezia*, by Sainton, and few solo players could have surpassed his performance. Mrs. Long has deservedly won the admiration of her hearers, as one of the best concert-singers in the country.

Another Soirée took place in the early part of this month, at the close of a term, at the Mendelssohn Musical Institute, in Pittsfield, Mass. Mr. EDWARD B. OLIVER, the earnest principal of the institution, is very careful always that his pupils sing and play no trash; witness the following programme, in the execution of which we are told that the young ladies surpassed all their previous efforts:

1. Fantasia and Sonata, Op. 11.....Mozart.  
Misses A. F. Warner and E. C. Tombs.
2. Das Ständchen, (Serenade).....Schubert.  
Miss M. A. Wilson.
3. Rondo Favorite.....Hummel.  
Miss H. A. Carson.
4. Two-Part Song, Mai Glückchen, (May Bells.)  
Misses Wilson and Warner. Mendelssohn.
5. Illustrations Dramatiques.....Ascher.  
Miss A. F. Warner.
6. Terzette, L'Esperance, (Hope).....Rossini.  
Misses Wilson, Warner and Tombs.
7. Cæcilian Walzer.....Strauss.  
Misses Wilson, Carson and Warner.
- Grande Sinfonie Pastorale.....Beethoven.  
Misses M. A. Wilson and M. W. Merrill.

## Music Abroad.

### Germany.

**VIENNA.**—Wagner's *Fliegender Holländer* (Flying Dutchman) is to be brought out at the Kärntnerthor Theatre with the following cast: Holländer, Hr. Beck; Dolland, Hr. Schmidt; Erick, Hr. Ander; cockswain, Hr. Mayerhofer; Senta, Frau Dustmann; Martha, Fr. Sulzer.

Leopold de Meyer gave a concert March 17, in the hall of the *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde*, with a formidable programme all his own; to-wit;

1. *Grand Nocturne romantique*, dedicated, &c., composed by L. von Meyer, and performed on two pianos by Fr. Theres Fily and the concert-giver.
2. *Grande Fantaisie originale*, composed and performed by L. von Meyer.
3. *Lieder*, sang by Fr. Frankenberg.
4. *Das Zauberwürchen* (the magic story), characteristic tone-picture, L. von Meyer.
5. Declamation.
6. a. *La Mélantholie*. b. *Ein kind des Glücks* (a child of fortune), L. von Meyer.

7. Aria, sung by Fr. Frankenberg.

8. Grand Duo in motives from *Robert le Diable*, composed by L. von Meyer, for two pianos.

The Italian Opera troupe, which opened on Easter Monday at the Theater an der Wien, consists of the following members: *Prime donne*: Mmes. La Grus, Lafon, Charton-Demeur; *Contralto*, Signora Tati; *tenori*: Graziana, Sarti, Bianchi, Ballerini, Lanneri; *baritoni*: Beneventano, Varesi, Fagotti; *bassi*: Benedetti, Rekitansky, Milesi, Macani; *buffo*, Fioravanti. Between April 9 and the middle of June, 46 performances will be given, and the following operas are promised: *Don Juan*, *Siege of Corinth*, *Semiramide*, *Norma*, *Poliuto*, *Elisir d'Amore*, *Crispino e la Comare* (Ricci), and *Traviata*. Salvi is the impresario.

At the Imperial Court Opera the pieces during the last week of March were: Monday, *Leonore*; Tuesday, *Diana von Solange*; Wednesday, *The Jewess*; Thursday, *The Chinney sweep of London* (ballet); Saturday, *Trovatore*.

Clara Schumann and Hans von Bülow are both in Vienna giving concerts. Of Leopold de Meyer a Vienna paper of March 19, says:

"He has lost nothing of the fire and energy of his delivery, nothing of the humor and freshness of his conception. His playing has still that elasticity and delicacy of touch, that wonderful fullness of tone, which have marked him as one of the foremost pianists. And he still holds his place in public favor. If we perceived any change in the artist, it was one for the better; it is a certain shadow of wild earnestness which mingles himself with his otherwise too bright tone-colors. This subdued tone is impressed upon his latest compositions, especially the piece *La Melancholie*. In his Polka-fantasia: 'A child of fortune,' on the contrary, he gives free reins to his old jovial humor."

**WEIMAR.**—An after-celebration of Mozart's birthday has taken place, when the performance began with a festival composition, with music and *tableaux vivants*, entitled *Die Tonkunst und vier Deutsche Meister*, by Dr. Julius Fabste. Then came *Don Juan*. The house was crammed, and the poem, as well as the suggestive and admirably arranged *tableaux*, was tumultuously applauded. When, at the last, the four stars, in which shone the names of Gluck, Beethoven, Mozart, and Weber, were visible on the horizon, when in poetical juxtaposition, the figures out of *Iphigénie*, *Fidelio*, *Don Juan*, and *Preciosa*, appeared beneath the sky, and the godlike, ever-youthful music of the *Past* was heard, we wondered whether, in another hundred years, the masters of the *Future*, now so often named, would be greeted and worshipped with equal enthusiasm.

The *Oedipus in Kolonos*, of Sophocles, was performed lately in the presence of the Grand Duke and the Duke of Altenburg. The choruses were finely rendered by the Gymnasial choir under music-director Montag. The noble music by Mendelssohn made a great impression. The part of Oedipus was read by Councillor Schöll, a thorough Greek scholar and translator of Sophocles. The other parts found satisfactory representatives in various ladies and gentlemen.

**LEIPZIG.**—C. Reinecke is named as the probable successor of J. Riets, appointed Hof-Capellmeister at Dresden. Nothing has yet been heard from Breslau on the subject.

**HANOVER.**—A letter to Vienna states that Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, in spite of a splendid outfit, has made a complete fiasco here.

**ULM.**—A new opera, by Kühner, *Das Käthchen von Heilbronn*, has been received with favor.

### London.

**ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.**—The season opened on the 10th, starting at the same instant with the rival company at Her Majesty's Theatre, of which we have already given the prospectus. The *Musical World* says:

The prospectus of the Royal Italian Opera, besides



announcing the re-engagement of most of the old favorites, promises two new singers of eminence, two operatic revivals of great importance, and one or two works that have not been heard before. Mlle. Lotti della Santa, and Mlle. Marai, no longer appear in the list of artists; but Mlle. Rosa Caillag, if report does not err, will more than atone for the loss of the former; while, if Mad. Miolan-Carvalho fills the part of Marguerite de Valois, in the *Huguenots*, and Mlle. Rosa Caillag that of Elvira in *Don Giovanni*, formerly sustained by Mlle. Marai, there will be nothing to complain of. Other contemplated changes will be equally for the better—as, for instance, Madame Penco, vice Mlle. Lotti, in *Ninetta* (*Gazza Ladra*), and M. Faure, from the Opéra-Comique, vice Signor Graziani, as Hoel (*Dinorah*), and if the Italian language and Italian music are familiar to him, vice Signor de Bassini, in *Fernando* (*La Gazza Ladra*). Mlle. Caillag and M. Faure are both unknown to the English public. The lady, it is true, appeared at one of the Philharmonic Society's performances last season, with very considerable success; but little can be predicted of her talent as a dramatic singer from this solitary exhibition in the concert-room. Mlle. Caillag comes from the Imperial Opera of Vienna, where she holds a distinguished post. She will make her first appearance in *Fidelio*. If M. Faure creates as favorable an impression at the Royal Italian Opera as at the Opéra-Comique, he can hardly fail to become a valuable acquisition to Mr. Gye's company.

Among the ladies we find two unfamiliar names, viz.: Mlle. Rappazzini and Mlle. Giudita Sylvia. Of these, knowing nothing of their antecedents, we can say no more than that the latter, a contralto, is to make her first essay with Madame Nantier-Didié's part in *Dinorah*, on the opening night, and that the former is entrusted with one of the subordinate characters in the same opera.

While on the subject of new comers, we may cite Signors Patriossi, Vairo, and Rossi, as baritones, or basses, about whom no rumors have travelled to cis-Alpine regions—unless, by the way, Signor Rossi should happen to be the gentleman who played Don Pasquale and other *buffo* parts at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1857 and 1858.

Madame Grisi "is engaged for twelve nights," which may be interpreted, that she is at length *definitively* to take leave of the stage. Why the prospectus does not speak more explicitly on this head, we are unable to say. Perhaps the remembrance of 1854 may have something to do with it. Before the Norma of Normas, the Lucrezia of Lucrezias, the Semiramis of Semiramides, the Anna Bolena of — (but space warns us to desist) abandons us forever, we should like to be assured of a competent successor. The prospectus further relates that "she will appear in those parts which have chiefly contributed to her great popularity, during her long-continued and brilliant career." Nevertheless, we find no mention of *Ninetta* (*La Gazza Ladra*), *Elvira* (*I Puritani*), *Norina* (*Don Pasquale*), *Semiramide* and *Anna Bolena*—to one and all of which, it will scarcely be denied, some of those laurels are due. Mad. Miolan-Carvalho is evidently intended to fill up the dreary vacuum created by the loss of Angiolina Bosio. Besides *Dinorah*, she is to appear as *Rosina* (*Barbiere*), and *Zerlina* (*Fra Diavolo*)—two of Madame Bosio's most renowned impersonations—in addition to *Amina* (*La Sonnambula*), and *Marguerite de Valois* (*Les Huguenots*). That Madame Carvalho will make an admirable *Zerlina*, and an admirable *Marguerite*, we cannot for a moment doubt, and only hope that her essays in Italian opera proper will be to match. Madame Penco, is not only put down for *Ninetta* (*La Gazza Ladra*), but for *Lady Henrietta* (*Martha*), *Gilda* (*Rigoletto*), and one of the two sisters in *Cimarosa's Matrimonio Segreto*. Madame Nantier-Didié, although (for reasons unexplained) she does not (at present at least) re-assume her favorite part of the Goat-herd in *Dinorah*, for which Meyerbeer graciously composed the new air, "Fanciulle che il core" retains her post as principal contralto. The name of Madame Tagliafico, too, re-appears as *compraria*.

The tenors are precisely the same as in 1859—Signors Mario, Tamberlik, Gardoni, Neri-Baraldi, Lucchesi—a strong and gallant company. The basses and baritones we have still to name are—Signors Graziani, Polonini, and Tagliafico, M. Zelger, and last, not least, Signor Ronconi.

The repertoire for the season embraces twenty-four operas, of which two are novelties and four revivals. The novelties are M. Flotow's *Stradella*, and M. Victor Massé's one-act operetta, *Les Noces de Jeanette*, under the Italian title of *Le Nozze di Giannetta*. In the former, Signor Mario will sustain the principal part, while the latter is to be produced especially for Madame Miolan-Carvalho—the original Jeannette

at the Théâtre-Lyrique—and Signor Ronconi. The "revivals" include Beethoven's *Fidelio*, for Mlle. Caillag and Signor Tamberlik; Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, with Mlle. Caillag as Fides, Signor Tamberlik as Jean of Leyden, and ("perausunter") Madame Miolan-Carvalho as Bertha; and Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*. There is a report that M. Félicien David's *Herculanum* will be given; but respecting this we can state nothing definitively beyond the fact that M. David has arrived in London. Upon the revival of the *Prophète* the management is determined to expend all the means at its disposal. If, as is probable, the magnificence of former days is revived, Meyerbeer's grand lyric drama will be the most brilliant feature of the season. The cast of the *Matrimonio Segreto* includes Mesdames Miolan-Carvalho, Penco, and Nantier-Didié, Signors Ronconi, Gardoni, and Graziani. The ladies are well placed, and from Sig. Ronconi's Geronimo, great things may be expected.

Four grand concerts are announced—one, "at least," to take place in the New Floral Hall. At the second concert, Gluck's *Orfeo* will be performed, with costumes, scenery, and decorations.

"The full orchestra and chorus of the Royal Italian Opera," and Mr. Costa, as "director of the music, composer, and conductor"—these are items which speak for themselves.

### Paris.

The wonderful C sharp of Tamberlik—the force, the passion with which he sends out this note—electrifies the public at the Italian Opera. Under the aspect of the terrible Moor he has once more made his appearance amongst us. And with the Borghini-Mamo as Desdemona, the success could not fail to be great. But in the *Trovatore* his voice comes out as pure and sweet as the notes of a flute. One can hardly imagine the wonderful tones to which, as the opera goes on, the voice will rise. Last night he was called on after the air of "Di quella pira," three times; he sang it twice. An accident which occurred in this Act threatened to bring the opera to an untimely end. Just as Tamberlik draws his sword to rush off and save his mother, whom he sees from the window they are preparing to burn on the pyre, Mad. Penco, who plays the part of Leonora, frantically implores him to stay. In approaching the foot lights in one of her movements, the long tulle wedding veil she had on took fire. Mad. Penco did not perceive it, but fortunately two of the chorus-soldiers threw themselves on their knees, gathering her dress round, and extinguished the flames. It was a moment of breathless excitement in the house; and poor Madame Penco was so overcome by terror and emotion, that before the curtain drew up for the last act, the stage-manager came on, and begged for a few moments' indulgence for her. As it was, she cut out the air "D'amor sul all'rosa." It was most fortunate for Mad. Penco that the dress she had on was a silk moure trimmed with ermine; for, had she worn a tulle dress, it would have been impossible to save her. There was some unknown person who performed the part of the gipsy mother; but it would be better to touch lightly on so painful a subject. Where were Madame Alboni and Borghini-Mamo? The revival of *Galathee* at the Opéra-Comique has brought nightly receipts of 5000 francs, so it is likely to be continued. *Jocote*, with M. Faure as the hero, has also been revived with entire success. Madame Miolan-Carvalho will appear in *Philemon et Baucis*.

The concerts are going on with unabated vigor. Last Thursday a Concert d'Artiste was given at the Tuilleries. MM. Tamberlik and Graziani; Mesdames Penco and Alboni. The Princess Clotilde presented Mdme. Alboni with a magnificent fan to replace a paper one she had made herself on account of the great heat. Alard played on the violin; Prudent, on the piano. The Concerts d'Amateurs at the Palace are still kept up, and equally successful. The Comte de Morny and the Préfet de la Seine are also giving concerts. Mad. Pleyel will give some more of her charming concerts. The Société de Jeunes Artistes gave, the other day, another of their concerts under the direction of M. Pas-de-Loup; it gave great satisfaction. The symphony by Charles Gounod, that in C major by Beethoven, and the overture to *Semiramis* were remarkably well performed. Faure sang the solo in the benediction scene of the flags in the *Siege de Corinthe*. Last Thursday the Salle Beethoven was the spot chosen for an excellent concert, in which MM. Brimer and Paldike greatly distinguished themselves. There is a great deal of talk about building a new Italian Opera, and not before it is wanted; anything more uncomfortable than some of the boxes it is impossible to conceive, and amidst all the wonderful improvements taking place, it would be impossible to leave this alone unregarded.

## Special Notices.

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# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 422.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 6.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Beethoven's Music for the Opening of the National Theatre in Pesth.

There is a promise expressed or implied in some notes printed in this Journal upon the "Ruins of Athens," some two or three years ago, to return at some future time to the topic. If it be true that we are no longer to look to the energetic Carl Zerrahn for our feasts of grand Orchestral music, what better plan can be devised to supply the want next winter, than that often urged in our columns; viz., the combined strength of the Handel and Haydn Society, the Harvard Musical and the Music Hall Associations, to arrange and carry through a series of concerts combining vocal (choral) and orchestral music? For such a series of concerts the two works of which we are to speak are exceedingly well adapted, both from the character of the music and its great variety, and from the fact that neither would occupy too large a portion of an evening.

In 1811 the building of the New Theatre at Pesth, in Hungary, was so far advanced that no doubt existed as to its being ready for opening upon occasion of the public celebration of the birthday of the Emperor Francis in the February following. It was determined by the proper authorities to spare no efforts nor expense to make the occasion one of great magnificence, both in the celebration of the day and the opening of the Theatre. Accordingly in May, 1811, they applied to Kotzebue, then in the height of his reputation, to prepare a "Trilogie" or triple drama, upon subjects taken from the history of Hungary, adapted to the occasion. The first was to be a "Vorspiel," or prologue, in one act, with overture and choruses; the second a regular drama; the third an after-piece, also with instrumental and vocal music. For the music they applied to Beethoven, whose Overture to Collin's *Coriolan*, and dramatic music to *Egmont* were then fresh proofs of his vast powers in this department of his art. Both poet and composer accepted the commission without hesitation. Kotzebue was soon at the end of his task, and the plays were placed in the hands of Beethoven.

The title of the Prologue, is, "*Ungarns erster Wohltäter*" (Hungary's first benefactor) as found in Kotzebue's works; but the full title upon Beethoven's score of the music is: "*König Stephan, Ungarns erster Wohltäter; Prolog in einem Aufzuge von Kotzebue, Musik von Ludwig van Beethoven, geschrieben zur Eröffnung des neuen Theaters in Pesth, am 9ten Februar, 1812.*" (King Stephen, Hungary's first Benefactor, a Prologue in one Act by Kotzebue, music by Ludwig van Beethoven, written for the opening of the new Theatre in Pesth, Feb. 9, 1812.) This Stephen — known in Austrian and Hungarian history as Saint Stephen — was born in 977 at Gran. His father having been baptized in 973, Stephen was educated in the Romish religion, after ascending the throne in 997, carried on the work of christianizing his people, and introduced a form of

government, founded upon the forms of other European nations. Having married the sister of Henry II., then Emperor, that potentate was induced to recognize his brother-in-law as King of Hungary, the previous title having been that of "Herzog" or Duke. Afterwards, at the instance of Otto III., Pope Sylvester II. acknowledged and confirmed his new dignity and sent him a crown, which was placed upon his head with all due solemnity, at Gran, in 1001. It is this point in the history of Stephen, which is made the subject of the prologue.

Let us fancy ourselves in the theatre at Pesth on that evening, when it was first performed. It has been a general holiday, and the edifice is crowded to its utmost capacity with an audience in no disposition to listen to the deeper inspirations of a great master, whether poet or composer. Beethoven has understood this, and has therefore composed a light, stirring overture adapted to the occasion and to the slight drama — if it be worthy the name — which is to begin the performances of the evening.

The curtain rises. The scene is an open field near Pesth, upon which a lofty throne constructed of shields is seen, bearing Stephen with uncovered head. Another and smaller throne, adorned with green twigs and flowers, is near. A band of Hungarian nobles surrounds the prince. A thick mist forms the background of the scene. The prologue begins with a bass solo and chorus of men's voices, sung by the band of nobles:

No. 1, in C, 4-4, *Andante maestoso e con moto.*

Ruhend von seinen Thaten  
Hat uns der Fürst herufen,  
An des Thrones Stufen  
Heil der Völker zu berathen;  
Und im dichten Kreise  
Sammelte uns der Held  
Nach der Väter Weise  
Auf diesem freien Feld.

[Resting from his deeds,  
The Prince hath called us,  
Around the steps of the throne  
To consult for the weal of the people;  
And in close circle  
Hath the hero gathered us,  
After the manner of the fathers,  
Hero on this free field.]

At the conclusion of the chorus Stephen rises and in twenty-eight lines of rhymed verse speaks of the conversion of his nation from idolatry to Christianity, through the efforts and influence of his father; during which speech the thick clouds in the background gradually disappear, leaving but a thin mist, through which the city of Pesth is darkly visible. The chorus pursues the thought:

No. 2, (for men's voices), C minor, then major, 4-4, *Allegro con bri.*

Auf dunkeln Irrweg in finstern Hainen  
Wandelten wir am trüben Quell,  
Da sahen wir plötzlich ein Licht erscheinen —  
Es dämmerte — es wurde hell!  
Und Sieh', es schwanden die falschen Götter,  
Dem Tage wich die alte nacht;  
Heil deinem Vater! unserm Retter!

Der uns Glauben und Hoffnung bracht.

[Through devious ways in darksome forests  
We wandered by a troubled spring;  
Then suddenly we saw a light appearing —  
The morning dawned — the day grew bright!  
And lo! the false Gods all had vanished,  
And ancient Night gave place to Day;  
Hail to thy father! our deliverer!  
Who brought us this new faith and hope.]

Enter here a warrior announcing the defeat of the wild horde of the Moglut and the capture of their prince Gyula. A grand march in G from the orchestra to which Hungarian warriors come upon the stage conducting their heathen captives in fetters, with Gyula at the head, to the throne, at whose foot the trophies are deposited. Of course every spectator understands what now follows; viz., a dialogue in excellent stage, we do not say dramatic, poetry, between Stephen and the captive, in which the former conquers the latter by his kindness, &c. &c., descends from his throne, strikes off the fetters and gives him freedom. Of (stage) course, Gyula falls at the great man's feet, with "I am thine forever." Here now is an opportunity for some one to pay Stephen an astounding compliment; the Bavarian ambassador, who has followed the war-party upon the stage, embraces it, and gives him one which, in London English, might be called "a stunner." Whereupon Stephen asks whether "the pious Gisela, whom my wise father's love selected for me," &c. — in short, asks if she will have him? and is informed that she is close at hand, approaching, surrounded by noble women "whose song mingles with the breath of the flute," which is a hint to Beethoven. So as soon as Stephen has had the last word, two horns and two clarinets sound softly a long drawn note, string instruments fall in, *pizzicato*, and in the third bar, a flute solo begins. Dancing children spring upon the stage, and at the 11th bar, 2-4, Gisela, veiled, and her attendants appear, singing.

No. 4, Female chorus, A major, 2-4, *Andante con moto alla ingarese.*

Wo die Unschuld Blumen streute,  
Wo sich Liebe den Tempel erbaut,  
Da bringen wir im treuen Eeleite  
Dem frommen Helden die fromme Brout.

[Where Innocence fresh flowers hath strown,  
Where Love hath built itself a temple,  
There do we faithfully conduct  
The pious bride to the pious hero.]

Stephen prevents Gisela from kneeling, unveils her, and finds her "all his fancy painted her," whether the spectators do or not. We are at the play, not in it. Have we not seen a stage hero, a man between sixty and seventy, who had a soap factory on Staten Island, desperately in love with a Daughter of the Regiment, who made up for her lack of youth by her abundance of flesh — say two cwt.? They were in the play.

Stephen's speech of four long lines, and Gisela's reply of equal length, are accompanied by harmony, No. 5, in the orchestra, at the close of which he conducts her to the other throne amid the rejoicings of a full chorus.

No. 6, in F, 6-8, *Vivace*.

Eine neue strahlende Sonne  
Lieblich aus dem Gewölke bricht;  
Süße Freude! selige Wonne!  
Wenn die Myrte den Lorbeer umflieht.  
[Now a new and radiant sun  
Breaks all lovely from the clouds;  
Sweet delight! heavenly rapture!  
When the myrtle clasps the laurel!]

Introduced by flourishes of the wind instruments, here follows a speech from Stephen, of which the elevation of the Hungarians from being a tribe of nomads to the condition of a Christian European state is the topic. One thing is still wanting; namely, a written code of law, and this he now hands to the nobles, with a few appropriate words, to the sound of harmony (*maestoso*) from the orchestra, the thin veil of mist gradually disappearing and leaving Pesth in full view at the back of the stage.

Nineteen bars of solid harmony, *pianissimo*, from the string band, to which, near the close, a long drawn note from a single horn is added, follow, during which a band of priests from Rome enter, bringing a crown and the Pope's greetings to Stephen as king.

Chorus, *Allegro con brio*.

Hail, hail to the King!

Stephen places the crown upon his head and is immediately seized with a spirit of prophecy. Entranced, he sketches in few words the future, to the sound of music in the orchestra. Where the name of Matthias Hunyades comes up in order in the melodrama, the dawn appears reddening the horizon, by which it would seem that the action of the piece takes place in the night — or very early in the morning. At the point where the sun rises and floods the stage with light, the king has just reached the name of Maria Theresa.

At this name nobles, Romans, warriors, the women of Queen Gisela, all who crowd the stage are transported with enthusiasm, and break in upon Stephen's speech in the Final Chorus in D.

4-4, *Presto*.

Hail emsere Enkeln! sie werden Schauen  
Was der prophetische Geist erkannt!  
Es wird ihr kindisches Vertrauen  
Der Krone schönster Diamant!  
Wohlthaten spendend, täglich neue,  
Vergilt der König in ferne Zeit  
Die unwandelbare Treue,  
Die sein Volk ihm dankbar weiht.

[Hail to our children! they shall see  
What the prophetic mind foretold!  
Their childlike trust shall be  
The fairest diamond of the crown!  
New benefits each day bestowing,  
The King rewards in distant times  
The unchangeable fidelity  
His grateful people cherish toward him.]

As this majestic chorus, worthy of the great master, closes, the curtain falls.

In 1241, during the reign of Bela IV., the Mongols invaded Hungary, drove the king into exile, and for a year and a half plundered and devastated the country. This event in Hungarian history was selected by Kotzebue as the subject of the drama for this evening, which was completed and sent to Pesth; but, "aus besondern Rücksichten" (for special considerations), say the newspapers of the day, it could not be given. It will not be very difficult for us to guess what these 'considerations' were, when we remember

that Napoleon in 1804 and again in 1809 had driven the Austrian emperor away from his capital, and that his wife, the Empress of the French was the daughter of Francis. Hence "*Bela's Flucht*" (Flight) was laid aside and a piece in one act, the "Elevation of Pesth to the rank of a royal free city," substituted. The time of this drama was the year 1244, and gave the audience an exceedingly interesting picture of their city, as it rose from its ashes, after the invasion of the Mongols. Whether this piece was from Kotzebue's play-factory, we are not informed — we think not — but his idea of making King Stephen a prophet was parodied by putting a sketch of the future history of Pesth into the mouth of the actor, who played the part of Burgomaster in it.

Now comes the afterpiece. We need not describe it here after the analysis by Mr. Macfarren, which will be found copied into our Journal. [Where?]

The performances, which we in fancy have been hearing, Feb. 9, 1812, were repeated to full houses on the evenings of the 10th and 11th. From that time the music to "King Stephen," except the Overture and Grand March, seems to have rested until about 1841, when it was again given complete in Vienna, with an illustrative poem. With the "Ruins of Athens" it was otherwise. The principal numbers have been always before the public, as favorite concert pieces, and the entire music with an illustrative poem has gone the rounds of the concert-rooms of the principal German cities. More than this the piece was revived for the stage during Beethoven's life. The occasion was the opening of the new theatre, in the Joseph-stadt, a suburb of Vienna; the time Oct. 3, 1822; Hensler, the manager, knew Beethoven well and easily gained his consent to give his music to the "Ruins of Athens" for the purpose, and to make such alterations and additions as would be rendered necessary, by a new text appropriate to the occasion and place. The author of this text was Carl Meisl, a popular Vienna writer of the day. We have never been able to obtain a copy of it nor any distinct account of the changes made in the music, save two numbers, of which we shall speak presently.

One Vienna contemporary newspaper says after the performance: "Our unrivalled master was willing, from friendship to Hensler and from his interest in the occasion, to recompose nearly all the music," (which we think was by no means the fact) "and so a masterpiece was produced, which, it is true, was not by all duly appreciated."

Meisl's text bore the title "*Die Weihe des Hauses*," and, according to the best of our present information, was adapted to the music as it already existed — was in fact, except at the close but an adaptation of the old text to the new occasion. What we know as being newly composed by Beethoven is, the magnificent overture, published as opus 124, and a closing chorus with dances, and solos for voice and violin. A part of this text is as follows:

Chorus.

Wo sich die Pulse jugendlich jagen  
Schwebet im Tanze das Leben dahin,  
Alte, Sopran.  
Lasset uns in Tanze das fliehende Leben  
Neckend erhaschen dem Winke entschweben  
Ist es im Herzen arglos und jung

Ist selbst das Sterben zur Ruhe ein Sprung.

Chorus.

Ist es im Herzen, &c.

Solo.

Paarsich im Tanze die Anmuth im Blicke  
In den Gebärden die Grazien mild  
Wird es ein Bild des verschönerten Lebens, &c.

[Where the youthful pulse is bounding,  
Life in dances floats away, &c. &c.]

The solemn march and chorus, No. 7, in the printed score, as may be seen in Breitkopf and Härtel's "*Thematisches Verzeichniss*" of Beethoven's works, was originally printed separately as from "*Die Weihe des Hauses*;" it belongs however, to the original music, as may be seen by comparing its text with the "Ruins of Athens" as printed in Kotzebue's works.

The two overtures, "King Stephen" and "Die Ruinen," have been great stumbling-blocks to the critics. When Beethoven sent them to the London Philharmonic Society, they were not thought worthy of performance, and Ries says expressly he considers the latter unworthy of the composer. When the former was first played at Leipzig, people could hardly trust their ears, could hardly believe it to be the work of the author of the symphonies, of the overtures to *Coriolan*, *Egmont*, and *Leonore*, (*Fidelio*). It is clear, however, from passages in the composer's letters, that he by no means despised these children of his brain. He felt them to be the right thing for the occasion upon which he had written them. We are reminded of Goldsmith's sarcasm on Dr. Johnson; "If you were to write a fish story, you would make your little fishes talk like great whales." Beethoven had the wisdom to avoid this. We admit, however, our surprise that he should have sent his "little fishes" to the Philharmonic Society. This fact is more surprising than that people should have expected nothing but "great whales" from his pen.

Among the unprinted works of the great master still remain the magnificent Finale to the "*Weihe des Hauses*," and the entire music to "King Stephen," save the overture and march.

The "Ruins of Athens," we are informed, remains, to a great extent, upon the hands of the publisher. What hope, under these circumstances, is there, that he will be induced to give the world the unpublished manuscripts?

Loud is the outcry because many of Mendelssohn's manuscripts are withheld from publication; will the musical public render possible the publication of the far more important relics of Beethoven's genius, which still lie hidden in cabinets and boxes? A. W. T.

### How to Enjoy Classical Music.

(From Macmillan's Magazine, March, 1880.)

Not many years ago an orchestral symphony or a stringed quartet were luxuries hardly to be indulged in by those Londoners whose guineas were not tolerably numerous. Times are changed for the better; and not a week passes, even in the dullest season of the year, that some good music is not to be heard at a cheap rate in London. A symphony or a concerto forms an attractive item in most programmes, and it has of late been found that the stringed quartet (a form of composition demanding the most delicate execution on the part of the players, and considerable refinement of taste on the part of the listeners) commands a sufficiently large audience to make a moderate price of admission remunerative. \* \* \*

In short, the demand for music, whether it be the cause or the effect of this enlarged supply, has of late years considerably increased. We can hardly go to a concert without meeting some enthusiast like ourselves, ready to gloat with us over a finished performance of a quartet, or to compare opinions as to

the reading adopted by some new pianist. By some freemasonry we easily detect such a brother fanatic, and are not ashamed, though he be a stranger, to open our heart to him on the subject of the music we are listening to, or even on musical matters in general.

But, notwithstanding this, there remains a multitude of educated persons who, by their want of appreciation of the best music, are shut out from the enjoyment we experience. \* \* \*

Setting aside then the people who hate music and those who have a contempt for it, there remains another class, with whom we have much more in common; but who, on that very account, make us feel the more conscious of living in a world by ourselves. Have we not probably some intimate friend—a man possibly of the highest culture in all that regards the sister arts—very likely possessing an accurate ear for music, and altogether, as we think, more fitted to appreciate the beauty of a great musical work than ourselves; with whom there is but one topic which is tabooed, and that topic music; who on all other subjects has opinions which we can agree with or can combat, but who, on music—on our music—has no opinions at all? \* \* \*

And yet this man perhaps likes music, has some pet opera or oratorio which he never misses hearing, for the sake of a special air or piece. \* \*

If we are very much bent upon his conversion, we select some attractive programme, and make him sit it out. We don't enjoy it much ourselves, for we are engaged all the time in watching his face, and wondering whether he is not finding each movement interminable. We always feel that the experiment has been a failure, although our patient, seeing that we are disappointed, tries to console us by expressing considerable pleasure at some points. He almost always ends, however, by acknowledging that such music always strikes him as "heavy," in consequence he alleges, of his want of the "science" necessary to appreciate it. We ask ourselves, how it is that whilst we can, to a limited extent, appreciate our friend's favorite paintings, or buildings, or poetry, and can find new beauties in them whilst hearing him expatiate thereupon, he should be so utterly incapable of partaking of our musical pleasures. \*

Let us now examine the reasons which those persons with these notions of music usually give for their distaste for classical music. They allege, either that a difference of organization exists between them and the classicists, which prevents them from appreciating the devices of harmony used in classical compositions, or, as we have before observed, that what they term the "heaviness" of such music makes it intolerable to those who have not acquired a certain amount of science.

As to a difference of organization, we doubt whether it exists; for we discover that those we are speaking of have as strong a dislike as ourselves to a scale without a leading note, or to an improper resolution of a discord, and so far as we can judge from analyzing our own sensations, it is upon a few simple likes and dislikes of this kind that the power of appreciation of the greatest musical work mainly depends. We believe that every ordinary educated European, listening to any piece of music, recognizes the necessity of the key and mode, to which the sounds he hears are to be referred, being determined without much delay by certain unambiguous chords; and is sensible, when the ear is satiated with the sounds belonging to one key, of the pleasure and almost the necessity of being led by artistically conducted modulations into keys nearly related to the original key (*i.e.* into keys containing many notes in common with the original key). Further, the ear relishes occasional artifices whereby it is balked of the sounds which it desired, and is either introduced suddenly into some key entirely unexpected, or made to wait for some time before the expected sounds are duly heard.

Combinations producing effects such as these are contained in the accompaniment to the simplest ballad; and the very same devices, and no others, are used for the very same purposes, though a little more freely and a greater length, in the most elaborate instrumental composition. It seems therefore difficult to conceive such an organization as should render a man capable of perceiving the beauty of those combinations in the one case and incapable of appreciating the same things in the other case. If indeed the assertion be that a difference of organization prevents the recognition of the beauty of the melodies employed in classical music, it is hard to meet the objection directly. If a man declares that he finds a particular succession of sounds distasteful to his ear, no argument will have any effect in convincing him that such succession is pleasing. But in many cases we think that this assertion is made without the preparatory process of listening to the predominating

melodies having been gone through. We believe that in any page of an instrumental work by one of the great masters, it would be easy to select a melody, which, simply played on a violin, would be recognized even by the most uncultivated listener as a pretty tune. And the variety of forms of melody in such compositions is so great, that a sonata, a quartet, or a symphony can hardly be listened to with common attention without some airs being met with which suit the taste of any one, whether his taste incline to the pathetic, the solemn, the impassioned, or the joyous style of tune.

Next, what is meant by the "science" we so often hear of as necessary before pleasure can be derived from classical music? \* \* \*

The fact seems to be, that the real science required, if science it can be called, chiefly consists in a knowledge beforehand of the kind of thing we are going to hear. This knowledge is acquired almost intuitively by the act of listening attentively to a certain amount of music of a high order, selecting at first compositions of a tolerably simple character, in which the design may be easily perceived; but it may be useful to give a slight sketch of the usual form of these compositions, and some idea of the mode in which the leading ideas are generally worked out. The music of which we are principally about to speak is that of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, and chiefly of their instrumental works, because, as far as we have observed, this kind of composition is the most difficult for the untrained listener to appreciate, partly on account of the various tones of the different instruments confusing him at first, but principally because he has no comprehension of the fixed plan on which the greater part of them are written.

In its most complete form, an instrumental work, in the style of the above composers, consists of four distinct pieces, called "movements." The first and the most important of these, both in length and dignity of subjects, is invariably an allegro movement of considerable length, sometimes led into by a short and solemn introduction. Then usually follows the slow movement, which is also of some length, and which is relieved by a piece of a light, joyous character, termed the minuet or the scherzo. Although the minuet was originally a grave dance, it has been the habit of composers, while preserving the rhythm of the dance, to direct its performance at a quick pace, in order probably to contrast with the solemn movement which precedes it. Beethoven indeed abandoned at times the form of the minuet altogether, and called the light movement which replaced it a scherzo. But whether minuet or scherzo, the movement, like almost all dance tunes, includes a second part in a different key from the key of the first part, and which second part is called—for what reason it is not very easy to see—the trio. After the trio, the minuet is repeated. The concluding movement is generally very rapid, and, though usually extremely elaborate in its construction, is of a lighter character than the opening allegro. The form here described is that assumed by the majority of instrumental compositions; and, in particular, the symphony for full orchestra and the quartet for stringed instruments almost invariably contain the whole of these movements. In works in which the pianoforte takes part, one or more of these is often omitted, and the modern overture consists of a single allegro movement of the same character as the first movement of a symphony.

The plan of the more important of these instrumental movements, which since the days of Haydn has been universally adopted, may be shortly described as follows:—

The movement commences with a melody, say in the key of C, which is called the first subject. After this has been thoroughly impressed upon the ear, a modulation is effected into the scale of the dominant, a fifth higher, in this case G, in which key a second subject altogether different from the first is presented. This forms the first part of the movement. The first subject is then recurring to its original key, and the movement closes with the second subject in the same key (in this case C), and not in the key in which it first appeared. This is the merest skeleton of a modern movement, as in practice many episodes are often introduced. Still the principal modulation into the dominant scale always takes its proper place, and the reappearance of the second subject in the original key is always adhered to. (It should be mentioned, that if the first subject is in the minor mode, a greater latitude as to the key of the second subject is allowed.) But to impress the subjects on the ear, it is usual to repeat the whole of the first part of the movement, and at the beginning of the second part a train of elaborate modulations is almost invariably introduced before the first subject makes its reappearance in its original shape. A coda or finale is also sometimes made use of, in which the first subject is again resumed at the end.

This slight description will perhaps give some idea of the general structure of most instrumental movements. Some, particularly slow movements, and occasionally finales, are in the form of simple airs with a series of variations, and minuets and scherzi have a simple form of their own, which has been adverted to, and which has no analogy with that just described; but, generally speaking, if these leading features be borne in mind, there will be slight difficulty, after a little experience, in understanding the design of a symphony or quartet.

Another qualification which enhances the pleasure of listening to instrumental music is a power of recognizing the tones of different instruments. We have often found that persons who have not been in the habit of hearing orchestral music fail to detect the difference in character between the sound of instruments somewhat similar, as the clarinet and oboe, or the trumpet and horn. Of course this delicacy of ear is only to be acquired by listening attentively for a time to orchestral music, but it is very soon gained. The musical memory is soon improved, also; and when a subject reappears after some little time in a movement, we derive pleasure from the effect produced by its being given, say, to the oboe, when we recollect that on its first appearance it was played on the flute.

Armed with no more "science" than may be gathered from the above sketch, a man of ordinary musical intelligence is, we think, prepared to enjoy the higher kinds of instrumental music. Of course, if he does not pay close attention, he will find it "heavy," for, in this sense, good music is heavy. It requires to be listened to, and to be listened to with attention. To do otherwise is to say, "I want to have my years tickled with a pretty tune whilst I am thinking about something else,"—is as though one were to stand before a painting, and say, "I will please my eye with the contrast of color, but I will not exert my brain to discover the subject of the picture." In fact, as in the last case, the required satisfaction of this kind (which is, in its way, a perfectly legitimate satisfaction) would probably be found in a higher degree by gazing at a pretty pattern of regular form than by the sight of a picture properly so called; so the sharply defined and unchanging rhythm of a dance tune is better adapted to please the ear, while the brain is otherwise occupied, than one of Beethoven's sonatas. But we cannot for any length of time listen to the same polka, or gaze at the same geometrical pattern. The ear and the eye soon grow weary of these purely sensuous pleasures. \*

We have spoken of the necessity of some training for the ear. Let us in conclusion recommend to those in whose power it is to help such in training, not to neglect to do so. Well-chosen and well-played extracts from the great composers would, we are sure, be as favorably received from amateur musicians of the higher class as the wretched fantasias which such musicians generally select when they have to perform before a mixed audience; and if our young ladies, who after all are the principal interpreters of our domestic music, would accustom their fathers and brothers to hearing a little bit of Beethoven or Haydn occasionally, the training of the ear in the forms of melody employed, and in the structure of the kind of works spoken of, would be accomplished without effort, and the listeners would soon be prepared to hear the same kind of things with delight when they happened to come across them at a concert. M.

### Religious Music.

Extracts from two discourses by the Rev. Horace Bushnell and the Rev. Thomas M. Clark.

Our first extract is from Dr. Bushnell's discourse:

Let me also suggest, in this connection, the very great importance of the cultivation of religious music. Every family should be trained in it; every Sunday or common school should have it as one of its exercises. The Moravians have it as a kind of ordinance of grace for their children; not without reason, for the powers of feeling and imagination, and the sense of spiritual realities, are developed as much by a training of childhood in religious music, as by any other means. We complain that choirs and organs take the music to themselves, in our churches, and that nothing is left to the people, but to hear their undistinguishable piping, which no one else can join, or follow, or interpret. This must always be the complaint, till the congregations themselves have exercise enough in singing to make the performance theirs. As soon as they are able to throw in masses of sound that are not barbarous but Christian, and have a right enjoyment of their feeling in it, they will have the tunes and the style of the exercise in their own way, not before. Entering one day, the great church of Jesus in Rome,



when all the vast area of the pavement was covered with worshippers on their knees, chanting in full voice, led by the organ, their confession of penitence and praise to God, I was impressed, as never before, with the essential sublimity of this rite of worship, and I could not but wish that our people were trained to a similar exercise. The more sorrowful is it that in our present defect of culture, there are so many voices which are more incapable of the right distinctions of sound than things without life, and which, when they attempt to sing, contribute more to the feeling of woe than of praise.

The remaining extracts are from Dr. Clark's discourse:

Music, above every other art, seems to be capable of unlimited advance. We can conceive of perfect sculpture, but not of perfect music. Whatever art is purely imitative, must have a limit; but music is not imitative: it is, in its higher forms, the expression of a thought, and it is strangely, incomprehensively, powerfully suggestive of thought. Where there are no words used, it suggests words to the mind, or rather, the material out of which words are made; it enkindles emotions, which no language can stir. Why it is, we cannot tell; but we find it to be the fact that certain qualities and combinations of sound open the flood-gate of memory, revive what was long forgotten, excite the deepest thought, make the blood tingle, lift the soul out of the body, carry it above the clouds, and bring us close to the great throne of the Almighty.

And yet, some will ask, what is the use of music? They might as well ask, what is the use of color, or of any thing which makes the world a glory and a beauty? Why was not the landscape clothed in drab; and the evening cloud always of a leaden hue? Why are there any flowers in the fields, or birds in the air with crimson plumage? Why is the shell of the beetle so radiant with glory? Why is there so much of magnificence in nature, even where the eye of man never penetrates? Gorgeous grottoes hidden in the earth; fragrance and splendor in the solitary wilderness; things animate and inanimate in the bottom of the sea, exquisite in form and glistening in gold and vermillion? It should be a part of our religion to appreciate the beautiful, and that religion which separates itself from these symbols of God, is so far forth a defective and a false religion. Whatever tends to elevate man, to unsensualize him, to lift him out of the domain of mere appetite, to take him away from himself, and give him grand emotions, high aspirations, good thoughts; whatever makes him feel—what I fear very many do not feel—that he is a soul and not a body, created for something more than to make money and feed himself and become a man of note in society; whatever impresses him with the feeling that he is immortal, that he cannot die, that he has capacities which ten thousand worlds like this could never fill, powers which assimilate him with the angels, with the sons of God on high, with God himself; whatever does this belongs to religion, and cannot be despised, without casting contempt upon the Author of all things.

And this is done by music: it refines, elevates, spiritualizes, widens the range of vision, and binds this existence to the eternal. For music will outlast speech. Articulate language may be needed no longer after we have done with the body; but the essential elements of musical expression are eternal. Language is arbitrary and therefore temporary: music is the product of fixed laws, and therefore must be permanent. Even in our present state, we find that it can express more than words; and the fact that it is composed, before it is rendered, and that one skilled in music may read this composition with pleasure, without hearing an audible sound, shows that it is essentially independent of instruments and voices. I say then, here we have an argument for immortality; for here is a power, belonging to us, which is independent of the body; you can sing without the mouth and hear without the ear and have music in your soul, when there is no movement in the air; and the melody may therefore continue and grow more full and sweet and entrancing, after this earthly instrument has turned to dust!

It is still the fact, that, in many of our churches, nothing but sacred associations render the music endurable. As it regards both the poetry and the music, our popular psalmody is behind the secular standard of culture. There is still a melancholy amount of poor prose split off into verse, and labeled as sacred hymns. There would be as much propriety in undertaking to sing a mathematical demonstration or an extract from "Edwards on the Will," as there is in rendering into song some of our didactic and doctrinal hymns. We would not assert that every hymn should be strictly lyrical, but it would seem to be proper that it should express some sentiment or emotion.

As there is a style of poetical composition appropriate to worship, not only in respect of the subject, but also of the metre and rhythm, so there is of musical composition and performance. There is an ecclesiastical tone, which is altogether peculiar. It is hallowed by peculiar associations, and suggests peculiar thoughts, and has a peculiar sacredness. It has been used "in the ages all along," and has nerved the souls of confessors and martyrs in ancient days. It has a majesty and a dignity which can never be imparted to music snatched from martial airs, or operatic strains, or the secular songs of the day, which some would like to sanctify with sacred words.

The highest idea of church music is, with most people, that to which they have been accustomed. There is a certain set of tunes, with which they are familiar and these they would like to hear constantly repeated. It is indeed no real improvement, when the solid old tunes of ancient composers are all set aside, to make way for the lighter and more fanciful music of the day. But it can hardly be expected that our choirs should be content to travel the same round of familiar chants and tunes, month after month and year after year; and every individual should try to remember that there are other tastes to be consulted beside his own.

The art of sacred music is with us now in its infancy, and there are few people who have the slightest conception of the improvement which it might receive. The popular taste is, in a great measure, formed after vulgar models, and it can be rectified only by slow degrees. A higher style must, if it can be done in no other way, be forced upon the community, and they will gradually learn to appreciate it.

Our parishes must also be willing generously to contribute "material aid," if we would materially advance the art of sacred music; there must be a sufficient pecuniary inducement held out to persons of musical taste, to induce them to discipline and cultivate their powers. In former years, there has existed a strong prejudice against the practice of music as a profession, and one was looked upon as throwing away his life, if he devoted his time exclusively to this science. With just as much propriety, we might object to the profession of a sculptor, a painter, or to the practice of any ornamental trade. We often make an improper distinction between the elegant and the useful, as if the ornaments of life had not their use. Music is something more than an elegant accomplishment, it is no frivolous pursuit; it ought to have, and if rightly studied, it would have a purifying, elevating, ennobling influence upon character. It has a power, which is peculiarly its own; it can find its way where nothing else can penetrate; it can enkindle thoughts and feelings, which are impassive to every other touch; it will outlive all other arts; it is the most profound of sciences, and perhaps the only one which is essentially eternal.

### Shakespeare's Birthday.

Sixty gentlemen, members of the Century Club of New York, sat down on Monday night at a dinner given in commemoration of the birthday of Shakespeare. The company included many distinguished for station, talent and culture, while the banquet itself and many of its accessories were at once novel and tasteful. The large ball-room of the Century, the state apartment of the Club house, was tastefully decorated with American and English flags, surrounding a transparency painted by Lang, and representing Shakespeare surrounded by those actors of his own time who first gave to the public and the world his words yet warm and glowing with the pulsations of their originator. The faces and figures have been carefully studied and were supposed to represent with accuracy this interesting subject. A bust of Shakespeare, crowned with laurel, looked down on the festival. The whole fête was conceived and conducted in the same spirit. The President of the Century, Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck, is an eminent Shakespearean commentator himself. The Rev. Mr. Hudson and Richard Grant White, Esq., were, if we mistake not, the only guests of the evening, and they are well known, wherever Shakespeare is studied, as two of the ablest of his appreciators, the one more especially noted perhaps for his verbal criticisms and textual labors, the other for his elaborate and eloquent disquisitions upon the spirit and thought of the great dramatist.

The tables were decorated by flowers, the offering of ladies belonging to the families of club members, these flowers being exclusively those mentioned in Shakespeare's plays. The more ordinary table ornaments consisted of statuettes of Miranda, Perdita, Hamlet, &c. A boar's head, with a lemon in its mouth, and decked with the traditional rosemary, was placed in front of the President, and flags of sack were passed around, from which each one, rising,

drank in his turn. The bill of fare which was offered, was evidently the result of much study and taste. It is unique in its way. The programme of toasts and speeches introduced Wm. M. Evans, Esq., the Rev. Mr. Hudson, who was extremely original and felicitous, both in thought and expression, and "often set the table in a roar" with his "flashes of merriment." Mr. Grant White made a few remarks, half earnest, half playful, and conceived in excellent taste, the burden of which was an entreaty to his listeners to read Shakespeare, and not his commentators; an entreaty to which, in its entirety, after last night, they are less inclined than ever to accede. James T. Brady was, as usual at a dinner, genial and eloquent, displaying his peculiar genius, as he always does on such occasions, more decidedly even than in a court-room. Mr. J. H. Siddons, the grandson of the Siddons, made some appropriate and interesting remarks on "the Players." Mr. Gourlie responded warmly, and as if his heart were in it, for the "Century," and Mr. Van Winkle was a substitute, and a not inefficient one, for Mr. O'Gorman, who, only, disappointed the company.

Besides these regular speeches, which were quite up to the level of after-dinner orations, the volunteer toasts called out the venerable President, who related some charming reminiscences of Kean and Siddons, and Talma and Cooke, and Cooper; Mr. Folsom, the President of the Athenæum, who bewailed the decline of the Shakespearean drama; Judge Daly, who bewailed nothing, but complimented, pertinently, Mr. Sanderson, the originator of the festival, and the only man who, in this country, has raised gastronomy into anything like the dignity or position of an art. It is to this gentleman's labor and thought and taste that the eminent success of the occasion is chiefly to be attributed. When it is known that he prepared the bill of fare and the programme of toasts, those who were not lucky enough to be present may imagine the spirit in which the celebration was planned and performed. The music was absolutely delightful; Mr. Richard Willis, Mr. Simpson the exquisite tenor, Mr. Thomas, bass, and sometimes Mr. Lang "discoursed most eloquent," singing (the songs all appropriate) as those who have had the luck to listen to them may readily suppose. Artists and authors, men of taste and intellect, were present in abundance; good things were said on every side, as well as eaten; jokes were cracked as well as nuts; geniality flowed as free as the wine; yet with all there was a vein of earnestness that gave character and dignity to the occasion. It was not more brilliant than some other dinners have been, in the one particular of intellectual display, but in the elevated tone that characterized it throughout, in the well bred mirth and refined taste which were its distinguishing features, the Century Celebration of Shakespeare's Birthday was honorable to the Club where it was so worthily solemnized.

**Festival**  
commemorative of the birth of the immortal  
"BARD OF AVON,"  
held at the rooms of  
The Century,  
Monday, April 23d, 1860.  
**BILL OF FARE.**  
"Have a care that your bills be not stolen."  
**FIRST COURSE.**  
"Continue in courses till thou know'st what they are."  
Oysters on the Half Shell.—The East River  
"Send."  
"This treasure of an Oyster."  
"Set a deep glass of Rheish wine."  
Gumbo Soup.—The Sanderson Soup.  
"—aspice spoon-meat." "Something too crab-bed."  
"Then lack't a cup of Canary."  
Kennebec Salmon, boiled, with lobster sauce.  
"Th' imperious seas breed monsters; for the disk,  
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish."  
North River Shad, broiled, sauce remoulade.  
"A very fresh-fish here."  
Bermuda Potatoes boiled.  
"Let the sky rain potatoes."  
"From the still vex'd Bermoothes."  
**FRESH CUCUMBERS.**  
"For this, be sure, to night thou shalt have cramps."  
**SECOND COURSE.**  
"—great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast."  
Spring Lamb, roasted, with mint sauce.  
"—innocent  
As is the sucking lamb."  
Roast Capons, stuffed with truffles.  
"You cannot feed capons so."  
Veal Sweetbread, larded, with tomato sauce.  
" 'Veal,' quoth the Dutchman, 'is not veal a calf?'"  
Spring Chickens, broiled, with Steward's sauce.  
"You would eat chickens if the shell."  
Livers of Geese, with Madeira sauce.  
"This is the liver vein, which makes flesh a deity,  
A green goose a goddess."  
Wild Squabs, stewed, with vegetable sauce.  
"—which he will put on us,  
As pigeons feed their young."  
Asparagus, with butter sauce.  
"Who comes so fast in silence of the night?"  
Green Peas, with sugar.  
"I had rather have a handful or two of peas."



Sweet Corn, Indian style.

"The gods sent not corn for the rich men only."

Onions, stewed with gravy.

"An onion will do well for such a shift."

"Daylight and champagne discovers not more."

THIRD COURSE.

"What'er the course, the end is the renown."

English Snipe, broiled on toast.

"I should time expend with such a snipe."

Blue-winged Teal, roasted.

"Oh! dainty duck."

"With wings as swift as meditation."

A Wild Boar's Head, garnished with spears.

"Like a full accorn'd boar, a German one."

Boston Lettuce, with mayonnaise sauce.

"We may pick a thousand salads."

"Ere we light on such another herb."

"Run nothing but claret wine."

FOURTH COURSE.

"The fruits are to ensue."

"And any pretty little tiny kickshaws."

Rum Pudding.

"bless'd pudding."

"The more thou dam'st it up, the more it burns."

Quince Pie.

"They call for quinces in the pantry."

Tartelettes of Apples.

"Car'd like an apple tart."

Cream Kisses.

"Kissing-cousins and snow eringoes."

"The last of many doubled kisses."

Tutti-Frutti Ice Cream.

"Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes."

DSSERT.

"A last year's pippin, \* \* with a dish of Carraways."

"Four pounds of prunes, and as many raisins o' the sun."

"The fig of Spain, very good."

"There is a dish of leather-coats for you."

"Give \* this \* orange to your friend."

"And fetch the new nuts."

"My cheese, my digestion."

"Go, fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in it."

"And good store of fertile Sherris."

"Some aqua-vite, ho!"

AUBER'S AND SCRIBE'S "GUSTAVUS III."—We fancy this anecdote, concerning Scribe's libretto of Auber's "Gustavus" will be as new to most of our readers as, we confess, it is to us.

It is said that when Rossini had just contracted with the French Government an engagement by which he was to give once a year a new opera to the Grand Opera, he began by arranging "Maometto" ("The Siege de Corinthe") and "Mose" for the French Opera to give him time to produce an original work. He wanted a "book," and this the French Government agreed to give him. Mons. Scribe was applied to. He set to work and was delighted with his labor when he wrote "The End" on the last page of the MSS. "book." A few days after he had given the "book" to Rossini, Mons. Scribe paid him a visit and expected the composer would highly compliment him upon the "book," for he felt he had never succeeded better. Rossini did congratulate him highly, and told him the drama was exceedingly interesting, but after exhausting all the formula of eulogy, Rossini declared he could not write the score. Mons. Scribe's feelings were hurt. He suspected Rossini (whose reputation for caustic wit is at least as great as his fame as a composer), of jeering him when he declared the "book" admirable and at the same time refused to write an opera score for it. Rossini, however, was sincere, and he ended his remarks by saying: "Your drama, I repeat, is excellent. Its only fault is, the interest is too concentrated. We Italians are not accustomed to write scores for pieces where the situations come so close upon each other as to leave no repose to the spectator whose attention, absorbed by the incidents of the piece, has not an instant to give to the music. We require pauses in the action that we may develop our pieces without raising the impatience of the audience. Mons. Scribe gave the "book" to Mons. Auber who wrote his well known opera on it.

## Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 30.—Business engagements prevented me from noticing your admirable MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, last week. They gave a final concert, at the Musical Fund Hall, on the evening of the 28th—with a price reduction to fifty cents, an accommodation which the public nevertheless failed to appreciate, for the saloon presented a meagre array of auditors. I am ashamed to record this, inasmuch as the undoubted merits of this body of musicians had been fully and disinterestedly set before the people, both in the press and in social circles, so that the inference deducible from the sparsity of their audiences, is unmistakably an apathy to classic music and the performance thereof. Well,

let that be as it is;—those who did display taste by their attendance, received a valuable *quid pro quo* for the paltry sum invested. It would be superfluous to pen an analytical critique in these columns, upon the merits of the Quintette Club, whose performances have been so often and so ably been reviewed through the same medium, by yourself. You know them better than we. Here is the programme of last Saturday night's concert.

1. Quintet in A, Op. 106, (Clarinet Principal). . . . .Mozart.  
Moderato—Larghetto—Minuetto—Finale, Tema con Variazioni.
2. "Ah mon fils" from the "Prophet". . . .Meyerbeer.  
Mrs. J. H. Long.
3. Fantasia for Violoncello "Sonnambula". . . .Kummer.  
Wulf Fries.
4. Rec. and Air, "Non fu sogno." "Lombardi" . . .Verdi.  
Mrs. Long.
5. Andante vars. from Quartet in A, Op. 18. . . .Beethoven.
6. English Ballad. . . . .Glover.  
Mrs. Long.
7. Quintet B, Op. 87. . . . .Mendelssohn.  
Allegro—Allegretto—Adagio—Allegro vivace.

A rare musical feast of a verity; and enjoyed with infinite zest by all present.

The Quintettes were rendered with a unity of action and of feeling such as I have never observed before. It was faultless, and afforded an ample realization of the powers of the mighty intellects by which these splendid compositions were conceived and developed. It is only when such like works are performed by a band of musicians equally perfect with the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, that the hearer finds their beautiful points and fanciful effects properly unfolding themselves in pleasing array, to his edification and delight. These musicians point out niceties of expression, and subtlety of thought, and ingenious mathematico-musical formulas, in the works they illustrate, just as a great painter might initiate an ordinary art-lover into the actual beauties and delicate points of a Raphael *chef d'œuvre*, thus intensifying his delight, and quickening his perceptions for future studies. The soloists of the above programme merit the warmest encomiums; Mr. RYAN for his tasteful performance of the *Clarinetto Principale*, is Mozart's Quintet in A. His execution thereof was clean, fluent, and graceful, and displayed a keen appreciation of Mozart's easy, sprightly, and cheerful style. WULF FRIES, too, who offered a *Sonnambula* Fantasia by Kummer, admirably performed by him, came in for a large share of enthusiastic applause, although I must confess that the morceau spoken of, is the most unsatisfactory composition of Kummer's, with which I have ever met. Mrs. J. H. LONG acquitted herself with great credit, and seemed to please generally. I think that she sings with much ease, judgment, correctness of intonation and artistic finish—a trifle too methodical, which implies a lack, passion and warmth, perhaps. It seemed to me as though her spirits were dashed, by a contemplation of the long ribs of unpopulated benches, glistening in the mellow light of the chandeliers. We have all formed a most favorable impression of her, in this latitude. SCHULTZE's violin playing has certainly lost none of the sweetness, purity, and finish, which characterized him years ago, when, as the leader of the old Germania, he was wont to captivate all the hearts of the gentler sex. He is a fit leader to this perfect band of art interpreters. Let us hope that their visit, if not financially productive, may at least have given the sluggishly growing taste for the purest classical models, an impetus in the right direction. Would that they were with us always!

MANRICO.

The operas in New Orleans during the month have been: *Trovatore*, with Gazzaniga, Tamaro and Berthal; *Fille du Regiment*, with Colson; the one-act opera, *Le Maître de Chapelle*; *Lucrezia*; *Favorita*; *Lucia* (with Colson); *L'Etoile du Nord*; *Halevy's Charles the Sixth* (for the benefit of Melchisedec, the baritone); *Rigoletto* (benefit of Mathieu, the tenor); *Huguenots*; *Halevy's Mousquetaires de la Reine*; *Adam's Si j'étais Roi* (with Colson).

## Bright's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 5, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Opera, *Der Freyschütz*, piano-forte arrangement.

### Music in New York.

(EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)

SATURDAY, APRIL 28.—It must have been some fifteen years ago that the announcement of the first attempt in this country to bring out Beethoven's Ninth Symphony attracted us to this great Babel of a city. We heard it then in the vast space of Castle Garden, performed by an immense and somewhat heterogeneous orchestra, hastily assembled, and with but slight rehearsal on the part of most of them. The thing was called, if we remember rightly, a Beethoven Festival, and the object was to commence the formation of a fund for the building of a music hall for Philharmonic concerts. That purpose failed, and the performance of the Symphony was crude enough, and most indifferently appreciated by the great mass of the audience. Yet to us, with all the imperfections, the great outlines of the work, its sure and glorious working out of one great thought, developing it to a world-wide significance, all summed up in the one word JOY, considered as the transport of a thoroughly inspired, united brotherhood of all Humanity, stood out so boldly and spoke so eloquently to every inmost hope and inspiration, that it was impossible not to wish to know the Symphony more thoroughly, and to be thankful ever after for whatever opportunity of hearing it and studying it even through the roughest rehearsals and the coarsest performances. Great things are sure to survive all that, if you once seize the key to their meaning; and each imperfect hearing still prepares you for a better. Since that time, we have had creditable interpretation of it, four or five times, with our small orchestra, in Boston. To-day we have had cause to thank our stars that brought us once more, though on business not entirely musical, to New York. It has been a whole day's musical festival. We were just in time for the last morning rehearsal and for the fifth and last evening Concert of the Philharmonic Society, both of which were held in the Academy of Music.

The rehearsal at 11 A. M. was attended by as large an audience as one sees at home in any concert. We proceeded to a quiet corner in an upper circle, whither the sound ascended clearly, and where we had leisure to note the composition of the noble orchestra, arranged upon the stage in rising tiers. Think of the luxury (to Bostonian ears) of listening to a body of sixty-four strings! There were Thomas and Noll and Mollenhauer, and other finished violinists, to the number of sixteen first and sixteen second violins. There was our old friend BERGMANN, (one of the conductors of the Society, and one of the ablest, if not the ablest we have ever known for symphony music), heading the violoncellos. There were eleven double basses, which told right grandly in those almost speaking soliloquies which precede the entrance of the Joy chorus. The reeds were in a row by themselves behind and above the rest, which served to give them more of that individuality and contrast which they always have in Beethoven's orchestra. And

beautiful the reeds were, especially the bassoons. The horns too were beautiful, especially that of Schmitz, which sang with a promptness, precision and delicacy in those all important passages in the Trio of the Scherzo, and in that cadenza in the Adagio, such as we never heard before. The admirable trumpet, too, of Herr Schreiber should be noticed. High in the rear of all, too, it was pleasant to discover the President of the Society, Mr. TIMM, doing artistic service at the great bass drum; that was the true spirit. At the conductor's desk stood THEODORE EISFELD. We could not but think of the strange ups and downs of human fortune, when we thought of him but yesterday picked up from the ocean, senseless, life nearly spent, in the wreck of the burning Austria, and to day, on the top wave as it were of glorious excitement, conducting the Joy symphony of Beethoven.

Himmel-hoch jauchsend,  
Zum Tode betrübt:

might be said of it, only reversing the order of the lines. — But speaking of the Philharmonic orchestra, is it not worth while to record here their names? We copy from the bill of the concert:

VIOLINS.—G. Bahlis, J. G. Beisheim, A. Bernstein, A. Besig, G. F. Bristow, W. Doehler, J. Freising, J. Godone, E. Grill, N. Hagen, C. Hahn, G. Helfenritter, F. Herwig, U. C. Hill, J. Kahl, I. E. Meyer, E. Mollenhauer, J. Mosenthal, J. Noll, H. Otto, C. Passaglia, M. J. Pfort, H. Prahl, H. Reyer, G. Schneider, C. Schmidt, M. Schwarz, C. Siedler, T. Thomas, G. Weingarten, J. Windmüller, A. Zeiss.

VIOLAS.—A. Boucher, F. Chevalier, T. Goodwin, G. Haupt, A. Hirschmann, S. Johnson, T. Lotze, G. Matsuka, E. Pauli, R. Schullinger, J. Unger, E. Weber.

VIOLONCELLOS.—F. Allner, C. Bergmann, F. Bergner, C. Brannes, T. Groenevelt, F. Harbordt, H. Lubde, W. Rietsel, D. Walker.

DOUBLE BASSES.—W. Blake, C. Bartels, C. Billhardt, C. Heinicke, C. Herzog, C. Jacobi, J. Lela, G. Lo Bianco, C. Preusser, F. Rehder, C. Schütz.

FLUTES.—F. Rietsel, E. Wiese.

PICCOLO.—C. Siedler.

OBOS.—L. Ohlemann, C. Mente.

CLARINETS.—E. Boehm, F. Starck.

BASSOONS.—P. Elts, F. Hochstein.

TRUMPETS.—C. Behm, L. Schreiber.

HORNS.—S. Knobel, H. Schmitz, G. Schmitz, G. Trojel.

TRUMPETS.—G. Daga, J. Lacroix, F. Letsch.

BASS TUBA.—C. Billhardt.

TRUMPET.—J. Senle.

TRIANGLE.—Goodwin.

CYMBALS.—

BASS DRUM.—H. C. Timm.

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The rehearsal—great a luxury as it was to us to hear such an orchestra—did not, we must confess, augur the best things for the evening's performance. Parts were happy in the rendering, but other parts were somewhat unclear or dull, and lacking some of those vitalizing and expressive *nuances* which distinguish a routine from an inspired, imaginative rendering. The vocal solos, sung by Mme. JOHANNSEN, Mme. ZIMMERMANN, Herr STIGELLI, and Herr PHILIP MAYER, worked badly enough together; and the chorus were entirely absent; indeed we understood that at in no one rehearsal had *all* the elements been brought together.

But in the evening we were, agreeably disappointed. The orchestral movements, for the most part, went finely; especially the Scherzo and the heavenly Adagio, which appeared to take great effect upon the majority of the vast audience. The toying and twining together of the two naive little themes in the Trio, as they

circle about from bassoon and horn, to clarinet, to flute, to oboe, &c., &c., was made delicious in the clear certainty of outline, easy, natural sequence, and warmth of well blended coloring. The sound of such a mass of strings, especially in the middle parts—the weak point of our Boston orchestras,—was very rich and satisfying.

The choral movement, naturally, was less understood and less enjoyed by the many. It would have been so, we suppose, in any case; and the difficulty was of course increased by great imperfections in the performance. The double basses did their part nobly in the sentences of recitative, which summon up one by one and impatiently dismiss the themes of the preceding movements. Herr Meyer gave the introductory vocal recitative (bass) with considerable power and expression; but the other solo voices appeared weary and inadequate for passages which task the fullest powers of the very greatest singers. The choruses were reasonably well sung,—the German Lieder-kranz part quite unexceptionable; but we have had them more effective in Boston, by the larger choir of the Handel and Haydn Society.—Take it all together, however, we have never heard the Choral Symphony to such advantage, and we count it an event in our life to be always thankful for, that were we here to listen to this last performance of that one of all great musical creations to which we always listen with, we may truly say, more emotion than to any other,—no symphony, nor opera, nor oratorio excepted. For is it not the summing up of *all* Beethoven's symphonies? the fullest and completest utterance of the great word of his life? the glorified expression of the struggle and the triumph, not only of the life of one great soul, but of Humanity itself, of the whole race, in the prophetic unfolding of whose godlike destiny a great soul like Beethoven loses and forgets,—or rather, for the first time *finds*—itself?

We must not forget the first part of the Concert, which preceded the Symphony and gave much satisfaction. It opened with a superb rendering of the *Zauberflöte* overture, and consisted for the rest of a few vocal pieces—a wise abstinence before such a Symphony. Herr Meyer sang a Lied by Abt: *Ich denke nur an dich*, with rich baritone voice and good style, accompanied *obligato* by Herr Schreiber's cornet. The latter was finely played; but we cannot reconcile ourselves to sentimental melodies upon brass instruments. It is against their nature, which is properly heroic, and sounds maudlin. Perhaps the brass band concerts have spoiled our ear for such things. Mme. Johannsen sang a famous aria by Weber, which we have long wished to hear: *Ocean du ungeheuer* ("Ocean, thou mighty monster,") from *Oberon*. The orchestral part was more edifying than the vocal upon this occasion.

The singer in certain passages,—the softer ones—often suggests fine singing; but the voice proved unequal to great exertion. The music itself is in the best vein of Weber, wonderfully dramatic and imaginative, and the whole construction of the piece, in its successive movements, is strikingly analogous to the more familiar scena in *Der Freyschütz*. It needs a Jenny Lind to sing it. Stigelli was set down for the tenor air in the "Magic Flute;" *O cara imagine*, but sang instead, and with exquisite expression, a couple of songs by Schubert: *Trockne Blumen* and *Die Post*. The Lieder-kranz (Mr. AGRIEL PAUER,

director), sung a couple of part-songs with very fine ensemble and precision, and were enthusiastically recalled.

The audience was immense, filling the parquet and three circles of the great Academy completely; besides a goodly number of the more earnest symphony-lovers, who sat, for the sake of better sound and quiet, above the noisier crowd of fashion, in the upper gallery of all, or amphitheatre. Thither a good instinct led us also into fortunate companionship. There must have been between twenty-five hundred and three thousand persons present; and we understand that nearly \$1,000 were taken by the sale of extra tickets, over and above the regular subscription, many paying \$1.50 for a ticket. When shall we in Boston have a Philharmonic Society, and one so eagerly supported?

NEW YORK, MAY 1.—Last Tuesday the Chamber Union Concert gave their last Soirée, making it very satisfactory to as large an audience as the tiny hall could hold. The programme presented two novelties—the first of which was the name of a debutante, Miss PAULINE EICHBERG. The young lady, although she has been in the country over a year, appeared in public for the first time on that evening, and it was evidently from this cause that she was rather nervous, and a little inclined to hasten the *tempi*. Miss Eichberg is a pupil of the Leipzig Conservatoire, very young, and of uncommonly pleasing, lively appearance. She played Mendelssohn's D minor Trio, and the Ballade in A flat of Chopin, and, when encored, a song without words by Mendelssohn. Her style is characterized by a great deal of vigor and spirit, and an entire absence of effort. She won much applause, and may be sure of being gladly heard again by any one. The other new feature of the programme was a Pianoforte Sonata by Mr. SAAR, played by the composer. It is very rarely that we have occasion to welcome a composition of this kind from a modern composer, and most heartily do we welcome it in this case. It is a proof of more than ordinary aspiration in the young artist, and the manner in which the child of his genius was received here, where such compositions usually fall dead upon a concert audience, must have been very gratifying to Mr. Saar. His sonata is a decidedly original work—yet without being at all farfetched and overstrained. It is somewhat new in construction—the usual repetitions being omitted, and the themes carried on under somewhat different treatment, instead. The first movement, Allegro Agitato, is hardly more than an introduction—a preparation for what follows, but based on very pleasing *motifs*—the Larghetto is so beautiful as to make one regret its brevity, though the Scherzo soon absorbs one entirely. This movement is perhaps the most original of the four, though the finale evidently contains much matter than cannot be thoroughly appreciated, and judged of at a first hearing. In it the interest, which, through the whole, has been gradually rising, reaches its highest point, and the hearer is quite carried away by the wild intensity of this movement. It is a piece that makes one wish to hear it again and again, feeling that every time of listening will make him discover new merits and new beauties. Of course, as the work of a very young composer, (it was written, I understand, some years ago, while Mr. Saar was studying abroad), it is not faultless; but where the good points are so predominant, it is best to judge leniently of error which a longer experience will avoid.

Chopin's beautiful posthumous rondo was very finely played by Messrs. Mills and Saar, and Mr. Eben performed a flute solo with his accustomed skill. The vocal portion of the entertainment was the least successful; Mr. W. H. COOKE sang a ro-

manza of Verdi's, and a very insignificant bull of his own, in a manner that left the audience quite cold, in spite of the gentleman's fine tenor voice.

I leave the account of our last Philharmonic Concert, and the first night of Halevy's *La Juive* to your own able pen, which will do them far more justice than I could, besides having the merit of being that of an impartial outsider. With a protest against your printer's making me call Schubert's "Post" a *Poet*, I remain as ever,

—t—

NEW YORK, MAY 2, 1860. — Last Monday evening Maretzek produced at the Winter Garden, Halevy's *La Juive*, an opera which has been promised by other managers for years and which was announced at the opening of the Academy of music season by Ullmann and Strakosch. *La Juive* is a grand work, and probably as enjoyable as any opera destitute of melody can be. It is remarkable that a man of real musical ability could write a long five act opera and get so little melody in it, as in *La Juive*. There is scarcely a solitary air that can be carried away in the memory and hummed afterward. The nearest approach to such a strain is the passionate phrase, *Oh, ma fille chérie*, and the succeeding duet in which both Rachel (soprano) and Eleazer (tenor) take part.

The libretto of the opera — written by Scribe — is far superior to the majority of lyric stories. The following is the

#### ARGUMENT.

Leopold, a prince of the empire, returning from the wars, is violently smitten with the beauty of Rachel, daughter of Lasarus, the Jew. To win her favor he pretends to be an Israelite, and in the guise of a painter makes an easy conquest of the maiden's heart. Occasional exercises of influence, however, in matters where only the high could have successfully interposed their authority, excite the suspicions of Rachel, and she soon discovers that the Samuel (as he calls himself) of her error is none other than Prince Leopold, and the husband of the Princess Eudoxia. Overcome with rage and indignation, she publicly accuses him of his crime, and the offence, punishable with death, is considered so heinous, that the Cardinal pronounces his malediction and excommunication on the culprits. Rachel, Lasarus and Leopold are placed under arrest to await execution. During this brief period, Eudoxia, the right full wife of Leopold, intercedes with Rachel, and by exhibiting how unselfish is her rightful love, induces her Jewish rival to relent in her hatred, and to intercede for the life of Leopold. This she does by pronouncing her former statement a fabrication of mere jealous frenzy, and devoid of truth. The noble prisoner is at once banished, but Rachel is again condemned to death with her father for conspiring against the life of the man whom, by this fiction, she had just saved. Lasarus, whose sturdy faith and hatred of the Christians have supported him throughout, cares nothing for dying, but determines to be revenged on the Cardinal, who not only has pronounced his fate, but is the head of the Church which he hates. In a narrative he relates that the daughter who has just suffered death is not his own, but one by adoption, plucked from the burning ruins of the Cardinal's palace, at Rome, during a catastrophe there, and the Cardinal's own child.

The music is elaborate and scientific, at times rising to real sublimity, but not maintaining its hold on the hearer's attention. There were many expressions of weariness last Monday evening, and a number of persons left without waiting for the fifth act. Some that did not leave fell asleep.

But the opera *La Juive* is one that must be heard several times to be at all appreciated or understood. At first hearing it appears grand but heavy, and it is impossible to give or even gain an idea of the merits of the work from one hearing.

*La Juive* was admirably sung, especially by FABRE and STIGELLI, and put on the stage with great care. On its success Maretzek stakes the prospects of his season.

At the Academy of Music Rossini's *Mose in Egitto* is announced as the next novelty, and it will be produced next Monday evening, with Patti, Brignoli, Ferri, and Susini in the principal parts.

TROVATORE.

#### Musical Chat-Chat.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB have returned home after their Southern tour which has been to them a pleasant one and has added not a little to their fame as artists. We take pleasure in copying some notices of their concerts. We cannot agree with the criticism of Mrs. LONG, by the way, and should like to see the hall in Philadelphia too large for her to sing in.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club gave their last concert on Saturday evening, at the Musical Fund Hall. The attendance was better than that of the previous concerts, but still not at all what it should have been. The instrumental performance was transcendently good, and the audience were thoroughly delighted. Mrs. Long's selections were unsuited to her, and her singing does not sound to the same advantage in a large hall as it did in Chickering's Saloon. The Quintette Club return now to Boston. Although their concerts have not been crowded, they have made many friends here, and we think that we can promise them greater success if they should be induced to visit Philadelphia again. — *Phil. Eve. Bull.*, April 30.

The concert given recently by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston, on their way to Southern cities, has been pronounced by many of our citizens of acknowledged taste, "the best ever given in this city by any artists." In accordance with the general desire of those who heard them, they announce, on their return home, another concert, when they will again have the assistance of Mrs. Long. The opportunity to hear the best music, rendered by performers of the highest standing, does not often occur out of the larger cities, and we doubt if Brinley Hall will be found large enough to hold those of our citizens who would enjoy the performances of the Club, and testify to their appreciation of real excellence. — *Worcester Pall.*, May 2.

INSANITY OF M. JULLIEN. — The Paris correspondent of the Boston Traveller relates the following sad anecdote of Jullien's insanity: "One day he entered his house armed with a large knife. 'Come here,' said he to his adopted child, a girl about eighteen years old, 'I am going to let you hear the angels sing.' He was going to cut her throat. She had presence of mind enough to reply: 'Willingly; but, before I go, let me hear you play on the flageolet, that I may compare your music with theirs.' Jullien thought the idea excellent, and went to get his flageolet, — while he was gone the child called the servants, the unhappy madman was secured and carried to a private mad-house, where he died a few days afterwards."

TRINITY CHURCH CHOIR, NEWPORT. — A Newport correspondent of the (New York) Churchman, pays a fine and well merited compliment to this choir, which we copy below with pleasure:

At Trinity the music was very fine and appropriate for the occasion. The boys sang finely and very spirited, and one great feature in the music was, that the time was precise; the solos were finely rendered by Masters Dunmore and Vernon, whose voices are exceedingly well calculated for that part of the Service. This young choir has improved greatly since last summer. No pains have been spared on the part of the organist, to make the choir compare favorably with the choirs of larger cities. The musical portion of the Services for Easter consisted of extracts from the celebrated masters of church music, Bridgewater, Chappell, and Tallis, a chorus by Haydn, and a carol of Mozart. The responses were sung with great precision, and the Gregorian tones effectively rendered. This choir has had but nine months' practice, and their proficiency in Church music is truly surprising. The boys are very anxious to hear the choirs of Trinity, [the Madison Street Mission Chapel, Trinity Chapel, and the Holy Communion, as they have heard so much spoken of them, and it is quite possible that they may visit the great metropolis this Spring or next Fall, if suitable arrangements can be made to that effect; and I have no doubt that the benefit would be great for all of them, especially if the choirs of the city could meet at Trinity Church for full Choral Service.

A remark which has been made of our Italian operas here, — namely that most of the singers are not Italians — seems to hold good this season of the opera in London. The *Musical World* says:

One important consideration arising from an examination of the programmes of both operas, is the decline of the vocal art in Italy. How else account for the fact that in both houses the chief parts are filled by foreign singers. At Her Majesty's Theatre, the *prima donna assoluta*, Mlle. Titiens, is a German; while two others — Madame Marie Cabel and Mlle. Brunetti (Brunet) — are French. At the Royal Italian Opera, Mlle. Csillag is a German, while Mesdames Miolan-Carvalho and Nantier-Didié are French. At Her Majesty's Theatre, Signor Everardi (M. Everard), Signor Vialetti (M. Vialeto) and M. Gassier, are French. At the Royal Italian Opera, M. Faure and Signor Tagliafico are French, while M. Zelger is a Belgian. Furthermore, one theatre opens with a Russian, and the other with a French opera.

NEW ORLEANS. — Parodi as *Norma*, at the Amphitheatre, brought back to us the recollections of this superb artiste, on her first appearance in this country, nine years ago, when she so successfully and triumphantly divided the favor of the American musical public, as she had previously that of London, with Jenny Lind. The favorite pupil and adopted daughter of the great Pasta, who found in her her own "voice and dramatic spirit renewed," there is no one on the Italian operatic stage, not even Grisi, who can be considered as a truthful interpreter of that large and grandly dramatic school of singing, of which tradition has handed down Pasta as the founder. The last performance of the rôle of *Norma*, in Italian, we had heard prior to Parodi's, Wednesday night, was that of Grisi; and we have no hesitation whatever, in saying that Parodi's far excelled it. It is related that when, at the close of a twelve month's residence with Pasta, at Como, Parodi was about to enter upon her career, her great teacher embraced her and addressed her in these words: "My child, God has endowed you with a noble voice! I have done for you all that I can do, or that you now need. You are ready to appear before the world. My blessing go with you! I shall live to behold you the first singer of Europe!" And so she did.

We do not find any great deterioration of voice in Parodi, comparing her with our first recollections of her. Perhaps there are not so much fullness and force in the middle notes of her register, but the fine pure upper notes, and those, so marvelously deep and sonorous, in the lower part of the scale, are still in all their pristine vigor. — *N. O. Picayune*, April 27.

## Music Abroad.

### London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. — The theatre re-opened on Tuesday evening, with a very different aspect from that which it presented during the temporary reign of English Opera. Indeed, two theatres could hardly offer more distinct appearances than Covent Garden under Mr. Gye, and Covent Garden under Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison.

The opera was Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, to use the English title; *Le Pardon de Ploërmel*, the French; or, *Il Pellegrinaggio*, the Italian. Last year, *Dinorah* brought the season to a triumphant conclusion, and having been given six times only was no doubt looked for by the subscribers and the public, more especially as Madame Miolan-Carvalho was again to be the heroine. The cast differed from that of last year in two important instances — M. Faure filling the part of Hoel (vice Signor Graziani), and Mlle. Giuditta Sylvia that of the male Goatherd (vice Madame Nantier-Didié). M. Faure was an improvement; not so, Mlle. Sylvia.

M. Faure, who succeeded M. Battaille at the Opéra-Comique in Paris, as Peter in Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord*, speedily won the favor of the public. So satisfied was Meyerbeer, that he wrote the part of Hoel expressly for M. Faure, who more than confirmed the impression made by his previous impersonation. Italian baritones being scarce, the director of the Royal Italian Opera was naturally anxious to secure the services of so admirable an actor and singer, to strengthen the cast of a work which was so eminently successful last season. Mr. Gye engaged M. Faure not merely for Hoel, but to undertake the repertory never officially represented since Tamburini abandoned the stage. That the French baritone is an accomplished artist there is no question. His voice, powerful and of unusual compass, is equally telling throughout its register. His expression is intense and varied, and his method undeniably good. He is, indeed, a greater master of his resources than most singers of his class; his shake is admirable, and his facility equal to all demands. If M. Faure's voice has not the sympathetic quality of Signor Graziani's, it is more than counterbalanced by superior acquirements as a singer and actor. A more striking performance than that of M. Faure, in Hoel, we have not witnessed a long time on the operatic stage. If we desired to be hypercritical, we might adduce an occasional tendency to exaggeration — as in the romance, "Sei vendicata assai" — which, after all, belongs to the school rather than to the singer individually.

Mad. Miolan-Carvalho is more admirable than ever in *Dinorah*; more vocally finished — the result of having made herself mistress of the acoustic properties of the house, and adapting her voice to its requirements, and as histrionically perfect — (she could not be more perfect). There is no need to describe Mad. Carvalho's performance in detail. Enough that all the old points were given with the same facility and the waltz movement of the "Shadow Song" (magnificently executed) was encored with acclamations.

The new contralto, Mlle. Giudita Sylvia, was evidently too nervous to do herself justice. That she possesses a good voice, we believe; but beyond this we can say nothing. Her appearance is decidedly prepossessing.

Another new singer, Mlle. Rappazini, who has announced for the female Goat-herd—Mlle. Marai's part last season—not having put in an appearance, the duet, "Sui prati tutti in fiori," in the last act, was omitted, by no means an improvement; while the "Pater noster" was utterly ruined by the inefficiency of two chorus singers, to whom were allotted the parts sustained last season by Mlle. Marai and Madame Nantior-Didiée. Signor Tagliafico was never at his ease in the hunter's song, while Signor Neri-Baraldi was less successful than formerly in that of the Mower. But these and worse drawbacks would have been more than atoned for by the excellence of the rest, not forgetting the absolute perfection of the orchestra, under Mr. Costa's direction.

*Dinorah* was repeated on Thursday, and will be given for the third time to-night; and on Thursday next Mlle. Rosa Czaillag makes her first appearance as Leonora in *Fidelio*.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—The season was inaugurated with *Marta and Fleur des Champs*. The cast of the opera, with one exception (Madame Lemaire for Madame Borchardt), was the same as last year at Drury Lane—Mlle. Titiens being Lady Henrietta; Signor Giuglini, Lionel; Signor Vialletti, Plunket; and Signor Castelli, Lord Tristan. The performance was greatly superior to that of last year, owing entirely to the improved quality of band and chorus, with Herr Molique and Mr. Blagrove heading the violins. Mlle. Titiens sang magnificently, but Signor Giuglini was afflicted with sore throat and could with difficulty finish the part. Madame Lemaire gave the music of Nancy most carefully. The audience, somewhat frigid at the commencement, warmed towards the end, and when the curtain descended the singers were summoned, and a call was raised for Mr. Smith, who, however, did not obey the summons.

*La Favorita* was given, with Madame Borghi-Mamo as Leonora, and Signor Everardi as Alfonso—the first appearance of both in England—Signor Mongini being Fernando (vice Signor Giuglini, indisposed), and Signor Vialletti, Baldassare. At present it will be sufficient to state that the new comers were eminently successful, the lady worthily supporting the high reputation she enjoys abroad, and the gentleman proving himself one of the most accomplished baritone basses who had been heard for years in this country. Signor Everardi's voice is of fine quality (pure Italian quality, be it understood, although he is, properly speaking, a Belgian), powerful and flexible—one of those *Rossinian* voices, in short, so rare of late. His style and method are in the best school, his taste and expression undeniable. Add to the foregoing a good stage face and figure, and it cannot be denied that Signor Everardi is likely to prove a valuable acquisition. Madame Borghi-Mamo's voice is a *mezzo-soprano*, of great compass, fine clear tone, and flexibility only surpassed by Madame Alboni. A thorough artist, and a genuine Italian singer, Madame Borghi-Mamo knows how to make the best of her means, exceptional as in many respects they are. Signor Mongini surprised every one in Fernando, a part which many anticipated would not suit his vigorous style. He sang finely throughout and with exceeding judgment, never once indulging in those vociferous outbursts hitherto the bane of his performances, and which have often neutralized the effect so splendid a voice must otherwise inevitably produce. His most striking display on Thursday night was the romanza, "Spinto gentil," which was encored with enthusiasm. Signor Vialletti gave the music of Balthazar with power and judgment. The chorus was excellent, and the band, under the able direction of Mr. Benodict, thoroughly efficient, although some addition to the strength of the violins and other stringed instruments, to make head against the overwhelming power of the brass, was generally pronounced advisable.

#### Paris.

April 4th.—Last week the Italian opera gave us a "revival," in the shape of Meyerbeer's opera, *Il Crociato in Egitto*. It is now thirty-seven years since it has been played here, and it is said that it is against Meyerbeer's advice that it is revived now. It was brought out when Rossini was manager of the Opera here, and Meyerbeer, who was then unknown, and of course nervous and doubtful, as to his success with the Parisian world, told Rossini it would be a failure. Rossini replied it would be a success, and bet him five hundred francs about it. Meyerbeer accepted

the bet; and, as the piece proved successful, was no doubt only too happy to pay. This work, belonging quite to the youth of Meyerbeer, and framed almost mechanically on the Italian model, with pieces composed invariably of an *adagio*, then an *allegro*, *cavatina* and airs *d'obbligato*, and *rondos*, with all the usual concomitants of *fioritures* and *cabalettas*, so different to his present style, still gives a slight foretaste of the genius that was one day to give us the *Huguenots*; and there are also some very striking airs; the song of the "Crociato" is one, and the well-known trio for female voices, and in which the principal *motif non fidarti o ginor cor* recalls the music of Bellini, are among the rest. The finale of the first act is very fine, and in the last death-song, sang by Merly and the chorus, are also remarkable. Mad. Borghi-Mamo performed the part of the Crociato, and Mad. Penco, Alboni, Signors Merly and Angelini filled the remaining principal parts; but, notwithstanding the excellence of the performance, the revival has not been met with any monstrous enthusiasm. At the Grand-Opéra, *Pierre de Médicis* has been alternated with a performance of the *Huguenots*, Mad. C. Bartot filling the part of Valentine, Gueymard and Obin Raoul and Marcel. The Opéra-Comique, finding that old pieces answer so well, contentedly keeps to them. The Théâtre-Lyrique, however, has brought out a comic opera in five acts, a thing almost unheard of, Mozart being nearly the only one who had ever brought out one so long. The libretto is by MM. Jules Barbier and Michael Carré, the music by M. Théodore Semet, and the subject is taken from some of the numerous adventures of Gil Blas. Mad. Ugalde fills the part of the hero to the great delight of the public, for whatever charm may now and then be found wanting in her voice she supplies by her animated acting, and carries the piece through triumphantly. The music is gay, sparkling and original. The least successful parts are the choruses. The best airs in the opera, are, Gil Blas' drinking song, "Bacchus est le vrai médecin," the grand duo buffo of the second act, the marriage chorus, "rondo pastoral," the finale of the fourth act; but nothing is equal to the song he sings before the door of the inn where the villagers are feasting, accompanying himself with a mandoline. He is expressing the hunger he feels, and when they will not listen to him he changes his tone to diabolical menaces. The air was rapturously encored. Mesdames Faure, Moreau, Vade, MM. Wartel, Lesage, Legrand, Votel, Serene, Leroy, Gabriel, Giradot, fill the other parts. There has been some talk for the last few days of a probable change in the management of the Théâtre-Lyrique; M. Carvalho retiring, and M. C. Retz, who has been, up to the present moment, Secretary-General of the Theatre, filling his place. However, nothing is decided yet. The Bouffes-Parisiens, though like the little frog in the fable, it tries occasionally to approach the dimensions of the ox, has yet good sense enough to know at what point to stop. Its last production is a sort of field-flower, in the shape of a patois-pastoral, entitled *Daphnis and Chloé*. A pretty little actress, Mlle. Juliette Beau, debuted in it. The music is by the indefatigable M. Offenbach. In Paris some novelty must always be going on; people cannot rest on their oars here, and even now, before *Fidelio* is brought out at the theatre, they talk of an opera with much scenery by M. Charles Gounod, entitled *La Reine Balkir*. M. Gott, also—of the Théâtre-Français—has written an opera in four acts, the music by M. Mempré, under the title of *Le Moine Rouge*, though whether it is to be played or not I have not heard.

There is little new this week at the theatres. The concerts continue with unabated ardor, of which the best, the eighth and last concert of *Jeunes Artistes*, took place on the 1st. Fragments of Meyerbeer's *Struensee* were given. "La revolte des gardes," a polonaise, "La Bal," was very good, and the bacchanal chorus from *Phlémon et Baucis* was encored. And thus with all these entertainments Lent is passing—indeed has almost passed away. It certainly this year has not been a season of fasting and mortification, and the ladies of the great world have rushed with equal ardor to their church in the morning and dressed in "gorgeous array" for their ball in the evening, thinking one neutralized the other, and thus reconciling the claims of religion and of the world to their consciences in that comfortable manner only French people can. Talking of the crowding of churches, there is one thing very necessary, and that is—more church-room for the people. There is not enough for the population of Paris, and the scenes, the pushing, the rudeness and quarrelling, that take place in a crowded church here, is more fit for the crush-room of a theatre than a spot dedicated to divine worship.—*Corr. London Musical World.*

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The moonlit stream. Ballad. S. Glover. 25

Once more we sing you a song. A. Ball. 25

Kate O'Brien. Ballad. C. W. Glover. 25

The Sunshine of the heart. Song. S. Glover. 25

Light, pretty ballads for young singers.

The day-star of freedom. Patriotic song. J. W. Turner. 30

A pathetic air in march-time, bold and manly. The title-page is adorned with a portrait of Master Renta, whose clarion voice has so often charmed the public.

#### Instrumental Music.

Broken Vase Polka. (Illustrated.) A. Liders. 50

An excellent Polka, particularly recommended to those who have occasion to play for dancing. The composer is a popular leader in Hamburg, and this polka had long found its way into all the ball-rooms before it appeared in print. It must become popular. The title-page is very handsomely illustrated.

Alpine Maid. Th. Oesten. 25

Song of the lovely. " 25

Turkish March. " 25

Three more numbers of that useful set of easy pieces for pupils of about two quarters' practice, called the "Nebelbilder." All the teachers are highly pleased with them. They will be as standard as Czerny's "Germany" has been.

Grand Etude Galop, by Quident, arranged for four performers on two pianos. T. Bissell. 1,25

As the demand for these arrangements increases, a better piece could hardly have been selected to meet it partly, than this brilliant, dashing galop of Quident's. We would only say to Teachers of Classes: Try it. It will be the feature in any Exhibition.

#### Books.

ONE HUNDRED BEAUTIFUL MELODIES, from favorite Operas, for the Violin. 50

Embracing all the gems from the modern operas, mostly such as have never before been published in similar collections. The melodies have been arranged in the most convenient keys, and run seldom higher than C on the E string. Every amateur on the violin should have it.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 423.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 7.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## The Diarist in Vienna.

FROM 5 TO 7 P. M., MARCH 29.—A party of five Beethoven enthusiasts—Madame L., possessor of that fine, poetic bust of the composer, modelled by Prof. Schaller for the late Carl Holz; Prof. L., Dr. Gerhard von Breuning, Hof Sekretair Walther, and myself. We drove through the city, out at the Schotten Thor, across the Glacis and to the Schwarzschaner house. We ascended the two broad flights of stone stairs, whilom devoted to the dignitaries of the church and the heads of the old convent. The servant maiden opened the door into a range of apartments now for a few weeks empty, and we passed through two ante-chambers into the large main room, whence one has so fine a view of Glacis, city and suburb.

Thirty-three years ago to-day, the Hof Sekretair, then a young man, and Dr. Breuning, then a child of thirteen years, were here for the last time—it was the day of the funeral of Beethoven. In yonder corner had stood the bed on which he died.

"There," said the doctor, "I piled the forty volumes of Handel's works upon the dying man's bed. Here stood the two grand pianofortes, that by Graf, and that which came as a present from London. There stood the book case; in that smaller room were his writing desk, and the table where he composed. Once only did I see him in the act of composition. On this spot stood my father and Schindler, when they urged upon him the propriety of making his will."

And the strong man, overcome with his emotions, turned away to the window—and we were silent. We passed through the eight rooms, large and small, which belong to the range of apartments, all of which the composer had hired. Our conversation was in low tones, and there could be but one topic. The empty rooms, sounding to our steps, became again the abode of the sick man. We saw him lying there patient and composed, heard him reply to the written questions of doctor, brother, or friend, saw the old house-keeper or the servant girl coming at the sound of his bell—in short lived over again with Breuning those last months during the winter of 1826-7. We lingered long and then, with touched hearts, left the house and drove out to the church yard at Waehring—but a mile or two away. Spring had not yet come, and the place looked drear and desolate. But the simple granite monument, with the one word,

BEETHOVEN

upon it, was spring enough for us, and we clustered round the slab, which covers his ashes, and exchanged thoughts, feelings and recollections upon the great soul that once had dwelt in them. Madame L., had brought a wreath of immortels. We each took a few of the unfading flowers, in remembrance of the day, and attached the wreath to the willow, which shades the grave; and then I was touched as she knelt, while we

turned away, and obedient to the poetic superstition of the Romish church invoked in silent prayer a blessing upon the departed soul.

A pleasant little poem was then read to us by Herr Walther. We gathered a few buds and leaves of evergreens which lay there, and left the grave—some of us probably never to see it again.

## NOTES.

APRIL 1.—April Fool's Day—the proper time for me to read this Vienna news, which *Dwight's Journal*, of March 17, has just brought me. I cannot quite make it out; that is, whether some one has been playing a trick upon the editor, or has undertaken to make paragraphs out of German papers, his studies in the language still leaving him in the dark as to the difference of form in the past, present and future tenses of the verbs. In fact Salvi's Italian opera, so far from having opened with Rossini's "Siege of Corinth," and having been followed by Norma, Semiramide, (with Alboni) and Favorita—does not open until the 9th of this month! As to the new operas by Dreyschock and Randbartiger at the Kärnthnerthor, the list of performances during the season, which is herewith enclosed, contains no such names. Whether Madame Schumann is to take up her abode here is also a question. One of the papers last week expressed the wish that she would do so.

Handel's "Alexander's Feast," by the Sing Akademie. My first hearing of it. It is one of the works on which Beethoven founded his opinion that "Handel was the unequalled master of all masters."

On a certain Saturday morning in May 1849, I leaped from the deck of the old ship Roscoe, upon the quay at Antwerp, and hurried off to seek my way through the intricate streets to that glorious cathedral tower, which since the morning before had been visible over the Belgian plains, as the vessel made its slow way up the Scheldt. I found it. I for the first time passed into a cathedral worthy the name, and felt emotions, which language cannot describe. On leaving the church, I crossed the small triangular place before the grand western entrance, and just as I turned a corner I looked back upon that tower, the most beautiful thing in architecture which I have ever seen, and a strange delight filled all my being and sent the tears gushing into my eyes. And it was precisely this feeling, which the ineffable beauty of this music aroused within me, and which found relief in the same manner. It is easy enough to understand how tragic music, or that in which the depths of sorrow and pity are expressed, should bring one to tears. We weep in such cases, as we do at passages in fiction or upon the stage, where our sympathies are excited by sorrows, which for the moment are real to us. But why should mere beauty affect us so? Why should the opening movement of Beethoven's overture, Op. 124, why choruses expressive of triumph and joy in the works of Han-

del awaken emotions, which open the gateways of our tears? What have we not lost in Boston, that the "Alexander's Feast" remains still unknown! It would not be too long to give at a mixed concert, provided the symphony be a short one.

APRIL 2.—As the *Journal* is a paper of Art and Literature, will not some of its correspondents—there are many, who can do it—aid in forming an American Schiller Bibliography? A magnificent volume has been prepared by Dr. Constant von Würzbach, and printed at the Imperial press in Vienna, containing a most extensive and complete catalogue of Schiller's works in all sorts of European editions, collective and separate; but the labors of our scholars and publishers find little place. I think we have no cause to be ashamed of American translations from, or editions of, his works.

In 1806, appeared a periodical at Weimar, devoted to criticism principally, entitled "Elysium and Tartarus;" i. e., most of the numbers were headed with the former word, some of them with the latter, in which unfortunate would-be-poets, and pseudo artists, were rendered unhappy. Here is a complete title—notable because Goethe had something to do with it.

1806.

(Vignette.)

No. 49.

ELYSIUM.

Zeitung für Poësie, Kunst und neuere Zeitgeschichte.  
Mittwoch, den 2 Juli.

In this number is a continuation of Art-news from Rome, a passage of which, being interpreted, is this:—

"An American Artist, Washington Allstone, has just finished a landscape, which, from its style of execution, is very remarkable. One notices in the works of Garafalos and many old masters a freshness and liveliness of color, which leave later works far behind. Washington believes that he has discovered the secret of that style. He, in a landscape, and Schick, in his excellent portrait of the young baroness von Humboldt, have employed this method very happily. The secret is said to be the use of asphaltum. [Literally, *lacing with asphaltum*.] This landscape, which has no middle ground (for a lake fills the plain surface), has through this treatment in its coloring an extraordinary force of effect. Two groups of trees, in one of which they are straight, full of foliage and of a deep green, in the other irregular, wild looking trunks on a base of rocks, shut in the view at the sides. The dark green, the gloomy glades, have something grand and at the same time strange. The view is taken from lake Lucerne. Mt. Pilate rises from the water, a small island swims upon the waves, mighty, snow-crowned mountains close in the distance. Without being particularly excellent as a composition, something grand speaks to us in the picture, which effect is increased by its striking lights and the extreme transparency of its strong colors. The trees have a strange air (they are very green and flat) and appear to be of Amer-



ican growth. Diana, with her nymphs and dogs, is hunting upon the shore of the lake. The background is rather gray (*fällt ins Graue*), the clouds are heavy still the character of the mountains is well expressed and handled with understanding. The drawing of the trees, which is also somewhat heavy, has much of Ruisdael's manner."

I find the following in an old number of the *London Harmonicon*, June, 1820:

Mozart's celebrated Symphony, "Jupiter," newly adapted, &c.

This splendid Symphony derives the name of Jupiter, now first publicly given to it upon anything like authority, from a very distinguished orchestral performer, who, unpremeditatedly in conversation remarked, that such a title would well denote its majestic grandeur. We record this little anecdote, for the purpose of saving Mozart from any future charge of vanity that might be advanced, should it ever be supposed, that he himself gave so high-sounding an appellation to one of his own works.

The late German opera season of the Kärnthnertheater in Vienna, began July 1, 1859, and closed March 31, 1860, nine months. The number of performances was 248, viz.:

Operatic (regular).....	180
" for Charities.....	3
Ballets.....	54
Ballet and Opera.....	11

On the one hundred and eighty-three operatic nights were given thirty-nine operas by twenty-two composers, as follows:

Beethoven—Fidelio.....	6
Mozart—Schauspielfdirector.....	8
" Don Juan.....	7
" Zauberflöte.....	5
" Hochzeit des Figaro.....	3
Meyerbeer—North Star.....	5
" Prophet.....	4
" Robert the Devil.....	9
" Huguenots.....	7
Weber—Der Freyschütz.....	14
" Oberon.....	3
" Euryanthe.....	1
Glück—Iphigenia in Tauris.....	2
Flotow—Martha.....	4
" Stradella.....	2
Lorzing—Czar und Zimmermann.....	5
" Wildschütz (new here).....	8
Conradin Kreutzer—Nachtlager von Granada.....	7
Spohr—Jessonda.....	2
Nicolai—Merry wives of Windsor.....	6
Duke of Saxe-Coburg—Diana von Solange.....	2
Wagner—Lohengrin.....	8
" Tannhäuser (new).....	13
Spontini—Cortez.....	2
Rossini—Tell.....	4
Adam—Alpen Hütte.....	4
Donizetti—Lucrezia Borgia.....	6
" Don Sebastian.....	2
" Linda.....	2
" Lucia.....	2
" Favorita.....	4
Herold—Zweikampf (Duel).....	3
Auber—Masaniello.....	7
" Ballnacht.....	4
Boieldieu—Weisse Dame (La Dame Blanche).....	1
Verdi—Ernani.....	1
" Troubadour (new here in German).....	9
Halevy—Die Jüdin.....	9
Balle—Bohemian Girl.....	1

All these operas are given in the German language—being originally to German texts or translated.

On the sixty-five ballet evenings were given by

Gauthier—Gisella.....	7
Borri—Carnevals Abentheuer.....	17
" Kaminfeger von London (new).....	18
Taglioni—Satanella.....	10
" Verwandten Weiber.....	5
Hoguet—Robert and Bertrand.....	8

A. W. T.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Stabat Mater Dolorosa.

From ELISE POLKO'S "Musikalische Märchen, Phantasien und Skizzen;" translated by FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

"See Naples and die!" These words must have rung in the ears of every one whose glance fell on the noble landscape around Naples, on a brilliant October morning of the year 1735. There she lay, the fairy city, with her countless cupolas and towers, over which hung the radiant golden veil of early dawn! There arose on high the mighty, cloud-crowned cupola of the greatest of cathedrals—the summit of Vesuvius! And the lovely Bay! rocking hither and thither, it rested on the proud breast of earth, like a heavy golden drop, fallen from the floating sea of light above. A warm, rosy air trembled above the thick myrtle and orange woods; played among the slender vine-branches, as they friendly reached out their green hands to each other, and danced along the garden of the road; and kissed the large flowers and creepers, that covered the ground with a colored net. It seemed as though the breath of God floated over this fairest spot on his earth; as though peace, joy, and beauty must dwell here forever.

On the gentle slope of a flowery hill, hidden behind a luxuriant growth of laurel-roses, overshadowed by platanos and olive trees, half overgrown with magnolias and tender vines, stood a large crucifix of stone, with a figure of the afflicted Madonna at its feet. Probably some strange accident had brought the group hither, and pious faith had sought to save the treasure from destruction in this humble asylum; for its workmanship was of astonishing beauty, and deserved a place in the proudest church. In every line of the life-sized figures the hand of a master could be traced, whose genius had transformed the hard stone to a soft mass, breathing life and soul; it was the victorious hero of faith, whose form hung on the cross, and not the dying martyr. The noble features were calm, holy, almost transfigured; the beautiful body lay in the unconquerable stiffness of death; nowhere a trace of pain or conflict. But Maria, the mater dolorosa! A glorious form, not sinking, but crushed under a weight of woe! a wondrous face! on which a vast sorrow was petrified; a picture of pain that hath no end. Stony tears—how fearfully heavy!—hung from the eyelids, and the fine mouth was cramped with a misery that could find no consolation in heaven or earth. Fresh green leaves softly nestled against the drapery of the sufferer, and sweet flowers, outspringing, close to the body of the crucified one, softly covered the wounds. Seldom did a pious wanderer discover this group, seldom was a knee bowed before this cross.

On the above-mentioned October morning, however, it happened that a pale young man threw himself before the holy group; his face was a serious and suffering one, fatigued and sorrowful were his eyes, weak and bent his tall fig-

ure; with a deep sigh he looked up towards the crucified One. He saw the heavenly peace of the great dead, and a shudder of involuntary belief came over him; he saw the angelic features of Maria, the nameless grief they expressed, and drew back from the influence of such immeasurable woe. Pity seized his soul; he longed to draw forth the sword that pierced this mother's breast; it seemed as though the stony tears cried aloud for mercy. The ills he had brought hither disappeared before the giant weight of this silent pain; all complaint hurried back to his heart, he forgot the consuming troubles of his breast, and humbly bowed his head.

At this moment a clear *Ave Maria* rang through the air, sung by two lovely female voices; a pair of sisters, whose sick mother the Madonna had graciously healed, approached, bringing the queen of heaven their daily thank-offering of fresh flowers. They were two fair forms, one tall and full, with a proud glance and cheeks glowing with life; the other blonde, tender, with black eyes and soft, delicate features. They laid their fragrant flowers at the foot of the crucifix, prayed softly, and then moved away. But the fair-haired maiden turned her pretty head to look after the lonely youth who still knelt there, praying.

He then looked up and cried: "Madonna, have pity on me! I am alone and suffering in this fair world! Give me a heart to love me, and heal the wound of my sick breast!" Then it seemed as if a veil fell from his eyes; the figure of the Madonna appeared to move, the fire of life streamed over the face of the mother of sorrow, and her stony mouth breathed; "Bring to my immeasurable woe a worthy sacrifice, soften these stony tears, so that they flow gently, and lessen the weight of my martyred heart, let my stiffened wounds bleed sweetly, and thy prayer shall be heard!"

When the thoughts of the amazed youth returned to their ordinary course, the noon-day sun was shining in unclouded splendor, and all living things were seeking a shelter from its hot breath. But he heeded it not; his cheeks burned, his eyes flamed, a happy smile played round his lips; with an unsteady step he hastened back to Naples.

And on another day the fair sisters came back again in the clear morning sun, and again sang their pious, childlike *Ave Maria*, in which the silvery soprano of the tender blonde contrasted and harmonized exquisitely with the rich contralto of the lovely brunette. And again they found the young man with the dark locks and the earnest face; but this time he was not kneeling before the crucifix; he lay on the slope of the hill, and sometimes his glance wandered hither and thither, and sometimes he wrote with a pencil on a leaf which he held in his hand. Then there was so much enthusiasm in his face, that Lauretta almost forgot to lay her bunch of roses before the Madonna, while gazing, surprised, on the glowing face of the young stranger. At last the sisters went away; but Lauretta dropped the little bunch of orange blossoms that decked her bosom, at the feet of the youth.

And so they saw each other every day; neither rain nor wintry storm prevented their pilgrimage. The glance of the fair Lauretta grew ever gentler, the words and tone of her soft greeting more timid, the rapt expression of the

serious stranger's face became more and more striking. At length came March, a month of delight in Italy, with its sprouting buds, its fresh leaves, and mild airs.

But Lauretta did not see, that in spite of the enlivening influence of the breath of spring, the youth's step became heavier, his cheeks more hollow than before; for a deceptive red colored his face, and his eyes glowed with an unearthly fire. He asked them one day: "May I bring you a song to-morrow; a song of praise to the Madonna? Will you sing it for me with your clear, sweet voices, and so help me to bring a sacrifice to her? Madonna desires such a sacrifice, and has promised me a noble reward. How I long for its fulfilment! Help me to keep my vow! sing my song next Sunday at the foot of this crucifix, and you shall be witnesses of the wonder Madonna will work in my behalf. Lucia nodded friendly to him, Lauretta laid her trembling hand in his, while a tear fell silently from the precious night of her eyes.

It was on the sixteenth of March, a Sunday evening, that their three figures reached the crucifix together; Lauretta supported the tottering step of the young man; a crown of violets hung from her arm. He knelt down, and raising his waxen hands, cried out, in a passionate tone: "Holy mother of sorrow, accept my sacrifice!" And then ascended, like the incense of sound, the voices of the sisters, firmly, clearly, seriously; they sang the words:

"Stabat mater dolorosa  
Juxta crucem, lacrimosa,  
Dum pendebat filius."

Not a breath of air moved through the leaves; no sound stirred; there was a holy silence around, as though nature listened to the true religious sublimity of this song. A soft, deep melancholy trembled in the maidens' voices. With indescribable anxiety, with feverish expectation, the young man watched the face of the Madonna; and as these words ascended:

"Quis est homo, qui non fletet,  
Christi matrem si videret  
In tanto supplicio?"

and floated, like the breath of sympathy, from the lips of the pious songstresses, the face of the Mater dolorosa appeared to soften; a heavenly repose touched the fine mouth; the stony tears melted and flowed down; the wounds of her transfixed bosom sweetly bled, and the warm drops fell on the head of him who sacrificed. Then the wild, gnawing pains of his body seemed calmed, his breast heaved with full, free breath, a delicious weariness overcame him, he stretched forth his arms—Lauretta bent down towards him, they exchanged a happy smile—GIOVANNI BATTISTA PERGOLESI was dead!

The crucifix with the figure of the weeping mother has long since fallen to decay. Jessamine and aloe bushes cover the spot, and the body of the youthful, immortal master rests in the cool cathedral of Besorato. But at the foot of the hill, against whose slope the crucifix once leaned, rises a flower-covered grave, sinking under the heavy foot of time, and overshadowed by cypresses. It shelters the once fair frame of the loving heart that the Madonna promised to her petitioner; the earthly remains of the gentle Lauretta.

### Chopin's Mazurkas.

(From the London Musical World.)

"Chopin's Mazurkas," in eleven books, complete, with a Biographical and Critical Introduction—edited by J. W. Davison (Boosy and Sons). \* \*

Probably among the numerous productions of Chopin, the Mazurkas are the most genial and characteristic. The natural offspring of his peculiar idiosyncrasy, they breathe his spirit, reflect his sentimentality, and are the truest media of communication between his inner self and the outside world, which he, like all men specially gifted, men of genius, in short, was born to delight. We verily believe that there is more of the genuine spirit of Chopin in one of these brief Mazurkas, than in the whole of his concertos, sonatas, and larger compositions put together. Whereas, in his elaborate compositions, he was stilted, mannered, and catachrestical, in his Mazurkas (and the minor effusions) he is nearly always spontaneous, natural, and, therefore, sympathetic. With this conviction, we can endorse, without reservation, the words with which the editor, whose labors are now before us, sums up the paragraph in which he briefly glances at the entire production of Chopin:—

"That Chopin, however, excelled less in works of 'longue haleine' than in those of smaller pretensions, will hardly be denied. His *Etudes*, his *Preludes*, his *Valses*, his *Nocturnes*, and above all his Mazurkas, are quite enough to save him from oblivion, whatever may eventually become of his concertos and sonatas. The variety with which in the Mazurkas he has said the same thing some fifty times over, will go further than anything else to prove that Chopin's genius, whatever its eccentricities and failings, was decidedly inventive. The best of the Mazurkas are without question those that smell the least strongly of the lamp, those which, harmonized in the least affected manner, are easiest to play, and bear the closest affinity to (in some cases are almost echoes of) the national dance tunes of his country. Some of them are gems, as faultless as they are attractive, from whatever point of view regarded: others, more evidently labored, are less happy; but not one of them is wholly destitute of points that appeal to the feelings, surprise by their unexpectedness, fascinate by their plaintive character, or charm by their ingenuity." \* \*

Mr. Davison's preface, contains almost as much of biographical and anecdotal as of critical and analytical matter; and, had we space, we could entertain our readers with no end of *ana*. We must, however, be satisfied with one or two extracts. Here is a paragraph about Chopin's early love:—

"Chopin never married; but he cherished, it is said, an attachment all his life. This Dr. Liszt informs us was for a young compatriot of his hero—'belle et douce jeune fille, comme une Madone de Luini, &c.' It appears that this 'belle et douce jeune fille' loved Chopin with an earnest love to the end, and really, in examining the scanty incidents of his life, it is difficult to assign any reason why he should not have married her. She was faithful to his memory after death, and wasted her maidenhood in constant care and solicitude for his surviving parents. She made a portrait of him, which Chopin's father would never allow to be replaced by any other; and in a thousand various ways exhibited her devotion."

The origin of the Chopin-Mazurka may be cited as a corollary to the foregoing:—

"But Chopin, who (like Steerforth) was very popular at school, became intimate with Prince Borys Czetwertynska and his brothers. At their house, where music was assiduously cultivated, he saw and knew the Princess-mother, 'belle encore,' and of an 'esprit sympathique,' whose saloons were the most brilliant and *recherchés* in Warsaw. The Princess-mother was, nevertheless, only a monad in the new sphere which now became Chopin's universe. 'At her house Chopin often met the most distinguished ladies of the capital; he became acquainted with those seductive beauties whose renown was European, at a time when Warsaw was celebrated for the *éclat*, the elegance and the grace of its society. Through the intervention of the Princess Czetwertynska he had the honor of being introduced to the Princess Lowicz, at whose house he became intimate with the Countess Zamoyska, the Princess Radziwill, and the Princess Jablonowska, *enchanteuses*, surrounded by other beauties less illustrious."

"The conception of the Mazurka, as Chopin understood it, here took place in his perplexed brain. Let this important period be described here at length, with the apology that Dr. Liszt's French is not easy to reduce into English:—'Still very young, it fell to the lot of Chopin to govern their steps by the chords of his piano. In those reunions, which might be likened to assemblages of fairies, he was no doubt often enabled to discover, suddenly unveiled in the whirl of the dance, the secrets of those aspiring and

tender hearts; he was able without difficulty to read in their souls, which leaned with friendly sympathy towards his adolescence, and saw of what a mixture of *levain* and *pâte de rose* (of — and —; but the original is inimitable) of saltpetre and angel's tears (!) was kneaded the poetic ideal of his country. When his fingers unconsciously ran over the keys, and drew from them a succession of touching harmonies, he was able to divine in what manner the secret tears of enamored girls and young neglected wives were shed; how the eyes of men both given to love and jealous of glory became humid with emotion. How often must some lovely girl, petitioning for a simple prelude, have leaned her beautiful elbow on the instrument, to support her dreaming head, and allowed Chopin to guess from her look the strain her heart was singing; how often must a group of *nymphes folâtres*, in order to coax out of him a waltz of vertiginous rapidity, have besieged him with smiles that placed him in unison with their gaiety! There he saw unfolded in the Mazurka the chaste graces of his magnificent countrywomen,' &c., &c.

"Chopin used to recount in his peculiar manner (he did everything in a 'peculiar manner') that here he 'understood for the first time what sentiments the melodies and rhythms of the National Dance were capable of expressing.' Here, too, he learned how to set high value on that noble and reserved deportment, united to vivacity of sentiment, 'qui préserve la délicatesse de l'affiduessement, qui empêche la prévenance de rancir'—"which Dr. Liszt may translate for himself. At all events, the Mazurka—Chopin's Mazurka—was the offspring of these reunions, which at the same time may account for the reason of his leaving the 'belle et douce jeune fille,' who sketched his portrait, to pine away in loneliness, while he wasted his manly vigor in the enervating saloons of enervated capitalists."

And as corollary, No. 2 (the early love still figuring in the background), a paragraph may be added, relating to Chopin's intimacy with the Baroness Duvdevant (George Sand):—

"A professed hater of women-authors, Chopin had a great inclination to make the acquaintance of Mad. Georges Sand, with whom he subsequently, however, formed an intimacy which for some years wholly absorbed him. In 1837, this celebrated lady accompanied Chopin to the island of Majorca, where he had been ordered by medical advice, and where he remained, tenderly nursed by the authoress of *Lélia*, during an alarming and protracted illness. 'The remembrance of the days passed in Majorca,' says Dr. Liszt, 'was graven on the heart of Chopin like that of a rapture, an ecstasy which fate accords but once to the most favored.' 'He was not' (it is probably Mad. Sand who speaks) 'on earth; he was in an empyrean of golden clouds and perfumes; his fine and exquisite imagination seemed drowned in a monologue with God himself, and if perchance, on the radiant prism where he forgot himself, some accident caused the little magic lantern of the world to pass, he would experience most frightful uneasiness, &c., &c.' (the rest to match). However, Chopin's residence in Majorca was beneficial in every respect, and his 'admirable nurse,' Mad. Sand ('herself a great artist,') embellished every incident of his sojourn.\* Under these circumstances, what chance was there (it may be asked) for the 'belle et douce jeune fille,' pining in the land of Mazurkas?"

For an account of the incidents connected with Chopin's death, and with the friends immediately about him at the time; for a description of his funeral obsequies at the Madeleine (Paris); for an elaborate analysis of Chopin's talent, as pianist and composer, including observations on his social qualities and individual character as a man, together with comparisons between him and other musicians; we must refer our readers to Mr. Davison's preface, which leaves few points of any importance undiscussed. We can only find room for a passage or two concerning Charles Filtch, whose early demise (at the age of fourteen) deprived the musical world of an undoubted genius. Speaking of Chopin's play, Mr. Davison thus alludes to the talent of his pupil:

"It must, however, be admitted that the pupil, Charles Filtch (who died at the early age of fourteen), surpassed the master, inasmuch as while preserving all the ethereal grace and delicacy of Chopin's play, all its variety of tone and passionate impulsiveness, Filtch superadded a certain vigor and unity, which endowed it with a more consistent vitality—rare (almost unprecedented) instance of a copy excelling the original, and the more wonderful considering the extreme youth of the copyist."

Here is an instance of Filtch's extraordinary memory:

\*Chopin lived, however, to be repaid from the accomplished novelist, which separation he often declared was equivalent to his death-knell.

"Filtch passed the season 1843 in London. How intimately he was versed in the music of his master, may be gathered from a fact which occurred under the notice of the writer. Engaged to perform Chopin's second concerto in public, the orchestral parts not being obtainable, Filtch, nothing dismayed, wrote out the whole of them from memory."

Mendelssohn of course knew Chopin (whom did Mendelssohn not know?); and with a Mendelssohn paragraph we must be satisfied to close our budget: "Mendelssohn, in speaking of one of the *Preludes* of Chopin, expressed himself in terms of such unqualified admiration, as to elicit a query from an interlocutor, unable to understand the cause of the great master's enthusiasm. 'I love it,' replied Mendelssohn, with unusual warmth; 'I cannot tell you how much, or why; except, perhaps, that it is something which I could never at all have written.' On the other hand, questioned about the finale of one of the sonatas, Mendelssohn said, briefly and bitterly, 'Oh! I abhor it.' When Chopin was first in Paris he took lessons on the pianoforte of the late Kalkbrenner, whose reputation as a professor then stood very high. This fact, for some unfathomable reason, used to be kept a secret by Chopin, and was openly denied by some of his friends, indisposed to believe that such a wayward and fitful genius could receive any benefit whatever from the tutelage of a musical drill-sergeant. It is, nevertheless, true; and equally so that Mendelssohn, with whom at the time Chopin had contracted a friendly intimacy, expressed his astonishment, on being told by Chopin himself that he had come to Paris expressly to study under Kalkbrenner. 'Why,' said Mendelssohn, always quick to appreciate talent in others, 'you play better than Kalkbrenner.'

And so he did, as all can testify who ever heard him, even when sickness weighed him down, and he was scarcely more than a shadow. Chopin's play, indeed, was so original and individual, that his music, performed by almost any of the great pianists, his contemporaries (Filtch alone excepted), seemed to want something, which though undefinable, was indispensable to its perfect interpretation.

### Richard Wagner in Paris.

(Translated from French and German papers for this Journal.)

#### I. A CRITICISM BY BERLIOZ.


The concert began with the overture to "The Flying Dutchman," a two-act opera, which I saw performed, under the direction of the composer, in 1841, in Dresden, with Mme. Schröder-Devrient in the principal rôle. This piece made the same impression on me then, that it does now. It begins with a powerful orchestral effect, in which one from the outset seems to recognize the howling of the storm, the screaming of the sailors, the creaking of cordage and the tempestuous roaring of the angry ocean. The commencement is splendid; it exercises a commanding power over the audience; it carries you away; but as the same process is continually applied, as one tremolo, one chromatic passage follows after another, without a single ray of sunshine breaking through the black storm clouds and everlasting torrents of rain, without the slightest melodic motive brightening up the murky harmonies, the attention of the hearer flags, he loses courage and succumbs. You find already expressed in this overture, which seems to me excessively expanded, the tendency of Wagner and his school to make no account of feeling (*sensation*), and to keep in mind only the poetic and dramatic idea, unconcerned whether the expression of this idea compel the composer to overstep the musical conditions or not.

The overture to "The Flying Dutchman" is powerfully instrumented, and the composer understood how to derive an extraordinary advantage in the beginning from the use of the pure Fifth. The introduction of this chord produces a singular, shudderingly mild impression.

The great *Tannhäuser* scene (march and chorus) is a brilliant, grandiose piece, the effect of which is heightened by its key, B-flat major. The rhythm, which is never hemmed in or disturbed in its course by the juxtaposition of other opposed rhythms, has a knightly, proud, straight-forward character. Without seeing the stage action one is sure, that such a music accompanies the movements of bold, strong

men in complete armor. This piece, contains a clearly outlined, elegant, but not very original melody, reminding you in form, if not in accent, of a famous theme in *Der Freyschütz*. The last return of the vocal passage in the grand *tutti* is still more energetic than at the beginning, by means of the entrance of the basses, which play eight notes in the bar, while the upper voices have but two or three. To be sure some rather hard and exceedingly condensed modulations occur in it; but the orchestra brings them out with such power and authority, that the ear meets them unresistingly beforehand. On the whole the piece is a masterpiece and instrumented, like all the rest, with a skilful hand. Wind instruments and voices are animated with a mighty breath, and the violins, written with a wonderful lightness in the highest passages, send out over the whole a dazzling sea of sparks.

The *Tannhäuser* overture is in Germany the most popular of Wagner's orchestral pieces. Power and strength still predominate in it; but for me at least the plan which the composer has prescribed to himself in it is productive of an uncommon weariness. It begins with an Andante Maestoso, a sort of chorale of fine character, which returns toward the end of the Allegro, accompanied by an obstinately persistent violin passage in the high register. The theme of this Allegro, which consists of only two bars, has not much interest in itself. The developments, for which it serves as a pretext, are, as in the "Flying Dutchman," over-sown with chromatic passages and exceedingly hard modulations and harmonies. When finally the chorale makes its appearance again, its theme advancing slowly with long steps, then necessarily the accompanying violin passage must repeat itself in all its terrible persistency. In the Andante we have already heard it twenty-four times; at the conclusion of the Allegro we hear it one hundred and eighteen times, making one hundred and forty-two times in the overture. Is not that possibly too much? Moreover it occurs quite often again in the course of the opera; whence I must infer that the composer ascribes to it some peculiar significance, with regard to the action, which to me is quite enigmatical.

The fragments from *Lohengrin* shine by still more salient peculiarities than the preceding works. In my opinion there is more in them that is now, than in the *Tannhäuser*. The introduction, which supplies the place of an overture, is an effective invention of Wagner's. One might give a general idea of it through the figure . It is in fact an immeasurably slow *crescendo*, which arrives at the highest point of sonorous power, then in inverse progression returns to the starting point and loses itself in a scarcely perceptible harmonious murmur. I know not what relations exist between this form of the overture and the dramatic idea of the opera, but, independently of that, as a symphonic work I find it wonderful in every point of view. There is, to be sure, no properly musical movement in it; but the harmonic interwindings are melodious, enchanting, and in spite of the length of the *crescendo* and the *decrecendo* the interest does not flag for a moment. At the same time it is a wonder-work of instrumentation in the tenderer *nuances*, as well as in the stronger coloring; and one remarks at the close, while all the other parts go downward, a diatonic ascending bass, of which the idea is extremely suggestive. Above all, this beautiful piece contains no sort of hardness. It is as lovely, as harmonious, as it is great, strong and sonorous. To me it is a masterpiece.

The grand march in G major, which opens the second act, has in Paris, as in Germany, produced a genuine excitement, in spite of the vague thought in the beginning and the cold indecision of the episodic piece in the middle. These colorless measures, in which the composer seems to grope about and

seek his way, are only a sort of preparation, to come at a powerful, an irresistible idea, in which one must recognize the proper theme of the march. A phrase of four bars, twice repeated, each time a third higher, forms the impetuous period, to which, as it regards superb *clan*, and force and brilliancy, there is perhaps nothing comparable in music. Crashing forth in the *unisono* of the brass instruments, the strong accents (c, e, g), in the beginning of the three phrases, are like so many cannon shots, which cause the hearer's breast to tremble.

The effect would in my opinion have been still more uncommon, had the composer avoided tone-conflicts like those in the second phrase. The fourth inversion of the chord of the great Ninth, as well as the suspension of the Fifth by the Seventh, produce double dissonances, which to many people (me included) are intolerable. This march introduces the chorus: *Freudig geführt zieht dahin*, which one is surprised to find in this place, so small, I might almost say, so childlike is its style. Its effect upon the public of the Salle Ventadour was the smaller, in that its first bars remind one of an insignificant piece in Boieldieu's "Deux Nuits: *La belle nuit, la belle fête*, which has passed into the vaudevilles and is known to every one in Paris.

I have not yet spoken of the instrumental introduction to the last work of Wagner: *Tristan und Isolde*. It is strange that the composer had it performed in the same concert with the introduction to *Lohengrin*; for he has followed the same plan in both. We have again to do with a piece in slow tempo, which begins *pianissimo*, rises to *fortissimo*, and again subsides to its starting point, without any other theme than a sort of chromatic moaning, full of dissonant chords, which are the more painful to the ear, that commonly long fore-notes take the place of the real note in the harmony.

I have read this peculiar piece over and over, I have listened to it with the greatest attention and with the liveliest wish to understand it; but I must confess that I have not the least idea of what the composer meant by it.

#### II. BERLIOZ DEFINES HIS OWN POSITION.

.... If the "School of the Future" says:

"Music, at this day in the fulness of its youth, is emancipated, free; it does what it will.

"Many old rules are no longer valid; they were set up by inattentive observers, by people of routine for other people of routine.

"Now wants for mind, heart and hearing pledge us to new experiments, and even in certain cases to the overstepping of old rules.

"Various forms have become too much worn out, to be any longer allowable.

"All is extremely good and all is bad, according to the use one makes of it, and according to the reason for the use.

"In its union with the drama, or only with words sung, the music must always stand in direct relation to the feeling expressed in the words, to the character of the singing person, even to the accent and the vocal inflexions, which are felt to be the most natural in the words as spoken.

"The operas should not be written for the singers; on the contrary, the singers should be educated for the operas.

"Works written for the exclusive end of exhibiting the talents of certain virtuosi, are of a merely secondary nature and of comparatively little value.

"The executants are only more or less intelligent instruments, to set the form and inner sense of the works in the right light. Their despotism is at an end.

"The master is still master; it is for him to command.

"Tone and sonority stand below idea.

"Idea stands below feeling and passion.

"Rapid vocalises, colorature, trills in the voice part, a multitude of rhythms, are irreconcilable with the expression of all earnest, noble and deep feelings.

"It is therefore absurd to write for a *Kyrie eleison* (the humblest prayer of the Catholic Church) runs, which are scarcely to be distinguished from the screams of a pack of drunkards in an alchouse.

"Equally absurd is it to use one and the same music for an invocation of idolaters to Baal and for a prayer of the children of Israel to Jehovah.

"And still more monstrous, to make an ideal being, the daughter of the greatest poet, an angel of purity and love, sing like a harlot."—

If this is the musical code of the School of the Future, then I belong to it, body and soul, from deepest conviction and with most ardent sympathy.

But then all the world belongs to it. Every one to-day confesses more or less openly, in whole or in part, to these principles. Is there a great master who does not write *what he will*? Who still believes in the infallibility of certain rules, except some timid gentlemen, who would be frightened at the shadow of their own nose, if they had one?

I go yet farther: it has been so for a long while. Gluck himself belonged in this sense to the Future school, when he wrote in his celebrated preface to *Alceste*: "There are no rules, which I did not think I ought willingly to sacrifice in favor of effect."

So then we all belong, in this regard, to the School of the Future. But if this School of the Future says to us:—

"One must do the opposite of what the rules teach him.

"One is weary of melody and melodic outlines, of arias, duos, trios, and especially of all pieces in which a theme is regularly developed; one is satiated with consonant harmonies, with simple, prepared, resolved dissonances, with natural and artistically regulated modulations.

"One must take account only of the idea, without the least regard to feeling.

"One must despise that impudent baggage, the ear, and roughly maltreat in order to tame it. It is not music's problem, to be agreeable to it. It must accustom itself to everything: to ascending and descending minor Sevenths, winding in and out among one another like a knot of hissing serpents; to thousandfold dissonances without preparation or resolution; to middle parts, which are forced together, without harmonic or rhythmical agreement, tearing each other's flesh; to modulations that make one shudder, that introduce one key into one corner of the orchestra, before the preceding key has withdrawn from another corner.

"One must pay no sort of regard to the art of singing, and not trouble oneself either about its nature or requirements.

"One must limit himself in an opera to setting the declamation in notes, even if one employ the most unsingable, the roughest and most hideous intervals.

"There is no difference between a music, which a musician shall read off quietly from his desk, and a music which is to be sung by heart upon the stage by an artist, who has to attend at the same time to his dramatic rôle and to that of his fellow actors.

"One must not trouble himself about the possibility of executing a piece.

"If the singers have as much difficulty in remembering and making themselves at home in their parts, as they would in learning by heart a page of Sanscrit, or in swallowing a handfull of nut-shells—so much the worse for them. They are paid, that they may labor; they are slaves.

"The witches in *Macbeth* are right: 'Fair is foul, and foul is fair:—'

If this is the really very new religion, then I am very far from being one of its professors. I never did belong to it, do not now belong to it, and never shall belong to it.

I hold up my hand and swear: *Non credo.*

I firmly believe in the opposite: Fair is *not* foul, foul is *not* fair. Music has not, to be sure, for its exclusive problem to be agreeable to the ear; but it has a thousand times less for its problem, to be disagreeable to it, to put it on the rack, to murder it.

(To be Continued.)

**HUMOR AND MUSIC.**—When humor joins with rhythm and music, and appears in song, its influence is irresistible; its charities are countless, it stirs the feelings to love, peace, friendship, as scarce any moral agent can. The songs of Beranger are hymns of love and tenderness; I have seen great whiskered Frenchmen warbling the "bonne Vielle," "Soldats au pas, au pas," with tears rolling down their moustaches. At a Burns festival, I have seen Scotchmen singing Burns, while the drops twinkled on their furrowed cheeks; while each rough hand was flung out to grasp its neighbor's; while early scenes and sacred recollections, and dear and delightful memories of the past came rushing back at the sound of the familiar words and music, and the softened heart was full of love, and friendship, and home. Humor! if tears are the alms of gentle spirits, and may be counted, as sure they may, among the sweetest of life's charities. Of that kindly sensibility, and sweet, sudden emotion, which exhibits itself at the eyes, I know no such provocative as humor. It is an irresistible sympathizer; it surprises you into compassion; you are laughing and disarmed, and suddenly forced into tears. I once heard a humorous balladist, a minstrel with wool on his head, and an ultra-Ethiopian complexion, who performed a negro ballad, that I confess moistened these spectacles in the most unexpected manner. They have gazed at dozens of tragedy queens, dying on the stage, and expiring in appropriate blank verse, and I never wanted to wipe them. They have looked up, with deep respect he it said, at many scores of clergymen in pulpits, and without being dimmed; and behold, a vagabond with a corked face and a banjo sings a little song, strikes a wild note which sets the whole heart thrilling with happy pity. Humor! humor is the mistress of tears; she knows the way to the *fons lacrymarum*, strikes in dry and rugged places with her enchanting wand, and bids the fountain gush and sparkle. She has refreshed myriads more from her natural springs, than ever tragedy has watered from her pompous old urn. —*Thackeray.*

(From the Boston Traveller.)

**CHIMES.**—Mr. Jonathan Phillips, who has given a chime of bells to Dr. Gannett's church, is a gentleman who performs so many noble and liberal deeds, that no one is surprised on hearing of an instance of his munificence; but in this case he has evinced as much taste as generosity, and set an example that should be extensively followed. That there should be so few chimes of bells in this country is matter for wonder; for as accessories to religious worship they are of the very first order, and men who seek to show their sense of the importance of that worship can never do better than to confer them upon churches. Nothing so attunes the mind to devotion as the chimes, and the most powerful intellects have confessed their strong yet sweet influence over them. Napoleon admitted that the sound of the church bells of Ruel, which came upon his ear as he walked in the grounds of Malmaison, at the evening-hour, had much to do with his restoration of the religious institutions of France. Southey says of the church chime, that "it is a music hallowed by all circumstances, which, according equally with social exaltation and with solitary pensiveness, though it falls upon many an unheeding ear, never fails to find some hearts which it exhilarates, and some which it softens." George Herbert, in "The Church Porch," admonishes men to

—"Think, when the bells do chime,  
'Tis angels' music."

## Music Abroad.

London.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—On Saturday (April 14) *Trocatore*, with Mlle. Titiens, Mme. Borghi-Mamo, Giuglini and Aldighieri. Wednesday, *La Traviata*;—the first of five farewell performances of Mlle Piccolomini. Mongini as Alfredo. The *Musical World* (April 21) says:

Rossini's *Otello* was produced on Thursday—the first time at Her Majesty's Theatre for many years. The director having found a suitable *tenore robusto* in

Signor Mongini led no doubt to the revival of that opera. Another motive, however, was to introduce Madame Borghi-Mamo in *Desdemona*, a part in which she had recently won the suffrages of all the *dilettanti* in Paris. Madame Borghi-Mamo did not disappoint expectation, singing magnificently throughout the opera and acting with great energy and feeling. The lovely air in the last scene, "Assisa a piè d'un salice," given to absolute perfection, was encored in a tumult of applause. In the first scene (Rossini having written no *cavatina*) Madame Borghi-Mamo interpolated "O quante lagrime" from *La Donna del Lago*—Malcolm Græme's air—and sang it with extraordinary fluency. This air, originally written for a contralto, was re-arranged by the composer for Pasta, when she first appeared as *Desdemona* in Paris. To conclude, Madame Borghi-Mamo's success was triumphant and the audience enthusiastic.

Signor Mongini's *Otello* is admirable from every point of view. He sings the music with immense vigor, and gives a striking embodiment of the Moor. Not to descend to particulars, we would select the scene with Iago, in which the duet "Non m'inganno," occurs, and the whole of the last act, as worthy very high praise. The quick movement of the duet, as matter of course, was encored. Signor Mongini giving it with an energy that nothing could resist.

Signor Everardi sang the music of Iago like a thorough artist, and has added to his reputation by this second essay. His ease and facility permit him to execute the florid passages without effort. His acting, if not subtle, like Ronconi's, was manly and straightforward. The encore awarded to the duet in the second act owed much of the honor to Signor Everardi.

Signor Vialletti was an excellent Elmiro, and Signor Belart most effective, as far as singing went, in Rodrigo.

The band and chorus, under the direction of Mr. Benedict, were highly efficient throughout the opera.

**ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.**—The first appearance of Mad. Czillag, in *Fidelio*, on Thursday, if it did not attract a large assemblage of "fashionables," brought together all the real lovers of music in London, anxious not only to welcome a new Leonora—so difficult to find at all times—but to hear Beethoven's wondrous music executed by the Royal Italian Opera band and chorus, under Mr. Costa's direction. The great reputation of Mad. Czillag at the Imperial Theatre of Vienna was not unknown in England.

Mad. Czillag's dramatic singing belongs to the grandest school. Her voice is of great power and compass, metallic and resonant, and of that peculiar Teutonic quality so effective in the utterance of strong emotions. It is a magnificent rather than a beautiful organ, and consequently well fitted for the music of Leonora. On certain notes Mad. Czillag has more power than any singer we remember except Malibran; and in some other respects indeed resembles that extraordinary artist, however wide apart their general capabilities. As a singer, Mad. Czillag, like most Germans, is more attentive to outline than detail, and produces her effects by bold strokes rather than fine touches of art. Where passion invokes physical force to its aid she is invariably triumphant. In tender passages, too, Mad. Czillag hardly appears to less advantage. In what may be called "abstract singing," she is less successful. Her voice does not appear to possess remarkable flexibility—scarcely to be wondered at, considering the school to which she belongs. As an actress, Mad. Czillag is perhaps even more finished than as a singer. She has studied her art deeply, and possesses all the intelligence to enable her to attain the highest results. Her energy and fire are irresistible, her instincts always correct, and her expression admirably true.

The audience, unusually cold at first, gradually recognized the presence of a great artist, and after the quartet (canon) in the first scene—which, by the way, strange to say, for the first time, passed without a hand—applauded all her efforts, and at the conclusion recalled her twice with enthusiasm.

The cast, in the other parts, comprised Mlle. Corbani in Marcellina; Signor Neri-Baraldi in Florestan; Signor Tagliafico, Pizarro; M. Zelger, Rocco; and Signor Luchasi, Jacquino. The weak point was the tenor. Mlle. Corbani, who made her first appearance for several years, sang the music of Marcellina with the utmost expression as well as artistic correctness. This clever lady's return to her old post will cause general satisfaction among the patrons of the Royal Italian Opera.

The band and chorus were splendid throughout, and the grand final hymn, as it is called, was never given with more powerful effect. The opera was preceded by the overture to *Fidelio*, in E (taken at an unprecedentedly rapid pace), and between the acts the grand *Leonora* overture (in C) was played mag-



nificently, created a perfect *furor*, and was encored with acclamations.

*Fidelio* will be repeated to-night and on Thursday, and on Tuesday Madame Grisi makes her first appearance, with Signor Mario, in *La Favorita*.

**NEW PHILHARMONIC.**—The third concert took place on Monday evening, in the presence of an audience that filled St. James's Hall in every part. The following was the programme:

**PART I.**—Overture (Coriolan), Beethoven. Recit ed aria, "Che farò" (Orfeo), Gluck. Aria, "Dalla sua pace" (Don Giovanni), Mozart. Symphony, "The power of sound," Spohr. Chorus, (Enryanthe), Weber. Duo, "Ciel! che vegg'io" (Lucrècia Borgia), Donizetti. Overture, (Midsummer Night's Dream), Mendelssohn.

**PART II.**—Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra, in E flat., Beethoven. Aria, "Ecco ridente" (Il Barbiere), Rossini. Aria, "Il mio ben" (Nina), Paisiello. Overture (Ruy Blas) Mendelssohn.

Conductor—Dr. Wyde.

In Beethoven's Concerto Mr. John F. Barnett made his first appearance for two years. During his absence, we are informed, he has been travelling through Germany, giving concerts occasionally, and as we are able to judge from his playing on Monday evening, studying and practising with zeal and determination. Mr. Barnett has made great progress, particularly in his execution, which, when we last heard him, was by no means finished.

**FLORENCE.**—There was recently a great success at the Pergola, an opera new at Florence, though known in other parts of Italy, by Peri, of Reggio, "Vittore Pisani." The plot is taken from a story of the great days of Venice, and the scenery, chiefly of that city, was really wonderful. The music, though rather florid, is still not "Verdiesque," and was very well sung by a French prima donna, Laborde, and Alfonsi and Cettini.

**BELGIUM.**—The Minister of the interior of Belgium, in a report to the King, proposes that, in order to encourage native musical composers and dramatic authors, certain sums shall be awarded to every original musical or literary work of merit represented at any theatres in the country, and that the awards for pieces in the French language shall be higher than for those in the Flemish, in consequence of the former having to struggle against the competition of pieces by popular authors borrowed from France. The King has decreed that the proposition of the minister shall be acted on, and the sums to be accorded have been fixed as follows:—200f. for an opera in four or five acts; 150f. for one in three; and 75f. for one in one or two acts, if brought out at Brussels; and 140f., 100f., and 50f., respectively in other towns; 100f., 75f., and 40f., for a comedy in French, according to the number of acts represented at Brussels; and 70f., 50f., and 25f., in other towns. For dramatic works in Flemish, 200f., 150f., and 75f., according to the number of acts, at Brussels, Ghent, Antwerp, and Bruges; and 150f., 100f., and 50f., in other places. The minister has further decided that if an opera or piece produced in one town shall subsequently be played in another, it shall receive half the aforesaid sums for each new representation; also that the music of ballets shall be paid at the same rate as dramatic pieces. Finally, to obtain these sums the works must be completely original, accepted by a committee regularly constituted, and be performed at least three times consecutively.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 12, 1880.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Cantata of the May Queen, by STERNDALE BENNETT, continued.

### Halévy's "Jewess."

We had the pleasure in New York last week of listening twice, for the first time in our life, to Halévy's very famous and best opera, *La Juive*. The performance, *mise en scène* and all, under the management of MARETZKE, with ANSCHUETZ for conductor, at the Winter Garden, was for the most part excellent. It was in some sense a new experience. We had not heard an opera with which we could exactly class it. If not a work of genius in a very high sense, if not a work to live forever in one's feeling and imagination like *Don Juan*, *Fidelio*, *Tell*, or the *Frey-schütz*; if not as gushingly melodious as Bellini,

or as elaborately strange as Meyerbeer, it is at least something quite complete and genuine in its way, refreshingly free from sentimental sweetness on the one hand, and from the ear-storming, over-frequent emphasis and climax of the Verdi school. It impressed us as a thoroughly dramatic opera; one in which the music well fulfils its office of illustrating the progress of an uncommonly well constructed tragic plot. Though it does not abound in striking or ear-haunting melodies, yet all its phrasing is melodic as well as declamatory, and there is a pleasing flow and natural development in the harmonic blending and intertwining of the various voice-parts and instruments. The thing is consistently and beautifully woven. It is at once a musical and a dramatic whole. And we must say we listened to it with much pleasure. We enjoyed it more than we do most of the ingenious immensities of Meyerbeer, or than we do any of the startling attempts of Verdi; and as we have already hinted, we have even found it refreshing for a change after the "linked sweetness long drawn out" of Donizetti and Bellini.

"The Jewess" is a grand spectacle opera, laid out on the broadest canvass, a five-act affair; instrumented with all the sonorous fullness and elaborateness of treatment, only without the brassiness and the extravagance, of the most modern instrumentation. It reproduces on the stage the Romish pomp and splendor of the Council of Constance, beginning with a great procession (the music of the march is very striking) and ending with the vast parade of a martyr's execution. French enough, to be sure, and appealing to that love of the terrible, which in works of fiction delights the vulgar now as gladiator shows did the Roman populace of old. All this is little to our taste, and in itself wearisome. Indeed the great length of the opera, its dazzling shows, involving lengthy intermissions, was fatiguing to the last degree. Yet there was enough of interest in the music as such, enough of richness and felicity of treatment, enough of lyrical truth and fitness throughout, to mingle a rare amount of enjoyment with the aching of fatigued limbs and senses. Such a work comes naturally into comparison with "William Tell," with "Masaniello," with the broad and crowded canvasses of Meyerbeer. We must say, that any one of the latter, at all events the *Huguenots* and *Prophète*, overcame us with more drowsiness. Halévy's work is not so desperately heavy. It may have in it less thought, less invention, less of concentrated brain-work, and may be the product of a brain less large and fertile; but it seems to us conceived in a happier vein, and answering its purpose quite as well or better. As for comparing it with "Tell," or even with "Masaniello," in respect of real musical creative genius, we shall not be guilty of the absurdity. But it does strike us as one of the best operas which have been added to our repertoire on this side of the ocean for a long time. It has the advantage, too, of an uncommonly good libretto,—one of Scribe's best. Musically, we doubt if it can become popular here; the spectacle, and the occasional scope it gives for the loud, muscular kind of singing, or musical declamation, are the chief popular elements in it. Some of its choral as well as instrumental effects remind one much of Verdi; yet it was written fifteen years before any of that author's well known works.

As to the performance, which we have said

was mainly good, one could not but remark the curious circumstance of a French opera, sung in the Italian language, by singers all of whom were German, and before an audience mostly of Americans and Jews! Mme. FABBRI (who is German, and the wife of a gentlemanly and musician-like German, Herr Mulder) really surprised us by the power and truth and beauty of her singing and her acting in the part of Rachel, the Jewess. To be sure, the part does not give her enough to do in the way of mere singing to enable one to measure her ability as a *cantatrice*. Scarcely any florid passage work, and not much extended melody falls to her share. The rôle is altogether dramatic, mostly declamatory; but there are fine concerted pieces in which none but a true vocal artist could have borne her part as effectively as she did. Her voice is one of the first magnitude and quality; exceedingly powerful, especially in the highest tones, where it always told with perfect certainty and truth of intonation, and with thrilling pathos. The sound was pure and musical as well as loud; it was soulful and refined. A true artistic feeling and intelligence pervaded all; it was not a mere muscular energy either of song or action. Her's is just the splendid organ, just the artistic feeling, that should have been employed in the high and difficult soprano solos in that performance of the Choral Symphony.

The central and important rôle in "The Jewess," is Lazarus, the old Jew father, in which STRIGELLI did his best. We have seen and heard him in no part for which he was so admirably fitted. His usual crouching attitude and awkwardness of movement only helped out the impersonation. His voice seemed in its best condition, and in his masterly use of it conveyed all the fire, the tenderness, the sweetness of a music which seemed made for just such a tenor. The part was originally written for Duprez.

Mme. BERKEL, as the princess Eudoxia, had more of florid and bravura work to do. The feeling was right, but the power waning; much was done finely, but such was laudable effort only: what a relief and joy to the ear was the clear high note of Fabbri ringing in as its turn came! Herr WEINLICH, for the Cardinal, had a heavy basso, of rather coarse quality, which he did not use with any great skill. Herr QUINT did much, for one of his limited vocal endowments, and some things over-much. Herr MULLER was as portly and as dignified and faithful to his task as ever. There was immense enthusiasm, with shouting, clapping, callings out and bouquets on the part of the audience—particularly whenever any singer was delivered of an uncommonly loud note. Indeed the lobby crowd appeared to watch the whole thing like a vocal prize fight.

### Musical Chit-Chat.

RICHARD WAGNER, as our readers have seen, has been stirring up more controversy about his compositions and his "Music of the Future" principles, by the four concerts which he has been giving in the great critical world of Paris. He does not like to be held accountable for the invention of the term "Music of the Future," and has written rather a pungent letter about it to HECTOR BERLIOZ, in answer to some criticisms of his, which appeared in the *Journal des Debats*, after the first concert. We thought it would be interesting and instructive to our readers to peruse these documents, and perhaps some others,



in an English dress. Accordingly we translate and present to-day the principal portions of the article by Berlioz, and shall give Wagner's letter in our next.

A series of pianoforte matinées, in private parlors, by OTTO DRESSEL, has occupied the last four Saturday afternoons of a select subscription audience in a most delightful manner. Beethoven's Sonatas, Concertos of Mendelssohn, (arranged for four hands, with Mr. LEONHARDT), choice works of Chopin, Schumann, Schubert, &c., and songs of Franz, sung by Mr. KREISSMANN, composed the programmes. Such poetry of music, so interpreted, and in such company, it is indeed a privilege to hear.

We learn that Miss S. LORRAINE RAYMOND, who will be by many pleasantly remembered as the fine contralto singer at Dr. Gannet's church, took passage, (accompanied by an elder sister,) on Saturday last by the Vanderbilt, from New York to Southampton, on her way to London, for the purpose of availing herself of the instruction of the celebrated Garcia, previous to a stay of some years in Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. STOEPEL (Matilda Heron) sailed last week for Europe, to be absent four or five months. Mr. Stoepel, we understand, designs bringing out his symphony of "Hiawatha" in London, at a concert to be given by the London Philharmonic Society, and to do it also in the provinces. Mrs. Stoepel doing the reading part. From England he will go to France, thence to Germany, and then back to New York in time to resume the musical directorship at Wallack's at the opening of the fall season.

WHEN ITALY IS FREE.—The foreign correspondence of the Boston Transcript contains the following anecdote of the Emperor Napoleon:

At the close of a late *soirée musicale*, given at the Tuileries, his Majesty, engaged in conversation with the artists, asked Tamberlik when he intended to revisit Italy. "Alas, your Majesty, I fear not for some time—not until the Italian question is settled." "Then you will not have long to wait," was the Napoleonic reply. "But tell me," he continued, "in what condition have you found the opera in Milan?" "Excellent, as far as enthusiasm is concerned, execrable with regard to talent," said Tamberlik. "When Italy is free, her talents will illumine the world," exclaimed Napoleon, with unusual energy, which called forth applause from the delighted artists.

MASON and THOMAS give the last of their Classical Soirées in New York, at Chickering's saloon, this evening. BERGMANN, MOSENTHAL and MATSKA are the other members of the string quartet. The programme contains a Quintet by Haydn; Sonata, in F minor, op. 57, by Beethoven; *Reverie et Caprice*, by Berlioz; and a posthumous Quartet, in A minor, op. 132, by Beethoven. . . . The Philadelphians are getting up a complimentary concert to Mr. CARL SENTZ, the leader of their Germania orchestra, who is about to visit Europe. . . . Mme. GAZZANIGA was, by last accounts, giving concerts in Richmond and in Petersburg, Va. Sig. TAMARO (tenor,) and Mr. SANDERSON, an American pianist, accompany her. . . . Mr. GEO. WM. WARREN, the lively, public-spirited and popular organist and teacher in Albany, is about to remove to Brooklyn, having been called to take charge of the music in the Church of the Holy Trinity, with a large salary and liberal appointments. His loss will be sorely felt; for he was a stirrer up of musical enthusiasm in others.

## Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MAY 8.—The competition between the rival opera companies has been satisfactory to the opera going public if to no one else, for it has necessitated the production of new operas at both houses. At the Winter Garden *La Juive* has proved an artistic rather than an operatic success. It has been played only four times, and has brought laurels for FABBRI and STIOELLI. The other singers were second and third rate. WEINLICH, the basso, was enough to give one the tooth-ache, and QUINTO tried hard to be agreeable, but was only partially successful. The opera was splendidly put upon the stage, and certainly deserved a greater success. It will be succeeded by Verdi's *Nabuco*, in which Fabbri is said to be remarkably effective.

At the Academy of Music, Strakosch has produced

*Mosè in Egitto*, and certainly Rossini's great opera is brought out in a very creditable style. It contains few long solos and no show pieces for the voice, but is replete with noble choruses. The edition published for, and used by the Boston Handel and Haydn Society, is entirely different from the work as placed on the stage. The opening chorus of the Boston edition only occurs in the second act of the opera, and the music is otherwise so transplanted and misplaced as to render this Boston copy a nuisance rather than an assistance at the operatic performance.

Miss PATTI was the prima donna, and while the music of her rôle presents little opportunity for vocal display, especially of the kind for which she is noted, there was yet enough chance to do herself credit. In the great air of the fourth act she was admirable, and her voice in concerted pieces was heard above the others, clear and distinct. This shows that little Patti's voice is gaining in power.

She looked charmingly on the stage, as Anaïde. Her costume was quaint and curious. Around her head was a huge white turban, through the folds of which strayed her coal black curls. At first sight this huge head-dress appeared cumbersome and awkward, but after the eye was accustomed to it, the effect was as graceful as it was singular. This little Patti is a wonderful singer, and is going to make a great artist.

BIGNOLI sang only so—so, and FERRI was rather poor than otherwise. SUSINI made a magnificent Moses, and sang just as superbly. He is a real treasure for an opera company. About three weeks ago he came within an inch of leaving the Academy, and joining the Maretzek forces at the Winter Garden.

At both houses the opera season will close in about two weeks. It is already too warm to attend, and close plush velvet seats are mere instruments of torture.

Patti will give a concert at Brooklyn during the week. The talk about her going to Europe is hushed up.

BEAUCARDE and ALBERTINI left for Europe last Saturday, after an unappreciated visit to this country. They were both really admirable artists.

TROVATOR.

ST. LOUIS, MAY 4.—Decidedly the most successful concert ever held in this city, was given on Thursday evening last, at the Library Hall, by the choir of Trinity Church, assisted by the best amateur talent which our city affords. The object was to raise funds for the purchase of an organ for their new church, now in process of erection. When I say, that a week before the performance, more than two thousand tickets had been sold, at one dollar each, and that on the evening our immense hall was literally packed full, many going away unable to obtain even a standing place, you may form some idea of the interest felt in the performance. The programme was excellent, and with a few exceptions, was rendered admirably.

1. Overture.—Zampa. . . . . Full Orchestra
2. Bass Solo.—"Il Flauto Magico," . . . Mr. E. C. Catherwood
3. Trio.—Ave Maria. (B. Owen). . . Miss Anderson, Mrs. Barnett and Mr. Keller.
4. Soprano Solo.—"Qui La Voce," Puritani. Miss Annie Dean
5. Violin Solo.—Airs from "Lombardi" . . . Mr. J. Anderson, (pupil of Mr. A. Waldauer.)
6. Alto Solo.—"O Salutaris," Cherubini. . . . Mrs. Barnett (with Quintet Accompaniment.)
7. Sextet.—From "Lucia," (with Orchestral Accompaniment) Miss Anderson, Miss Cutter, Messrs. Crowell, Erskine, Drake and Catherwood.
8. Overture.—Mazaniello. . . . . Full Orchestra
9. Duet.—For Voice and Flute; Aria, from "Preciosa." Miss Dean and Mr. Dabney Carr.
10. Soprano Solo.—"Robert, toi que j'aime," . . . Miss Anderson
11. Quartet.—Rigoletto, "Bella Figlia," . . . Miss Dean, Mrs. Barnett, Messrs. Crowell and Catherwood.
12. Grand Duo.—Flute and Piano, Boehm. . . Messrs. Carr and Balmer.
13. Baritone Solo.—"As I view now these scenes," Sonnambula. . . . . Mr. Drake
14. Grand Scene.—From Trovatore, "Miserere," . . . With Organ and full Orchestral Accompaniment.

Mr. A. WALDAUER, the accomplished conductor of the orchestra at the St. Louis Theatre,—one of the finest musicians in the country, not only leading his forces, but composing and arranging all of his music,—with most of the members of his orchestra and other non-professional performers, made an excellent orchestra, and played the overtures to *Mazaniello* and *Zampa* in a creditable style. Considering the limited number of rehearsals, and the fact that most of the performers never played in an orchestra before, the rendering was admirable, and merited the hearty applause and encore which they elicited.

We would suggest to them the propriety of meeting again and studying something finer and more calculated to be of lasting benefit to them. Our city is entirely destitute of any musical society, orchestra, quintet, or in fact anything of the kind; but, as has been proved, not from lack of the necessary talent. Mr. E. C. CATHERWOOD, who made the first bow in a "Basso Profondo" solo, from the "Magic Flute," has the most wonderful voice I have ever heard, and, if he would study and practice, would make his mark. His lowest note, which I have heard him sound frequently, is B-flat—"clear down." His organ is very powerful, clear and resonant—and for volume of tone and depth of compass can hardly be excelled, even by the great Formes himself. Mr. C. has been contemplating a trip to Europe to study; but we begin to doubt whether his well conceived intention will ever be carried out. It is a pity that one with such natural advantages should hide his light under a half bushel.

The various solos, by Miss DEAN, Miss ANDERSON and Mrs. BARNETT, were very finely given, astonishing as well as delighting many of their listeners who were not aware what amateur talent we had.

Miss Dean has fine execution and a very clear voice, much more powerful than that of Miss Anderson, whose organ, though sweeter and better adapted for a parlor, does not produce so much effect in a larger room.

Of course, as amateurs in their first appearance, they were thoroughly frightened and in their first piece hardly did themselves justice; but on a re-appearance, having recovered from their nervousness, they gave ample satisfaction.

Mr. DABNEY CARR certainly excels on the flute, which instrument he has practised for years, until he has attained remarkable proficiency, blowing a clear tone, in which no respirations are heard. We deem him fully the equal of Kyle or Eben of New York. We would remark that Mr. BALMER introduced a shake and a half too much in a fortissimo passage in his accompaniment, which somewhat marred the beauty of that charming passage. Where all was good it is perhaps invidious to notice a few, where we have not space for all; but those named particularly distinguished themselves and received showers of bouquets, which were not "bought for the occasion." The sextet from *Lucia*, with the quartet from *Rigoletto*, did not go well—timidity changing the key in some instances—which only the loudest blast from flutes and clarinets could restore. The performers have great reason to congratulate themselves on their success, and if, as we have heard intimated, the concert is repeated, the same ovation will probably await them. PRESTO.

## Musical Intelligence.

WORCESTER, MASS.—There is a rich feast of classical music in store on Friday evening. Mr. B. D. Allen offers the public a rare opportunity of hearing music from the greatest composers. Selecting our best resident vocalists and instrumentalists, he has for the past few months been earnestly working for this occasion; rehearsing the forty-second psalm—"As the Hart pants," by Mendelssohn, with orchestral accompaniments. Its solos will be given by our best singers, and the orchestra is a good one. In the

programme will be found trios by Beethoven and Mozart, to be rendered by our excellent "Beethoven Trio Club," with other selections. The proceeds are to be added to the "High School Piano Fund."—*Palladium*, 9th.

The concert of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, on their return from their Southern tour, filled Brinley Hall with an appreciative audience—such a one as the Club will in future command whenever they will honor our city with a visit. The programme was good—for a popular one, and its best features so well worthy of remark, as to compensate for the solos, variations, &c., which although not to our taste, were enthusiastically received by the majority of the audience. The *Tell* overture, always good, was played with telling brilliancy and power. The Andante from the Fifth Symphony, (repeated by request,) was even better performed than at the previous concert. Familiar as it is, it is impossible to hear it too often. It was received—how gladly we write it! with silence that seemed almost breathless. It is said that Beethoven is not appreciated by "the many." True: but "the few" is getting to be a larger circle than it has been; and when we see hand-reeds hanging upon each note of the great master's music, we take heart for the future, and wish good and great music were oftener to be heard. The adagio from the 2d Quintet of Mendelssohn was new to us, but for a first hearing we found it rich in musical thought and expression. The crescendo passage was exceedingly fine, and that delicate pianissimo ending of the quintet so softly shaded that in truth we might say of the last note that

"Nothing breathed 'twixt it and silence."

Mrs. Long sang an air from *I Lombardi*—better than some of the best prima donnas have sung it, a couple of English ballads, and best of all, Cherubini's Ave Maria. The greater the music the better we like the singer—equal to the highest in her art as she almost invariably is.

We would say a good word for our "National Band." There is no occasion to speak of the need of a band in a city as large as Worcester, but we would pronounce this, since its recent organization, a musical association of unusual merit. We have little liking for "brass music," but the fashion, we trust, will change like all fashions, and the good old days of a mingling of reed with brass instruments return. Of the orchestra it is a pleasure to speak. Numbering fifteen or twenty members of acknowledged musical taste and skill, with the patronage it merits it might soon become an honor to Worcester.—*Ibid*.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The work on the Brooklyn Academy of Music is advancing rapidly. The walls at both ends, and the rear walls, are up to the third story, and the front wall is up to the second story. The front is to be constructed with the best kind of pressed brick, with stone trimmings, and the work throughout is expected to be completed by the 1st of December next.—*Musical World*.

THE PHILADELPHIA HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.—The annual re-union at the close of the season's performances of this Society took place on the evening of May 1. The *Evening Bulletin* appends to a report of the proceedings the following remarks:

The true mission of such associations is second in importance only to that of christianizing the heathen. It is their fortunate privilege to socialize, humanize and genialize the masses at large; to oppose the influences of a soothing art to the grosser passions and vicious tendencies of depraved nature. Moreover, the gradual improvement of such a society's performances affords to the people at large constant opportunities of hearing the works of the best masters, executed with a proper development of the nice points, intellectual subtleties, and refining tendencies of these. Out of this grows a pure taste, slowly but surely—a gradual progression of musical intelligence, which brings forth individual talent into bold relief in many instances, and leads many a soul to yearn involuntarily for the pleasurable delights of music.

The influence of such societies as these may be classed as *positive and relative*; in the former sense, so far as they exert a direct and happy influence upon those for whose entertainment and edification they are designed; and *relatively*, as they tend to the improvement of the members themselves. As years progress, cases of individual talent will surely loom up from the sphere of these associations, and command the admiration of all music lovers. Cases of this kind will attest the *relative* influences of our *Handel and Haydn* and *Harmonias*. The Vanderbilt, which sails next Saturday from New York, is to take out Mr. J. Romington Fairlamb, of this city, who goes to improve a musical education, happily com-

menced in our midst. He has already given evidence of much taste and imagination in composition. We mention this, because the talented gentleman in question has been identified with our home societies, with the quondam *Musical Union*, and latterly with divers other organizations. Who can doubt that the impetus to his musical enthusiasm is, in large degree, ascribable to the beneficial operations of the various musical societies, with which he has been identified. Let the Handel and Haydn continue its energetic career! It cannot fail to secure the hearty coöperation of the intelligent and refined citizens at all times.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The following notice of a Mendelssohn Concert is too rich to be lost to our readers, who shall have it *verbatim et literatim*:

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club gave one of their agreeable and classic "Chamber Concerts" last night to a highly pleased auditory. The programme was a good one. It contained some of the most select gems from the musical bouquet, and displayed a variety of talent as charming as one could well wish. In the several harmonies and accords, the symmetrical effect of sound was sustained to a high degree of art, whilst the individual voices of one or two of the corps rose to a clear melody above every chorus and combination. Mrs. Long, for example, is a very sweet singer, and will not fail to please every ear, especially so in that pretty little ballad the "Sky Lark." The rest of the company paid full duty to the spirit of Orpheus, and the evening passed off very pleasingly indeed. To-night they give a second concert. It will be equal to the first and worthy a musical assembly. The series of pieces are well chosen, and the performance of last evening gives an assurance of an equally good one on this.

NEW ORLEANS.—The *Courier* speaks not so favorably as some of the papers of the Amphitheatre Opera Company, and says of Parodi as *Amina*:

Parodi surpasses all those whom we have heard, with the exception of Sontag. She not only sang the part with that soul-stirring effect so peculiar to the vocalism of the Italian cantatrice—the irresistible effect of *il cantar che nel anima si sueta*—but there is a buoyancy and warmth in her intonation which captivates the hearer and disarms criticism.

Parodi is the only artiste of the troupe who claims the serious attention of the critic. The axiom, *nil nisi bonum*, is one which it is ever pleasing to observe, but when coupled with its complement, *atque verum*, we confess that we but reluctantly conform ourself to its requirements. Hence it is that we must be content with having given our attention wholly to Parodi, of whom we can say both what is good and what is true; but, as regards the other members of the troupe, save perhaps the baritone, Gnone, there is much good which we would be disposed to say, but much more truth which we would wish to conceal. We have said, and we again repeat, that as these artistes are but transiently with us, and as they are but strangers in the community, they are entitled to our highest deference, and it is in this view that we are disposed to shield them from the barbed shafts of a serious criticism. We cannot, in good conscience, bestow upon them the euphuistic praise to which certain so-called critics have recourse. We have a higher appreciation of the aims of criticism; and whilst we will ever be prompt to resist the morbid taste for scurrility and abuse, so prevalent with the *quondams* of criticism, we will not allow ourself to be led away by the allurements of inordinate praise.

HAVANA.—Letters from Havana announce that the Tacon Theatre has been taken by Signor Volpini, with an Italian Opera Company. He engaged the sisters Fanny and Agnes Natali, and Signor Rocco and Testa, the latter an Italian tenor. Florenza, the baritone, was also of the company, and Signor Volpini and his wife are also singers. The season began with great brilliancy, on the 16th of April, with *La Figlia*, in which Fanny and Testa had a great success. On the 19th, Agnes appeared as *Norma*, with Fanny as *Adelgisa*, and the sensation created was immense. The Havanese declare that they have had no *Norma* equal to Agnes since Steffanone. Their enthusiasm surpassed anything ever seen in the States. The opera was repeated on the 22d, and again on the 23d, with similar success.

On the 22d of April, Miss Fanny Natali was married to Signor Enrico Testa, the tenor. The marriage took place in church and with much ceremony. Signor Rocco gave away the bride, acting as proxy for her father.

On St. Agnes' Day, many valuable presents were sent to Agnes Natali, who has become a great favorite with the Havana public.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Bridegroom. J. Blockley. 25

Poetry from Tennyson's "Idyls of the King" The music written to this and other passages from Tennyson's last poem, has been much admired in England.

Possenti numi. (Jehovah guide us). Air for Bass. "Magic Flute." 25

Celebrated air of the high priest, with men's chorus, ad libitum. It has been sung frequently here, first by Formes, then by Junca, and now is or ought to be on the repertoire of all the "bassi profondi" This Air must not be confounded with the other Song of Sarastro: "Qui sdegno, or, Who treads the path," which has less of the sacred character and no chorus.

Popping the question. Song. L. W. Wheeler. 25

Alonzo the brave. New medley song. S. Cowell. 60

I will and I won't. T. Farrant. 25

The Tea-tax. B. W. Wow. 25

Four comic songs, some new, some revivals of old favorites, all sure to please, and none difficult to sing.

Sardinian National Hymn. Song and Chorus.

A stirring song, which in the course of recent events has figured largely. It is now the Italian Marseillaise, and all musical people should know it.

Winnie Bell. Song and Chorus. Franz Nava. 25

Faithless Rosa. Ballad. " " 25

Two Minstrel songs, of English origin, destined to become popular.

### Instrumental Music.

Como Polka. J. G. Callcott. 35

Vasa Polka. C. A. Ingraham. 25

Talisman Polka. S. T. Shaw. 25

Nothing more Polka. J. von Joel. 25

Fancy Polka. R. B. Taylor. 25

Le Congé. Polka brillante. O. J. Shaw. 50

The Archers Polka. D'Albert. 25

A string of pretty Polkas, from which every one can suit himself.

Auld lang Syne. Transcr. Brinley Richards. 35

Blue Bells of Scotland. " " " 35

Tasteful transcriptions, novel in form and rich in effect.

A te o cara. For Cornet with Piano accompani. 35

The first of a series of arrangements for this instrument, which has of late found so much favor with amateurs. They are designed for the drawing-room, moderately long, easy and melodious, and will meet a long-felt want.

### Books.

THE CONSTELLATION. A collection of Anthems, Choruses and Sacred Quartets, Selected mostly from the works of the Great Masters, and adapted to the wants of Conventions, Choral Societies and Social Practice. 75

So fully does the title of this work represent its contents that nothing need be added to convey an idea of its merits. It is a most capital collection, and one that is so much needed by those for whom it is designed, that it will be heartily welcomed, and at once become an established favorite in their musical libraries.

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 424.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 8.

## Richard Wagner in Paris.

(Translated from French and German papers for this Journal.)

### III. WAGNER'S ANSWER TO THE CRITICISM OF BERLIOZ.\*

MY DEAR BERLIOZ,—When fate brought us together five years ago in London, I flattered myself on having so far the advantage over you, that I could fully understand and appreciate your works, whereas you on your part could form but an imperfect idea of mine, since you did not know the German language, to which my dramatic creations stand in so intimate a relation.

To-day I see myself compelled to renounce this modest advantage. For eleven years I have had no opportunity of enjoying the interpretation of my own works; and I have had quite long enough the satisfaction of being the only German, who has not yet heard a performance of the *Lohengrin*.

No ambitious plans, no hope of pecuniary gain have induced me to entreat a hospitable reception for my works in France. I have been actuated solely by the wish of seeing my musical dramas brought out here with a French text; and if the public had the friendliness to lend its sympathy to one, who has to take so much pains only to bring his own works for once to a hearing, I should surely also have on my part, my dear Berlioz, the satisfaction of being understood by you.

The article in the *Journal des Débats*, which you have had the kindness to devote to my concerts, contains not only very flattering things for me, for which I render you my thanks: it gives me also the opportunity, which I embrace with eagerness, of laying before you some summary explanations about what you call "Music of the Future," with which you have felt called upon to entertain your readers in so serious a manner.

You think then that this name really represents a school, of which I am the head? That I, one fine day, proposed to myself to lay down certain principles, certain theses, which you divide into two categories: of which the first, accepted unconditionally by you, includes truths that have long been recognized by everybody; of which the second, which meets your disapproval, consists of a mere string of absurdities?—To tax me with the ridiculous vanity of undertaking to give out old principles for new, or with the foolish presumption of setting up as irrefragable principles things which in all languages are called absurdities, is at the same time to mistake my character and to insult the small mite of intelligence which Heaven has allotted to my share. Your explanations in this regard, allow me to say it, have seemed to me not altogether clear; and since I perfectly well know your friendly sympathy, you certainly will deem it desirable that I should extricate you from your doubt, (with all respect) your error.

\*We have to take it from the German version in the Leipzig *Neue Zeitschrift*. It appeared originally in *La Presse Théâtrale*, Feb. 26.

Learn, then, my dear Berlioz, it is not I, but much rather Professor Bischoff, of Cologne, who is the inventor of the "Music of the Future." The occasion for the origin of this empty expression was afforded by the publication of one of my works under the title: *Das Kunstwerk der Zukunft*, about ten years ago. This book springs from a time when serious events had for a considerable time forbidden me the exercise of my art: when my mind, strengthened by experience, gathered itself up in the deeper study of the Art problems, whose solution had at all times been my aim.

But I was led to writing in the following manner: In the year 1848 I was confounded by the incredible want of appreciation which the Revolution brought to light for Art, which, had the social reform succeeded, would have been ended at a blow. When I searched into the causes of this under-valuation, I found, to my great astonishment, they were almost the same which lead you, my dear Berlioz, to let no opportunity slip by, without giving loose reins to your ironical humor in the domain of public Art arrangements; and I shared without more ado your own conviction, that it is the institutions of this art, the Theatre in general and the Opera in particular, which in their relation to the public depend upon influences, which run directly counter to all pure, true Art. There Art in fact is only a pretext, under which, with all due maintenance of outward decency, one may profitably flatter the most frivolous lusts of a metropolitan public.

I went further. I asked myself, what would have to be the conditions, under which Art might inspire the public with an irresistible esteem; and, not to venture out too far in the investigation of this problem, I took my point of departure in ancient Greece. There above all I met the work of Art *par excellence*, the Drama, in which the idea, be it ever so exalted, ever so low, can express itself with the greatest clearness, in the most comprehensive and most spirited manner. No wonder we in our day are astonished, how thirty thousand Greeks could follow with an abiding interest the tragedies of Æschylus; but when we seek for the means, whereby we might attain to similar results, we find that it lies in the union of all co-operating arts to one common end, namely, the creation of the complete and only true Art work. That led me on to study the single branches of Art in their relations to one another, and after I had found in this way the relation that subsists between Sculpture and the Mimic Art, I sought for that between Music and Poetry: out of this investigation there suddenly broke forth rays, which totally dispelled the darkness that had hitherto disquieted me.

I perceived, that just at the point, where one of these arts comes against insuperable limits, just there with strictest certainty the efficacy of another art begins; that consequently through the union of these two arts one can express with most apprehensive clearness that which each art by itself would not have power to represent;

that on the contrary every attempt to reach by means of one of these arts what could only be executed by the two united, must necessarily lead to obscurity, and in the next place to confusion, and then to the degeneracy and corruption of each separate art.

Accordingly I sought to point out the possibility of producing a work, in which whatever of deepest and of highest the human soul can apprehend, may be brought near to the most ordinary understanding, without any need of reflection or of critical expositions—and that is what I designated by the name: *Kunstwerk der Zukunft* (Art-work of the Future).

Judge then, my dear Berlioz, what I must have felt, to find now, after a period of ten years, how—not one of the light and superficial people, one of the dealers in conceits, the world-manufacturers, the bravos of literature, no, but how an earnest man, a prominent artist, a critic of your insight and your culture, of your *noblesse*, nay more, how a *friend*, could be so strangely in error about the meaning of my ideas, as not to hesitate to label my work with that ridiculous name: "Music of the Future."

Well now, my dear Berlioz: since my book in the original, as it stands, will probably remain an unknown thing to you, please do me the friendly service to trust me on my own plain word, that it contains none of those absurdities, which have been ascribed to me, and that I have in no way spoken in it on the question of musical grammar. My thought reaches somewhat further, and since I am no theorist by profession, I had to leave it to others to treat this subject, as well as the childish question whether it is permitted or not, in matters of harmony or of melody to discover a new turn (*faire du néologisme*).

To-day, I confess to you, I am almost tempted to regret the publication of that book. And if, as I have just again experienced, the best informed and most enlightened critics can let themselves be so far carried away by the prejudices of ignorant dilettantism, as, during the performance of works thus submitted to their judgment, to insist that they perceive nothing in them but things which are not found there, while the essential and fundamental idea escapes them—how can I hope that the philosophically cultivated artist, the æsthetic thinker can be any better understood by the public, after he has not even been understood by Professor Bischoff in Cologne.

But I have already said too much on this head. I have explained to you what "Music of the Future" was. I hope that we shall soon, under perfectly equal conditions, understand each other mutually. Allow this hospitable France to afford an asylum to my musical dramas; I on my part await with the liveliest impatience the production of your "Trojan Women," with an impatience which is thrice justified; first by the inclination which I cherish toward you; then by the significance which your work will no doubt assume in the musical world of the present; and finally, still more by the peculiar weight which I attach

to it in relation to the ideas and principles which constantly have guided me.

RICHARD WAGNER.

### Spohr's Letters from Paris.

(From Alexander Malibran's Louis Spohr. Sein Leben und Wirken, Frankfurt-am-Main. J. D. Sauerland's Verlag. 1800).

#### II.

Paris, 31st December, 1820

A very agreeable fortnight has elapsed, since my first letter was despatched, and we have heard and seen much that is beautiful since then; but, for the present, I must content myself with writing to you only about what is more immediately connected with my art. I have now made my *debut* before artists and *dilettanti*, connoisseurs and laymen, as violinist and composer—first at Herr Baudiot's, first violoncello of the Royal chapel; the next day at Kreutzer's; and then at three parties. On the first two occasions, hardly any person but artists were present: at Kreutzer's especially there were nearly all the distinguished composers and fiddlers of Paris. I gave several of my quartets and quintets, and, on the second day, my *nonetto*. The composers paid me a great many compliments on my compositions, and the fiddlers on my play. Of the latter, Viotti, both the Kreutzers, Baillet, Lafont, Habeneck, Fontaine, Guérin, and many others, whose names are not so well-known in Germany, were present; so you perceive that it was a grand occasion, and that I had to exert myself to the utmost, to do honor to my countrymen. The parts for the wind instruments in my *nonetto* were played by the five artists, of whose masterly execution of Reicha's quintets you must often have read in the accounts from Paris. I had the pleasure of hearing them play two of these quintets, but shall defer writing to you in detail about them, till I am acquainted with more of them. At the unanimous request of the artists present, we were obliged to repeat my *nonetto* the same evening; and if my fellow performers had surprised me the first time by the readiness with which they played this difficult piece of music *a prima vista*, they satisfied me far more when the piece was repeated, by entering into and rendering its spirit. The young pianist, Herz, of whom, also, you must have read in the musical *chit-chat* of Paris, played twice in the course of the evening—first, variations of his own on a theme from *Die Schweizerfamilie*, and then Moscheles' well known variations on the *Alexander March*. The extraordinary manual skill of this young man is astonishing; but in his case, as well as in that of all the young artists here whom I have as yet heard, technical culture seems to have preceded mental cultivation; he would otherwise have given something more sterling than these break-neck, tricky things, in a society where none but professionals were present. It is, however, a striking fact that all here, old and young, endeavor to distinguish themselves only by mechanical dexterity; and people in whom, perhaps, there are the germs of something better, devote all their powers, for whole years, to practising a single piece of music, which, as such, frequently does not possess the slightest value, in order to perform it in public; that, by such a course, the mind must be killed, and that such people can become nothing much better than musical automata, is easily conceivable. The consequence is that you seldom or never hear a serious, sterling piece of music, such as a quartet or quintet of our great masters for instance; every one rides his own hobby; there is nothing but *Airs variés*, *Rondos favoris*, *Nocturnes*, and such like trifles, while the singers give you only romances and little duets; and, however incorrect and insipid all these things are, they never miss producing their effect, provided only they are rendered smoothly and sweetly. Poor in such pretty nothings, I come second best off with my serious German music, and in such musical parties I feel, not unfrequently, like a man speaking to people who do not understand his language; for though I often hear the praise which is awarded, by some one or other of the audience, to my play, extended to the composition, I cannot be proud of it, since, immediately afterwards, the same eulogiums are bestowed upon the most trivial things. I blush at being praised by such connoisseurs. It is exactly the same in the theatres; the great mass, who set the fashion, are completely unable to distinguish the worst from the best; they hear *Le Jugement de Midas*, with the same ecstasy as *Les Deux Journées*, or *Joseph*. One does not require to be here long, to come over to the oft-expressed opinion that the French are an unmusical people. Even the artists here think so, and frequently reply, when I speak of Germany in relation to this point: "Ay, music is loved and understood there, but not here." This explains how, in Paris, good music may be unsuccessful when connected with a bad piece, and wretched music

prove a great triumph when united to a good piece. This fact has deprived me of all the desire to write for any of the theatres here, as I formerly wished to do; for, apart from the fact that, as a young composer, I should have to begin again, since, with the exception of a few things for the violin, my compositions are little or not at all known here, and, furthermore—apart from the fact that I should have to battle my way through a thousand cabals, which, would be doubly formidable, on account of my being a foreigner, before I could get my work produced—I should, after all, though conscious of having written good music, not be certain of the result, which as I have already said, depends here almost entirely upon the book. This is evident from the criticisms in the papers on new operas, where the writer speaks for pages about the libretto, while the music is merely mentioned casually in a few words. Were it not so lucrative to write for the theatres here, it is long since any good composer would have devoted himself to the task. On account, however, of the large sum an opera, if successful, brings in a man for his lifetime, new works are produced nearly every day; poet and composer are thinking incessantly of new effects; but, meanwhile, they do not neglect to work the public, by means of the papers, for months, to provide on the evening of representation a due number of *claqueurs* in the pit, in order, by all this preparation, to secure for their work a brilliant reception, and, by frequent performances of it, to obtain, in the end, rich profits. Were only half as much to be gained by an opera in Germany, we should soon be as rich in distinguished composers for the stage as we now are in instrumental composers, and it would no longer be necessary to transplant to our stage foreign productions, frequently so unworthy the artistic education of Germans.

That, after a stay of three weeks, we have visited each of the theatres repeatedly, is a matter of course. I am doubly glad of this, since, on account of the increase of my acquaintances, my engagements for the days and evenings have so accumulated, that we should be able to dedicate very few evenings in the course of the next fortnight to the theatre. I do not write anything about the Théâtre-Français, the Odéon, and the four small theatres, because they offer nothing remarkable in a musical sense. In the first two, you hear only *Entr'actes*, and in the two others scarcely any thing but vaudevilles. That pieces of this kind (which, thanks to Apollo and the Muses, have as yet been translated to no other country) are here so exceedingly popular, that four theatres play them almost exclusively, proves most convincingly that the French are unmusical; for the sacred art cannot be abused more shamefully than in these songs, which are neither sung nor spoken, but blurted out in intervals, diametrically opposed to the melody marked down, and to the accompanying harmony. All Frenchmen of taste, though, agree in saying that these vaudevilles, formerly given at one theatre only, smother, by their extension, the feeling for true music more and more, and thus exert a highly injurious effect on artistic progress. We have visited each of these theatres once, in order to see the celebrated comic actors, Brunet, Pothier, and Perlet, but we shall not, I think, make up our minds to pay a second visit, since the enjoyment these artists cause, by their wit and inexhaustible humor, is too dearly purchased by hearing such bad music. A thing which I found very remarkable in these theatres was the skill with which the bands manage to follow the singer, who does not pay the slightest attention to the tune, or the value of the notes. But this is their greatest merit; in other respects they are but middling. We have, however, been to the Italian Theatre several times, and had many an artistic treat there. Yesterday we at last heard *Don Juan*, after it had been allowed to lie by for rather a long time. The house was crammed, as at the previous performances, hundreds being unable to find places, even half an hour before the opera began. I was inclined to think the Parisians had, at length, comprehended the classic excellence of the work, and thronged, in continually increasing crowds, to enjoy it; but I soon relinquished this opinion, on perceiving that the most magnificent pieces in the opera, the first duet, the quartet, the grand sextet, and many others, passed over without producing any effect on the audience, while only two pieces were greeted with tumultuous applause, which, however, was intended more for the singers than for the composer. These two pieces, which were asked for *da capo* on each occasion, were the duet between Don Juan and Zerlina: "Reich mir die Hand, mein Leben," and the aria of Don Juan, "Treibt der Champagner," the first, because Herr Garcia wants depth, transposed to B flat, and the latter actually a tone higher, to C. Mad. Mainville-Fodor, who, no doubt was well aware that Zerlina's pieces would please the Parisians more than anything else in the

opera, very wisely chose this part, and the result shows that she calculated correctly. What does it matter to her that the opera is cast most faultily, if she is only greeted with tumultuous applause? This, however, the connoisseur can only allow her to merit by forgetting that she plays the part of a peasant girl, and by entirely renouncing all truth of portrayal, for she decks out the simple strains of her part with a number of high-trotting ornaments, which, however magnificently she executes them, are here doubly exceptionable, firstly, because they are altogether out of place in Mozart's music, and secondly, because they do not agree with the character of her part. If we leave these out of consideration, it certainly is an unusual treat to hear this part, which, in Germany, is generally given to the third lady, sung here by the first, and one, moreover, so distinguished. Herr Garcia, as Don Juan, gave us too much of a good thing. Whenever he can, by any means, manage it, he is ready with some ornament an ell long. Such ornamentation is most out of place in the serenade, where the figured mandolin accompaniment forbids even the simplest. In spite of this, however, he runs about in the wildest fashion, and, in order to do so, has the *tempo* taken very slowly. To make up for this, however, he sings his air, "Treibt der Champagner" incomparably, and I confess I never heard it so well given. The fluent Italian language is, however, of great service to him, and instead of his breath failing him, as it generally does our German singers, his strength goes on increasing to the very end.

The other parts were, on the whole, well cast; at any rate, none were badly so; and it must be thankfully allowed that every one exerts himself to the utmost to do honor to the work. We may, too, be very well satisfied with the performance, if we only forget what we have a right to expect from such a distinguished body of artists. Thus much, however, soon becomes evident to a German, namely, that these singers, who give modern Italian music, especially Rossini's, with the greatest perfection, cannot execute Mozart's with the same degree of excellence—it is of too different a sort. The effeminate, sweet style, quite in keeping with the former, weakens too much the energetic character, which is more peculiar to *Don Juan* than to any other of Mozart's operas.

The orchestra, which the Parisians always call the first in the world, displayed, at any rate, some few weak points this evening. In the first place, the wind instruments were twice most strikingly deficient, and, secondly, the whole body was so unsteady, several times, that the conductor was obliged to have recourse to beating time. I am now still more strengthened in my conviction that a theatrical orchestra, however excellent, should not, on account of the great distance between the two ends, be conducted otherwise than by beating time, and that it is not advisable for the conductor himself to play, not even when, as Herr Grasset did, he continually marks the time by the movements of his body and by his violin. The orchestra is, however, justly celebrated for the discretion with which it accompanies the singers, and might, in this respect, serve as a model for all the other Parisian orchestras, as well as for many German ones.

The chorus, also, is admirable, and produced an especially strong and magnificent effect in the concluding allegro of the first finale. But why was this allegro, here too, as in most other places, taken with such immoderate quickness? Do conductors never reflect that they only impair instead of increasing its strength, and that the triplet-figures of the violins, which are intended to give life and movement to the broad masses, can no longer, with such frantically rapid time, be brought out distinctly and vigorously, so that all the public at last hears consists merely of skeleton-like outlines, without anything to fill them up, instead of the living whole?

When any one hears the effect of so magnificent a piece of music lessened by a false tempo, he must again feel an earnest wish that, at length, the marking of the *tempi* should be universally determined in Mälzel's or Weber's manner (or, still better, in both). It is true that the conductors would then be obliged to conform conscientiously to this plan, and not, as they do at present, unreservedly follow their own feeling.

### Mozart—Child and Man.

(Continued from page 28.)

No. 82.

Wolfgang Mozart to his Sister.

Bologna, September 22nd, 1770.

I hope that our mother is well, as also yourself; and I desire for the future that you will answer my letters more regularly, for it is easier to answer than to find things to say of one's own.



The six minuets of Haydn please me more than the first twelve. We have been obliged to play them very often to the Countess, and we should like to introduce the taste for German minuets into Italy, for their minuets will soon become as long as entire symphonies. Forgive me for writing so badly; I am in haste, otherwise I am capable of doing better.

No. 83.

Mozart to his Wife.

Bologna, September 29th, 1770.

We are extremely sorry to hear such bad news of our good Martha. I pray God to strengthen her. But what is to be done? We think of her all the day long.

Wolfgang has commenced to-day the recitatives of his opera.

P. S. of Wolfgang.—I will add a few words just to fill up the letter. I pity poor Martha with all my heart, ill for so long a time and yet so patient. I trust, with God's help, she will recover her health; if not, one must not grieve too much, because God's will is always best, and God knows better than us, whether it is best for her to stay in this world or to go to the other one; let her cheer up then, but who knows but that she may suddenly see the same change for fine weather.

No. 84.

The Same to the Same.

Bologna, Oct. 6th, 1770.

We have been in town for five days; we were at the fête of St. Petronius, which is celebrated magnificently here in the immense church dedicated to this saint. A musical service is got up, in which all the musicians in Bologna take part. We ought to have left here on Tuesday for Milan; but there is something here which will detain us. It is "something," if it comes to pass, will do great honor to Wolfgang.

The father, Martini, has received the method for violin that you sent him; we are the best friends in the world. He has finished the second part of his work; I shall bring back the two parts. We go every day to see him, and have long dissertations historico-musical.

So you have had three concerts, and have not invited us! Very well. We should have appeared like phantoms, and vanished in the same style.

P. S. from Wolfgang.—Why was I not with you, to amuse myself with you! I hope Martha is better. I played the organ to-day at the Dominicans; my remembrances to all the small Therasas.\* To all our friends inside the house, and out of it, my compliments. I should like to hear the symphonies of the Berehl Garden and contribute my quota of trumpet and fife. I saw and heard the grand ceremony of Saint Petronius at Bologna. It was fine, but long; they were obliged to bring trumpets from Lucca to play flourishes, but they played in an abominable manner.

\*The 15th of October, St. Theresa's day.  
(To be Continued.)

## Musical Intelligence.

WORCESTER, MASS.—"Stella," of the *Palladium*, this week, tells us:

The Mendelssohn Choral Club, consisting of twenty-four voices, gave a concert on Friday evening, at Washburn Hall, for the purpose of assisting the High School in its purchase of a new piano. It was under the auspices of Mr. B. D. Allen, who conducted the performances with signal success. The 42d Psalm of Mendelssohn was given exceedingly well for an amateur society, with piano, harmonium and orchestral accompaniment, and lacked only the important requisite of a larger hall for so powerful a chorus. The solos were well sung—although we like not so much of the *tremolo* as obtains among many singers—and the choruses were taken with readiness. The work is dramatic in character, and has an air of oriental magnificence which we often remark in much of Mendelssohn's music, very pleasing at first, but we do not yet know how well calculated to endure. The full choruses need the help of distance between choir and auditor to bring out their entire significance. They do not carry us along with them like those of Handel, by force of grand, natural eloquence in which the art of the composer is best seen where most concealed. Instead, we find ourselves having a care lest even the singers themselves get entangled in the mazes of counterpoint and fugue. Still, we were glad to hear the work and, for it, thank Mr. Allen and his effective Choral Club. The Fifth Symphony was performed as a piano duet by Mr. Allen and Mrs. Dame, who gave it most effectively. One seldom hears such piano

performance of Beethoven. Each movement, phrase, and shade of expression, was distinct and clear. The Meditation upon the 1st Prelude of Bach, for violin, harmonium and piano, a meritorious work of no small interest, opened part third of the programme, and was followed by a Bolero by Chopin, gracefully, artistically performed; a pretty song by Möhring, with violoncello obligato, and portions of a very beautiful sonata of Mozart with string accompaniments, which concluded this concert so highly creditable to Mr. Allen and his associates.

NEW YORK.—Fry, in the *Tribune*, thus remarks on the production at the Academy of Music of "Moses in Egypt,"—which opera, by the way, was given many years ago in Italian here in Boston, by the first Havana troupe, with Mme. Ranieri, Sig. Perelli, Vita, &c.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—ROSSINI'S MOSES IN EGYPT.—The drama when it was favored by the Church presented many religious subjects, with a mythological objectivity which would now startle the spiritual sanctions of a Protestant community. The church, in this, however, was a rival of the secular drama which never died out as all the received authorities on the dark ages tell us, but flourished under the Troubadours and Minstrels in a simple child-like form. In these early church dramas, as in the ecclesiastical paintings, no immaterial character, however awful, even Omnipotence itself, was deemed beyond the sphere of representation in the flesh. But with the growth of Protestantism the religious drama was extinguished and the Oratorio took its place. It was deemed impious to offer Biblical characters on the stage, but in the concert-room in citizen's dress they could be represented. The first attempts to invade this Anglo-Protestant custom shocked the sense of the American audiences. Méhul's "Joseph" was denounced, in so far as its characters were drawn from the Scriptures. Rossini's "Moses" was at first inadmissible on the English stage, and was given as an oratorio, for which it was not designed. The plastic character of our people, however, made them by degrees accept Biblical subjects in the opera. "Moses," with certain of the mysteries left out, was played in English in several American cities beside being performed by the operatic pioneers of the United States, the French company in New Orleans. Its success in English on the stage was very halting, and it was withdrawn. After an interval of many years it has been brought forward at the Academy in the Italian language. The version differs somewhat from the original score, which opens with the scene of the darkness spread over Egypt. The plot is very simple, or rather it is no plot at all, the libretto being very feeble. The miraculous events consociated with the efforts of the Israelites to effect their exodus, are mixed with a watery love-story, devoid of life or logic in such company, and as out of place as a declaration in a pow. If Brignoli cannot make love—as Pharaoh's son—in the middle of such difficulties, he is not to be blamed: and if Miss Patti, as a sugar-plum of a Jewess, dressed in the most heart-rending style, can only hang down her head, or raise it to emit a lot of fast notes—but cannot effect characterization, it is not her fault, as there is nothing to represent. If Pharaoh has no dramatic action, Ferri is not to be condemned. The only approximation to a character is Moses by Susini. The presence of this artist is magnificent, and his efficient declamation and singing leave nothing to be desired. The music of the whole opera is very admirable and beautiful; the composer has compensated himself for the defects of the poet. Never was the illustrious Rossini brighter or more fluent than in this work. He has exhibited the style of florid music which he perfected, for he gave new life to the style which Gluck essayed to kill—namely the ornate, or many notes to a few syllables—in contradistinction to the declamatory, which is a musical note for each syllable or thereabouts. With this basis, and with the highest gift for melody, Rossini ruled the musical world of Europe. But in those, beside the florid, there is as beautiful music of various styles, recitative, and large and grand strains, as was ever imagined. The lyrics assigned to the Prophet are without flaw. The quartet *Mi manca la voce* is of incomparable beauty in its kind; the finale of the third act is immense for its vigor. Groat and various merits are found through the instrumentation. In addition to the artists mentioned, the charming Miss Patti, etc., the good success of Mme. Strakosch as Mrs. Pharaoh may be indicated. She looked the Egyptian-imperial. The orchestra is excellent—led by Mr. Muzio. There are some picturesque scenes. The miracle of the Red Sea is good except the waves, which are too much of the pointed order of damp architecture. The wave-makers should take a few lessons in salt-water. The scene of the land of

Canaan is a charming view, and might inspire equally emigrants now as then.

ESSEX, MASS.—A music teacher in this town communicates to the *Salem Observer*, the following account of an "infant musical prodigy."

Martha Story is a child of Mr. Andrew Story 2d, of Essex, and was three years of age the 16th of November last.

I am a music teacher, and have boarded in Mr. Story's family since last September. Previous to that time little Martha had never heard playing on the piano or melodeon, though she had one of the latter instruments. She could sing well at the age of one year. When I had been with her a few days, I observed her trying to play the air of "Greenville." It struck my fancy that I might teach her to play it, with both hands, in the course of two or three months; but instead of months it was only two or three days, when by my playing it over a few times with her fingers, she could play it alone. I taught her two or three tunes in the same way; and in a month she commenced to play by imitating what she heard played; and showing her on the bass she improved every day. On the 11th of January, she ran from her play to the Melodeon—stood, and blew the bellows with her foot, and played "Oh Susanna," for the first time, with both hands, as well as any one could, and at the same time looking out of the window. She can now play almost any tune she hears in the same way. She never looks on her hands while she is playing. Her time and accent are very good. She has played tunes by only hearing them two or three times, and can play on any key and get the right bass the first time.

She has quite an idea about composing;—almost every day she will play chords of four parts, (or as she calls it, "making up tunes,") and give strains that are very pleasing. She has made eight or nine tunes that are very pretty; and she could play in the dark or blindfolded.

She could play a March on the key of "C natural;" and while I was giving a lesson to her sister on the same March, in a duet in the key of "F, one flat," Martha jumped into her sister's lap, and played it with me in the same key that her sister had been playing, without making any mistake.

She can lie in my lap, with her head thrown back, and looking away from the Melodeon, play the air, while I play the bass, and change her hands several times in the tune,—that is, play one measure with the right, and the next with the left hand, and not break the time of the tune.

She has played in public three or four times to large audiences, and seemed quite indifferent to the people, looking at them all the time while she played.

A concert was given in this town on Fast-day evening, for the purpose of showing her. She played about thirteen or fourteen times, with as much willingness as an older person, almost every time blowing the bellows herself, sitting in a chair or standing. She ended the concert by playing "Good night," while the others sang.

She seems very bright in other things;—has great power of imitation, and a good memory—if we wish her to play a tune we have only to tell her the name.

## Foreign Correspondence.

BERLIN, APRIL.—A flood of concerts, far worthier of notice than last winter's, has poured through the season, especially in March; but there have been almost more concert-givers than auditors, and nearly all the virtuosos from abroad have gone off disappointed, empty in purse and uncheered by applause. That was partly because so many little singing societies had been formed, and every society wanted to produce itself in public; particularly each director, like a little Pope-ling, longed to taste the pleasure of flourishing the baton, like a triumphator, at the head of a dozen picked up chorus singers, to the envy possibly of rival societies, and of serving up his own firstling composition to an "invited public." They all here want: 1, to direct; 2, to compose; 3, to teach singing; 4, to produce themselves with their achievements before the public. The poor concert-giver has perhaps had his head turned by a couple of old aunts, telling him how finely he composed or sang; and then indeed it is too tempting to taste the sweetness of publicity, so swiftly changed to bitterness, especially considering the perpetual conflict with



the proverbial capriciousness of the Berliners; for commonly after a year's time you hear nothing more of the newly baked director, or of his society, which soon falls asleep. In Berlin, it is easy enough for a child to call a new thing into life; but to keep it alive, in an age so blasé, lifeless, and characterless, is harder than to hold quicksilver in the hand.

The Royal Opera had learned two new works: *Christine von Siveken*, composed by the Hofintendant Count von Redern, a dilettante who deserves well of music, and who must be regarded with indulgence if he once more vouchsafes to the public the effusions of his leisure hours; and the comic opera, *Die Weiber von Weinsberg*, by Schmidt, Theatre-kapellmeister in Mayence. The latter work contains many proofs of talent and routine musicianship; on the other hand the melodic thoughts are seldom held and carried out, so that one is not quite allowed to enjoy them. The comic pieces are the happiest and best rounded off; the instrumentation scarcely ever lifts itself above the ordinary kapellmeister routine. On the whole, the music does not reach that of Lortzing, still less that of Dittersdorf.

In Spontini's *Vestalin* Fräulein de AUNA sang the high-priestess in the place of Johanna Wagner. The pure, correct and telling quality of her voice, particularly in the upper register, was in her favor. On the contrary in freedom of characterization, in vital warmth of expression, in classical repose of play and dramatic soul she was far behind her predecessor. In the *Prophète*, Fräulein de Ahnu played Fides for the first time. The voice sounded young and fresh, and agreeable, and developed a large compass, the upper tones full and beautiful. At first she had to contend with embarrassment and uncertainty of dramatic situation. The simple, heart-felt motives sounded beautifully; but her bearing and mimic expression remained much too cold. In the duet with Bertha and in the scene in the cathedral there were single moments which rose to real artistic significance; especially where the Prophet compels the mother to kneel, the lively applause, which rose to the pitch of calling out, was fully justified.

The performance of Mozart's *Zauberflöte* could, in the principal parts, be called a success. Herr FRICKE's rendering of Sarastro, by its dignified coloring, supported that night by his peculiarly sonorous and flexible voice, won him a call before the curtain. Frau KOESTER, as the Queen of Night, was in less fortunate condition; especially by the side of the sweet and musical voice of Frau WEPFART in Pamina, the roughness of her (Koester's) voice gave the Queen only the faded splendor of her dignity. The bird-catcher, Papageno, found a capital representative in Herr KRAUSE. The Tamino of Herr KRUEGER has developed itself into much more freedom, but more uniformity of singing and of action is still to be desired. The execution of the splendid male choruses was masterly and received lively applause.

In *Die Stumme von Portici* ("Masaniello"), the part of Masaniello remains one of the best of Herr FORMES. Just this certain downright manner is suited to him and makes his rendering of the plain fisherman very natural. The slumber song, so difficult because it follows right after a longer arduous part in the fourth act, Herr FORMES sang with the most melting tenderness of his fine voice and with faultless delivery. Frau TUCZEK took all pains to do justice to the part of the Princess; but her voice (after an astonishingly long and distinguished service) leaves her now so often in the lurch, that the struggle with the intractable organ becomes painful. The great chorus a *capella*, the prayer before the outbreak of the revolution, was sung remarkably well and made as usual the liveliest impression on the public. In spite of Auber's often frightful awkwardness in instrumentation, especially in the working out of themes, &c., this opera remains unquestionably his most genial conception, and has already, through

its exciting melodies, given an impulse to three revolutions, to-wit, in Warsaw, Brussels, and Paris or Dresden.

In *Fidelio* Frau Koester exhibited again the most inspired abandon; and the freshness, indeed voluptuousness, of an organ which has been exerted for so many years was astonishing. Always victorious, it is just in this opera that it puts almost all others in the shade, since Beethoven's manner of writing for the male voices is a most unfavorable one; also the too symphonic treatment of the orchestra splits up the vocal forces too much and too seldom suffers them to tell with their full tone. Only our old veteran, Herr ZIESCHE, as Rocco, remains unshattered; on the contrary, of Herr SALOMO, as the Governor, we remark very little, with the exception of his masterly acting. The same of Herr Krüger as Florestan, who with his fine, voluptuous tenor voice holds too much back and seldom becomes animated enough to cause his hearers any real enjoyment. He would be a much more useful singer, with his otherwise so good intention, if he would every time first sing his voice into good working order before coming upon the stage; for it usually begins to acquire metal and clearness only in the third act, (and unfortunately there is none in *Fidelio*).

The performance of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" is commonly a festival for the worshippers of Shakespeare and Mendelssohn; but it has unfortunately lost much in comparison with what it was ten years ago. Not only did the two pairs of lovers play in a terribly tedious and unpleasant manner; but the scenery also was so neglected, that a multitude of awkwardnesses disturbed the eye and for the most part dissipated the illusion of the ethereal halo which both Shakespeare and the, at that time, still fresh youth of Mendelssohn, in the exuberance of fancy, lent to this lovely dream picture. The female singers employed for the fairy chorus, instead of being disguised from head to feet, presented themselves in all their solid everyday reality; instead of seeking out the thinnest voices for the soli in the chorus, the first solo especially was taken by a singer, who spelt it off with her incongruous voice, bit by bit, in the most homespun fashion. Moreover the Kapelle (orchestra), so often decimated by the economical system of our royal management, was guilty of frequent carelessness and confusion, especially in the splendid march.

The Italian opera, at the new Victoria theatre, as luxuriously built as it is already deeply in debt, closed its performances with a ragout from four different operas, with a crowded audience, after competing very successfully through the greatest part of the winter with the Royal Opera. If the new Italian singing school no more affords such full, significant voices, as the once celebrated old conservatories, still their flexibility, intonation and declamation on the one hand, and the fire they breathe into the most trivial and absurd librettos, may be commended to the imitation of German singers. Signora ARTOT and the tenor de CARRION distinguished themselves particularly; also Signor FRIZZI is a genuine Italian buffo; while one or two German make-shifts, for example, "Signora" HUEFFEL and "Signora" ENIO made an ominous contrast to the real Italians. We also heard a Frau SAMMANN de PAEZ from Venezuela, formed in the Italian school—a German beauty, by the way, born in Königsberg. She too found many admirers, (as the Germans labor under the dangerous infirmity of praising all that is foreign, if it only imposes somewhat on them; and hence a German singer is only esteemed when he has been formed—or deformed—in Paris). And so Frau Sammann excited enthusiasm in various ways, what with her brilliant neck-breaking throat facility, although in the *cantilena* she cannot sing a single measure entirely through, unmarred by some brilliant flash or other.

In the flood of concerts the most important have

been the four subscription concerts of music-director RADECKE, eked out with virtuosos from abroad; for instance, DAWIDOFF, violoncellist from Moscow, HARLWIGSON, pianist from Copenhagen, the violinists DAVID and DRETSCHOCK from the Leipzig Conservatoire. The most noteworthy was the performance of the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven under Radecke's genial, sure direction,—far more successful than that monster performance of this remarkable creation some years ago in the opera house. The pianist DRETSCHOCK, from Prague, brother of the violinist, electrified by his bold as well as sure and fine playing in salon pieces. In classical works he failed sometimes by his too superficial, brilliant conception.

Prof. MARX, our greatest living theorist, has so overworked himself that he is now beginning only slowly to recover under the most careful nursing of his wife. His pupil, ZOPFF, has commenced popular lectures upon musical form, which meet with lively interest; for Berlin contains a great number of passionate lovers of Symphony soirées, who until now have vainly sought an opportunity to inform themselves about the structure of the orchestral works there heard. S.

## Music Abroad.

### Paris.

(From Correspondence of New Orleans Pleasure, April 9.)

The Italian Opera has given us "Il Crociato in Egitto," by Giacomo Meyerbeer, and as Mons. Fiorentino has related the history of the piece, you must let me translate the story for you:—In 1820 (the same year in which Rossini gave his opera "Edward and Christine") a handsome young German composer, who was popular in the best social circles of Venice, brought out there with very great success an opera composed by him in the style and form then at the height of fashion. The new score was entitled *Emma di Resburgo*, and soon went the rounds of Italy. It was applauded everywhere and the composer, all *Tedesco* as he was, carried *alle stelle*. But this unexpected triumph raised disagreeable echoes in Germany, and the object of it came very near being regarded in his native land as a traitor and a renegade. Musicians hid their faces. Newspapers clamored scandal. "What," said they, "is the composer of *Emma di Resburgo* the same Meyerbeer who was trained and nurtured in the purest scholastic doctrines, the same great Prussian pianist, who, when ten years old, was Hummel's and Clementi's rival; is it the austere disciple of Abbé Vogler who sacrifices to the sensual and frivolous school of melody, who abjures his undivided worship of fugue and counterpoint, who writes well for voices, the wretch! and becomes more Italian than Rossini!" This was the language of the jealous and the inimical; Meyerbeer's friends were thrown into a state of consternation. His comrades hung down their heads when they heard anybody speak of the author of *Emma di Resburgo* or of *Romilda e Costanza*. They pitied him, but they dared not defend him. None of them were wounded more cruelly by this unnatural defection than Charles-Marie Weber. He could not get over it. He was at first full of sorrow, then he became excessively angry, then he became animated by a fierce desire of vengeance, and the better to exhibit the apostasy of his old fellow-pupil, he made the manager of the Dresden Opera House bring out again *The Two Caliphs*, a little comedy opera Meyerbeer composed in his nineteenth year. *The Two Caliphs* was written in strict accordance with every rule, but being as tedious as possible, *The Two Caliphs* were as powerful, so far as putting auditors to sleep was concerned, at Dresden as they had been at Vienna five or six years before. Nevertheless, the immortal author of *Der Freyschütz* and *Oberon* was in earnest; he did prefer *The Two Caliphs* (how passion blinds us all!) to all the operas Meyerbeer had written, *Emma di Resburgo* included. He had *The Two Caliphs* played, not to annoy Meyerbeer, but to allure him back within the pale of the true church. Meyerbeer was mortified to death by this resuscitation. He heard of it in the midst of his greatest successes at Milan, Turin, Rome and Naples. He would have given anything in the world to prevent the impudent resuscitation. He was seriously angry with Weber, for having disinterred, without the least necessity, this old, thin opera which cast a shadow on

his rising glory; while Weber could not pardon Meyerbeer for having quitted his primitive dryness and stiffness for the flowers, feathers, fillets and festoons of the Italian school.

Some time afterwards the two pupils of Abbé Vogler (who had not ceased to love each other,) forgetting their dissensions and discussions, fell into each other's arms. Meyerbeer had, in the meantime, been again successful—Margherita d'Anjou had been received with the greatest favor at La Scala, and as success makes men good natured and conciliatory, they never mentioned the Two Caliphs again. The return of the prodigal son was celebrated by feasts. Weber was as kind as could be to his young friend, who, as a return for all this kindness, promised to give but one more opera in Italy, (which he was under contract to give,) after which he would resume his German career and leave it no more. This we learn from a very curious letter written by Weber at this period of time. "Last Friday," says he, "I had the great pleasure of having Meyerbeer a whole day with me; didn't your ears tingle? 'Twas really a happy day, just like those happy days we spent at Mannheim. It was late at night when we parted. Meyerbeer is going to Trieste to bring out his 'Crocato.' He will return to Berlin before a twelve month expires, where he will write, perhaps, a German opera. God grant it! I appealed and appealed to his conscience!" You can imagine Weber's scruples and supplications—the assurances and promises of Meyerbeer. He set out the next day—not for Trieste—for Venice, where "Il Crociato in Egitto" was played for the first time, the 26th December, 1826. The principal parts were played by Velluti, Lablache and Mme. Méric Lalande. The opera was brilliantly successful, and the composer was not only called out, he was crowned on the stage. The following year "Il Crociato" was performed at the Paris Italian Opera. Pasta played the crusader's part, Donzelli the part of Montfort, Levasseur the part of Aladin, Mlle. Mombelli the part of Palmide. The other artists are not worth being mentioned. Who would have said that forty years after this had taken place Meyerbeer would experience the same annoyance, the same mortification, the same fears in consequence of the resuscitation of "Il Crociato in Egitto," he formerly felt at the disinterment of the Two Caliphs, and that the genius and reputation of this great master would rise to such a height he would be obliged to disavow for a youthful indiscretion one of the most brilliant operas which honored in its day the Italian lyrical stage?

As soon as Meyerbeer heard of this unlucky idea, he declared that if he could not legally oppose the performance of a work whose copyright had expired, however averse he might be from its performance, he would protest with might and main against the performance; that while he would not disown his work, he would declare that before it was worthy of appearing before the eyes of the public he ought at least to retouch some pieces which have faded with age; that the public now has no taste for *characteresques* poems: and lastly, that "Il Crociato in Egitto" would be in no wise successful, and that the only profit the Italian Opera would derive from it would be to give the composer serious displeasure. The managers of the Italian Opera replied that Meyerbeer's name was an honor and a fortune for a theatre, and an irresistible attraction for the public; that the Italian opera singers regretted they were unable to appear in Paris in the operas of the illustrious *maestro* translated into their tongue, while they appeared in them everywhere else; that "Robert le Diable," "Les Huguenots," "Le Prophète," were freely performed at La Scala, La Fenice, La Pergola, at San Carlo, but that in France these operas belonged to the theatre of the grand opera and were banished forever from the Italian opera; that "L'Etoile du Nord" and "Le Pardon de Ploërmel" are the exclusive property of the Opera Comique, but at the same time enrich the theatres of London and St. Petersburg; lastly, that the Italian Opera was tired of being the only theatre unable to place the radiant name of Meyerbeer on its bills, and that unless the celebrated composer entered into a contract to write a new opera for the Italian company, it would exercise its legal rights, and intended to make the performance of "Il Crociato in Egitto," as brilliant and as careful as it was possible, and to give the three female parts to three singers of the very foremost merit, such singers as Mesdames Borghi Mamo, Penco and Alboni. The disinterment of this defunct opera proved a signal failure; leave the dead in their graves—there are their places.

*Pierre de Medicis* brings excellent receipts to the Grand-Opéra; that is, I suppose, the criterion of the success of a piece. Prince Poniatowski gave the banquet the Saturday before Passion Week to the "administration" and all the principal singers and dancers of the Opéra, and a gracious remuneration

to the choristers; so you can imagine that with them the opera is popular also. Monsieur A. Royer goes on actively, however, with his design of bringing out the *Sémiramis* of Rossini, which Méry has just finished translating into French. Putting aside the great musical outline of the composer, which, of course, will be preserved, it is in many ways thrown almost into a new form—a general re-arrangement of the text and recitatives having been found necessary for the French stage. The decorations will be gorgeous. There is some talk of Méry taking the part of Assur. On Thursday, Friday and Saturday of Passion Week all the imperial theatres were closed: the Italian Opera was the one exception, but it was to give the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini that the doors were opened. The Emperor and Empress had the same artists to perform it also in the chapel of the Tuilleries. Mesdames Alboni, Penco, Battu, and MM. Tamberlik, Badiali, Morini, and Manfredi, sang this great work. The parts that gave the most pleasure were the quartetto, "Quando corpus morietur," sung by Alboni, Mad. Penco, Tamberlik, and Badiali, and "Fac ut portem Christi," sung by Alboni. At the Opéra-Comique, the *Roman d'Elvire* is again being played, as Mlle. Monrose is better. *Galathée* is given on alternate nights. I told you last week of the probability of M. Carvalho giving up the management of the Théâtre-Lyrique. Since I wrote, all arrangements have been concluded, and M. Réty has assumed the reins of government, while M. Carvalho has gone to London with his wife. The Théâtre-Lyrique thus loses its greatest ornament in losing Mad. Carvalho.

### London.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—The programme of arrangements for the seventh season, commencing the 1st of May, has been issued by the Company, and a goodly list of amusements is announced. The directors appear to have brought all their former experience of the wishes of the public to bear upon the forthcoming season. On Friday, the 4th of May, there will be a festival for the inauguration of the colossal statue of Mendelssohn, in bronze, subscribed for by the friends and admirers of the composer, and sculptured by Mr. Charles Bacon. The principal feature of the festival will consist of a performance of *Elijah*, when the band and chorus will comprise nearly 3000 performers, under the direction of M. Costa. The ceremony of unveiling the statue is to take place at six o'clock, and this will be followed by a torchlight procession. The directors have completed their arrangements for a series of opera concerts, which will take place on Fridays, the 11th of May, the 1st of June, and the 15th of June. The principal artists at Her Majesty's Theatre will perform on those occasions. A morning concert, with the programme selected from the compositions of Mr. Vincent Wallace, will take place on Saturday, the 19th of May. Arrangements for other important concerts are in progress, and will be made public as the season advances. There will also be performances by the children and members of the Tonic Sol-fa Association, on Wednesday, the 16th of May; and by the Metropolitan Schools Charity Society and the Metropolitan Charity Children, early in the same month. The Saturday concerts will be resumed in the Autumn, the same as last year. The performances of the Société des Orphéonistes, a French Choral Society, will take place on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, the 25th, 26th, and 28th of June. The number of these Orphéonistes will, it is supposed, be between 3000 and 4000, and they will be conducted by M. Delaporte, the founder of the society.—*Novello's Mus. Times.*

(From the *Musical World*, April 28.)

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—*Israel in Egypt* was performed last night, for the first time this season, the principal vocalists being Miss Farepa, Miss Fanny Rowland, Madame Sainton Dolhy, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, and Signor Belletti.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—Mlle. Piccolomini gave her second farewell performance on Saturday, when the *Traviata* was represented, and, being a subscription night, the theatre was crowded. The *Traviata* was given for the third time on Tuesday.

On Thursday, a new opera was produced, entitled *Almina*, composed by Sig. Fabio Campana, favorably known in England, as the author of light vocal pieces for the drawing-room. Sig. Campana, too, we are informed, produced in Italy, some years ago, one or two operas, of which we know nothing. The story of *Almina* would not interest our readers if recounted in detail. Enough that the heroine loves one man and is married to another, that she is supposed to die of a broken heart, and is buried; that her lover, reported killed, returns from the wars and breaks open her tomb; that she is restored to life, and flies with her deliverer to a foreign land; that

they revisit their native country; that the husband reclaims his wife, and that the lady takes poison, and dies. There are some good dramatic situations, of which such a composer as Signor Verdi would doubtless have made good use. Signor Campana, however, is wanting in dramatic fire, which, above all other qualities, *Almina* requires. Mlle. Piccolomini was well suited in the part of *Almina*—being invariably earnest and passionate, and often real. The music, however, was not so suitable to her means, and her singing did not always produce its wanted effect. Signor Giuglini, as the lover, Blondello, on the other hand, sang better than ever, and carried away the vocal honors of the evening. He was encoiled twice, and was in finer voice than we have heard him for a long time. Signor Aldighieri sustained the part of Walter, the husband, with his customary vigor, and more than his customary judgment.

Taking applause as a criterion, the success of *Almina* was triumphant. After the first act, the principal singers were recalled, and then Signor Campana was compelled to appear, when he was not merely received with tumultuous acclamations but *fêted* with bouquets and laurel-wreaths. At the fall of the curtain, too, he was summoned to the foot-lights twice, when the demonstrations were renewed, and no doubt the composer left the theatre perfectly satisfied that his opera had achieved a great and legitimate triumph. First nights, however, are not always precedents—the *Barbiere* of Rossini to witness.

Last night *Lucrezia Borgia* was given with Mlle. Titens as Lucrezia, Madame Borghi-Mamo as Maffeo Orsini (her first appearance in the part), Signor Mongini, Gennaro (his first appearance in the part), and Signor Sebastiano Ronconi, Duke Alfonso (his first appearance in this country).

**ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.**—*Fidelio* was repeated on Saturday, and attracted a much larger attendance than at the first performance. Madame Caillag more than confirmed the impression she made on Thursday. The indisposition of Signor Tagliafico necessitated the omission of Pizzaro's only air. In other respects Beethoven's great masterpiece was given to perfection.

Grisi and Mario made their *rentrée* on Tuesday in *La Favorita*. Of course the theatre was crowded, the public being always desirous to hail the first appearance of these deservedly admired performers. M. Faure, too, was Alfonso XI., and lent another attraction to the performance. Grisi still maintains her place. Her upper notes may have lost some of their brilliancy, and her execution some of its fluency; but the voice still possesses the exquisite quality of old, and her style retains all its unrivalled charm. That Grisi should act still better and better, is a matter of course. In this respect, at all events, we can discover no change, unless that she has become more subtle and more finished, as indeed we were inclined to think on Tuesday evening, when she transcended her former achievements, especially in the last scene, which has never been surpassed for intensity and pathos. Mario, too, appeared to act better than ever, which *a priori* was all but an impossibility, and to sing as nobody else but he can sing, when in the vein.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.**—The season was inaugurated on Monday. The following was the selection:—

Symphony, "The Seasons," in B minor.....	Spohr.
Song, "A questi avventuri infami" (Il Seraglio), Mozart.	
Concerto, violin.....	Mendelssohn.
Scene (Der Freischütz).....	Weber.
Overture (Egmont).....	Beethoven.
Symphony, "Jupiter".....	Mozart.
Duet, "Se la vita" (Semiramide).....	Rossini.
Overture (Oberon).....	Weber.

Of the symphony of Spohr, we have more than once spoken at length. It is enough to say in this place, that it is not one of the most inspired works of the great master. The execution, considering the difficulties presented, was marvellous, and Professor Bennett and his orchestra covered themselves with honor.

The violin concerto, as performed by Herr Becker, was in many respects entitled to the very highest commendation. Exceptions, nevertheless, might be taken in several instances; the reading generally was not in strict keeping with the directions of the composer. Herr Becker, nevertheless, played so splendidly, that he was recalled at the end and received with enthusiasm.

The execution of Mozart's symphony and Beethoven's overture was inimitable in every way, both performances being received with tumultuous applause, and the overture to *Oberon* was a splendid finale.

Signor Belletti sang the superb song from Mozart's too much neglected opera with faultless taste. Mlle. Louise Michal, a Swedish *prima donna* of reputation

in her own country, gave the grand scena from *Der Freischütz* with great power and facility, but in too studied and artificial a manner to create any unusual effect.

**MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.**—The third concert was given on Wednesday, and was alike characterized by excellence and variety, as the following selection will show.

Overture, (The Isles of Fingal)..... Mendelssohn  
Airs, "Jours de mon enfance," (Pré aux Clercs)..... Hérold  
Symphony Concertante in B flat, op. 68, two Pianofortes and Orchestra..... Dussek  
Recit. "By him betrayed," M. S. Opera..... J. Benedict  
Airs, "Thus I am doomed,".....  
Overture, (Lulline)..... Vincent Wallace  
Sinfonia Eroica (No. 3), op. 55..... Beethoven  
Duo, "Di qual città sei tu?" (L'Etoile du Nord)..... Meyerbeer  
Overture, (Gustave)..... Auber

**MR. SIMS REEVES'S BENEFIT CONCERT.**—Other artists may have their special merits, some excelling in sacred, some in secular, some in dramatic music, but of Mr. Reeves it may be said with truth, that in every branch of singing he is pre-eminent. In the majestic strains of Handel, the solemn recitative, the pathetic air, the vigorous declamation, he stands unapproached; while there are many airs that he has made, as it were, his own. Who, for instance, can sing, "Call forth thy powers," "Sound an alarm," "The enemy said," "Then shall the righteous," "Comfort ye my people," "Total eclipse," like Mr. Reeves? Not to multiply instances (as we might *ad libitum*), it is sufficient to say that, as an oratorio singer, Mr. Reeves is unequalled. Nor is it alone in sacred music that his great talents are conspicuous. His dramatic performances are no less admirable—the dashing brigand in *Fra Diavolo*, the ill-fated Edgardo in *Lucia*, the love-lorn Elvino in *La Sonnambula*, Florentin in *Fidelio*, Manrico in *Travatore* (wide as the poles asunder)—all differing so largely in style, and all alike excellent in conception and execution—stamp Mr. Reeves as immeasurably the first of our English operatic artists. In the concert-room, again, he is at home with all the composers—Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, alike finding an interpreter worthy of their best inspirations; and no tenor, in our recollection, has ever done such ample justice to their compositions. It is no wonder, then, that the announcement of Mr. Sims Reeves's benefit at St. James's Hall, on Monday evening, should have attracted the largest audience that has ever been seen in that building. Had the room been double the size, it would scarcely have sufficed to accommodate the numbers who sought admission, undeterred by the wretched weather, and anxious only to be present at one of the best of the many good selections with which the Monday Popular Concerts have familiarized the public. As it was, many were the disappointed applicants turned reluctantly away from the doors. Mr. Reeves chose four pieces for the display of his genius, each a perfect gem in its way, although different in style. In the touching recitative, "Deeper and deeper still," from *Jephthah*, and the lovely air which follows, "Waft her angels through the skies," our eminent tenor showed himself a perfect master of the highest style of vocal music. Beethoven's "Adelaide" has lately been frequently sung by Mr. Reeves, but never more exquisitely than on this occasion, the pianoforte accompaniment being played by Miss Arabella Goddard with that delicacy and refinement in which she is unrivalled. A perfect furor of applause followed, and Mr. Reeves had twice to return and bow his acknowledgments, wisely resisting an encore. The air from *Don Giovanni*, "Dalla sua pace," afforded Mr. Reeves an opportunity of exhibiting his appreciation of Mozart; and as a further proof of his versatility, so much humor was infused into the elegant little air of Beethoven, "The stolen kiss," that an irresistible demand for its repetition ensued. It is a very long time since Mrs. Reeves has been heard in a London concert-room, and the public, not forgetful of an old favorite, accorded her a hearty welcome. Mendelssohn's "Frühlingslied," and Spohr's duet from *Jessonda*, evinced those musician-like qualities which have always characterized Mrs. Reeves's singing. Madame Sainton-Dolby also selected a song of Mendelssohn, "Night," and was warmly applauded for her highly effective and most expressive rendering of Mr. J. W. Davison's setting of Shelley's words, "False friend, wilt thou smile or weep" (*Cenci*).

The instrumental selection constituted a worthy companion to the vocal; Beethoven's so called "Posthumous Quartet," in F major, Op. 133, was heard for the third time at these concerts, and with increased interest, and Rossini's Quartet, in G major, No. 1, although but a bagatelle in comparison with that of the giant tone-poet, was nevertheless sufficiently interesting to warrant its introduction. The executants in each instance were Messrs. Sainton,

Goffrie, Doyle and Piatti, and both quartets were played to admiration.

One of Mozart's Sonatas in F major, for pianoforte alone, was given for the first time and when we say that this beautiful composition was performed by Miss Arabella Goddard with all her admirable taste, faultless mechanism, and incomparable expression, our readers have a guarantee that no word other than "perfect" can apply to it.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—The concert on Saturday, one of unusual interest, was a "Shaksperian Selection;" why given on this occasion we have not been informed. The notion and poetry of every piece, however, was referable to the works of the great poet. The performance commenced with Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the principal singers being Miss S. Wells, Miss Eyles, Mr. William Cummings, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Land, Mr. Lawler—all members of the London Glee and Madrigal Union—and a chorus under the direction of Mr. Smythson. Mendelssohn's music was followed by a miscellaneous selection, including two overtures—*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, by O. Nicolai, and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, by J. Street—and comprising compositions by Sir Henry Bishop, Sir John Stevenson, Dr. Callcott, Dr. Wilson, and Stevens. The single encore of the concert was awarded to Stevens' glee, "Blow thou wintry wind," sung by Miss Wells, Miss Eyles, Mr. W. Cummings, and Mr. Lawler. The concert-room was crowded, and nearly four thousand persons were assembled in the building.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 10, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Cantata of the *May Queen*, by STERNDALE BENNETT, continued.

### Wagner and his Critics.

The literary passage-at-arms between RICHARD WAGNER and BERLIOZ, which has sprung from the concerts recently given by the former in Paris, is curious, if nothing more. Berlioz, with Liszt, have been commonly regarded and quoted as the two who make up with Wagner the glorious trinity of founders and of rulers in the new world called the "Music of the Future." These were Wagner's two main stays: Liszt, his chivalrous exponent and defender; Berlioz, by instinctive sympathy of purpose and direction, working somewhat from the same principles and by the same means, but from his own original suggestion, naturally converging toward him. Exiled from Germany in '48; not permitted to bring out in person or to hear his own works, which have a certain currency in the chief German cities, scouted of course by English prejudice against everything that is new, excluded until now from France, Wagner at last is called to Paris and has an opportunity to give a taste of his productions (in a fragmentary manner) to the critical and dilettante world there, wielding the conductor's baton in his own person. Of course the feuilletons are full of it the morning after the first concert. There are all manner of critical opinions and expressions; there are plenty of ignorant admirers, who are not critics, and praise for the only reason that they like a thing; there are not a few too of admiring critics, who give him credit for genius, for originality, but find much fault, both with the music and with the theoretic principles on which he is presumed to have composed it.

But of all the men to whom Wagner must have looked with full assurance not only of a generous welcome, but even of an earnest advocacy, as to a brother hero and apostle in a common cause, Berlioz, the new school composer and

the critic, the wielder, like himself, of mighty orchestras and of the pen, was certainly the man. What then must have been his surprise, the morning after the concert, at reading in the *Journal des Debats* the singularly diplomatic criticism which we have translated in last week's paper! He is flattered, to be sure, by what is said in detail of several of his compositions; but when it comes to principles, to theoretic dogmas, to the central ideas of the whole Art-gospel of their common apostleship, for which they have labored and suffered, battling with the prejudices of a world bed-ridden by "the classics;" when it comes to the essence of the whole matter, presto! our Frenchman has doffed the friend and donned the diplomat; deals cautiously as with a foreign power; "does not quite understand;" "if it means so and so, pleads off, rejects it utterly, "lifts up his hands and swears: *Non credo!*"

Here then the "Future" has become already a kingdom divided against itself. Its chiefs and founders quarrel. One of the Three, in his public capacity of critic, declines to commit himself. Two alone are left: Wagner is great, and Franz Liszt is his prophet.

One who has heard any of the instrumental music of Berlioz cannot but note the curious fact, that in his criticism he takes Wagner to task for the very same uncouth peculiarities which abound in his own works. The "weariness" and consequent avoidance (perhaps native lack) "of melody"; the "satiety with consonant harmonies, with simple, prepared, resolved dissonances, with natural modulations"; the "ascending and descending minor sevenths, winding in and out like a knot of hissing serpents;" "middle parts forced together without harmonic or rhythmical agreement;" "modulations that make one shudder," and so on;—are we not kept on the rack by these sort of extravagances, these bold arts of effect, as much while listening to Berlioz, as while listening to Wagner? Our knowledge of them both, we own, is limited: but is not this the general impression justified by what little of the symphonic music of Berlioz has found its way into the concert rooms on this side of the ocean? The difference seems to be that Wagner is a man of genius, and Berlioz but a man of talent. Wagner has ideas, creative power, and Berlioz is but an ambitious setter forth of barren inspirations with an imposing breadth and pomp of instrumental combinations. In the one we see something like growth from within, which is characteristic of the works of all men of genius, all creative artists, old or new, classic or reformers, in the other it is a building and clothing upon from without. And yet while Wagner seems to have creative genius as compared to Berlioz, he is far, very far from having made good his claim in that respect to a place upon the same level with the great tone-poets, the Mozarts, Beethovens, &c.

But Berlioz no doubt is honest in his criticism of Wagner. It is a criticism from his own proper stand-point. Berlioz is above all the technical musician; he is great chiefly in that character. Wagner is less so; he is a man of ideas, an artist. Berlioz criticizes him grammatically, and Wagner is willing to leave the question of musical grammar to others; his work, as he conceives it, is to build up, to explain by word and example the "Art-work of the Future," in which Music shall be but one co-operative factor with

the other arts in realizing a more rich and universal Art. It must have been mortifying, with these high views, to have his "dear Berlioz" meet and judge him as a mere musician. To be regarded as a musician, must, to one of these great prophets of the "Future," seem almost as insulting, as to be called a *musikant*, or common fiddler.

After all it strikes us that the only real question was as to the musical and artistic worth, the beauty, the inspiration, the power, the significance of Wagner's music. All that Berlioz says, as to wherein he agrees and wherein he differs with the "Zukunft" creed, or theory, is gratuitous. Probably Wagner himself would condemn all that Berlioz condemns, in the form that the latter supposes the ideas presented. And probably what is most vital to the thought of Wagner, and of all his critics, is that in which all true artists have agreed and ever must agree. The great question that we have about a composer relates not to his theory, but to his practice, to the reality and quality of his genius, to the beauty and inspiring influence of his works. We care not whether he be old school or new school; whether he follow in the beaten paths, or strike out new paths. If he have genius, if he have poetry and music in him, he will show it, whether he keep in old forms, or feel forth after new ones. The more of genius a composer has, the less will he trouble himself about forms theoretically. His genius may find the best scope, and the most convenient channels in the so-called classical and strict forms, or it may best express itself in freer modes; in either case we feel the genius, the soul that animates and moulds the form, and either form becomes poetic, beautiful, instinct with life. It is not in the power of any Berlioz, Liszt or Wagner—or even of our friend Fry—to differ more widely from "classical old-fogism" generally, than Chopin's lovely inspirations differ from the Sonatas of Beethoven or the Fugues of Bach: and yet Chopin is a welcome presence in all feasts, of music that are most classical and choice.

### Musical Chit-Chat.

FERDINAND HILLER's new oratorio "Saul," is to be performed this evening, for the first time in this country, by the New York Liederkreis, conducted by Herr Paar, in the Academy of Music; the principal solos by Mme. Zimmermann, Stigelli, and others.... The Ullman-Strakosch troupe were to perform "Moses in Egypt," oratorio-wise, in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, on Thursday evening.... GAZZANIGA has returned from her wanderings and come back to the Academy, where she has sung this week in *La Traviata* and in *Don Giovanni*. Major SUSINI was to appear as the Duke in *Lucrezia Borgia* last evening, and also sing "the song of the Zouave after the battle of Solferino," one of Sig. Muzio's patriotic effusions. This afternoon "the season definitely closes" with a "grand matinée."... Maretzek's company, who were announced as to be in Philadelphia this week, are still at the Winter Garden, where Verdi's *Nebuchadnezzar* has succeeded to *La Juive*, with Mme. FABBRI, and a new basso, Sig. MIRANDOLA.

In Philadelphia there is eager expectation of MARETZKE, with his FABBRI, FREZZOLINI, STIGELLI and the rest. Is ULLMAN coming here, we wonder? Why can not our new-named Boston Academy give us the two companies in turn? Or is it necessary to the very existence of two Operas, that they should stay in the same place and fight each other?... The

Philadelphians have given a grand complimentary concert to Mr. CARL SENZ, who is soon to suspend his Germania Afternoon Rehearsals and make a visit to Europe. CARL HORNSTOCK, the excellent violinist, is also turning his face the same way, and is to have a farewell concert.

Mr. S. A. BANCROFT, the organist at Dr. Kirk's church, and Mr. B. J. LANG, our accomplished young pianist, sailed in the Canada, on Wednesday, with the pleasant prospect of a five months' tour in Europe before them. They will spend a month in London, now in the height of the musical season, and will divide the remaining months between Germany, France and Switzerland. May they hear plenty of fine music, and return refreshed in body and in mind; for who needs such refreshment more than a hard-working teacher of music, and who can be musician in this country without being teacher?

Messrs SIMMONS & WILLCOX, of this city, have just finished another admirable organ, destined for the Church of St. Ignatius (Catholic) in Baltimore. It has three manuals, including a Swell down to the 8-foot C, and a Pedal organ; and has upwards of thirty stops. The case is of pure Corinthian design, to correspond with the interior of the church. For an organ of its size, its power and volume are remarkable; the full organ, with the mixtures, &c., is rich and well balanced, the diapasons round and satisfying, the imitative stops beautifully characteristic, the swell quite perfect in its operation. Opposite to this instrument in the Manufactory, as we saw it, stands another large organ, which is nearly finished, for St. Paul's Church, in Louisville, Ky., where Mr. E. W. GUNTER is the organist.

"Juvenile Operas, Cantatas," &c., seem to be more and more the fashion over the country. Such things are easily produced, and easily performed, and if they happen to have a little cleverness, are sometimes good speculations for the "professors" who compose them. The Manchester, N. H. *Mirror* speaks enthusiastically of a new one, called the "Fairy Grotto," lately written and brought out by Mr. STRATTON, of that city.

The great event next coming in New York will be the reception of the Japanese Embassy, who are to be can-onnized, paraded round, palavered, feasted, danced to, sung and played to, and bored, bewildered, dazzled by all sorts of entertainment which may serve to show that this is the greatest nation on God's earth. Why not among other things give them a grand sample of the "Music of the Future"? Where are Fry, and others who compose symphonies at an hour's warning? There is our good old friend, Father Heinrich, whose brain always teems and whose heart always swells with patriotic inspirations, worldwide and generous, who has already set the glorious theme to music. He has composed, we understand, a symphony in honor of the occasion. Why are not the Committee stirring? Here is the title:

Grand Symphony in Three Parts.  
For full Orchestra.  
AMERICA'S WELCOME TO ASIA.  
Presented through the Most Honorable Japanese Embassy,  
to the  
KINT-SUSAMA,  
or  
Celestial Lord of Japan.  
PART I.  
Grand Historic Overture.  
Opening of the Sealed Gates  
To American Commerce.  
Exultation of the two Worlds, expressed by a  
Grand Heroic March.  
PART II.  
The children of Senzō—Dai—Sin  
embark on  
The Ocean of Peace  
for a voyage to the  
Land of Washington.

PART III.  
Rejoicing of Columbia.  
Composed by  
Anthony Philip Heinrich.

We read in German papers of two musical festivals to be held this summer on the Rhine. The first will be at Pfingst (Whitsuntide), first of June, at Dusseldorf, under the direction of Ferdinand Hiller. The programme for the first day (Sunday) will be: Handel's "Samson" oratorio, and Schumann's symphony in B flat major; second day (Monday): Overture to the *Wasserträger*, by Cherubini, *Ver Sacrum*, by Hiller; seventh symphony by Beethoven. Third day: Artist's Concert, with the co-operation of Frau Bürde-Ney, Fr. Franziska Schreck, and Herren Schnorr, Stockhausen and Joachim.—The other is the fourth Middle Rhine Festival, to be held at Mayence on the 22d and 23d of July. "Israel in Egypt" (Handel), the *Walpurgisnacht* (Mendelssohn), choruses from Gluck's *Alceste*, and two choruses from Mozart and Palestrina will be performed.

W. H. FRY says, in the *Tribune*, of *La Juive*:

"*La Juive*" is one of the operas produced in Paris between 1830 and 1840, which inaugurated a new school, in so far as the plot was neither the old-fashioned draughts on Lemprière's classical dictionary touching the woes of Orpheus and Euridice, or Medea, nor yet the light-hearted pleasantness of "*La Dame Blanche*" or "*Fra Diavolo*." The peculiarities of this school are a large, well developed serious or tragic modern or medieval subject, requiring much stage display, and not content with less than four or five acts for its scope. There were several contestants for supremacy in this school. Aubert in "*Mammiello*," Rossini in "*William Tell*," Halévy in "*La Juive*," and Meyerbeer in "*Robert le Diable*." Of these works, the plot of "*William Tell*" is poor, the soprano part weak, but the excellence of the tenor part, first in the hands of Nourrit, then of Dupres, added to various musical merits, made it succeed. "*Mammiello*," though not remarkable in its solos, has an excellent stirring plot, charming situations, many original popular choruses, barcaroles which have traveled round the world, and a memorable duet. "*Robert le Diable*," though not successful here, by the aid of Tagliioni's dancing and some fine concerted music, especially the final duo and trio—to which may be added wonderfully fine scenic effects, and a fine idealistic poem of Good and Evil running through it, triumphed in Paris. It is not very fluent, vocally. "*La Juive*" has the advantage of a concise plot, strong situations, and excellent suggestions for stage display. The composition of this work appeared to exhaust M. Halévy, for his subsequent productions have been positive or comparative failures. When it was first brought out in Paris, Dupres was in the height of his renown, the chief tenor part being drawn to suit that vocalist. Dupres was renowned for strength and facility in the extra upper notes of his voice, and the composer, who knew his trade, and rounded off the approaches to climaxes with these sonorous inflations, could promise himself a successful scene. Halévy is not, in a proper sense, a great melodist. In *La Juive* he has some happy phrases; but we cannot point to a first rate, complete, spontaneous melody, in the whole work. Yet by a judicious knowledge of effect, aided by capital situations, he made a success in Paris of the first order. The finale to Act I. is an example of this. The vocal writing is, to the last degree, judicious and effective; and yet the melody, as a whole, will not compare with the best; but it has particular measures that are admirable and exalted. The same may be said of other portions of the opera.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER was expected daily in London, where he intends to pass the season. ROSSINI had arrived there.... A grand concert will be given in May or June, in the Crystal Palace, for the benefit of Mr. W. V. WALLACE, to consist entirely of music taken from his works, vocal and instrumental.

### Musical Correspondence.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 14.—Presuming that you will not be at all averse to having some little account of how matters in general, but musical matters in particular, progress in this sometime-to-be-great city of the western coast. I take pen in hand to enlighten you to the best of my ability; and in commencing let me say that the arrival of the "Journal of Music" by each steamer is one of the greatest sources of pleasure derived by myself and brother, far away as we are from all that we hold greatest and best in the way of music. No, not all, for we can still have Beethoven, Chopin, Mendelssohn and others, if we are inclined to be satisfied with what the piano can supply; for have we not TRENKLE with us?—and surely it would be unreasonable in us to expect more pleasure than we can derive by passing an evening with him. San Francisco seems not just the place for one so ill as he is, but he feels obliged



to remain here, I presume, on account of pupils, &c. I wish he would go back into the country and stay for awhile, it might invigorate him. But we hope for the best. He keeps up good spirits.

Next to Trenkle among our musicians, comes GUSTAVE A. SCOTT, who is one of the finest exponents that I ever heard and an admirable musician. Besides these excellences he possesses that of being a boon good fellow, kind-hearted, and always ready to render assistance where it is needed, and without remuneration. He is a universal favorite and deservedly so, being always ready for a good time. Some rare performances take place in his room, which looks out upon Montgomery St., the Washington St. of San Francisco. The "Anvil Chorus" is frequently brought out in a style that would astonish the sober people of Boston; in fact it rather astonishes Californians, if we may judge from the crowd that invariably assembles on the opposite sidewalk during the performance. Scott has a fine grand piano, on which he executes the orchestral passages, the chorus of blacksmiths consisting of from four to eight of certain individuals, of whom your humble servant and brother form a part, armed with watering pots, tin pans, sheets of zinc, air-tight stove, coal-hods, tin pails, &c., and the way that the *strikers* "put in," would astonish even the Lynn mob. The effect is very grand, of course, and is properly appreciated by the crowd in the street. So much for fun; but every Monday evening a quartet of us have some pleasant glee singing, at the same place. Orchestral talent is scarce, as you may suppose when you know that TRENKLE, who proposes giving a concert soon and wishes to play a trio or quartet of Beethoven or Mozart, is prevented from so doing by the lack of a violoncellist. "Oh, if Wulf were only here!" groaned he in despair, the other evening. I echoed that wish, you may be sure. But it is too early yet for Beethoven to be appreciated here, so, I suppose we must not look for getting the "Quintette" out here at present.

We have a society gradually improving in chorus singing, that we hope will one of these days become an Oratorio society. The "Pacific Musical Society" is the name of this promising club, consisting of about fifty members, under the charge of Mr. ELLIOT, the best tenor singer and one of the best amateur musicians amongst us. Like Scott, he is always ready for a good time, particularly if music is connected. He formed the present Club some few months since, taking simple glees to commence with. The book now in use is the "Opera Chorus Book," and many of the choruses are rendered very excellently. The credit is due to Elliot, who conducts and has trained them well, and Scott, who is in this affair to help all he can and to "do the orchestra." I think, too, that the "Handel and Haydn Society" might profit by the example displayed by this little society in point of attendance. I have known three of the prominent lady members to leave company at home to attend rehearsal. That's the true spirit, is it not? I wish it were possible to get up the "Messiah" for Christmas next. We may do it yet, but oh, for Zerrahn! You will hear more of our little society hereafter.

We have recently had opera here. Opera! only think of that. LEACH, ROSALIE DURAND, GEORGIA HODSON, &c. were the opera-tors. I went one evening to hear the *Trovatore*. With difficulty I stayed through the first act and part of the second, but having endured all I could, I left and made place for others who possessed greater powers of appreciation than myself. I see by this morning's paper that we are to have LUCY ESCOTT and troupe. They will at least be an improvement on the others. Madame BISCACCANTI is here still, but appears but seldom in public. I believe she is singing at one of the churches. A Mr. Evans is likewise here and has played at one or two concerts. How long he will re-

main is not known. He plays the fine organ at Dr. Scott's church, but though he shows ability and perfect control of the instrument, I fear that Bach or Handel would be horrified at finding that noblest of instruments treated after his manner. He loves to show it off, but he has no true appreciation of its grandeur. Trenkle is the man who should play that organ; I hope he may yet be there.

Now do not judge from what I have said, that music is scarce in Frisco. On the contrary, we are convinced each evening that nowhere in the States is it more plenty. If we go out of an evening, we hear, first, two drums and a fife playing most merrily on one side of the Plaza; on the other, the same instruments, with the addition of a couple of sax horns and a trombone will discourse on another subject, while, at a short distance, in another direction, "Bobbin' around," with "My Mary Ann" will add to the attractions, particularly when the organ which discourseth is a little wheezy. From each drinking saloon as we pass (which we always do) we catch the sound of a fiddle (not a violin) and piano, with occasionally a flute. On such occasions we cannot refrain from giving utterance to our feelings of emotion as we exclaim gratefully: "Who says we don't have music in San Francisco!" When, added to all this, I make you acquainted with the fact of our lodgings being in a Chinese neighborhood, enough has been said. No matter, it would be strange indeed if music had reached a proper standard in so young a city. One of these days you will find a different state of things.

Well, so much for gossip. I thought you might possibly feel an interest in knowing what was the condition of things here, and I have said my say. I hope the time may come when "Dwight's Journal of Music" may be looked for as eagerly by all as it now is by your very humble servant. W. H. D.

CINCINNATI, MAY 7.—During the past week, Lortzing's charming operetta, "*Der Czar und Zimmermann*," was twice given, at Pike's opera house, by the Cincinnati Maennerchor, under the direction of Prof. CHARLES BARNES. This is an entirely domestic enterprise, and as such deserved the united support and encouragement of dilettanti and philharmonists. This society has successively sung this opera at their *locale*, at the German theatre, and the National, with success; flattered and encouraged, they engaged the opera house. But the audience was too small to insure the permanence of the enterprise.

We cannot understand how a city can style itself Art-loving, in the face of so many failures of this kind. The sculptor's creation yellows in his studio, the painter's efforts are crowned with the dust of his atelier, and the poet-musician, finding neither pecuniary nor other recompense, sees the utter uselessness in laboring. Not the creator only, but the performer and interpreter feels the same want of encouragement; for instance, Mme. Gazzaniga, universally acknowledged to be one of the finest lyric actresses of the day, had to restrict an engagement of four nights to one.

Though the rendering of Lortzing's opera was not faultless, it was certainly fine. The ensemble pieces were the best I have ever heard, and far superior to those of the Strakosch troupe. Particularly fine were the sextet in the second, and the quartet in the third act, which merited and received an encore. The part of Mary was well sung and acted, as was also that of the Czar, and of Iwanow. The burgo-master failed in his singing, but his acting was faultless. The distinct enunciation of the words was a praiseworthy feature of the performance. I am sorry I cannot give you the names of the singers, as their modesty prevents them from giving them to publicity. On the whole the affair was an honor to the city and creditable to all engaged in it—except the ballet girls. W.

## Special Notices.

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# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 425.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 9.

## Italian and German Singing.

[We translate the following sensible remarks from an article in the Vienna *Deutsche Musik-Zeitung*, by Alfred Freiherr von Welsogen. He takes his texts from certain passages in the autobiography of the German tenor singer, Franz Wild, who died on the first day of the present year, and of whose artistic career we have already given a brief sketch. The writer fears, and very reasonably, that Wild's account and recommendation of his own practice may lend an undue currency to some false maxims in the vocal art.—Ed.]

.... First, we read in Wild's autobiography the following confession: "Scales I sang but little; but I practised with unwearied zeal prominent passages of parts, to the perfect rendering of which I attached great importance."—"Without syllables, without words I had no voice. For this latter excellence (??) I had to thank the strictness of my singing teacher at the Court Capelle, Herr Körner, who was the only one who ever taught me in my art," &c. It is scarcely possible to show more strikingly in fewer words, that Germany is not the land of singing as an art: that in our country one can much more acquire the fame of a great dramatic singer, without possessing the least apprehension of the peculiar essence of the art of singing. Capable lungs, a strong, metallic voice, a good stage figure and intense endowments for theatrical representation: these are the qualities with which one can make a *furor* as a singer in all the German theatres, and with which one is equally sure to make an utter failure everywhere, where singing as an art is understood, unless besides all these fine qualities he also learned the trifling matter of *having a voice without words or syllables*, i. e., of being a real singer; and this he only can become and can remain through daily practice of the *scales*. Now if Wild assures us that he always conceived his tasks as a *singing actor*, that he studied above all the character of the rôle he had to represent; realized to himself the situations which it offered; and sought to bring not only his looks and gestures, but even the color of his voice into accordance therewith; and if this is all quite fine and good, in learning to carry a vocal part through effectively, still these rules and confessions do not reveal to us the inmost heart and kernel of dramatic singing. They only show how right Rossini was—Rossini, that completest, finest judge of all the qualities which go to make up genuine dramatic singing—when he advised the artist (at Paris in 1824) to go for at least a year to Italy, there to complete his vocal studies.\*

Certainly a dramatic singer must regard himself as a *singing actor* and must strive to enter into the character of every rôle as deeply as possible; but the principal means, which stands at his command in such a representation, must always be the artistically cultivated voice; and that is what we find too often misunderstood and

\*Wild, to be sure, expresses himself as if Rossini's advice and that of the Direction of the Italian Opera in Paris only meant, that he should go to Italy in order to acquire a faultless pronunciation of the Italian language; but any one who knows enough to divest this passage of its euphuism, will surely construe it as we have done.

unappreciated in Germany, even by the very best stage singers. Even stars of the first magnitude, as respects beauty of organ, and perhaps also the gift for acting, evening a Milder-Hauptmann, a Bader, a Johanna Wagner and a Wild, are not to be compared to the highest artistic appearances in the Italian operatic firmament, to a Manuel Garcia (who was the first Don Juan in the world!) a Pisaroni, Malibran or Grisi, a David, Rubini, or Lablache; for these were not mere singing actors, but dramatic singers in the fullest meaning of the word; their art proceeded not from syllables and words, but from scales and sol-feggi. They before all things controlled the organ, upon which their calling for the opera was grounded, and through which they had alone the power to work effectively within its most essential element, the *musical*. For what does all his ever so natural and intelligent action avail the opera singer, when the inmost nature of his art demands as the first requisite, that he shall represent the special states of soul, which his part gives him to express, *through his singing*, through the deep and searching truthfulness of his tone and his delivery?

And in fact this prime condition has been the most completely fulfilled by all really great dramatic singers, whether of Italian or of German origin; for not the *land* begets the artist, but the *method*. It is not true that it is never within the power of a German throat to reach the perfect development of an Italian one, and that therefore the German singer must look to other means for producing an effect upon the stage, than those prescribed by the great Italian singing masters from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century. The truth is, rather, that only the old Italian school of singing, the school of a Pistocchi, a Bernacchi and a Porpora has been able to form really great dramatic singers; and that Italy has produced more distinguished singers than our northern home, because it naturally occurred more frequently in Italy that singers formed themselves upon this true method, derived from the very constitution of human nature, whereas Germany cannot boast of ever having discovered a distinctive school of singing, though she could at all times point to a great number of bad teachers. But those of our German singers who have gone through the true Italian school, our Raff, our Fischer, our SONTAG, these have without doubt been fully peers of their trans-Alpine colleagues; and so too, on the other hand, the many Italians now traversing Europe, whose culture rests upon the modern method branded by the great Catalani as the "*piccola scuola*," show that they lack the genuine art, whereby Pacchierotti at the age of fifty, and past the physical bloom of life, still knew how to enchant all by the nobility of his tone, and the searching power of his delivery.

But granting even that the old masters of dramatic singing in the high culture of their throats neglected the study of action somewhat,

and only knew how to embody their parts song-wise upon the stage; granting that Wild was right in his prescription, first of all to study the character of a part and to postpone the scales to this study, then against this preconceived opinion (quite opposed to our own experiences of Grisi, of Lablache, &c.) we might offset the weighty testimony of Addison, who in the thirteenth number of his *Spectator* speaks as follows of the playing of the then famous contraltist Nicolini\*: "I have often wished, that our great tragedians" (at this time Barton Booth and Colly Cibber still stood at the zenith of their fame, and Thomas Betterton had just closed his eyes, Garrick had not yet opened his) "would copy after this great master in action. Could they make the same use of their arms and legs, and inform their faces with as significant looks and passions, how glorious would an English tragedy appear with that action, which is capable of giving a dignity to the forced thoughts, cold conceits, and unnatural expressions of an Italian opera?"

Wild was certainly a remarkable talent in every respect, and even the weak sides of his character and of his artistic culture will never blot out the remembrance of the strong sides, which he has had opportunities frequent and brilliant enough of presenting to the public during a theatrical career of nearly forty years. Nature had equipped him with a wonderfully beautiful and powerful voice, and with sufficient powers of feeling and of understanding, to achieve something significant also as an actor. Moreover his organ possessed so much flexibility, that he could command many of the technical specialities of singing, such as a respectable *coloratur*, without much difficulty; but he was far from being a great and finished singer after the order of Farinelli, Caffarelli, Pacchiarotti, Taccinardi, &c.; otherwise he could not possibly have had the *mauvais* to boqueth this non-scale-singing as a particularly useful recipe to the singers of posterity.

\*His real name was Niccolò Grimaldi, and he first appeared in London, in Handel's *Rinaldo*.

(Conclusion next week.)

## More Letters of Spohr.

[We are enabled to present our readers with some letters of Spohr, from London and Paris, written at the same period of his life, and addressed to his friend, Speyer. They have never been made public. Herr Speyer gave these interesting documents, unconditionally, to Herr A. Schindler, at the latter's reiterated request. We, in our turn, are indebted to Herr Schindler for them.—*Land. Mus. World.*]

I.

London, the 27th March, 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have purposely deferred writing until now, in order that I might be able to tell you something both of my circumstances here, and of the way in which art is cultivated. At present, after a stay of four weeks, I am sufficiently at home to be able to pronounce a decision with certainty. If, however, my procrastination has been the cause of your being at all alarmed by a piece of information in a Paris paper, which reported we were lost during the passage from Calais to Dover, I should blame myself for not having at once let you know that—though obliged to venture on, crossing at the stormy period of the year, when, according to the returns of the Exchange, more than 150 ships were either lost or driven aground on the English coast—

we arrived safe and sound, and soon recovered from the fright and illness of the transit. In the first place, then, you must know that I have been most cordially received by all those persons to whom I brought letters of recommendation, as well as by all the artists on whom I have called, and that Herr Pensa is perfectly right in saying that the English are far more agreeable at home than on their travels abroad. In the next place, I must inform you that the way in which Art is cultivated here offers great contrasts (most glaringly prominent in large cities especially); that, side by side with much that is admirable and worthy of praise, you hear the most wretched performances, and that, in a word, it is very plain the English have no vocation and no true feeling for music. It is true that they cultivate music seriously, as they do everything, but it is soon evident, as in the case of English travellers, when visiting the treasures of Art and antiquities in Italy, that it is more a labor than a source of enjoyment for them, and that, at the conclusion of a concert, they may well be supposed to say, like their compatriots, after an Art-visit in Rome, "Thank heaven, this is all over!" The very fact of their being able to sit out and listen attentively to concerts, four, and frequently five, hours long, with only a short pause, proves that music does not force its way to their hearts, for, if it did, they would be exhausted before the end of the first half. The fact, too, that they listen with equal interest, on the same evening, to the most wretched compositions; that they can, in the same concert, hear a classical piece of music by Mozart, and encore a vulgar English street ballad, without the slightest artistic value, proves them to be utterly incapable of distinguishing good music from bad. Of course this is true only of the ordinary concert-goers, for there are naturally in a city with 1,200,000 inhabitants, some few who must be allowed to form honorable exceptions, and possess the power of judging matters of Art. That, being convinced of this, I should, three weeks ago, on my first appearance (when I played my *scena* at the first concert of the Philharmonic Society) have felt very nervous, I can only explain by the presence of Viotti and several other distinguished professionals, whose perhaps too great expectations I had to satisfy, and although they, as well as the general public, applauded me very much, I was but little satisfied with myself, and looked forward impatiently to my second appearance. A week ago, I played at the second concert of the Philharmonic Society, my "Quatuor brilliant" in E major, with such success that, from that time, I have enlisted every one in my favor. Last Wednesday, too, when I played for the third time, at Drury Lane Theatre, in what was called an oratorio, my "Pot-pourri," in B flat, I was greeted, both on my appearance, and when I had concluded the piece, with marks of approbation, such as seldom fall to the lot of a foreign artist. At the third concert of the Philharmonic Society, I am going to conduct, and shall make my *debut* with a new grand symphony in D minor, which I began immediately after our arrival, and finished a day or two ago. You may easily believe I am indescribably delighted that this work, which I conceived and brought forth in a spirit of the greatest enthusiasm, is to be performed for the first time by so magnificent and full a band as that of the Philharmonic Society (28 violins, 12 double basses, &c.), and in so noble a place as the New Argyl Rooms. I shall afterwards produce my old symphony, as well as my overtures, which have not yet been performed here.

Whether we shall make anything considerable here, the future will show; that it will be something, I know already, for I can calculate pretty nearly the expense of living. Up to the present time, we have engagements, either for us both, or for me alone, to play for remuneration at three concerts. I have also begun to give lessons. It is not certain whether or no the King will hear us; he has not yet returned to town. Our benefit-concert is fixed for the 8th June; I think it will be tolerably successful. I will write to you next time about the professionals here; a concert of Mad. Mara, who is seventy, was interesting. My change on the violin has turned out excellent; the violinists here are already beginning to imitate it.

LOUIS SPOHR.

## II.

London, the 17th April, 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—How can I thank you sufficiently for having, by a speedy refutation of the frightful report of our death, spared my parents and mother-in-law days of grief! But for your letter, what would they not have suffered until they had read the denial of the report in the newspapers? I shall never forget this friendly act of service on your part. We are receiving, from all parts of Germany, congratulations on our escape; these, as proofs of the interest taken in us by a great many good men,

have caused us great joy. I cannot, however, even now, understand how the report of our having perished can have arisen, since we were in London long before the onburst of the storm, which destroyed so many vessels.

You received, no doubt, soon after you despatched your own, my first letter, in which I informed you of my appearance at the first two concerts of the Philharmonic Society. Since then, I have played three times in public, and conducted the third concert of the Philharmonic Society, rising, I am fully justified in asserting, more and more in the estimation of the public,—at least the latter have given me the most unmistakable proofs of this at each successive appearance. In the first place, I played in a so-called oratorio at Drury Lane Theatre, my *pot-pourri* in B flat major, then, at the last Dilettante Concert at the London Tavern, in the City, a sonata with my wife, and, in the second part, my *scena*; and, lastly, at the so-called Vocal Concert, in a very fine room in Hanover Square, a new concerto in A major, which was especially successful. My wife, who on her first appearance here, where there are so many good masters of the harp, quite astonished and put me to the blush, for I was much more timid than she, created a deep sensation by the originality of her grand play and was highly praised by all the professionals that evening. That this success of our efforts as artists greatly enlivens our sojourn here, you may easily imagine.

The greatest pleasure was, however, that caused by the reception of my new symphony. Previously to my arrival in London, not one of my orchestral compositions had ever been given, either at any of the Philharmonic, nor, as far as I am aware, at any other concert; and I looked forward anxiously for an opportunity of enabling professionals and amateurs to hear some of them. This opportunity presented itself. Among other very sensible regulations there is one to the effect that, during the series of concerts, the members shall execute, on two evenings, before a small and select audience of professionals and amateurs, only compositions (mostly symphonies and overtures) with which they are unacquainted, and decide, by the applause of those present, whether the pieces thus played are or are not worthy of being played publicly at one of the subsequent concerts. At an ordeal of this kind, I gave them my published symphony and two of my overtures, that from *Abramo* and the new one. The enthusiastic applause with which these were distinguished (it is true they had to contend with only very weak productions—a symphony by Soliva, the composer of the opera *La Testa di Bronzo*, and another, still weaker, by a native composer) impelled the directors to ask me to have the published symphony performed at the next concert. This, however, I declined, telling them I had intended for my *debut* as a composer a new symphony, written here in London. My proposition was accepted, although the directors seemed to think the new symphony would scarcely please so much as the old one did. But they changed their opinion, even on the first hearing of the piece at rehearsal. The band, whose good-will I had already gained, by small acts of attention and politeness, at the performance of my other things, exerted themselves to the utmost to execute the symphony in a way that would meet with my approval. They were accustomed more, also, to my mode of conducting (for I had been called on to conduct at the trial of the new compositions a week previously), and found this a great help, so that not only my symphony, but all the other pieces produced at this concert (the symphony in C with fugue, by Mozart, and the overtures to *Fidelio* and *Medea*) went with much more precision than usual.

The manner of conducting at the theatres and concerts here is the most preposterous which can be imagined. With two conductors figuring away, there is really not even one. He who is styled the *conductor*, in the bills, sits at the piano and plays from the score, but neither marks time nor gives the *tempi*; this the *leader*, or first violinist, ought to do. As he has, however, merely a violin part before him, he cannot help the orchestra, and, therefore, contents himself with playing away his own part, and allowing the orchestra to get on in the best way they can. Artists here had perceived the defect of such an arrangement, and the impossibility of an orchestra of fifty or sixty persons ever working well together with it, before I spoke to them on the subject; but they do not dare to make an alteration, because what is once established is regarded as sacred and inviolable, for, after all, with all his political freedom, an Englishman is the most abject slave of etiquette. I conducted, however, at rehearsal, in my old and usual manner, from the score; and in the evening, when the *conductor* is obliged to figure behind the piano, I knew the thing so by heart, that I was enabled to help the orchestra even without the score. My symphony was,

consequently, executed with more precision and nicety than I could expect, after one rehearsal, and that rather a hurried one, and it is to this, no doubt, that I am indebted for the fact that it was received by the public with greater enthusiasm than any other orchestral composition during my stay here. The minuet or scherzo was encored, and applauded after its repetition even more than before. This successful result is doubly gratifying, because it encourages me to hope that I have not yet gone back as a composer; for I dare not trust unconditionally my own opinion, according to which this symphony is the best thing I have done in the way of orchestral music, partly because one is always fondest of one's youngest children, and partly because a man is only too unwilling to confess to himself that the creative power of his youth is on the decline.

Of the other concerts and musical performances we have attended, I cannot say much. The Italian Opera is, at present, altogether bad. We were so fearfully bored there, that, till now, we have been unable to make up our minds to go there a second time. Among the singers, there was not a single one who distinguished himself. The band, conducted in the mode I have just described, is continually wavering, and you fear that it will break down every instant. The choruses are beneath criticism. Of the benefit concerts, the most interesting (but not on account of its goodness) for us was that given, at the Opera House, by Mad. Mara, who is seventy years of age. She had, probably, hoped that curiosity to hear once again as a matron a singer who had been admired here in her prime, forty years ago, would attract the English in large numbers to the theatre, and that she would once more, in her old age, make a great hit; but she was woefully mistaken. The house was empty, and, on account of the enormous expenses (the theatre alone cost 100 guineas), she will, in all probability, be something out of pocket. If, without being compelled to take such a step by the greatest want, she has, by thus appearing in public, rendered herself ridiculous, and damaged her well-merited reputation, she richly deserves having been punished by the unfavorable result. If, however, it is true that, as it is here and there asserted, she lost all she possessed at the burning of Moscow, we must give all our sympathy to a poor old lady, who, at so advanced an age, has been compelled, for the sake of what she might get, to exhibit publicly the last remnant of her once so celebrated artistic capabilities. What was heard of the latter on the evening of the concert was far too little for any one to form a judgment of her, and she escaped, probably, general ridicule only by causing it to be announced before she appeared that she was extremely hoarse and must crave the kind indulgence of the audience. Not merely has she scarcely any voice left, but everything she attempted on this unfortunate evening was so uncertain, out of tune, and even in such bad taste, that it was impossible to gather from it any idea of her former excellence.

The same evening two or three other things happened which could occur only in England. One of Cramer's pupils was to play Mozart's grand pianoforte concerto, with trumpets, kettle-drums, and a numerous band; it turned out, however, that the piano was so high, that none of the wind instruments could be employed. In any other city such a concerto would have been previously rehearsed, and then the tuner would have been able, between the rehearsal and the performance, to tune the instrument properly; here, however, this had not been done. I expected that the concerto would be entirely omitted, and that the pianist would substitute something else without accompaniment; not a bit of it; this piece, to which the wind instruments are so essential, was played without them, the first oboe and first bassoon part being merely taken by a violin and a violoncello. How the *tutti*, especially, sounded in the large Opera House, you may imagine. I did not observe, however, that any one among the audience resented such a profanation of a magnificent masterpiece. Did they fancy, perhaps, it ought to be given in this way? Cramer, the violinist, performed in the second part a violin concerto by Martini, which is, at least, 120 years old! It would be difficult to find anything in the world more wearisome! How a man can play such a thing in public is to me incomprehensible. If it were not done here, I do not think it would be done anywhere else. As a remarkable fact in London, it was not, therefore, without interest for me; I again felt, too, very vividly, that though in Martini's time there was vocal music, instrumental music has, at any rate, been created during the last fifty or sixty years by our heroes at Vienna. On the other hand, I heard, with the greatest pleasure, *glees* at several concerts, the so-called *glees* or four-part songs for male voices, of the same period. These are the only specimens of national music the English possess.

There are some, especially by Webbe and Smith, which are really admirable. It is, by the way, impossible for such songs to be sung more perfectly than they are sung by Messrs. W. and C. Knyvett, Vaughan and Bellamy. I never before met with such perfect equality of voice and such perfectly correct intonation. People here, however, do not seem to attach much value to these compositions, and I have always been looked at with astonishment when speaking in terms of ecstacy about them. Here, as well as elsewhere, a cavatina by Rossini is more certain to set the hands of the audience in motion.

At one of the last vocal concerts a *Te Deum*, by Graun, was sung. Scarcely, however, had the singers sung the first words, after the very long prelude, before all present rose, and remained standing as long as the piece lasted. This struck me as doubly ridiculous: in the first place because the English thus only pay the Almighty the same outward respect they pay the king—for, as is well known, "God save the King" is always listened to standing, whether the king be present or not; and in the second, because they regard as though belonging to the ritual of the church a piece of concert-music, which, just like all the others, is merely performed to afford artistic enjoyment to those present, who behave as though they were at church. The seriousness and gravity with which Englishmen observe the frequently absurd rules of etiquette always strikes me as exceedingly comical, and I can scarcely reconcile such conduct with the intelligence and love of freedom which they boast.

I have received from Berlin the intelligence that the vacant post of *Capellmeister* will not be filled up. I have, therefore, no reason for keeping my opera back any longer, and beg you, therefore, to have the kindness to forward the score and *libretto*, together with the enclosed letter, by the first post, to Count Brühl.

During the magnificent spring weather, we have commenced making excursions in and about London, to see whatever is worth seeing. Last Sunday, for instance, we went to Richmond, which is situated 13 English miles off, in a perfect paradise. I cannot describe to you how delightful it was to see the first green and the first blossoms on the trees, and once again to breathe the pure air without the unsupportable coal smoke. But this merely caused our chests to suffer more acutely as we approached the large mass of stone. Town is growing more lively every day, and the winter season will now at length begin with the blossoms on the trees. Is it possible to meet with greater contradictions than in London?

In my next letter, I will describe to you how music is cultivated in most private houses. The mode in which this done is, also, quite English, although some houses form honorable exceptions to the rule. For instance, I played yesterday at the Duke of Hamilton's in the presence of the Duke of Sussex, and a very select assembly. I cannot sufficiently praise the stillness and attention of all present, during the music, nor their polite behavior towards us artists. The English, especially those who have travelled, can make themselves very charming.

Farewell. Most cordial remembrances to your family. Let us soon have the pleasure of receiving another letter from you. Ever yours,

LOUIS SPORR.

### Madame Clara Novello.

(From the London Musical World.)

Among the lady vocalists whose talent has given lustre to their art, compelled the world to forget the fact of their English origin, and drawn forth the acknowledgment, not only of Continental Europe, but even of their native country, no one has reached a higher pinnacle of fame, and no one has more richly merited her elevation, than Madame Clara Novello. Memories that are still green, are stored with impressions of Paton; the generation is not extinct which treasures the recollection of Stephens and Maria Tree; we have men among us who remember with rapture the singing of Salmon and Dickens; and the career of the transcendent Billington was not beyond the experience of many who live to speak of her unparalleled excellence. The warmest enthusiast, however, for any or for all of these remarkable singers, has found it impossible not to admire, not to own, the rare powers of the lady who at this moment ranks in the highest class of European singers, and who is, in a few months, to be lost to us for ever. It is not so generally known as it will be universally regretted, that Madame Novello has determined to take a formal and final farewell of the public in

November next; but it will readily be believed—such is this lady's known integrity—that, having so determined, she will abide by the resolution, and not (as has before now been the case with songstresses whose professional position should have held them above the capability of trifling with the world's esteem) make this occasion the first of a series of leave-takings. It will not be until the end of the London season that she can arrive in England; she will then sing, possibly for the Sacred Harmonic Society, perhaps at the Crystal Palace, certainly at the two provincial festivals, and in farewell concerts at the chief towns throughout the kingdom, and lastly, at one or two performances in the metropolis.

The very frequent fact of the value of a treasure being unestimated until after the treasure be lost, occurs not in the instance of Madame Novello; her importance to the station she holds, without a rival, is felt; and the unlikelihood is equally recognized of her having a successor who can satisfactorily replace her. Great as are the requisites for a dramatic singer, the excitement of the scene in which she appears, and the effect of the accessories by which she is surrounded, tend materially to draw forth her best qualities, and, at the same time, to influence her audience. It is a higher grade of artistry, that can enable a singer in an oratorio to control the sympathy of her hearers; since the sentiment she embodies is, for the most part, if more exalted, less generally congenial, and she has not the advantage of action to assist her to enforce its expression. Her greater difficulty than that of a theatrical *prima donna*, indeed, is twofold; first, in conceiving the deeper purpose of the work she has to perform; secondly, in impressing a less ready audience with her conception. Whatever have been Madame Novello's continental successes on the stage, it is in the more arduous duties of a singer of sacred music that she is best known in England, and it is in this capacity that her retirement will leave a blank which at present appears irreparable. Her grand style, her clear enunciation, and, above all, her exquisite voice, which is wonderful for its magnificent power as it is admirable for its delicious quality; these are the characteristics which every one recognizes in the lady of whom we speak; these are what endear her to the lovers of the highest class of vocal music, and these are what render her aid indispensable to our greatest performances. Who that has heard, in the execution of "God save the Queen," at the Crystal Palace, her beautiful, bright, clear, ringing notes, pealing above the massive sound produced by the thousands of choristers and instrumentalists, distinctly audible at the remote extremes of that colossal building—who that has heard, can recall the remembrance without as much amazement as pleasure? Who that has heard, in the Hymn of Praise, of Mendelssohn, her unparalleled delivery of the phrase, "The night is departing, departing," can ever believe that such perfect loveliness of sound, so beautiful in itself, and so true to the marvellous idea of the composer, can ever be realized by a successor? These are, perhaps, the two most remarkable instances of the display of Madame Novello's unique excellence; but no one who reads our remarks will be unable to swell the list by many examples he must have witnessed, which, surpassing everything else he has experienced, are yet surpassed by these two. It is as natural as it is common, to feel a strong interest in the personal career of an artist, who has professionally pleased us.

Clara Novello first saw the light—to use a figure of speech which is scarcely compatible with that optical delusion, whereof she must have proved the fallacy during her sojourn in the brightly sunny south—in Oxford-street, London; she saw, on that occasion, at least as much of the light as ever can penetrate our misty atmosphere, for the event occurred when the air is at its clearest, and the sun is at its brightest, a fortnight before midsummer, in the year 1818, upon the beaming 10th of June. Thus it will be seen, firstly, that she is a genuine Englishwoman; and that this much musically maligned land of fogs and consequent rheums, catarrh, and influenzas,

has yet to boast, in her organ, of its power of producing voices of equal beauty to those raised and nurtured in the Land of Song. It will be seen, secondly, that she will leave forty-two years behind her, when she quits this busy scene of ever-renewed excitement for the private seclusion of her own homestead, having still a natural prospect of a very long term, for the enjoyment of that repose to which she retires by choice, not by compulsion, to give her family the benefit of her maturity.

The father of this esteemed songstress, Mr. VINCENT NOVELLO, was among the most highly respected musicians of his generation in this country. Why should we say was? The respect he first earned, some half a century since or more, is still due and still paid to him, though the advance of years now checks the active exercise of those talents which have called it forth. Mr. Vincent Novello is one of the most highly respected English musicians of the age in which he flourished, and he lives in the full enjoyment of his honors, and the proud witness of those won by his daughter. He lives, one of the last of those worthies who maintained the art in this country during the first half of the present century. Attwood, Crotch, the elder Horsley, the still older Callcott, S. Wesley, F. Cramer, and his far more famous brother, J. B. (famous for playing and teaching the pianoforte, for his eternal book of studies, and for the embellishment of the facia of a great house in Regent-street with his name), Bishop, Cooke, and how many more of his co-laborers, have passed from the field of their activity. Mr. Novello is the composer of many admired, chiefly vocal, compositions; the best known of which are those written for the service of the Roman church. His name is even more familiar as an editor, his arrangements of Haydn's and Mozart's Masses being in use in every Romanist chapel throughout the kingdom, and in every family circle in which, whether with a religious or an artistic feeling, this class of music is practised; and his arrangements of Handel's Oratorios being in circulation by thousands and thousands of copies. He was one of the original members of the Philharmonic Society, an institution which has had an influence above all value upon the progress of music in England; in the old days, before the functions, or even the title, of a conductor were known among us, he used, in turn with his compeers, to "preside" at the pianoforte (as the phrase went) in this society's concerts; in later times, when, through his exertions and the efforts of others, music had made some advance, he filled the more honorable because the more responsible, office of conductor. He has stood high among organists, having been engaged for very many years in this capacity, at one or other of the chief Romanist chapels in the metropolis, and having been one of those who filled the post at the great Westminster Festival of 1834. It is said that his father was an Italian who came to London in the capacity of cook to one of the royal family; that, having set many a dainty dish before the king, he retired from office into the privacy of a confectionery shop, gladdening there the taste of the British public by the fabrication of those same delicacies which had erewhile delighted those princes and rulers, and that, while he still practiced the art of pastry the infant Vincent emulated rather that of the blackbirds, which may or may not have been sung at the opening of the kingly pies his sire had been wont to amalgamate. It is said that in a back parlor of the confectionery, young Vincent used to practise the pianoforte, and that being overheard in his pursuit of intellectual sweets, through the world of physical sweets that surrounded him, by a frequenter of his sire's emporium of dainties, this man of twofold taste perceived his talent and encouraged it, became his patron, and furnished the means for his receiving the best musical education the country could afford. We vouch not for the truth of either of these sayings, though we know of no reason to disbelieve them; if they be true, however, so much more creditable are they, both to the talent and assiduity of Mr. Novello, to whom such faculties have been as wings, whereupon he has soared into a position of high

consideration in an art which makes the greatest demands upon the intelligence of its votaries.

Mr. Novello threw in his profession, gained the esteem of men, married an English wife who was the very main-spring of the family activity, and begat sons and daughters. These, his progeny, are all, more or less, distinguished in one or more department of intellectual cultivation; Mr. J. A. NOVELLO is known as a vocalist, still more as the secretary of the society for abolishing taxes on knowledge, and most of all as the originator of the reduction of the price of musical publications; Mrs. COWDEN CLARKE is a novelist of deserved repute, and she has rendered a still greater service to literature, than by her clever original works, in the production of her elaborate "Concordance of Shakspeare"; Mrs. SERLE was a singer at the English Opera House, when it was directed by Mr. S. J. Arnold, and she closed her rising career, on her retirement into private life, when she married, but too early to prove to the world the extent of those abilities which her friends knew her to possess; Miss SABILLA NOVELLO made considerable progress as a vocalist; since she resigned which profession, she has been successfully occupied in translating theoretical works upon music; and, chief of her fraternity, Madame CLARA NOVELLO needs no comment of ours to prove her preëminence in the art she brightly adorns, and from the practice of which she is too soon to retire. Thus much for the parentage of our heroine, which proves her to be both of English and of musical origin, which shows her family to have risen by the merits of its members to that most honorable of all aristocracy, the nobility of their own creation; and which evidences the influence they must mutually have shared, whatever it may have been, the influence that prompted all of them to aspire, and neither of them without success.

It is quite beyond the limits of this notice to do justice to the circumstances and the surroundings which combined to develop the rare qualities, social and artistic, moral and intellectual, of the distinguished lady whose career we have undertaken, however imperfectly, to chronicle. We must briefly state then, as a point of far too great consideration to be disregarded, that her father's house was a gathering place of many of the most eminent literary men of that notable literary period in which her early years were passed, from whose sparkling, imaginative, and profound discourse her mind must have received impressions that may well have affected its entire constitution. Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Keats, the transcendent Shelley, were the more or less frequent guests of her paternal home, and others, not less renowned for wit and wisdom were members of the brilliant circle; Charles Lamb, for one, as unmusical as he was humorous, enjoyed the meetings, though he had no sense for the occasional music, which, to some, was their chief attraction, and, in his wonderful "Chapter on Ears," describing these very reunions, has everlastingly immortalized his own unimpressibility by that art, of whose effects poets as a race are, as they should be, always most susceptible. In avowing his own total unorganization for music, the exquisite Elia gives testimony to the character of the parties at the residence of Mr. Novello, (the N. of his irresistible essay to which we have alluded) and proves them to have been the occasion of such an intermixture of all that a lover of intellectual beauty would most wish to have witnessed, that we may well believe them to have constituted the most valuable school for our young artist's budding mind. Reared in an atmosphere of which poetry, and music, and love were the component gases—the hydrogen, oxygen, and carbon of the soul—should it be wondered that the powers of the future songstress were stimulated by the nourishment they inhaled, drawing thence a quickening impulse which may well have induced their utmost expansion?

(To be Continued.)

WEIMAR.—The first performance of Lassen's new opera, *Frauenlob*, text by Pasqué, was postponed a week from Easter, on account of the illness of Frau von Milde. . . . Liszt has brought out a new orchestral work: "Mephisto-Walzer."

## Musical Correspondence.

VIENNA, JAN. 15.—It was a great day for us all. The Kärnthnertheater orchestra had determined to give, under the conduct of Herr ECKERT, four great concerts in their own opera-house. These concerts were a little delayed by the illness of Herr JOSEF HELLMESBERGER, the orchestra director. (Your readers will pardon me, if I here explain once more that the leader of an orchestra, with opera, oratorio, or without any vocal music, is called in Germany *Kapellmeister*; the first violin player, who sees to the true pitch of the instruments, and in general looks after the orchestra, is called *Concert-meister* or orchestra-director.)

To return: the first Philharmonic concert, as they are called, was given this morning at half-past twelve o'clock, and we have had the good luck to get seats together in the fourth gallery, the best place. The stage was so arranged that the music would sound as well as possible, a closed chamber being formed with scenes. Punctually at half-past twelve the musicians appeared with Eckert, and were warmly greeted by the audience, for this orchestra is a great favorite with the public. The instruments had all been tuned outside, and as the temperature of the theatre was pretty low, it was not necessary to tune again. The programme was:

Overture to "Anacreon".....	Cherubini.
Aria with orchestra, taken from "Die Entführung aus dem Serail".....	Mozart.
Fée Mab.....	Berlioz.
Concert Aria, with orchestra.....	Mendelssohn.
Seventh Symphony in A major.....	Beethoven.

The overture was new to me, and pleased me very much; the working up of the themes and the instrumentation, as in all of Cherubini's music, is excellent, and proves his right again to rank with all but the greatest musicians. The overture is difficult, and in places demands really bravour in the violin players, but served merely to show the excellence of the orchestra, for it was played with perfect precision, and with great understanding and fire. One saw in five minutes that the men all knew each other entirely, and were all playing with their whole souls. It was first-rate, and the applause rewarded them fully. ANDER, the first tenor of the opera, sang the Mozart Aria very well; his strong point is (thank Heaven!) in his head and heart and not in his voice, which is losing with his increase of years; he is a rare singer indeed. Next came Hector Berlioz's *Fée Mab*; one cannot call it a musical composition; it is the effect produced by very remarkable and very ingenious instrumentation. This effect is extremely interesting and striking; very characteristic and at no time unpleasant; one feels transported into some fairy region, just as Berlioz desires.

The Mendelssohn Aria is brilliant and perhaps beautiful; I did not particularly like it. The Frau DUSTMANN sang it very well, and the accompaniment was as good as in the former pieces. There are very few good concert-arias; indeed it is very hard to compose them, for they must have real worth and beauty, and yet much attention must be given to effect, and much allowance be made for the singer, that he or she may show what the human voice can accomplish. Mendelssohn's music is often a little cold, and it is a hard trial to place him between Mozart, Cherubini and Beethoven.

At last, to crown all, came the great symphony. After all, when I think about it, there is not much to say; for probably your readers know the symphony quite as well as the writer of this letter. May they hear it as splendidly played as we did then and there! It was as if the orchestra had still kept their talents back in order to show how well they could play. Eckert is often, and not always unrightfully, charged with taking the time too quickly, but this day he did not. All played like one man, or more

properly like many men with one soul. The shading of the whole was beautiful, the precision perfect, and the real, deep-seated glow without which Beethoven cannot possibly be rendered, was there and was felt in all its intensity. Of course one or two movements were demanded for repetition, as all were very warmly applauded, but Eckert had the good sense to keep on without delay of any kind. The orchestra properly played of itself when not accompanying a singer; for pages Eckert neither beat time nor did he give a sign of any kind to the instruments, which enter and cease here and there. This is as it should be, for an intelligent and well-trained orchestra of real musicians do not need a human pendulum in constant movement before them.

At the end of the concert, as at the end of every orchestral number, the whole orchestra bowed in return for the applause; it was fitting that they should. But one opinion was, as far as I know, expressed of the whole performance; every one was delighted, even to a musician-friend of mine who is constantly finding fault with Vienna and everything in it, especially the artists. It was the best playing that has ever met my ears; of the programme you can judge for yourself.

APRIL 13.—The above was left unfinished, from want of eyes and time to complete it. We have now heard the other three Philharmonic concerts, and a fifth which has been added to them.

In the second concert was given:

Symphony in D minor.....	Schumann.
Walpurgisnacht, for solo singers, chorus and orchestra.....	Mendelssohn.

In the third concert:

Overture to Coriolanus.....	Beethoven.
Overture, Scherzo and Finale.....	Schumann.
Symphony in A major.....	Mendelssohn.

with an aria from the *Vestale* by Spontini, sung by Frau Czillag, and a quintet from Mozart's "Cosi Fan Tutte," sung by Frau Czillag, Fräulein Krauss, and Herren Walter (tenor), Hrabanek, and Mayerhofer, (basses) all from the opera.

In the fourth concert:

"Israel in Egypt".....	Mendel.
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The solo parts were sung by the opera singers, Frauen Dustmann and Czillag, and Herren Ander, (tenor) and Schmid (bass); the last was the only singer really good.

The second and third concerts were as perfect as the first; the fourth, from want of time and voices on the part of the Sing-Akademie, was not so good. The opera-house is very badly built for hearing, and in addition the position of the chorus was from force of circumstances poor. Everything went well enough, but the spirit of the thing was not equal to that of the other concerts.

The fifth concert, given on Easter Monday, was wonderfully good and successful again. The programme:

Overture to "King Stephen" in E flat major.....	Beethoven.
Concerto for the piano, with orchestral accompaniment.....	Schumann.
played by Mad. Clara Schumann.....	Schumann.
Aria, sung by Ander, opera singer, first tenor in Vienna.....	Stradella.
Symphony in A minor.....	Mendelssohn.

The overture, though not so great as some of Beethoven's, is still extremely pleasing. Madame Schumann played her husband's only Concerto as well as it deserved, which is saying a great deal; she is a great favorite in Vienna, as she deserves to be.

The aria was well enough sung, and has the same religious tone as all of Stradella's music. The symphony is too well known in Boston to allow of any comments. Suffice it to say, that it was played with a fire and expression and taste not easily found again. Eckert was for a long time a pupil of Mendelssohn, and, thorough musician as he is, was well qualified to direct it. The rehearsals were very carefully held, and led to a perfect concert. The piano of



the orchestra was beautiful, and was, as is needful, often and much used. The great work was poured forth to an enthusiastic audience. Movement after movement was warmly welcomed; the scherzo, so deservedly popular, was more bewitching than ever; the andante, which is usual given in a sentimental tone, was played in an earnest and manly manner; the finale was triumphant enough for any one, and lastly the coda was splendid. The four horn players blew so fully and strongly, that I sprang to my feet in order to see if they were crazy or were reinforced by four more. It was the last great concert of the season. May every year end as well here! The members of the orchestra presented to Eckert a memorial as a token of their respect and thanks for his unwearied pains and zeal in their service. Next year the orchestra will give ten concerts, and thus enrich themselves a little, and give great pleasure to the music-loving public of Vienna. J. H.

VIENNA, APRIL 21.—Since my last the Italian opera company, promised us by MATTEO SALVI, a music-teacher, (is he not the tenor of former days in America?) has made its appearance. As before mentioned, the Italian season of three months in the Imperial opera-house, which has been customary for many years, was in the fall given up in order (as we hear) to save expense. When this became known, Salvi, who has established a large singing school here, applied for leave and assistance to collect an Italian company. He got all that he wished: the Theatre an der Wien, which is the largest and handsomest in Vienna, was taken, and the boxes subscribed for during a season of forty nights. The Emperor also granted a subsidy. Thus protected from great loss, Salvi engaged the best singers, male and female, that he could. On Monday, the ninth of April, was the season to have begun; but instead of the expected play-bills on the walls of the houses, we saw, the day before, the unwelcome notice that Signora Charton-Demeur and Signora La Grua were unwell, and that Signora Lafon was ill. No one wondered, for we have all been suffering for six weeks from colds and sore throats in consequence of this disagreeable spring weather. However, in a few days "The Barber" was given; Signora Charton de-lighted her audience, as she has done for years in Vienna, and the other characters were fairly enough given, it is said, excepting the count's. An unfortunate man, named Ballorini, undertook this part, but was so hoarse (doubtless from a cold too) that many people left the theatre in disgust. It was a bad beginning.

The third day, *Norma*, with Signora LA GRUA, BIANCHI as Pollione, and BENEDETTI as Orovoso, was advertised. Signora La Grua was some years since engaged at the Imperial Opera here, and had left behind her, especially with the musicians, a good reputation, as singer, as actress and as a woman. The musicians are hard to please, for they see through the sham and tricks of the stage, and know the possibilities of the different parts; so I expected a great deal from Signora Emma La Grua.

Everything was favorable. The "Theater an der Wien" is capitally built as regards hearing. The orchestra was fair, the chorus fresh and pretty well trained (the chorus is made up of Salvi's scholars from his academy). Benedetti appeared and made a favorable impression in the first five minutes by means of a sonorous voice. Then came Pollione, and though he is not a born tenor, he still sang his first scene well enough. One mistake he did commit; as he first appeared, he had a full black beard of imposing dimensions, but on returning from a little walk to the back of the stage, our Roman consul showed much more of his face; his cheeks and throat had freed themselves totally of their covering. It was laughable enough. In a minute however came the Druids, male and female, and we put up our

glasses to examine the latter half of the chorus, for it is rare to find fresh, pretty faces among these accompaniments of the opera. Some of them were pretty enough. Then came Norma, and the first real applause of the season was heard from the whole as a welcome to the old favorite. And, she instead of the usual rush to the footlights with deep courtesies and sweet smiles, simply bowed her head in acknowledgment.

It is useless for me to go through the opera, for every one has heard it many times, and almost every one thinks, as I did, that come what may, there's nothing to interest an audience in it, more especially an audience to whom Grisi has sung this part. A moment showed the exterior of the Norma. She is a little above middle height, gracefully made, a head placed beautifully on her shoulders, a lofty gait, a dark complexion with like hair and sad brown eyes full of meaning, a handsome nose and a slight moustache. She is, if I mistake not, of Jewish extraction, and bears the marks as Rachel did, only she is of a darker hue and has much more beauty. Her voice is properly a mezzo-soprano, of beautiful quality, but not strong. By means of careful study she has managed to reach very high tones with ease, as any one knowing Norma must see.

Her singing of the *Costa Diva* was wonderful, mostly piano; and such a piano! so clear, so low, so true. She was a little hoarse, but it made little difference. Her scales, her ornaments, her singing seemed a matter of course, and her acting equally so. All came of itself. The opera went on; the Adalgisa appeared, displayed an excellent, strong, well-trained voice, looked like a "Bohemian cook," as a friend said to me (for Bohemian read Irish), without making any particular impression good or bad. The Norma was the sole figure of the evening, and she was wonderful. One thing after another proved her incontestable right to the highest rank among singers and actresses.

One of her earliest admirers, a young musician in the Imperial Opera orchestra, said to me: "How she came by this contempt for the notes which she has to sing, I cannot understand!" She sings the part as a whole, and as to paying the slightest attention to the ornaments and scales of one brilliant aria, to the right expression of another, in short to any portion of the mechanical, or even the intellectual part of her character, it never occurs to her. Her movements are perfectly graceful, and her acting is really second to that of no one unless of Rachel. Indeed it were not possible to play Norma better than she did—give her a greater part, and she might equal Rachel.

To compare Grisi with La Grua is useless—the former is a child to the latter. In cultivation of voice, I have never heard an approach to her. Not every singer, but every good singer has a *firte*, a *mezzo-piano*, a *piano*, a trill, and execution graceful and distinct; but La Grua has many shades of each. Her voice has a thousand different tones and expressions, just as the voice of Rachel had. Her contempt was not expressed by the curling lip; every girl can do that. Her love was not given by a shriek or even by a loud tone. It burst forth from within, and glowed fearfully. One saw how a real strong woman might and could love; only now and then do we have a chance to see so deep into the secrets of the human heart. It made me warm and cold in the same moment, for there is something fearful in such feelings. Let one but consider the terrible void of a heart rendered desolate as is the heart of Norma, by the desertion of Pollione, and it is impossible not to shudder. The audience burst forth in unpremeditated applause every moment, but our "Norma" took no notice of it; she, acting and singing thus, could not disturb the illusion by any acknowledgment of approbation from our hands; indeed it was a mere relief to our overwrought feel-

ings. In her duets we distinguished so easily her voice not by its strength, but by its size and character. You will hardly understand me perhaps; her voice is a large, broad voice, and in the middle regions is strong, but not throughout. It does not compare in strength with many voices here in Vienna, and yet it always gives me the feeling of size, breadth, fullness.

Fran Czillag, Fräulein Tietjens, Fran Bürde-Ney, and many other singers have far more voice from nature than Signora Emma La Grua, but no one of them has known how to develop it as the latter, and no one of them, nor any singer ever heard by me, has learned to sing so wonderfully as she.

In the third act we saw that the poor thing was suffering from increased hoarseness, and yet her management of her voice under these circumstances only showed her wonderful art. If you remember the part well, you have not forgotten that trying passages are constantly occurring in it; but I could hardly find them that evening. In the last act, from the moment when she appeared standing by the gong until the fatal veil was thrown over her, she again enchained her audience. It was splendid to see her stir up the Druids in the chorus where they demand a sacrifice. This chorus was demanded again, and it was worth noticing how she waved the priests and priestesses, (they did not know whether to sing it again or not) into a circle again. Her entire quietness and self-command on the stage is astonishing. Altogether her appearance was to me an epoch in my musical and theatrical experience. More, much more. No doubt many have felt, behind great delight at the singing and playing of any considerable and noted artist, an atom of dissatisfaction at this or that little thing. Many must have had the thought, doubtless, as I did on seeing Rachel. "I knew that was possible, and at last I have it before me. I knew that a woman could be so terrible, could burn so, could be so splendid, and more than all could be charming and fascinating; but no one of them will let her nature forth so that I can see it. All other acting is all very nice, and agreeable enough, but it is nonsense compared with this reality." Entire satisfaction, stilling of the old longing, was the result. And even so is Signora La Grua. Other singers have here and there given me an insight into the possibility of being or becoming what La Grua is, and none of them more than our much prized darling, Signora Bosio. She was a singer by the grace of God; most are singers, male and female, by accident—a fine voice, a handsome face or figure, a little poetic feeling, and the like.

I went the next evening but one again to hear *Norma*, and watch even more carefully the whole performance. Signora La Grua was plainly ill, and coughed continually throughout the evening, but she was as enchanting, as wonderful as ever. She was indeed "Norma." Only one saw that "Norma" was suffering from vile winds, rain and cold; as all Vienna was.

Signorina La Grua is a native of Dresden, is therefore a German and not an Italian singer. As before said, she was engaged here some years since in the Kärnthnertheater; the musicians say that her *Fidelio* and *Donna Anna* in *Don Juan* were wonderful. She has been some years in Rio Janeiro, and returned about a year ago, since which she has sung in St. Petersburg, and, I believe, in Berlin. Next week we are to see her as *Lucrezia Borgia*.

Signora Lafon, who was here last year, and became a great favorite, is ill, and we fear not likely to sing this year. It is most unlucky for us. Frau Czillag is singing in Covent Garden, London.

J. S.

NEW YORK, MAY 22. — The long opera struggle has proved a pecuniary loss to both houses, though it is supposed that Maretzek lost the most; for,

though he had some good houses, as a general thing the attendance was very small, and this notwithstanding the production of new operas and the brilliant successes of FABBRI. This admirable singer is achieving a very great popularity, and seems to improve both in the finish and vigor of her performance. Maretzek has brought out Verdi's *Nabucco* in excellent style and with more than ordinary care. It has pleased immensely, and, though not superior to *Ernani*, must hold a high place among Verdi's works. Only, it has the fault—an unusual one with the skillful composer—that it is not worked up to a good climax; the last act is the weakest and the first, the best. Then there is, strange to say, no tenor part in it, or not enough to speak of, for the tenor has only about ten bars of solo and takes part in two or three concerted pieces. MIRANDOLA, a good basso, with a pleasant, musical voice, though not very powerful, has been brought to the surface by this opera. Where he came from, or who he is, nobody knows, but he turns out to be a good, true singer, and acts with dignity. Maretzek still continues his season indefinitely and promises to produce *I Masnadieri*, written by Verdi for Jenny Lind (?), and *Il Bravo*, by Mercadante. ERRANI, the tenor, will appear, and there are a number of new singers engaged; though, like Fabbri, they are names that have never been heard of here before. May they turn out to be such consummate artists!

Signora CORRESI has taken the Academy of Music and expects to open shortly with some new operas, including the *Madra* of Pacini, and *Gemma di Vergy* of Donizetti. MUSIANI, the tenor of whom Havana fame speaks highly, will be one of the chief attractions of the company.

GAZZANIGA leaves here this week for Boston, whence she will sail in the Europa for Liverpool with her sister. She has been bidding us farewell for several years.

ADELINA SPERANZA is the unfortunate young prima donna imported by Maretzek, and the same who failed on her debut in *Traviata*. It appears she was sick, and a number of artists have offered her a complimentary benefit; but as if to insure a losing affair they select the hacknied opera of *Trovatore*, to be played by GAZZANIGA, WISSLER, TAMARO and DUBREUIL, a cast, with the exception of the prima donna, much inferior to what is usually offered to the public. If the benefit turn out a substantial one, it will not be owing to the attractions of the programme.

The Harmonic Society has been rehearsing Sterndale Bennett's "May Queen," and next week expect to perform it in public. TROVATORE.

NEW YORK, MAY 16.—On Saturday MASON and THOMAS gave their fourth and last Soirée, with a very short, but choice programme. There were but two concerted pieces and two solos. The former were a lovely quartet by Haydn, op. 64, in D, and one of Beethoven's last masterpieces, the quartet, op. 132. Besides these, Mr. Mason played the *Sonata Appassionata* of the last-named composer, and Mr. Thomas a *Reverie* and *Caprice* of Berlioz. It is a great rarity to hear so much good chamber music in one evening, and to hear it done justice to in such a degree as on this occasion. The contrast between the compositions of each kind, too, was very striking. Two different worlds are represented in Haydn and Beethoven in his latest works—each in its way so beautiful—while the wonderful, ever-glorious Sonata, as compared to the weird and rather far-fetched, though still interesting fancies of Berlioz, set at rest all doubts as to the real "Music of the Future." With this Soirée we bade good-bye to this association of artists, to whom we owe so much enjoyment; but only, we hope, to give them a hearty welcome again next winter.

MAY 22.—An interesting novelty was held out to the musical public last Saturday evening, in the shape

of HILLER's new oratorio, "Saul," sung by the German Liederkrantz at the Academy of Music. It proved a success in every way. The house was full, the solo parts were well sustained, and the choruses uncommonly good. The principal solo parts were Saul (Mr. WEINLICH), David (Sig. STIGELLI), Michal, (Mme. ZIMMERMANN), and Samuel (Mr. URCHS). Mr. Weinlich had taken the part of Saul at very short notice, instead of Mr. Philip Mayer, who was too ill to sing. It is a difficult and elaborate part, and Mr. Weinlich deserves the highest credit for the manner in which he acquitted himself. The music of David is not only thoroughly representative of the character, but admirably adapted to the powers of Sig. Stigelli. I have never heard him appear to more advantage. A beautiful little Romanza, his first number, in which David longs for his paternal roof, his flocks, etc., won him the most rapturous applause, and an impetuous encore. The sweet singer, David, was never better represented. Madame Zimmermann (why not call herself by her husband's name, Mad. Anschütz,) surpassed herself, and surprised every one by her excellent interpretation of the part of Michal. This lady is so unassuming and keeps herself so much in the background, that her powers are little known. She has of late years been heard only in secondary parts, as, for instance, the second soprano in the ninth symphony, at the last performance of which, by the way, she was the only one of the quartet who did really well. The music of this oratorio is very beautiful,—lively and interesting throughout—but there is too much of it for one evening, and although pleasing and grateful to the ear, it has too much depth to be thoroughly judged of and analyzed at one hearing. After the trouble evidently taken by the Liederkrantz in practising it, we may hope for another performance, till which I defer all farther details.

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## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 26, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—WEBER's Opera, *Der Freyschütz*, piano-forte arrangement, resumed and continued.

ITALIAN OPERA AGAIN!—Yes, *Trovatore*. The anvils are to be beaten in the Boston Theatre (we beg pardon, the Academy of Music) on Monday night, and the gypsy, with the fire in her brain, reflected and foreshadowed gleam of those roastings alive, which give this tragic-comedy a hold upon the sympathies hardly inferior to the bloody Sayers and Heenan business, is to go singing round the stage her reeling, whirling, fire-waltz melodies. The favorite opera of the Verdi-ists has not, we presume, yet lost its popularity. The *Trovatore* fires still smoke and smoulder round the old stake; let the crowd gather, and there are magicians, (singers) who will blow them up again to bright and crackling flames. For Verdi's music many claim a politico-revolutionary meaning. Perchance the *Trovatore* hath a hidden sense; perchance the burning gypsy must be taken as a type, an emblem of the wrongs and the revenge of Italy:—is that the notion? The five letters, which compose the name of Verdi, have been found (wonderful hint of destiny!) to be just the initials of Vittore Emmanuele Re d'Italia. Can there be a doubt about it, that he is also the predestined man and that the *Trovatore* doth contain a charm, potent for the upheaval of dark old dynasties, as well as for the filling of opera manager's pockets? Yes, Verdi shall be Victor.

But to return to our Academy. It probably is

not the charm of the opera, the music in itself, which is relied on to draw us within those walls next week, so much as it is the attraction of certain famous singers' names. Mme. CORRESI, "the great lyric tragedienne," who whilome appeared here in that dreary opera "The Martyrs," having returned from Havana, rented the Boston Academy for one week, for the benevolent "purpose of introducing to the American public the GREAT tenor, and only rival of Tamberlik, Signor MUSIANI, who has made an immense sensation during the late opera season in Havana and other theatres in Cuba." He will be the Troubadour on Monday, and no doubt there will be curiosity to hear him. The Signora Impresaria herself will be the Leonora. Our own ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, the best of the contralti, good in every thing, will do the gipsy part as finely as it can be done, so say all the lovers of the opera who have seen and heard her in it. Sig. AMODIO does the cruel business, in his old part of Count di Luna. By lucky chance, too, Mme. GAZZANIGA comes to Boston to take her departure for Europe in the steamer of next Wednesday, and she too will sing once, of course on Tuesday, kindly reserving for us the real farewell. Other singers posted on the bills are Sig. SUSINI, Sig. TAMARO, BARILI, &c., &c. Sig. MUZIO, the Verdi man, is the conductor, and Sig. DUBREUIL stage manager. What the pieces after Monday night will be is not yet (while we write) divulged; but we are assured that there shall be a change of opera every night.

A STRIKE FOR HIGHER MUSIC.—It seems that the magical five letters, V-e-r-d-i, are the watchword of insurrection and of popular rights not only in Italy and in politics. The spell has penetrated even to New England singing societies. The Norwich (Conn.) *Courier*, of May 17, devotes a leading editorial to the internal politics of a local society, called the Norwich Choral Union. An apple of discord has fallen among them—green apples, of the Verdi sort, have proved so appetizing to the many, that they have rebelled in favor of the forbidden fruit against their leader, who has used that autocratic power, with which it has been commonly found best to clothe all musical conductors, to the exclusion of the Verdi music in his selection of the pieces for practice. Accordingly after rehearsal one night, some one of the disaffected rose and proposed to rescind the rule whereby it was made the duty of the conductor "to select the music to be performed." The resolution succeeded, and the discomfited conductor at once resigned his place. What his peculiar tastes were in regard to schools and styles of music, or what more classical standards he upheld against the revolutionary tide of Verdi, we have been at a loss to gather from the following statement in the article referred to:

As an instance of the unsatisfactory working of a regulation which gives authority to the conductor, against which there is no appeal, we may state what has been told us by good authority. It seems that some of the choruses in Verdi's operas are favorites with the members of the Choral Union, and that the desire has been expressed for their rehearsal; but the conductor's opinion of the musical skill of the great composer being unfavorable, he has refused, point blank, to assign the wished for morceaux for rehearsal. His preference—as our public well know—and as we have ourselves once kindly, but plainly, hinted—has been for musical selections belonging to the general fugitive school, remarkable for nothing so much as their rather poor taste, and their adaptation to an association in an advanced state of "caducity"—(vide Worcester, Webster and Caleb Cushing,) which the Norwich Choral Union is not, and, by help of its energies, does not intend to be. We have good musicians in Norwich; refined judgments and tastes in music; excellent foundations on which to build up

skill in execution; a little more ambition among our amateurs than what originates from merely primary school musical accomplishments; and these judgments, tastes and qualifications have some right to speak for themselves, and to be heard and respected. The public appreciation comes in to support this claim of right, and the public verdict is proverbially superior to the dictum of an individual—no matter how highly titled or qualified as a Mentor he may be, or assume to be.

There is democracy for you! But pray what is meant by "the general fugitive school" of music? Does it mean *fugue* music possibly, and was it an issue between classical and popular, the learned and the entertaining? Or does it mean light, transitory, fugitive in the same sense as when we speak of "fugitive poems," small ephemeral chirpings in the "poet's corner" of a newspaper? Perhaps "original" productions, of the conductor's own composing, "caducous" as the apple-blossoms of this blessed week of May, if not as fragrant. The majority, it appears, preferred green apples in hand to such mere blooming promise. But we are curious to know what was dismissed as "fugitive," when Verdi was selected as the type of what is solid and enduring.

A German paper gives the following characteristic answers, alleged to have been made by JENNY LIND, HENRIETTA SONTAG, and WILHELMINA SCHROEDER-DEVRIENT, when they were asked how they regarded the stage decorations in their performances. Jenny Lind said: "For me there exist no decorations; I do not even know to what end they are there. I step forth and am conscious of nothing but that I sing and must sing." Sontag answered: "In my performance I constantly regard the decorations as just what they are; but I strive, as discreetly and as zealously as possible, to use them for my artistic ends. I think and feel myself into them until they can inspire me in their turn, but never so that I become no longer conscious of their presence." Schroeder-Devrient answered: "That is all stuff and rubbish to be sure, but it has to become what I will. It must have life breathed into it, until it actually lives to me and becomes plastic. In the next moment again it is mere naked rubbish; but for the time being the trees have rustled for me, the flowers have scattered fragrance, the cascades have foamed, the stars have shone, the clouds have lightened and thundered. One to whom that cannot happen, cannot flash and thunder himself."

Mme. COLSON has been singing in New Orleans in Albert Grisar's French fairy opera, *Les Amours du Diable* (originally produced at the Theatre Lyrique, Paris, on the 13th of March, 1853, and at the Theatre d'Orleans, March 24, 1856.) Uriel, in this piece, is pronounced the best of this fascinating prima donna's parts; Colson has also appeared with Melchisedec in the one-act opera of Paër, *Le Maître de Chapelle*. Halévy's "Charles the VI." was given at the same theatre, with Melchisedec as the King, and Mlle. Geismar as Odette.

In Philadelphia, CARL HOHNSTOCK was assisted in his farewell concert, Thursday evening, by Mme. Johansson, the singer, Messrs. Wolfsohn and Warner pianist, and Carl Sentz, with his Germania orchestra increased to forty. The programme contained: the overture to *Oberon*; a song composed by Satter, *Die Sommernachts Legende*; Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, played by the concert giver; Thalberg's *Don Giovanni* fantasia, played by Mr. Warner; a "Symphonic Fantasia" for grand orchestra, called *Sur la Mer*, composed by Hohnstock; Verdi's *Bohémien*, sung by Johansson; Liszt's *Les Putineurs*, from the *Prophète*, played by Wolfsohn; a violin solo, "*Fantaisie héroïque sur la Marche de Ferdinand Cortez*," composed and played by Hohnstock; a song by Schubert; and the "*Fredonia Overture*," by Hohnstock.

The marriage of Miss Balfe to Sir John Crampton, late English Minister at Washington, and now representing Queen Victoria at St. Petersburg, has excited some interest among Sir John's numerous acquaintances in the United States, and justifies the publication of the following bit of biography, copied from the *Philadelphia Press*:

Lady Crampton, who is a remarkably pretty wo-

man, is twenty-three years old, having been born in the Rue de la Victoire, Paris, on the first of September, 1837. Her mother is a French *prima donna* (Mademoiselle Sona Rezer) who married Michael William Balfe, the well-known Irish composer and singer. His operas are well known everywhere, from "*The Siege of Rochelle*" and "*The Bohemian Girl*," down to "*The Rose of Castille*" and "*Satanella*," his latest productions. Even in childhood, Victoire Balfe showed great taste and feeling for music. Her voice, a pure *soprano*, was developed under the instruction of Emmanuel Garcia, and subsequently in Italy, under her father's care, with the aid of eminent masters. Her first appearance upon any stage was at the Italian Opera House, London, (Mr. Gye's) May 28, 1857, as Amina, in "*La Sonnambula*," in which opera she was supported by Madame Tagliafico, Signor Ronconi, and Signor Gardoni. Her success was great, and was real. Her voice proved to be a high soprano of great flexibility and even sweetness, ranging from low C to C in *alt*. She subsequently sang, the same year, at the opera in Turin, and, returning to England, in 1859, at the Italian Opera, Drury Lane Theatre, where one of her greatest hits was in the role of Arline, in "*La Zingara*," (her father's "*Bohemian Girl*" Italianized,) in which she gave wonderful effect to the air: "I Dreamed that I Dwelt in Marble Halls," or "*In Una Reggia Splendida*." Her voice, which is remarkably sweet, rather than powerful, was scarcely able to fill such a large theatre as that of Drury Lane. Last year the young lady accepted an engagement at the Opera in St. Petersburg, where the event has occurred which happily converts Victoire Balfe into Lady Crampton.

## Music Abroad.

### London.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The first performance of *Lucresia Borgia*, on Friday night last week, although not belonging to the subscription, attracted a full attendance. Signor Everardi was the Duke; Signor Mongini, Gennaro; and Madame Borghi-Mamo, Maffeo Orsini. Mlle. Titieni's *Lucresia* was as grand as ever. Her "M'odi, m'odi," in the last act, as an example of brilliant vocalization, could hardly be surpassed. *Lucresia Borgia* was repeated on Thursday, this time Signor Viale representing the Duke.

On Saturday *Almina* was performed for the second time, and on Monday, for the third and last time—the occasion being Mlle. Piccolomini's farewell appearance. The theatre was not so crowded as might have been expected. Every place, however, was paid for, and the stalls, pit, amphitheatre, and gallery were filled.

Mlle. Piccolomini's career has been equally brilliant and unaccountable. Perhaps no artist with such slender means ever before achieved so great a reputation. That a good deal of the sensation must be attributed to her energy and command of expression will be admitted; but still more, we fancy, should be referred to the entire originality of her style. It was impossible to compare her with any one else, and thus she was exempt from a judicial process often dangerous to questionable reputations. Mlle. Piccolomini may not perhaps be greatly missed from the lyric boards; but years are likely to elapse before so decided a favorite with the general public is seen again.

*Otello* was given for the second time on Tuesday, and attracted a full attendance. Madame Borghi-Mamo sang even better than on the first night, and was again rapturously encored in "*Aseissa à pied d'un salice*." Signor Mongini (*Otello*) was as striking and vigorous as before, and the quick movement of the duet, "*Non m'inganno*," with Signor Everardi (*Iago*)—was encored with acclamations.—*Mus. World*, May 5.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—On Saturday, *La Favorita* was given for the second time. The performance offered no new feature, with the exception that Signor Mario sang with greater command of voice than on Tuesday.

On Tuesday, *Fra Diavolo*, presented for the first time since 1858, brought back Sig. Ronconi as Lord Allcash. The cast has undergone some changes, Mad. Miolan-Carvalho being substituted for Mad. Bosio in Zerlina, and Mlle. Corbari for Mlle. Marai in Lady Allcash. The other characters are sustained as before. While some parts of the opera went to perfection, we confess to have heard a better performance of *Fra Diavolo* at the Royal Italian Opera. Mad. Miolan-Carvalho feeling, perhaps, the responsibility of coming immediately after Mad. Bosio in one of that lamented singer's best parts, and consequently did not do her eminent talents justice.

Nevertheless, she evidenced her supremacy as a *brava* singer of the French school, and created the greatest sensation of the evening, in an interpolated air (Act II.) her execution of which for brilliancy and fluency could not be surpassed, and which obtained the only encore of the evening.

LIVERPOOL.—The fourth grand subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society, took place on Tuesday night. The great feature in the programme was Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, with Mozart's additional accompaniments. Madame Hayes took the part of Galatea; Mr. Perren that of Acis; Miss Fanny Huddart, Damon; and Mr. Weiss, Polyphemus. Mr. Weiss, in the recitative, "I rage, I melt, I burn," was most effective. Mr. Perren's "Love in her eyes sits playing," was tastefully sung. That charming air, "As when the dove," sung by Madame Hayes, was rendered in that rich, expressive style for which she is so remarkable. The instrumental music throughout the serenata was of the very best description, and nothing could be finer than the manner in which the accompaniments to Mozart's duet from *Il Seraglio*, (sung by Mr. Perren and Mr. Weiss) was performed by the orchestra. Miss Huddart, in Hullah's "Storm," received a well-deserved encore. Of Madame Hayes' singing of "The last rose of summer," it is needless to speak. A "fantasia violoncello," by Mr. Collins, was very much applauded. The manner in which the overture to *Dinorah* was performed testified to the ability of Mr. J. Z. Hermann as conductor.

DUBLIN.—The University Choral Society's Concert took place on the 17th April; the programme was made up of *Jephtha*, the last oratorio of Handel; Spohr's 84th Psalm (first time in Ireland); Mozart's motet "Ave verum corpus" (adapted to English words), and also his fugued chorus "Pignus futuræ" (from the Liturgy in B), together with the following pieces by Mendelssohn: "Da nobis pacem," "It is enough" (*Elijah*); "Be thou faithful" (*St. Paul*); three sacred songs with chorus, from the catalogue of Simrock, in Bonn, adapted to English words, by Mr. Broadley. Mr. Lockey was brought on to sing the tenor music; the soprano and bass were allotted to Miss Julia Cruise and Mr. R. Smith, of Dublin; Dr. Stewart conducted. Spohr's "Hymn to St. Cecilia," which was produced at the previous University Concert, and the 84th Psalm at the present one, were given with effect, and were hailed as great additions to the stock of available choral music.

### Germany.

COBURG.—An extract from a letter in the *Signale* states: "The basso Carl Formes, who has lately given several performances in Gotha, was presented by the Duke with a fine building spot in our city, and it is supposed that the distinguished artist will take up his permanent abode here."

LEIPZIG.—The twenty subscription concerts at the Gewandhaus were completed on the 29th of March. The programme of the eighteenth contained Gade's fourth symphony (in B-flat); Recitative and Aria, with basset-horn obligato, from Mozart's *Tito*, sung by Frau Krebs-Michalesi, from the royal opera at Dresden; *Fantasia Appassionata*, by Vieuxtemps, played by Concert-meister R. Droyschok; a couple of *Lieder*, by Capellmeister Krebs; overture to Shakespeare's "King John," by Robert Radecke; aria from *Semiramide*; Capriccio for violin, by Riets, played by Droyschok; overture to *Der Wasserträger*, Cherubini. Radecke's overture is spoken of as musician-like, but not particularly rich in fancy. One critic wonders what it has to do with Shakespeare's tragedy, and says "the *What* must never be allowed to shield the *How* of a descriptive composition." It was not very warmly received; the composer himself conducted. The singer of the evening is highly praised, though she is said to have lost something of the freshness of her voice.... In the nineteenth concert the orchestra played Beethoven's eighth symphony, and Schumann's *Manfred* overture, with rare perfection. Herr and Frau Milde, from Weimar, sang airs from *Nozze di Figaro* and *Fiddio*, and a duet from Wagner's *Fliegender Holländer*, to great acceptance. Weber's Clarinet concerto was performed by Hr. Landgraf, and Mendelssohn's piano-forte concerto in D minor by Mr. John Francis Barnett, from London, just graduated from the Leipzig Con-

servatory, who won much credit.... The twentieth concert was the last appearance of Rietz as conductor, who takes the post of Kapellmeister at Dresden; and he was greeted with a *Tusch* from the orchestra, and a *Hoch!* from the audience; at the end, too, he was called out with enthusiasm and pelted with flowers.

The programme reflected the tastes of the retiring conductor; it was historical-classical, and true to the motto of the Gewandhaus hall: *Res severa verum gaudium*. The *Neue Zeitschrift*, while describing Rietz as a man of perfect musical culture, great energy, decided force of will, &c., complains of him as one-sided, prejudiced against the more modern efforts in musical production, and also as not governed by a very intelligent principle in making his historical selections. A *Suite* by Bach (played by David) was followed by "I know that my Redeemer liveth" (sung by Fräulein Ida Dünneemann.) Then came Gluck's overture to *Iphigenia in Aulis*; then a motet by Haydn; and a trio by Mozart, in G major, (piano, Fräulein Hauffe; violin, F. David; violoncello, J. Rietz). Beethoven's C minor symphony formed the second part.

The performances of church music by the boys at the Thomas Church,—on every Saturday and oftener—offer always opportunities of hearing motets, anthems, &c., by old and modern masters seldom heard elsewhere. For instance: *March 17*, 3½ P. M., Motet: "Praise the Lord," by Döles. *March 24*, Motet: *Misericordias Domini*, by Durante; *Nimm von uns, Herr Gott*, by Hauptmann; *March 25*: "Holy," by Hummel. *March 31*: Motet: *Gross und die Wogen*, by Richter; *Seele, was betrübst du*, Rietz; *April 1*, Passion Music by Handel. *April 4*, Final chorus from "The end of the righteous," by Schicht. *April 5*: "Behold the lamb of God," by Homilius. *April 7*: "Why do the heathen rage," Motet, by Mendelssohn; "Thanks to the Lord," Romberg. *April 8*, 8 A. M., Mass, by A. André; *Te Deum*, by A. Hasse. *April 9*: "Great is the Lord," hymn by Handel. On Good Friday, Bach's Passion music was performed.

DRESDEN.—In the concert on Palm Sunday, Beethoven's ninth symphony and Mozart's *Requiem* were performed. Julius Rietz entered upon his new kapellmeistership, as Reissiger's successor, by conducting the symphony. The *Requiem* was conducted by Kapellmeister Krebs.

### Paris.

(From Correspondence of New Orleans Picayune, April 26.)

The theatres are all busy and driving good business. Will you let me begin my account of them by telling you of a projected marriage which is raising a great many smiles? The bridegroom is none other than your quondam acquaintance, Sir John F. Crampton, the bride Miss Balfe, the opera singer. He met her at St. Petersburg, where he represents Her Majesty, and where she is representing the Bohemian Girl, Lucy Ashton and other interesting and distressed creatures. Presto! he fell in love with her over head and ears and reason, and sues for her hand. Talk of Greek fire for its unextinguishable vehemence, but give me love: here's a fellow whom neither the freezer of diplomacy, nor the frost of years, nor the ice of the Arctic Circle have been able to make love proof. If that isn't as good as a play, write me down an ass. The Grand Opera is in some embarrassment from a serious indisposition of M<sup>me</sup>. Laurens-Guymard, which checkmates *Pierre de Médicis*, and came very near proving fatal to her. To do the best they could, they give us operatic roast beef, those old resisting pieces, which, let appetites be never so hungry, may be carved and carved without being cleared. What do you think of "Gul-laume Tell" being served up for the three hundred and ninety-fifth time, and "Robert le Diable," four hundred and seventy-five times? Deny their powers of resistance! We have Michet's appearances at the Grand Opera; he is a singer of excellent voice, but unpolished person, who is popular. Adolphe Adam discovered him and pushed him forward; since his death Michet has been pushing himself forward by

most persevering study, and will go far before his voice breaks. They had the other morning at the Grand Opera, their semi annual dancing review. There are three or four dancing schools attached to the Grand Opera, where the prettiest girls to be found are gratuitously instructed in Terpsichorean tactics: every six months there is a review of them, and the most skillful or prettiest are promoted to the agility of ballet girls, and I have been a wretched tutor if I have not taught you by this time that feminine beauty behind footlights is fortune made. Judge of their emulation! It is a great favor to be allowed to witness these reviews, and one ardently sought, for beauty in stocking-net has irresistible attractions here. Few persons are allowed to see them; the most inveterate frequenters are old Dr. Veron, Mons. Fould, the Minister of State, Count de Morny, the Aguados, Count Walewski, &c. The judges were the other day Miles. Taglioni, Ferraris and Livry, the stage manager and ballet masters; these were on a platform. On one side of the room were the mothers of the girls, on the other side were the amateurs. It is always a pretty sight. The Grand Opera is busy getting *La Muette de Portici* ready for Michot to play *Masaniello*, and *Semiramis* for the two sisters Marchiso, who came near being swindled a few days ago. They received a letter through the post telling them unless they sent 2000f. to one Nesini, he would be at the pains to have them hissed down when they make their appearance. Doubtless thinking it a great hardship to be obliged to pay not only the regular *claqueurs* for applauding, but volunteer guerrillas for not hissing, they asked advice from the police, who bade them trouble themselves no more about the matter. The police wrote a letter to the address indicated by Nesini, and when he claimed the letter he was arrested. I am afraid he will scarcely have a chance to hiss soon in a theatre. If the police would only send to similar cells other people here who levy black mail on artists, we would require a new jail. Mlle. Taglioni, the Taglioni, has been appointed professor at the Conservatory: the ballet she has written for Mlle. Livry, will be brought out next winter. Faure and his wife, sometimes Mlle. Lefebvre, have quit the Opéra Comique, and, rumor says, France, too, for some time. He is in London, singing the *Pardon de Ploërmel* in Italian: he is to return here to sing in Boieldieu's *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge*, and then he is to go to St. Petersburg for years. His place of professor at the Conservatory has been given to a man named Paulin, an excellent musician and singer; but his voice is thin, while he is as thick as poor Dixon H. Lewis was; the consequence of which contrast was, whenever he appeared on the stage, the audience would roar with laughter to see such a tiny mouse of a voice issue from so large a mountain of flesh. He was obliged to abandon the stage for teaching, by which exercise of talents he has made a comfortable income. The walls are posted with Government notices, announcing the Grand Opera house is to be built opposite the rue de la Paix; the city of Paris is to build it, the Government giving it as the price of construction Louis Philippe's beautiful park of Monceaux, the loveliest park near Paris, the Bois de Boulogne not excepted; it is not much known, however, for even now there is no admission to it, save by ticket. A portion of the park will be sold for building lots, the remainder thrown open to the public. Workmen are busily engaged on two new theatres, situated Place du Châtelet; it will be eighteen months before they are finished. The Italian Opera draws near its close; the season has been extremely brilliant; they say the manager, who has lost one thousand dollars at least every year since he took it, clears this season the enormous sum of eight hundred dollars! I think you know he is a wealthy Cuban, who finds the best mode of enjoying his millions of dollars is to expend the interests and leisure it affords him in governing Italian singers of both sexes.

Mons. Carvalho, the manager of the Theatre Lyrique, has surrendered the reins to Mons. Charles Rety, after a dictatorship of four years, and with \$30,000 debts and \$80,000 costume, scenes, &c., for he has lavished money in "getting up" his pieces with prodigal hand. He has had one of the best companies in Paris, and sometimes gave us his wife, (Mlle. Miolan,) Mme. Ugalde and Mlle. Duprez, together in the same opera. He has given us some of the best music ever heard in Paris—*Marriage de Figaro*, *Der Freyschütz*, *Oberon*, *Orpheus*,—he discovered Mme. Marie Cabel's talents and placed Messrs. Gounod and Felicien David in a better light than we had seen them. The new director is a mere puppet in the hands of Prince Poniatowski, and a banker: the Prince manages the music—the banker, the money.

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A "Song without words," which bears for its motto the words addressed by Joan of Arc to her native hills previous to her departure upon her mission, in Schiller's drama of the same name. The music is highly expressive, full of sweet melancholy and tenderness. The piece will make a hit.

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# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 426.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 10.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## The Shepherd's Song of Complaint.

(From the German of Goethe.)

On brow of yonder mountain  
A thousand times I've stood,  
On my crook so sadly leaning,  
And gazed o'er field and wood.

I follow my flocks as they're grazing,  
My dog he watches them well,  
I come to the foot of the mountain,  
Yet how, I hardly can tell.

And, strown with beautiful flowers,  
The meadow before me lies;  
I gather them all, without knowing  
On whom to bestow the prize.

In rain, in storm, and in tempest,  
I stand there under the tree,  
But ah, 'tis all an illusion—  
Yon door never opens for me!

Above the lowly cottage  
A rainbow stands to-day—  
Yet she, alas, has departed,  
Has wandered far away.

Far over the land and farther,  
E'en over the sea she's gone—  
Pass on, ye sheep, pass onward,  
Your shepherd is sad and lone.

M. A. R.

## Italian and German Singing.

Translated for this Journal from the *Deutsche Musik-Zeitung* of Vienna.

(Conclusion.)

Amongst all really great singers and teachers of singing there never could have been a doubt, that the study of the Scales, continued regularly through all phases of the artistic career, afforded the only means of developing and building up the voice for great performances, such as the stage requires; the only means by which the voice can acquire and permanently maintain all the qualities essential to the artistic tone. This study involves by no means the mere alphabet of singing, it extends to its highest reach of perfection. Only by this is it possible for the singer so to mould the natural rough ore of tone to his control, that both the speaking and the singing voice shall become independent of all accidental peculiarities and defects of the organism, and absolutely subservient to the proper ends of Art. Upon the Scales is based the production of a beautiful, large, noble tone; the equalizing of the registers; the *mesa di voce* and the *Coloratura*;—all things never found in full perfection in the cradle even of the most gifted natures. Only through the Scales is a singer in a state to use his instrument like a master and transmit the feeling that dwells in him to his hearers. Finally, by them alone is the natural formation of—what is so absolutely necessary to tenor voices—the *Falsetto*, with its peculiar carriage of the air, made possible; the *Falsetto*, which, properly developed, is so indispensable to the preservation of the chest voice, and which Wild first learned to

use in the year 1825, through the instructions of Rossini. But how far from perfect this study had been with him, is proved by the remark he adds: that "in the use of the Falsetto he always had to seek a word which contained the *e* or *i* (Italian sound), and carefully avoid making the transition from the chest tones to the falsetto between immediately consecutive tones; but he contrived his ornaments so that they should end in falsetto after leaping over several tones." This frank confession would deserve all credit, had the autobiographer designed thereby to show the faultiness of his own culture and to warn others against like faults; but since he adds, that he writes down these communications upon the history of his vocal development "with especial reference to young and striving singers," as kindly counsels, "which they may profit by and be rewarded, like himself," it becomes too clear that he labored under a certain self-deception as to the degree of culture to which he had attained as a singer. That the practice of the Falsetto, as he says, unless it be undertaken with caution and under the guidance of an experienced teacher, may easily prove the ruin of an originally fine voice, certainly admits of no doubt; but it is equally certain, that he personally had acquired the artistic use of it only very imperfectly, and therefore does wrong to set up his own culture as a pattern to younger generations.

Every voice, the deep bass as well as the high soprano, has a falsetto register, which connects immediately with the highest chest tones; and nothing but the undeniable difficulty of rightly binding the two registers together has induced the false opinion, so deeply rooted in many so-called singing teachers, that the Falsetto cannot be developed in all organs. This opinion—if we may not refer to the example of the *yodling* natural singers of the Tyrol—is refuted by the single fact which C. G. Nehrlich makes prominent in his "Art of Singing" (2d edition, Leipzig, 1853, page 142), that all great singers formed in the classical school, of earlier and of later times, have possessed the Falsetto; the soprani, Mara and Catalani, as well as the alti, Pisaroni and Pauline Garcia; and Handel's best basso, Montagnana (who had all the tones from *E* in the great bass octave to the once-marked *a* in the treble in equal beauty), as well as Ludwig Fischer, Carl Stromeyer in Weimar and Louis Lablache\*; not to speak of the great tenors, in whom the necessity of the falsetto culture is self-evident. The chief restriction put upon it by incompetent teachers is this: that, instead of allowing the use of the falsetto where it naturally comes in after the three tetrachords of the chest and the two middle registers, they are accus-

tomed to force out a few more throaty tones with the same management of the breath as in the second middle register, which they call "forming the *height* of the pupil," but which in reality leads only to his ruin. Nehrlich is right then, when he says that "Nature produces nothing useless and superfluous, and that therefore the well formed falsetto in all classes of voices is the true means of preserving the highest chest tones to the latest years; because, according to natural laws, the working of organic bodies, as here in the production of tones, not only depends on the harmony of the organs themselves, but this harmony is a necessary furtherance of the whole, although in the natural state a product of the organic bodies; and if by the neglect of any part Nature is hindered in her legitimate requirements and conditions, the whole organism must suffer, as well as the result it is intended to produce."

From this we may easily conjecture to what Wild's inability to join the falsetto to his chest voice immediately, without leaping over an interval, was owing. Plainly he never in his life had sung the Scales sufficiently, or at least not in the right way; and if he was obliged to avoid the vowels *a*, *o* and *u* entirely in using the falsetto, then he has disregarded another principal rule in the Scale practice, namely this: that one must sing them not merely upon one, but upon all the vowels, at first upon *a* and *e*, and then upon the rest, with the help of the syllables in use among the French and the Italians, *do* (*ut*), *re*, *mi*, *fa*, *sol*, *la*, *si*.

I shall rejoice if these cursory remarks may find a place in the *Deutsche Musik-Zeitung*, which makes it the most essential problem in its programme, to further the grand mission of the German people in the realm of music in its widest sense. But to a worthy solution of this problem it belongs above all, that the attention of the nation so distinguished for universality, and so quick to assimilate all good things offered from abroad, free from all prejudice, should also be called to the shadowy sides of its musical capacity and culture, that is, to the very points where it may really learn from others. Think what we will of the Italian opera, one thing we must never forget: that in the *art of singing* we stand far behind the Italians, and that, not merely for the artistic rendering of an air of Verdi or of Donizetti, but also for the reproduction of our own masterworks, even to the fugues of Bach, we cannot dispense with that great, old Italian singing school, which nowadays becomes less and less understood, as the passages just cited from the biography of one of our country's greatest singers show too painfully.

The common assertion that the Italian school is only suited for soulless bravura pieces, but not for the feeling delivery of the deeper German music, is perfectly absurd; for that is just the chief advantage which the Italian singer enjoys over the German, that he, formed in his school, whether it be sustained or ornamented music, sings with far more soul than the latter, who so

\* Compare P. Bourdo, *Critique et littérature musicales, deuxièmes Série*, p. 332, (Paris, 1859): "Above his chest-voice, Lablache possessed still five or six silvery falsetto notes, with which he loved to sport in certain scenes of high comedy. When he wished to wanton with his falsetto voice, he would jet forth caprices of vocalisation, each more ingenious than the last, and he could vie to pretty good advantage with the inspired bravura of a Malibran," &c.

seldom sees not only that Scales and Solfeggi are a necessary evil for the technical formation of the voice, but, what is far more important, that they also serve the soul, since they first put into the student's hands, by the pure tuning of his instrument, the æsthetic means of expressing the ideal feelings which he would impart to his hearers. A singer, who ventures upon great dramatic parts, before he has been most thoroughly drilled in the A B C of the Scales, and has brought his voice completely under his control, without the addition of words, is like a child that would dance a ballet before it has learned to walk. Our theatres and concert halls are swarming with such ballet dancers; and so it is really no wonder, that Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti and Verdi, even in this our own land, so often carry off the victory in the opinion of the public over Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven and Weber. It is not alone the sensuous ear-tickling of the sweet Italian melody that causes a result so shaming to us. Hear a *Lucrezia* or *Semiramis*, a Barber or a Norma rendered by cold, stiff, perhaps naturally musical, but hardly half-formed German opera singers, and the effect, which this music produces on the masses, will really be no greater, than when the eternal masterworks of German art, a *Don Juan* or a *Freyschütz* come out upon the stage in equal imperfection. On the contrary, let even a *Trovatore* or a *Rigoletto* be produced by real singers, and by their side an *Iphigenia* by bunglers—and what wonder that the mass should feel itself more drawn by a poor music, which seems raised to finest effect by the art of the singers, than by a good music done to death by the unskilfulness of the performers! Is it then so hard to understand, that sterling music, which deals not merely with superficial forms and therefore falls not so easily into the ear, needs doubly accomplished singers to give it its legitimate and full effect? What German could ever have completely seized the wonder-world of Mozart's *Don Juan*, until it had been opened to him by Italian singers? Where have we had such an Ottavio, or Don Giovanni, or Leporello, as Rubini, Garcia and Lablache have shown us in their presentation and—their singing of these parts?

But we repeat it, not the *land* makes the singer, but the *school*; and our German singers therefore ought at last to begin once more to fashion themselves in the only saving Italian school, for the great tasks, which their immortal national composers have left them as a sacred heritage. So, and only so, will they be in a condition to compete with their Italian colleagues, by whom they are now everywhere beaten from the field; so may they surpass them as much as the works, which they have to interpret, are superior in value to the ordinary parade-horses of an Italian opera stage. But as matters now stand here in Germany, in regard to singing, this goal certainly lies very far from us, and we shall yet have to wander many a year to the new Babylon, to Carvalho's Théâtre Lyrique, to hear our own Mozart, Weber and even Gluck sung by Frenchmen, as we cannot hear them on our German stage.

#### The Right to Hear.

A good deal of talk, of one kind and another, bellicose, critical and philosophic, has arisen out of the rebuke administered, in no very gentle terms, by Baron Bramhall, a London judge, to a young English officer, for disturbing the audience during the

performance of an opera, by loud talking. Commenting on this affair, our cotemporary of the *Philadelphia Press*, Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, has some remarks, which seem to us to be of such general applicability that we make no apology for concluding our chapter of chat with them, to day:

The practice of chattering at musical or dramatic performances is extremely irritating, uncourteous and ill bred. Every member of an audience is entitled to hear, and it is low breeding to prevent his enjoyment of this right. If people want to chatter, they should take a suitable time and place for performing that process. To have an under-current of small talk droning in your ears, before or behind you, at a theatre or opera house, distracting the attention and making you hear only one word or one note in ten, is an abomination which cannot be sufficiently reprehended, and the sufferer has a right, beyond all doubt, to speak to the offending parties, in a tone of grave remonstrance and quiet rebuke.

The late Duke of Cambridge—the dinner-eating Duke—was a constant and flagrant offender in this way. He had very little taste for music, and had a box at the opera, simply because it was the fashion. A great man was he for presiding at public dinners, at which he would eat as much as five and drink as much as ten ordinary people. Leaving the table, full of beef and flushed, but scarcely flurried, by an enormous quantity of wine, this Royal Duke—uncle to Queen Victoria—would drive to the opera, probably arriving during the last scene, and, wholly regardless of the performers, would call out to his friends, across the house, "Ah, Devonshire, glad to see you!" or "Cardigan, I shall breakfast with you to-morrow," and so on. Being a "Royal Highness," he was actually tolerated. One night, when Jenny Lind was performing the rôle of *Amina*, in "*La Sonnambula*," the old and portly Duke went on in this manner. Disturbed by his talk, the vocalist suddenly paused, and the Queen, who was present, stretched a little out of her box, to ascertain the cause.

Jenny Lind simply looked at the Duke's box, and the Queen turning round, followed her look, and saw the culprit, who was speaking loudly to some people in a neighboring box. The eyes of all the audience were directed, at once, to the Duke of Cambridge, who certainly then became fully aware that he was "spotted" by several hundred persons. He continued talking, however, as if to brave it out. A gentleman in the pit jumped up on his seat, and in a loud voice and in an earnest manner, called out: "Who disturbs the audience? Who but that old man with the star upon his breast? Do we pay him £40,000 a year to annoy the public in the opera house? Three groans for the Duke of Cambridge!" The call was unanimously complied with, every eye being fixed upon the portly prince, and at last he sneaked out of his box, followed by his wife and daughter, and not until then did Jenny Lind resume her singing. It was said that the Queen was greatly annoyed with her uncle's rudeness, and told him so. It is certain that, ever after, he avoided going to the opera, and behaved very well when compelled to attend.—*N. O. Picayune*.

#### Church Music.

The *Republican* has said a good deal first and last upon the subject of church music—much that the churches by their acts have shown that they do not agree with. More than six years ago we expressed the conviction that the country was not ready for congregational music. It was admitted that it was very fine in theory, but utterly impracticable in the present stage of popular musical culture in this country. We wish to recall attention to this point. With religious papers, and a general movement in the religious world to help the thing along, we believe there is less congregational singing to-day than there was two years ago, and we do not know of a congregation that practices it and is not sick of it. Rev. Mr. Parsons' church in this city tried it, with the organ and a precentor, and gave it up for a choir; so did the Unitarian society, after a longer experience; and the various congregations of the city are settling down upon the conviction that the best, and, in the long run, the cheapest, way for them is to have a small choir, the principal singers in which are paid. This is what the North church in this city has had for the last seven years. This is what the South church has had for two or more years, having made a thorough experiment with a large volunteer choir. This is what, after various experiments, the Olivet church has just adopted.

The people do not all understand the reason of the movement that has been so strenuously pushed forward for the adoption of congregational singing. They know very well that it has not originated with them, save in some instances, as a matter of economy.

The truth is that the whole fever has been worked up by book-makers. A set of hungry men, who have been accustomed to get out a book of church music every three years, found the market glutted, and wished to get a new market. Having worked for choirs all their lives, they became at once converted to the theory of congregational singing. All they had done thus far was a mistake. They published articles in the secular and religious papers, they delivered lectures, and they succeeded by various means in turning the minds of the churches in the direction they sought. Then they put out their books, and the market is now flooded with congregational tune-books—not because the churches called for them, but because it was for the interest of these men, as it was their regular business, to make books. Just as soon as the working of this comparatively new vein ceases to be profitable, it will be abandoned, and we shall find our enterprising friends, the book-makers, developing the popular mind in another direction.

There is a general idea among the churches that the music of a paid choir costs too much; that a congregation may as well pay their money, as a choir spend their time. A volunteer choir, with any ambition to sing creditably, assume a great burden. They assume, first, the burden of always being at church, whether they may be sick or well. They assume the expenditure of a great deal of time for rehearsals. They assume a thousand vexations. They expose themselves to the criticism of those who will not touch their burden with one of their fingers. Who blames free men and free women for refusing to become the slaves of others? We have known those who voluntarily carried the burden of the music of a church for many years, as a Christian duty, and we give them all honor; but we have no right to ask it of them—no more right, really, than to ask a minister to give us his time for nothing, "and find himself." It is very pretty for a congregation to gather and hear good singing, and not have it cost them anything; but the fact is, all good singing—all singing worthy of the house of God—costs somebody something—nay, costs somebody a good deal. Why should a choir bear the whole of this cost, and the congregation none of it?

Those who devote their lives to music are those best calculated to perform acceptably the music of the sanctuary. We should add to this class all who by the expenditure of abundant time and money have become excellent in this accomplishment. To the first of these, music is the instrument by which they win their livelihood; to the last, it has been a costly thing, and they deserve return. It is just as reasonable, and just as legitimate, for a man to sing God's praise for a living, as it is to preach God's truth or lead in any other department of Christian worship for a living; and a church or a parish which shrinks from assuming its part of the burden of church music, can only justify itself by the plea of poverty or constitutional meanness.

One reason for the difficulty which churches meet with in their music is the fact that it is intrusted to the hands of incompetent committees. We do not know why it is, but the music committee of a church almost invariably contains one man who cannot tell "Old Hundred" from "Yankee Doodle." If a parish can find a man who is utterly stupid and stolid—a man who has no music in his soul and none anywhere else,—they will be sure to put him upon the singing committee. There is nothing which assues feel themselves so competent to manage as church music. Such men and such committees are always disgusting singers, making trouble in choirs, introducing the most senseless changes, and raising a row generally. The best singers in a congregation make always the best and the only competent singing committees, and the further the number on such a committee is raised above one, the worse for all concerned.—*Springfield Republican*.

#### Mme. Borghi Mamo.

Madame Borghi-Mamo—or rather Mlle. Borghi—manifested at a very early age a genius for dramatic singing. She was not twelve years old, when, having taken her to a representation of Rossini's *Tancredi*, her parents were astonished on the following morning to hear her repeat all the most striking melodies from that opera, among which we may be sure the celebrated "*Di tanti palpiti*" was not forgotten. Nor did the little girl recollect the music alone. Every scene, with the dramatic action appropriate to each, had impressed itself upon her memory; and a few days after this visit to the Opera, which must be regarded as one of the most important events in Mlle. Borghi's life, her father and mother, returning home unexpectedly, found their drawing-room converted into a theatre, and their child declaiming and singing on that portion of it which represented the stage.

The youthful Adelaide's passion for the Opera was so evident, that her parents, who had no sort of liking for theatrical pursuits, resolved, if they could not restrain it, at least to do nothing in any way that could stimulate it. But Adelaide studied in secret, and, one happy day, succeeded in prevailing upon a friend to take her to the house of Rossini, where the great master heard her sing several of his compositions, himself accompanying her on the piano. The young artist—which by instinct and intelligence she already was—trembled with excitement, as she awaited the decision of the illustrious composer respecting her capabilities and chances of success in the career for which she felt so strong a vocation. Rossini did not keep her long in suspense, but embracing her affectionately, said with enthusiasm—"You will one day be a great singer!"

The Borghi family, however, seemed determined to prevent little Adelaide from following the path she had chosen. Rossini was informed of this, and consoled the interesting aspirant by explaining to her that her parents, when they became sensible of her great talent, would see the propriety of abandoning her resolution. They were more inflexible, however, than the *maestro* had supposed, and did their utmost to impede the child in what was really the fulfilment of her destiny.

Adelaide Borghi's passion for singing was so strong, and it was so obstinately thwarted by her father and mother, that the consequence was a nervous fever, beneath which the poor girl was near succumbing. In her delirium she constantly repeated the name of Rossini, and exclaimed, in accents of despair, that he had told her she never would be a great singer. Adelaide's interview with Rossini appears to have been kept a secret from her relations; but the doctor, finding that her brain was tormented with ideas which Rossini alone could dispel, called upon the composer, who lost no time in returning with him to his patient's bedside. There he repeated to her, again and again, that she would indeed be a great singer, and his assurances and general kindness had the effect of allaying the delirium of the sick child. Rossini then convinced the parents of the inutility, not to say cruelty, of ignoring—from a feeling which, however conscientious, was, after all but a prejudice—an inclination that was irresistible, and which, properly directed, might lead to the happiest results.

Thus the admirers of Borghi-Mamo owe a double debt of gratitude to Rossini: first, because it was in his operas that she learnt to sing; secondly, because, but for Rossini's personal influence and interference, she would probably never have lived to be, in his own words, "a great singer."

After opposing their daughter's wishes until it was unreasonable to do so any longer, Adelaide's father and mother showed their parental affection by carefully watching over her during the difficult period of her *debut*. She had been singing, however, only a few years when she lost them both, and she was already an orphan, then in Malta, where she had a three years' engagement to fulfil, when she accepted the hand of M. Mamo, a member of one of the most respectable families in the island. Madame Borghi-Mamo left the Malta Theatre, where she had very lucrative "appointments," for the Scala at Milan. Here she received a smaller salary, but at once established a reputation which has since become European.

For several years after her first appearance, Mlle. Borghi, naturally of a delicate, fragile organization, was so slender, being at the same time somewhat diminutive in stature, and her voice was so powerful, that she used to say of herself: "La Borghi is heard, but is not seen." Fortunately however, she is heard and seen too, for she is not only one of the most accomplished singers, but also one of the finest actresses on the lyric stage.—*London Musical World*.

### Music for the Japanese.

An agent of the Opera, from New York, is at Washington, "arranging preliminaries," as one of the correspondents says, "with the Japanese, about the national music of that country."

As a grand musical entertainment will doubtless be part of the festivities that will brighten the visit of the Embassy to this city, it is important to know with what order of melody they are best pleased. They will, of course, appreciate the compliment of a performance of their home airs, although the soft strains are not well adapted to our instruments, and, as far as our information goes, no one of our resident musicians is possessed of a *samsie* or a *tom-tom*. But, after all, the strangers will care more to hear our own characteristic music. We suggest that a grand whistling chorus be a chief feature of the programme at the Academy.

Trivial as the suggestion may seem at first, it is

strengthened by plain fact. The Japanese are utterly incapable of the tuneful packer. Our Special Correspondent informs us that they received no attention with more genuine and unmistakable satisfaction than the simplest whistling. They gathered together and listened, with absorbed attention, to the national airs as they were propelled from active lungs over flexible lips. At the close of each air, which they heard without the slightest interruption, their expressions were grateful and joyous, and they instantly put their own mouths to great trouble to emulate the example of their instructors, with effects more or less ludicrous.

On the contrary, the music of the brass bands brought a very small amount of comfort to the hearts of the uncultivated heathen. That which accompanied the Philadelphia to their reception from the ocean steamer, and discoursed violently at short intervals on the way up to the capital, was regarded with a sort of awe. Our Correspondent was unable to detect the touching of a sympathetic chord in a single Japanese bosom, and at times, when the brass was particularly obstreperous, and the drums rattled heavily, a light shade of disappointment passed over the faces of the Orientals.

We believe a piece of whistling would enrapture the Japanese, and certainly no more national music could be offered them. Where are our most talented whistlers, then? Let them be called from the echoing streets! Let them gather from the cars and the public saloons where their shrill tones are ever heard! There should be a daily rehearsal, under the direction of some master of the ventose science, and novel and curious effects might be introduced.

Will the committee who have the melodious affairs in charge heed this suggestion? It will be wise to strictly consult the taste of the Japanese; and, however much we may affect to despise it, whistling is really our musical gift, as a people.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*

### A Prediction.

(Translated from Elise Polko's "Tales, Fancies, and Sketches, about Music," by FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.)

In the lovely land of Saxony lies Tonsdorf, in the midst of Upper Lusatia. With its pretty white houses and neat roofs, it looks like a peasant girl in her Sunday clothes, over luxuriant meadows and large bleaching grounds. About eighty years ago, however—and this is the time of which I am about to speak—it looked like a beggar-child by the road-side. A few poor little houses were strewn about; a little church stood by on guard, and dark fir woods frowned above the village: the whole landscape had a mournful, oppressed aspect. Only one little spot looked gay, and this was a green meadow not far from the village; it belonged to the most industrious man of the neighborhood, served as a bleaching place for yarn, and was then the only bleaching ground far or near. On a May afternoon there might have been seen a pretty *genre* picture; young girls were spreading out in the clear sunshine the yarn they had themselves spun, laughing and jesting the while. They were all robust women, in dark woollen dresses, black bodices, with neatly turned-up white sleeves, and handkerchiefs closely folded over the bosom. The prettiest among them was, without doubt, the daughter of the owner of the meadow—as fresh a maiden flower as ever bloomed in Saxony, where, it is well known, pretty girls flourish as plentifully as weeds. On account of her long, fair hair that almost reached her knees already, though she was only sixteen years old, people called her "Gold Mary." With kindly blue eyes, red cheeks, a little turned-up nose, a laughing mouth, a slender, yet well-rounded figure, she was the very picture of a village rose, who reigned queen over many a heart, and turned many a head. Now, this general favorite was by no means a paragon of understanding and extraordinary gifts; she was simply good—good through and through; never did harm to living creature, generous enough to give the bread from her own mouth, a true, industrious daughter, the support of her father since her mother's death, a pious, harmless maiden. Whoever saw her now, laughing, springing about among her companions, all besprinkled with water, and heard how clearly she sang her merry songs, would rejoice at the sight, and say to himself—"God protect her innocent soul!" Work was over; the girls began to think of returning home, gathered spring nosegays, and then sat down to rest, and to eat their vesper-bread. As the first shadows of evening fell on this animated group, an ugly old woman hobbled from the adjoining fir-wood. The foreign dress, the tarnished yellow turban, the glowing southern black eyes, betrayed a child of Bohemia's wandering race—she was a gipsy. The girls were silent as soon as they saw her, and drew nearer together in an alarmed

manner. "Let me drink from your pitcher," said the old woman, in a tone half-beseeching and half commanding: "I have wandered far, have yet farther to go, and I am so thirsty." She pointed, as she spoke, to a half-empty pitcher of milk that had passed from one fresh mouth to another. But the girls, frightened, murmured—"No we cannot drink with you; it would bring us misfortune." One of them drew the pitcher toward her, and covered it with her spoon. Gold Mary had hitherto said nothing; but now, rising, she took the pitcher from her companion with a look of displeasure, and, turning to the gipsy, she said—"Drink, poor woman, and may God make it a blessing to you!" The old woman smiled, took a long draught, gave back the pitcher, and said—"Charitable maiden, I will tell you your fortune in return; give me your hand!" And as Gold Mary, blushing, held out her strong and rather large hand, the gipsy followed the lines in a careful manner, shook her grey head significantly, and murmured the following words in a singing tone—"You have no lover to-day, but he will soon come a courting; of a merry tailor's race is your husband, and yet one that can neither stitch nor mend; your first son will be a general, and yet he will carry no weapon of iron or steel; he will command with a look and a nod, and bring fame and good luck to his house. The second son—"

"Himmel kreuz million schock donnerwetter-r-r-r," rattled out an endless oath behind the prophetic. Gold Mary jumped back with a cry; her father stood beside her. He was a short, broad shouldered man, with a good-natured, red and brown face; was dressed in knee-breeches and a short jacket, and carried a pipe in his mouth; thick gray hair hung over his shoulders from under his broad-brimmed hat. "Will you be silent, old woman," scolded he, "and stop putting such rubbish into the girl's head; as if I would throw her away on a tailor, who does not understand his business. And the first young one is to be a soldier? No, no! she shall have a bleacher, and no one else; and the young ones shall be bleachers, too. We'll see who is right—an old vagabond witch, or I, John Praise-god Hanisch, of Tonsdorf. And now, march off home, girls!" The young people hastened away; Gold Mary cast a stolen glance behind her, but the gipsy had vanished without a trace. Her father scolded on the subject all the way home: yes, even until bed time.

It was the year 1794; ten years had passed since the gipsy's May-day prophecy. And what had become of pretty Mary! We find her again in a little village near Zittan, in old Gersdorf, as the wife of the Cantor and schoolmaster, John Praise-god Schneider (Taylor). He was an excellent man, and played the organ so finely, that the women cried in the church when they listened to him, and the men waited till service was over to shake hands with him.

Many thought that his organ-playing was far more useful and better than the pastor's sermon; but people only whispered this together. The fortunate Cantor had won the greatest treasure of his existence by his organ playing: his good, true wife, Maria Hanisch, of Tonsdorf. She went once to visit an aunt in Zittan, when, on a fine Sunday morning, Johann Praise-god Schneider, the schoolmaster from New Watersdorf, a village near her home, came to play the organ for the city Cantor, who had been taken suddenly ill. When the service was over, and the people had gone out, the schoolmaster sat down again, and sent up a tone-prayer for his sick friend; and such a prayer has stronger wings than any other, and flies straight into Heaven. But not God and the Angels above, alone, heard this prayer; a rosy maiden, who remained behind the rest, prayed also, flew with the tone-prayer into Heaven, and gave away her heart for ever to him who had borne it so high. Then followed a season of tears and silent heart sorrow; for secret love always brings trouble with it. But her kind aunt understood how it was, and brought the young people together—and then the modest Cantor's heart soon glowed with the purest and warmest flame. And then came new trouble; pretty Mary's father would not hear of a musician as a son-in-law, who was called Schneider (Taylor,) too, and brought back to his mind the gipsy's prophecy; and it was only the consideration that the Cantor might assist him in his commercial relations abroad, that induced the lord of the bleaching-ground to give his final consent to the marriage. Schneider had formerly been a ticking-weaver's apprentice, and had exchanged the weaving-stool for the organ bench, on account of his unconquerable love for music. The Cantor was almost adored by the people of the place where he dwelt; the children whom he taught hung on his soft eyes, and obeyed him more willingly than father or mother, while he loved them almost as much as his own children. He had now three

sons, but the eldest, his grandfather's image, was the pride of his heart. His grandfather tried to make a bleacher of him, while his parents would not hear of such a thing; his mother cast many a stolen glance on the soldiers that paraded through the village, thought of the gipsy's word, and rejoiced in her heart. His father, however, had very different views, which he kept to himself. Mary took the children to Tonsdorf every summer to see their old grandfather, who took little Christian Frederick to the bleaching in his arms, laid him on the grass, let the sun shine upon him, and the merry girls sprinkled him with water. How the old man laughed in his heart when the strong child crowded, kicked, and shouted. "He shall be my heir," he would say to himself; "all my work will not have been in vain." At Christmas time he brought the child playthings, resembling the utensils used in bleaching, and would willingly have adopted this first-born, had father and mother permitted him. When two more sons appeared, the regular visits to Tonsdorf were, of necessity, discontinued; but Christian Frederick often visited his grandfather, whose especial darling he ever remained. But the father secretly rejoiced, from the bottom of his heart, in the musical talent of his children, whom he carefully and patiently instructed in harmony and piano-forte playing; and when his eldest son, scarcely eight years old, brought to him, on Christmas eve, his first written-out musical idea, the Cantor entered his own chamber, and fell on his knees; with overflowing eyes, he returned thanks to God. He then initiated the boy in the art of organ-playing, made him study the construction and mode of playing the violin, viola, flute, clarinet, fagotto, hautboy and horn, and allowed him to teach his younger brothers. Thus prepared, he entered his son, when in his twelfth year, in the gymnasium at Zittan. He procured him lodgings at a master shoemaker's, and recommended him to the then music-director and organist Meyer, as well as to the latter's assistant, Flaschner. But these gentlemen could not have failed to remark so eminent a musical talent, even without recommendation. In a short time Frederick became prefect of the chorus, practised himself in directing, gave pianoforte lessons industriously, and composed to his heart's delight in his leisure hours. Soon the modest village boy became a welcome guest in the first families of the city; every one was glad to hear him play, all rejoiced in his talent, and at length no musical meeting was thought complete without him.—The most flattering reports reached the Cantor house at Old Gersdorf, and shed sunlight around; then they wandered to the staunch bleacher, who would hear nothing of the kind, and declared that the boy was only losing his time over such stuff; he was too strong a fellow for a musician. When the holidays came, and the student returned to the house of his parents, he related to his father all that he had learnt and heard, and played new melodies to his mother and brothers: all was joy in the Cantor's family. And then the hearty, cheerful young man went over to Tonsdorf, and became, during the last half of vacation time, a bleacher. So passed weeks, months, and years, until a messenger came to Old Gersdorf with a special invitation to the Schneider family from the Musical Society of Zittan, to a large concert that was to be held on the following Sunday: so, on the appointed day, every one of them—father, mother, brothers, and grandfather, wandered off on the two hours' journey to Zittan. It was already evening when they arrived, and, without delay, rest, or refreshment, the expectant family entered the concert-room, and modestly took their places in a corner. The father looked anxiously around for Frederick; and now an overture by Cherubini commenced; but who directed? The father saw, with a thrill of joy, that it was a bashful young man, Frederick Schneider, of Old Gersdorf. But once at the conductor's desk, the movement of his hand was firm and assured; the glances of his eye were serious and quick. Then came a mass by Lotti; it was executed in a masterly manner; and, finally, the young director sat down to the piano, and produced three sonatas composed by himself. Loud applause was the reward of the pianist and composer: the Cantor folded his hand—he could no longer see his son in the orchestra; the lights of the hall, shattered into a thousand points of light, danced before his sight—not his eyes alone, his whole heart swam in tears of joy. The other boys looked delightedly on: Mary bowed her head, and whispered to her husband—"See how well our son commands; now I know what the old woman meant; our Frederick is a true general, God bless him;" and John Praise-god Hanisch whispers—"She was right, after all!"

This day was the commencement of Frederick Schneider's fame. The firstlings of his creative muse,

those three sonatas, soon appeared in Leipsic as "Work 1st," published by Breitkopf and Härtel, and were universally praised, even by the most critical musical judges. In the year 1805, Schneider entered the University of Leipsic, and there obtained the appreciation and love of the famous Cantor Schicht, of the Thomas School, and the friendship of many celebrated men. The Schicht Singing Academy was soon given up to him entirely; and he also obtained the position of singing master in the Platonian free school. In the year 1807, Schneider first became organist of the Church of the University; two years later he was director of the Seconda Opera Company, and finally Music-director of the City Theatre. Now he worked on all sides in a truly happy manner. The organ-bench always remained his favorite position, and church-music the peculiar field of his exertion. He composed several masses and organ pieces; and, in 1819, brought out his "Last Judgment," which placed him in the rank of great oratorio composers of all time. The first representation of this remarkable work obtained for him that comfortable resting place in friendly Dessau, which also, according to the will of God, became his eternal place of rest. Under the protection of an art-loving Prince, he brought out his latter compositions—the oratorios of "The Deluge," "Pharaoh," "The Infancy of Christ," "Gethsemani," "Golgotha," "Gideon," and "Absalom;" besides his fine chorales, psalms, and masses. Schneider also made happy essays in secular composition—symphonies, sonatas, cantatas, songs, and many overtures, in which he tastefully introduced the well known melodies, "Gaudemus," "God Save the Queen," and the "Dessauer March." Enthusiastic recognition rewarded him; his works were universally brought out, principally under the composer's own direction: Frederick Schneider's name was one of good report. Yes, pretty Mary's genial son became a commander; not only lord of counterpoint and master of orchestra and chorus, but also a powerful and wise king in the empire of tone. Who has not seen the excellent master, Frederick Schneider, (now resting in God,) as he stood at the director's stand, his hand raised with the baton, his eyes commandingly fixed on his musicians? Who does not remember his face, surrounded with gray hair, and of an uncommon brown and red complexion? His coloring was an ineradicable memorial of the bleaching experiments at good old grandfather Hanisch's, in Tonsdorf.—*N. Y. Musical World.*

**M. CHEVÉ'S SYSTEM.**—The following interesting account of the success of M. Chev  s new system of musical instruction, is translated from a Paris paper: "One evening, a few weeks ago, Monsieur Wagner presented himself at Monsieur Chev  s music class, and handed to the professor some choruses which he had just composed, and wished to hear read. Monsieur Chev   asked his son to go on with the lesson he had himself begun, went into another room, wrote Monsieur Wagner's music on the black board and had it brought in to the pupils. Instantly, the whole class, without the help of any instrument, without any other indication than the tone by the tuning-fork, sang Monsieur Wagner's music—note, Monsieur Wagner's music!—with such a perfection of intonation, such a solidity of rhythm and indication of the principal shades of expression as to produce the effect of a performance, not a reading at first sight. Monsieur Wagner went away confounded with astonishment, after having thanked the unique choristers and their admirable professor. He had never witnessed such a feat in his life.

"Such results are truly extraordinary. Pupils of a course where *hundreds* are taught together, where *all* who present themselves are received without any choice whatever, do what artist choristers of the conservatoire society, and of the opera, could not do. But, some will say, such results can be obtained only after years of labor. We answer: the pupils of the course held by Monsieur Chev   at the Polytechnic School, as we ourselves witnessed, read at *first sight* in *parts* after a very few lessons. After a few months they were able to read at *sight*, without any hesitation, all the pieces of the r  pertoire of choral music."

Classes on this system are in operation in this city, at 835 Broadway. In the second number of our paper we called the attention of our readers to this interesting and important fact. Mademoiselle Sauvageot, from Paris, where the system originated, devotes herself to the promulgation of music among the masses. We commend her and her subject to all who have reflected on the great uses of music in furthering the development of the race.—*Herald of Progress, New York.*

#### Decline of Italian Opera.

Does legitimate Italian opera border on dissolution?—is a question which must have presented itself

frequently of late to those who regard the subject as one of no little importance. If Italian opera goes, the art of singing, distinguished from that of vocal declamation, must go with it. There are some who maintain that such a catastrophe would in no way affect the interests of music in an intellectual sense, and that the great masters would retain their influence just the same if the vocal art, from the earlier Italian point of view, were irretrievably lost. We cannot agree with their premises or deduction.

It is notorious that those who have been nurtured in the Italian school of singing are also the best interpreters of the classic German models, and equally so that the voices of the Italians of the last and preceding generations were more *enduring*, and preserved their vigor and freshness far longer, than those of the present age. Not to travel, however, from our own time, compare Alboni's execution of the airs in *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni* with that of any singer whose youth and adolescence have been chiefly devoted to the operas of Signor Verdi. The one is even, flowing, well-balanced, natural, and expressive—artistically faultless, in a word; while the other, with here and there a fine point, springing from the successful embodiment of a happy impulse, is unequal, anti-rhythmical, strained, and convulsive. The existence of such manifest disparity between singers, perhaps equally endowed by nature, leads to a consideration of its origin. Why does Alboni sing "Batti, batti," "Voi che sapete," all the airs, in short, of Zerlina and Cherubino to absolute perfection, while Madame or Mademoiselle —, with real genius, artistic fire, and a voice as beautiful in quality, and wealthy in tone, as it is extended in register, comparatively fails? The only inference to be drawn is, that one has learned to sing by the proper method, and has exercised herself in the proper music, while the other, with all her magnificent endowments, has done neither. The method was the Italian method, the music, the music of Rossini and his immediate predecessors. So that even those one-sided thinkers, who refuse to see the extraordinary musical merit of Rossini's purest Italian operas, must perforce admit that, as a means towards a most desirable end, they are indispensable.

Rossini's florid music has done the same thing for Italians as Handel's *bravura* songs (which have as frequently been condemned by prejudiced critics) did for our own greatest singers, from the time when Handel wrote Italian operas to that of our own Sims Reeves, a great part of whose unrivalled excellence is attributable to his constant practice in Handel's florid airs. But where did Handel obtain this particular secret of his art?—during his travels in Italy, of course, and from the Italian singers whom, from time to time, he brought over from Italy, to aid him in that enterprise which, though it resulted in his temporary commercial ruin, was a powerful auxiliary towards the attainment of that excellence which ultimately left him without a rival.

We must be careful, too, while rejecting altogether one side Rossini's art, not to fall into the error of Herr Wagner, whose *Art-work of the Future* supports the paradox that music cannot exist independently. If we are never to look for anything in vocal music but the natural expression of words (as in a great measure did Gluck), we clip off one of its wings. Music can be occasionally a minister, but never a slave; and it may be accepted as certain that one reason why Gluck set up his intolerant theory was a consciousness within him of not being sufficiently a master to invent such music as would delight on its own account, without reference to words or even to situations—music conceived and realized exclusively of all conditions but such as regulate its own plan, development, and symmetrical proportions as independent art-work.

Whether this privilege of creating absolute forms and varieties of forms for itself should be denied a composer for the voice, while it is unanimously (the dogma of Herr Wagner is an exception which the more firmly establishes the rule) granted to a composer for instruments, is worth an argument. We hold such a binding of the musician to his words to be as cruel and tyrannical as the fastening of Ixion to his wheel. It is also unnatural, inasmuch as it prevents the free play of the musician's fancy, and thus deprives the world of one half the rich gifts he would have it in his power to bestow. There is a great difference between violating expression and multiplying its resources. Mozart might have set "Una voce poco fa" in a very different style from Rossini, and yet both have been truly natural and expressive. We will go even so far as to say that the florid mode of expression, when skillfully used, is just as legitimate as any other; and that Handel, when he set "Rejoice greatly," set it in the florid style as most appropriate to the sentiment of the text he had to illustrate. And if the voice is to be deprived of this



peculiar medium of display, why accord it to instruments? Why tolerate "passages" (so-called) in concertos and sonatas, for the violin or pianoforte? When Beethoven lays out an ordinary chord, in arpeggios, from one end of the keyboard to the other, it is quite true that what he has to say would be all expressed if the harmony were simply struck at once; but his aim was to convey it in a brilliant and peculiar manner, and this was only to be effected by the device to which he had recourse. Mozart, too, in many of his airs (for example those awarded to one of the supernatural personages in *Die Zauberflöte*,—Astraffamente, Queen of Night) resorts to the same appliance with similar consistency and the like success. Half the art of early Italian vocalists consisted in their florid exhibitions; and though often, we are aware, absurd, or employed illogically (and therefore ineffectively), they have as often revealed to us what the musician had to convey by means of his art, far more completely than could have been accomplished through any other expedient. That the sentiment belonging to the verbal text of "Una voce" or "Di piacer" could have been more felicitously expressed than by Rossini we are wholly indisposed to admit. In their way these songs are just as perfect as those of Zerlina and Cherubino.

But if this one side of Rossini's art had only tended to educate singers (like Handel's florid music), and enabled them to continue singing, year after year, without disparagement to their voices, it would possess sufficient claims not merely to respect but to admiration. These things it has effected; and what is more (as we have hinted), by giving the singer a ready and invariable command of his resources, has made him a more thorough master of styles, from the florid *bravura* to the simply expressive, than he could otherwise possibly have been. With these strong convictions we are disposed to view with alarm the phase through which the Italian vocal art is passing (a phase of transition we may hope—but transition to what better state?) The art of singing is no longer taught in Italy; and now even in this vast city of London, where the Italian Opera has flourished for a century and a half, it seems impossible to obtain a company of Italian singers, or to compose a repertory of Italian music. Look at our two great houses, this year. On the first night, at Her Majesty's theatre, the opera was by a Russian composer, the *prima donna* was a German, the *seconda donna* a Belgian, and the *primo basso* (why do we employ the Italian idiom?) a Frenchman; at the Royal Italian Opera, on the same occasion, the opera was by a German, while the *prima donna* and *primo basso-barytono* were both French. What is threatened at Her Majesty's Theatre in a short time, is still more extraordinary, viz., *Semiramide*, the most essentially Italian opera seria by the most essentially Italian composer, with four out of the five principal characters sustained by non-Italians: *Semiramide*, by a German (Fraulein Titiens); *Assur*, by a Belgian (M. Errard); *Idreno*, by a Spaniard (Senor Belart); and *Oroce*, by a Frenchman (Monsieur Vialette).—*Lon. Mus. World*.

### Mozart—Child and Man.

(Continued from page 68.)

No. 85.

*The Same to the Same.*

*Milan, October 20th, 1770.*

We arrived here on the 18th, after staying a whole day at Padua. The Philharmonic Academy of Bologna has unanimously admitted Wolfgang among its members, and delivered to him the letters patent. This was done without all the usual forms and preliminary ordeals. On the 9th September, at four o'clock in the afternoon, Wolfgang was obliged to appear in the hall of the academy. There the *principes academicæ* and the two *censors* (who are all old-chapel masters) gave him an anthem from the *antiphony*, which he had to arrange for four voices in an adjoining apartment to which he was conducted, and shut up under lock and key by the *apparitor*. When he had finished, it was examined by the *censors* and all the chapel masters and composers, and the votes were taken with white and black balls. All the balls came out white. He was called in; at his entrance the applause was general, and congratulations greeted him from every side. After the *principes* had intimated to him his admission, he returned thanks, and the thing was done. During this time I was shut up in another direction, in the library of the academy, with the persons who accompanied me. Every one was astonished that he should have executed his task so rapidly, seeing that many have been three hours finishing an anthem of three lines. But you must know that it is by no means an easy matter; for this species of composition excludes a number of things which cannot be admitted into it, of which he was informed beforehand. He had finished

in something more than half-an-hour. The *apparitor* brought us the diploma of the establishment. Among other things it contains these words—"Testatur Dominum W. A. M. inter Academia nostra MAGISTROS compositores adscriptum fuisse."

P. S. from Wolfgang.—My dear Mamma, I cannot write, my fingers ache with writing recitatives. I beseech, you dear mother, to pray for me that my opera may succeed, and that afterwards we may all happily meet together. I kiss your hands a thousand times, and to you, dear sister, I shall have a thousand things to say. But when? God knows, and God alone. If it be God's will, I will open my heart to you, and that ere long, I hope. Meanwhile, I embrace you a thousand times. And so we have lost poor Martha. We shall join her, with God's help, in a better world.

No. 86.

*The Same to the Same.*

*Milan, October 27th, 1770.*

We shall leave Milan, with God's help, after the middle of January. We shall proceed to Venice by way of Brescia, Verona, Parma, Vicenza, and Padua, and await at Venice the end of the carnival and a few concerts during Lent, which is, they say, the best time for making one's appearance. I should like to return through Carinthia, for I have seen the Tyrol, and have no pleasure in travelling the same road twice, like the dogs.

We often had a visit from Miliwetschek, at Bologna, and frequently went to see him. He wrote an oratorio at Padua, and is starting for Bohemia. He is a man of honor, and we have contracted a sincere friendship with him.

P. S. from Wolfgang.—All-beloved sister! Thou knowest I am a great chatterbox, and that nevertheless I have abandoned you. What is to be done? I no longer speak, and only make signs, for the son of the family is deaf and dumb. But my time is chiefly spent in writing my opera. I am very sorry I cannot serve you for the minuets you desire; however, if it be God's will, you shall receive them at Easter and myself into the bargain. I know nothing more. Adieu, pray for me.

No. 87.

*The Same to the Same.*

*Milan, November 3rd, 1770.*

Wolfgang thanks you for all your good wishes on his anniversary, and he hopes, when God shall permit, to see each other again to become your joy and happiness, by realizing all that you desire concerning him.

For the rest there is nothing new. We await with impatience the new year, or at least Christmas. Until then there will ever be something to be done, something to think of, something to apprehend; a failure may perhaps await us—oranges instead of bouquets—and consequently anxious and agitated days. Patience! So many enterprises have succeeded with us, God be praised, and have turned to our honor. We shall, in like manner, with God's assistance, pass safely through the annoyances and inevitable grievances which every chapel-master has to endure from the rabble of *virtuosi* (*virtuosocannille*.)

P. S. from Wolfgang.—All beloved little sister of my heart, thanks for your good wishes! I am consumed with longing to see you again at Salzburg. To return to the subject of your congratulations. I almost suspected it was M. Martinelli who had drawn up your Italian phrase. But as you still preserve your character of Mother Prudence, and have had the sense to subjoin immediately after, in Italian, the compliments of M. Martinelli, I was ashamed of my suspicions, and I said to papa, "Good Heavens, when shall I possess as much wit and wisdom as my sister?" "Yes," replied my father, "it is true!" Whereupon I rejoined, "I am sleepy." "Well," said he, "then lay down your pen;" The which I am doing. Adieu. Pray God my opera may succeed. I am, your brother, tired of writing.

No. 88.

*The Same to the Same.*

*Milan, November 10th, 1770.*

When from time to time my kind friends add, as they lately did, a piece of pleasantry to their letters, they really perform a work of charity, for Wolfgang is at this moment so seriously occupied, and, therefore, so serious, that I am glad when anything amusing falls into his hands. Let my friends pardon my silence. I am less apt at writing than ever. Thou wilt be astonished one day at the large share of presence of mind, prudence, and foresight required of us to escape safely out of the storm. We have, God be thanked, gained the first *battle*, and beaten an enemy who betook himself to the *prima donna*, with the

pieces which she was to sing, persuading her to refuse those of Wolfgang. We have all these pieces here. They are quite new. Neither she nor ourselves knew who has composed them. She refused them all at the hands of this plotter, and she is beyond herself with joy at the pieces which Wolfgang has composed for her according to her wishes and desires; her Maestro Lampugnani, who has rehearsed her part with her, praises it unceasingly to the skies. Another storm is gathering in the theatrical horizon, which we can descry afar off. We shall weather it with a little dexterity and help from Above. But do not get wondering at all this; these are inevitable occurrences which happen to the greatest masters. Provided we keep our health, the rest is nothing. All this is not to be taken too much to heart.

No. 89.

*The Same to the Same.*

*Milan, November 17th, 1770.*

Wolfgang has had his usual cold.

Between this and yesterday we have encountered the second storm. Whatever may yet happen, and all sorts of difficulties are likely to arise, we are full of hope. It is a piece of good fortune to see in Italy an opera gain the approving votes of every one. Too many factions exist to prevent it. One thing is certain, however, that we have surmounted many obstacles. We shall also get over the storm actually raging. We usually go out a-walking in the afternoon, for I will not have Wolfgang write after meals, except under the most pressing necessity.

You imagine the opera is finished—you are greatly mistaken. As regards our son, he would have had time to finish two operas. But in Italy everything goes to the devil's content. The *primo uomo* does not arrive till to-day. Wolfgang is waiting for him to write his second air; he does not want to have double work, and prefers that he should be here, in order to make the coat to his measure.

No. 90.

*The Same to the Same.*

*Milan, 9th December, 1770.*

This evening, after the Angelus, we shall have the second rehearsal of the recitatives. The first went so well that the pen had only to be taken up once to change a letter, *della* instead of *dalla*. This does great credit to the copyist, and every one was much astonished at it. I wish the instrumental rehearsals may proceed in the same manner. As far as I am able to judge, apart from paternal leanings, I find the opera a good one, and written with much spirit. The singers go on well. Now the thing depends on the orchestra, and at the end of the reckoning, on the caprice of the audience; consequently, in all this, there is much uncertainty—it is a perfect lottery.

No. 91.

*The Same to the Same.*

*Milan, December 13, 1770.*

On the 12th we had the first rehearsal with the orchestra, consisting however, of only sixteen persons, to ascertain that all was correctly written. On the 17th, the first rehearsal with the whole orchestra will take place, which consists of fourteen first and second violins, two harpsichords, six double basses, two violoncellos, two bassoons, six altos, two hautbois, two flutes, to be replaced, if necessary, by two hautbois, four French horns, and two clarinets, consequently, sixty performers.

Before the first rehearsal with the small orchestra, there were not wanting folks whose satirical tongues cried down beforehand Wolfgang's music as something which must necessarily be puerile and wretched, and who prophesied a defeat, maintaining that it was impossible a child of fourteen, and especially a German, could write an Italian opera: admitting him to be undoubtedly a great *virtuoso*, they did not think he could have had that intelligence and knowledge of the *chiaro ed oscuro* necessary for theatrical success. All these people, since the first rehearsal on a small scale, have become dumb. They have ceased to utter a word. The copyist is enchanted, and this is a great guarantee in Italy, because if the music succeeds, the copyist often gains more by sending away and selling the pieces than the maestro by his composition. The singers, male and female, are highly satisfied; the *prima donna* and *prima uomo* are delighted with their duo. Now all depends on the caprice of the public. Saving a little vain glory, it is a matter of no great concern to us. We have already undertaken many things in this queer world of ours, and Heaven has already assisted us. We are now at the last stage of an affair of which circumstances conspire, perhaps, to aggravate the importance. God be our protector!

On St. Stephen's day, a good hour after the Ave

Maria, you may picture to yourself Maestro Don Amadeo, seated at the harpsichord in the orchestra, his father in a box above him, and you will please in your heart to wish us a fortunate performance, adding thereunto sundry Paternosters.

(To be Continued.)

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 2, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—WEBER'S Opera, *Der Freyschütz*, piano-forte arrangement, continued.

### Italian Opera.

The first taste of the new troupe, organized under the auspices of Mlle. CORTESI, was enjoyed last Monday evening at the Boston, instead of at the New York, Academy of Music. The crowd was immense, and the demonstrative enthusiasm, that of the bravo, hand-clapping kind, as loud and long and frequent as on any such occasion that we can remember. It was like a Presidential campaign caucus. What was the occasion? The opera was *Il Trovatore*, which in itself offered nothing new and needs no remark; nor was the music thereof as a whole brought out so well as we have sometimes heard it. But there were new singers; and especially a new tenor, MUSIANI, young and fresh, and laden with fresh laurels from Havana, in whom all were prepared to find a *tenore robusto* of (to us) unexampled power and compass. Here was a phenomenon indeed rare, long looked for as it were despairingly, and now vouchsafed to little Boston—the American debut of a new great tenor! Nothing could have so stirred up the quid-nuncs; for is not he the greatest man who has the greatest voice? and is it not the greatest of all Art experiences to hear it—and for the first time too—yes, and even before the New Yorkers! All things have their audiences, and the most curious thing to study at an opera is the audience. It is indeed curious how the audience, how the enthusiasm, how the whole tone of the house differs on various nights. Last Monday night we seemed to be sitting in a New York theatre. It was the applause that made it seem so, the screaming enthusiasm upon small provocations, measured by any standard higher than the physical and the external.

Now once upon a time it happened—but a few years since—at the Grand Opera in Paris, that a tenor singer, Duprez, singing in Rossini's "William Tell," astonished everybody by the full, clear ring of an uncommonly high note, actually taken in the chest voice; which startling phenomenon instantly became the topic of all Paris and the world which Paris covers. The "Ut de poitrine," "Do di petto," C in the chest-voice, was all the rage. Night after night Parisians thronged the theatre, not to hear music, not to admire Rossini's wonderful creation, but to wait for the new phenomenon and realize a highest pitch of momentary ecstasy when *ut de poitrine* should ascend and cleave the skies. It was the Paris fashion; and rumored Paris fashions tantalize, torment us all until we can import them. And here now was a most rare opportunity—the actual first advent on these shores of "Do di petto!" In the bills of the evening it was especially set forth as the central and principal attraction, that Sig. MUSIANI, in his great solo in the last part of the third act, would use

the famous, his famous *Do di petto*. Of course all were on the *qui vive* till that came. The singer might have done beautiful things, expressive things, have shown traits of a most rare artistic feeling and refinement, have sung sweeter than an angel, or than Mario, earlier in the evening; but all that would have passed unnoticed, save as by some extra robust signs it nourished and confirmed the expectation of the great climactic note. All very well, Mr. Verdi; capital music, no doubt; hot and strong as we old toppers like; all very well, but we shall see; pray give us a high C, and give the man a chance. The eventful moment came; and all were breathless. Well, he did it; did it honestly and well; there certainly was no mistake about it; they who wondered how they were to know high C from any other, or feared it might have passed them in their ignorance already, were suddenly and startlingly relieved. Everybody was delighted with the note, and still more delighted that he recognized it.

In truth it was a splendid, pure and telling note, and set the crown upon a voice of most extraordinary power and volume. It was a pleasant incident in the performance; but when it sent the whole crowd into screaming enthusiasm, when it became the paramount and central interest of the evening, did it not furnish a measure of the artistic taste and feeling of the audience by no means very flattering? Does the possession of a strong voice, with an extra note or two, prove a man an artist? Doubtless it gives him a great advantage, if he has learned to use it not for its own sake, like an exhibition of a feat of strength, but in subordination to the expressive ends of lyric art. In itself it is no more merit of his, and no more deserves applause, than the holding up of six fingers on one hand.—Observe, it is the audience we criticize, and not the singer; it is the making much ado about what is really nothing in an artistic point of view.

And now as to the singer himself. Signor Musiani, as first heard, in his guitar song behind the scene, made us aware of a voice very voluminous and powerful, but not sweet, ripe, sympathetic—nay, even a little pinched and strained in the higher tones. The tone at first was not entirely pleasant; the singing somewhat cold and stiff. But the impression went on improving; the power and richer quality developed by degrees. Some parts, in the last acts particularly, were beautifully, as well as simply, sung. In general it was plain and honest singing, with little ornament or straining after false effect. One enjoyed the luxury of a really large, well-nourished tenor voice, adequate to any demand of trying and impassioned music. That he is yet a very finished singer, or that the soul and feeling in his singing claim as much regard as the mere organ in itself, is more than we are prepared to say. There can be no doubt, however, that Signor Musiani made a decided mark that evening.

But he was not the only object of enthusiasm. The reception of Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS was as warm as it was worthy—a refreshing act of justice. For her Azucena was in truth the artistic feature of the evening. Although her health is not yet perfectly recovered, her rich, warm contralto warmed us all as ever, and her execution of the music was as finished and as beautiful as it was chaste and expressive. We

hardly know a better example now upon the stage of the true, the older, unperturbed Italian school of singing, than this earnest pupil of Garcia and faithful follower of Jenny Lind's advice affords us. The only drawback is a slight organic trouble, now indeed in a great measure but not entirely conquered,—a certain thickness in her utterance. But expression, truth of conception, faithful and felicitous embodiment of character in each and every moment, she never lacks. Her acting is admirable; and there is the charm of heartiness and nobleness of nature in it all.

Mlle. CORTESI has a certain earnestness in tragic parts which goes a great way, and a good stage presence. But there is a painful overdoing in her singing and her acting. Her efforts to give voice to impassioned crises overstep the bounds of music, and offend the ear too often. Nor does the intensity, the energy of her action redeem it from coldness. The brave AMODIO occupied no less than his usual share of the scene, and was in good voice for the Count di Luna. Of course he sang well, and he looked as jealous and as cruelly revengeful as he could. The gentleman who strutted as Ferrando, Signor NANNI, seemed somewhat of the Beneventano order; *va superbo*! But with a solid, powerful baritone and much energy he made more than usual of his secondary part. The second lady, too, was an improvement upon the Mme. Morras, &c., that we have had. Chorus and orchestra were powerful, but the ensemble was not always quite so smooth or clear as one could wish. Signor MUZIO perhaps has not had his present forces long enough under drill.

Tuesday evening gave us GAZZANIGA in her great rôle of *Sappho*, which she has made peculiarly her own. The interest of the occasion, too, was heightened by the fact that it was really her farewell to America. She sailed for Europe, in the Europa, the next morning. Her reception was justly enthusiastic, although the audience was not quite so large as on the previous evening, or as both the character of the prima donna and of Pacini's beautiful opera deserved. The music is certainly of the most pleasing, genial, and in parts delicious, of any written by Italians since Rossini. If not strikingly original, it is at least natural and fluent, expressive, and free from modern extravagances. It is good to listen to occasionally, but not too often. This time the rendering, as a whole, was not so fortunate as it was last winter. The ensembles particularly were rough and overpoweringly noisy.

Mme. Gazzaniga looked the part of Sappho, the inspired improvisatrice, and the loving woman, now denouncing a false lover, and now sublimely sacrificing herself in friendship for her rival, to a charm. The open, intellectual fervor of her countenance, the classic dignity and beauty of her poses and the movements of her arms, the birdlike thrill and heart-earnestness of her penetrating and sweet voice, so fine and lyric in its quality, her subordination of all mere execution to the expression of the character and of the moment—every thing indeed, except the one misfortune of a clumsy gait, made her a true impersonation of the part. It is the most complete thing that she does; symmetrically developed from the beginning to the end. It is true, she is not a finished vocalist as compared to Lagrange

and others; but she has a beautiful voice, much facility of execution, and something like *genius*. She has her inspired moments, when her singing is all you can require, for you are carried away with the expression of the part: the poetry of the thing is what enchants you, the music of the soul. Gazzaniga was in good voice, and seemed to give herself to her part with a right good will. She was applauded and recalled heartily and often.

ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS seconded her admirably in *Climene*. The innocent and tender melody of the part, as well as the rapturous and florid passages, were beautifully executed. The duet with Sappho in the second act was exquisitely done on both parts, and had to be repeated. Signor TAMARO, the tenor, made but a feeble Phœon, though his singing is not without merits; and Sig. BARILI's vocal presentation of Alcandro, the high priest, seemed like a shadow painfully striving to become substance.

On Wednesday evening, owing to the illness of CORTESI, Mlle. PARODI took her place as *Lucrezia Borgia*, having been sent for from New York. SUSINI, of the noble voice and bearing, was the Duke, and ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS was Orsini. Signor TAMARO, Gennaro.

Further announcements (as we write) are *Norma*, for Thursday, with Parodi; the "Barber of Seville," Friday, with Miss Phillipps as Rosina; and a *Matinée* on Saturday.

### The Leipzig Conservatoire.

Doubtful rumors and opinions are afloat about the present character of this institution, which has hitherto enjoyed the reputation of being the most excellent among the musical schools in Germany. Consequently there is much questioning and running to and fro among those young Americans, who have been thinking of becoming pupils there, and we have been not a little puzzled how to answer those who have sought our advice as to the best place in Germany for musical instruction. Disparaging reports from certain dissatisfied pupils at Leipzig have found their way into newspaper correspondence here; and whether the fault lay in the pupil or the institution, who knows? Our "Diarrist," too, has evidently had his mind wrought upon unfavorably with regard to Leipzig. We only hope that his informants have been too active, and that he and we shall hear the other side of the matter brought out convincingly. We wish it clearly understood that we espouse no side in the controversy, and that what we have published in this Journal we have given simply as reports, without endorsing them. Our columns will be most gladly open to any honest refutation of the charges. For our part, we have not yet seen sufficient proof that the Leipzig Conservatory is not still as desirable a school for the study of music as can anywhere be found. Meanwhile here is a letter just received from an American pupil in that institution; we do not know the writer personally, and it must pass for what it is worth.

LEIPZIG, MAY 10, 1860.

MR. DWIGHT,

Dear Sir,—You can hardly imagine the astonishment produced in the small circle of American music students here resident, by the article on Leipzig which (extracted from the *Taunton Democrat*) appeared in your worthy Journal of March 31st. I hope you will allow me the privilege of saying a few words in relation to some most unfounded statements which it contains, and which I, as an American, should be very sorry to see pass unrefuted. Those concerning the *Conservatorium* it is quite un-

necessary that I should notice any further than by remarking that, instead of being kept for so long a time as "Mr. T." complains of on elementary exercises, each pupil advances in proportion as he has talent or industry; it being thus plainly only the fault of the gentleman designated as "one of the finest Pianists and Organists in New England," if he was kept on "five-finger exercises" for a space of nine months. The little anecdote respecting the pupil who neglected his lessons to such an extent that upon going to his teacher for his diploma he mistook another gentleman for him, is certainly very funny, with the exception, however, that instead of being an American at the Conservatorium, (where diplomas are given only by the Board of Directors,) it happened to be a German student at the University.

Finally, regarding those American Music-students alluded to as "idle and dissolute fellows," as far as my knowledge extends, they exist only in the fertile imagination of the gentleman who furnished the information contained in that not over-truthful article.

Very respectfully yours,

O. W., of Albany, N. Y.

### Musical Chit-Chat.

The principal musicians of our Boston orchestras have organized a society, to be called the "Boston Philharmonic Society," for the purpose of placing the business of symphony concerts henceforth on a more permanent basis. THOMAS RYAN is their President, and F. SUCK, Vice President. They will probably make Mr. ZERRAHN their first conductor. . . . The DRAYTONS hold their Parlor Operas just now in Worcester. . . . Little PATTI, with the STRAKOSCH family, have been concertizing of late in Cleveland, Buffalo, and other cities on the lakes.

RICHARD WAGNER has been repeating his Paris programmes in Brussels, and was expected to do the same, with one of them, in Basle, on the 15th of April. . . . Mme. SZARVADY (Wilhelmina Clauss) has given three concerts in Paris the past season, in which she played, of Beethoven: Sonata, (op. 2, no. 3), Trio, (op. 70, no. 2), Sonata, op. 111; of Mozart: Sonata in A (piano and violin); Haydn: Trio in G major; Bach: Prelude and Fugue for Organ, with pedal; Rameau: *Les niais*; Mendelssohn: Sonata, op. 55, (piano and cello), *Rondo capriccioso* and *Presto scherzando*; Chopin: two Nocturnes, Impromptu, Fantasia Impromptu, and Etude (C sharp minor); Schumann: Quintet, Quartet, op. 47, and Symphonic Etudes; Stephen Heller: No. 14 from *Frucht-und Dornenstücken*, and *Auf Flügeln des Gesanges*. Also in another artist's concert she played the great B flat Trio of Beethoven, and the F minor Sonata of Bach (piano and violin). . . . CLARA SCHUMANN has taken leave of Vienna, having played in her last concert things by Mozart, Bach, Chopin and R. Schumann. . . . The music of SEBASTIAN BACH seems not to lose its freshness for the Germans, but to be continually opening new charms. His great Oratorio, the Passion-music, was performed both in Cologne and in Leipzig during Passion week. . . . Beethoven's great *Missa Solennis* (in D) was performed in Leipzig, in the Thomas Church, by Riedel's singing society, on the first of April.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of this Society was held last evening, at the rooms of Chickering & Sons, on Washington street, the President, Col. Thos. E. Chickering, in the chair. The annual report of the Secretary was submitted. The number of persons admitted into the Society the past year was 25; number of persons discharged, 29. Three oratorios have been performed in public during the past year, and the Society did not pay its expenses at either performance. It costs not less than \$500 to bring out an oratorio in a successful manner, without engaging outside talent. The report was accepted and placed on file.

The report of the Treasurer was also presented, by which it appears that the receipts of the past year amounted to \$4189.10; expenditures \$4476.60—making a deficit of \$287.50.

There is also a note against the Society, which falls due in August, for \$1200, which makes the total amount of the indebtedness of the Society \$1485.50. The financial condition of the Society is not so good

as it was at the last annual meeting. The report of the Librarian was also submitted.

The following officers were then elected for the ensuing year: President, Thos. E. Chickering; Vice President, Oren J. Faxon; Secretary, Loring B. Barnes; Treasurer, Matthew S. Parker; Librarian, George H. Chickering; Trustees, George Fisher, John A. Nowell, George W. Hunnewell, Thomas D. Morris, Theophilus Stover, Ephraim Wildes, George W. Palmer, James Rice.—*Transcript*.

## Music Abroad.

### Germany.

MUNICH.—Haydn's "Creation" was performed on Palm Sunday. The last subscription concert of the season gave Mozart's G minor symphony, an aria from Gluck's *Iphigenia*, an Octet for wind instruments by Mozart, three part-songs by Mendelssohn, and Beethoven's overture to "King Stephen."

BREMEN, APRIL 3.—Our cyclis of "private concerts" was brought to a close last Tuesday, on which occasion we had an eminently classical programme, Haydn and Mozart, Beethoven and Cherubini, Spohr and Weber, being represented in it. The old master, Bach, also, was included in the band of illustrious deceased composers, and only one piece reminded us that we belonged to a later age. We allude to the violin concerto, performed by our visitor, Herr Joachim. This valuable and comprehensive composition has not long been completed. It was performed for the first time, not a fortnight since, before a large audience in Hanover. But it is not merely written in the Past, and conceived in the spirit of the age; it will also produce its effect on the public of the Present; it is far from being Music of the Future, inasmuch as it will not have to wait till the Greek Kalends before its success is decided. There are, perhaps, not many modern musical compositions which, while so conscientiously carried out, and so carefully avoiding clap-trap, produce so immediate and constantly increasing an effect. But there is also a future in store for it. We feel that this composition contains many treasures, which will be completely appreciated by the hearer only when he has heard it repeated several times, and since, on account of the great technical qualification it demands, qualifications which few of our present violinists, besides its author, possess, it cannot be repeated very often, it will not soon cease to be new. This concerto, which bears the title "Nach Ungarische Weise," consists of three movements—an allegro, a romance, and a finale, "alla zingaresca" ("in the Zingaro fashion"). The last transports us, by its very title, to Hungary, but, even on the second movement, the Hungarian rhythms are perceptible, while in the first allegro, as well, the motives present the same character. As is well known, Joachim was born in Hungary, and thus it was an easy task for him, guided by the reminiscences of his youth, to give the music a natural color, without borrowing any particular melodies. The work is far from being calculated for the exclusive display of virtuosity, as the composer has done full justice to the claims of the orchestra. In the first movement, indeed, the orchestra, to a certain extent, predominates, expressing, in a pleasing introduction, nearly the whole melodious substance of the movement, before the violin chimes in and develops what has been thus performed; even in the interesting and elaborate cadence the solo instrument feels lonely, and calls to its aid some gentle sister instruments from the band. In the romance, however, this subordination ceases, and the orchestra and violin, as equal powers, enter on a course of beautiful melodic rivalry, at last combining in graceful harmonic unity; while, finally, in the third movement—the impulsive, sparkling, foaming *presto*, as restless as the inconstant Zingaros themselves—the violin, as a matter of course, assumes completely the upper hand; it decidedly takes the lead, although, even here, a few strains from the orchestra, now and then, mingle most charmingly in the musical maze. Both the composition and its rendering were received most warmly by the audience, and, after the second piece played by our guest—the songful *adagio* from Spohr's seventh concerto, given with the most feeling tenderness—the applause was so unusually great, that, in return, he could not avoid making such a return as only he is capable of making. He played one of Bach's *chaconnes*—the same which he introduced on a previous occasion. Whenever Herr Joachim performs one of these compositions, we think that greater perfection of execution is impossible, but every repetition seems to prove that such an opinion is erroneous. Even in the cha-

conne, the delicate threads of this marvellous web of tone appeared finer and clearer than ever.

The selections from Mozart and Haydn were again confided to Madame Engel, who sang with good taste and her usual neatness, an air from the latter composer's *Creation*, and an air from the *Idomeneo* of the former (an air which is easily recognizable from its similarity to the Tamino air in *Die Zauberflöte*). The concert opened with Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, in which our orchestra is well up, and which it played once this winter at one of the "Symphonic concerts." The symphony was admirably rendered. Of the two overtures, that of Cherubini to *Medea* was but coldly received, while that of Weber to *Der Freischütz*, enthusiastically executed, produced its accustomed exciting impression.

#### London.

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—The performance of *Israel in Egypt* on Friday week does not call for any lengthened comment, inasmuch as its right to rest on the same basis as the *Messiah* has long been accorded by the public, who evidence their appreciation of its excellence by the enormous attendance invariably present whenever and wherever it is performed. Exeter Hall, therefore, presented its usual appearance on the night in question; every part being densely crowded long before the commencement of the oratorio. To speak first of the choruses, which occupy by far the largest share of the work, it is sufficient to remark that they were given generally with that precision, combined with due attention to light and shade, which their recent training under Mr. Costa has led us to expect, and produced the customary effect upon the audience, who loudly encouraged the "Hailstone chorus," and were frequent in their applause. Mr. Sims Reeves declaimed the terribly trying air, "The enemy said," with such tremendous energy that it was impossible to resist the calls for its repetition. Mlle. Parepa did her best with the only air affording her an opportunity for display, "Thou didst blow," but, whether it was owing to the recollection of Madam Clara Novello (whom we are so soon to lose), did not altogether satisfy the critical ear. Mlle. Parepa has fine natural gifts, but has not yet learned all that is necessary to make a Handelian singer. Of Madame Sainton-Dolby we have only praise to utter, delivering the air, "Thine hand brought forth," in her most ingenious and finished manner. Miss Fanny Rowland sang with excellent skill and judgment, although her voice was somewhat overweighed by the more powerful organ of the composer. The duet, "The Lord is a man of war," met with the customary encore, and was sung by Signor Bellotti and Mr. Santley without straining after that violent effect which generally makes this piece a shouting match rather than a vocal performance. Perhaps it might be owing to the fact that neither gentleman can be considered a "basso profundo," being, strictly speaking, baritones. At the next performance Haydn's *Creation* is to be performed.—*Musical World*, May 5.

**PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.**—The Hanover-square Rooms were crowded on Monday night, at the second concert, and yet the programme contained scarcely a new feature, as the following will show:

Sinfonia, No. 7..... Haydn  
Recit. Aria (Figaro), Mr. Santley..... Mozart  
Concerto, No. 1, pianoforte, Herr Ernst Lubeck..... Mendelssohn  
Scena (Oberon), Mlle. Parepa..... Weber  
Overture (Muryanthe)..... Weber

#### PART. II.

Sinfonia Pastorale..... Beethoven  
Aria (Siege de Corinthe), Mlle. Parepa..... Rossini  
Berceuse, Tarantelle, pianoforte, Herr Lubeck..... Ernst Lubeck  
Duetto (Agnes), Mlle. Parepa and Mr. Santley..... Paer  
Overture, (Pré aux Cleres)..... Herold  
Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D.

If any proof were wanting that the Philharmonic Concerts owe their fame, and must be indebted for continued longevity, to the influence of a certain series of acknowledged great works, the success of last night's entertainment would suffice. Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, Cherubini, Weber, Spohr, and Mendelssohn—with proportionate examples from the vocal music of the Italian masters, and occasionally, where incontestable merit warrants the innovation, an instrumental or vocal piece by one of our best English writers—would suffice to sustain the Philharmonic Society for another half century. The Musical Society of London and the New Philharmonic Concerts may find it in their interest to produce novelties, while the Monday Popular Concerts—the most remarkable institution of the kind ever established in this country—can afford to be universal, and to ransack the libraries of chamber music, both ancient and modern; but the Philharmonic Society has an exclusive mission; that of periodically afford-

ing its subscribers the opportunity of hearing, well executed, the most unblemished masterpieces of the art. And, after all, it is hardly too much to listen to the symphonies of Mozart and Beethoven (not to go further into particulars) once a year, or once in four-and-twenty months.—*Mus. World*, May 12.

**MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.**—At the fourth concert of the second season, which took place on Wednesday night in St. James's Hall, this new and flourishing society—which contains among its members nearly all the chief professors and amateurs of music, foreign and native, residing in the metropolis—furnished a programme in strict consonance with that element of its constitution which principally distinguishes it from other associations of the kind. It will be seen, by the following, that a new work of importance, from the pen of an eminent living composer, was one of the prominent features in the selection:

Symphony in G minor..... Mozart  
Cantata, "Christmas," (First time of performance)..... G. A. Macfarren  
Concerto in G, Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé..... Beethoven  
Aria, "Cangio d'aspetto" (Admeto), Madame Sainton-Dolby..... Handel  
Grand Air, "Je suis sauvée enfin," (Le Domino Noir), Madame Lemmens Sherrington..... Auber  
Overture, (Guillaume Tell)..... Rossini  
Conductor—Mr. Alfred Mellon..... *Ibid.*

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.**—The entire programme of last Monday was devoted to Mendelssohn and as the musical public but a few days previous had been presented with a performance of the immortal master's *Elijah*, on by far the most important scale that has yet been attempted, so the selection of this evening formed, as it were, an appropriate pendant, by affording an opportunity of listening to some of the choicest selections from the chamber music of the ever-to-be-lamented musician. The instrumental portion comprised, among other things, two quartets, E flat major (Op. 44) and F minor No. 6 (posthumous)—the latter for the first time at the Monday Popular Concerts; together with the Trio in D minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, also for the first time. Sainton, Goffrie, Doyle, Piatti, and Charles Hallé (pianoforte), as executants, were a guarantee for a performance of the highest excellence, and the hearty applause of the audience bore testimony to the thorough appreciation of their efforts. In addition to this, Mr. Charles Hallé gave two solos in his most masterly and finished manner; the fantasia in F sharp minor, dedicated to Moscheles, and a selection from the *Lieder ohne Worte*, played so exquisitely that the second and last were unanimously redemanded. Mr. Sims Reeves was also encored in "The Garland," and "The Hunter's Song," both, we need hardly say, sung to perfection. A like compliment was also paid to Miss J. Wells and Mr. Cumming in the duet "Zuleika and Hassan." The London Glee and Madrigal Union, under the direction of Mr. Land, contributed "The Lark's Song" and "The Nightingale," and, the former being encored, most unaccountably substituted a glee by the late Mr. Horsley. Mr. Benedict, as usual, showed himself a first-rate accompanist.—*Ibid.*

**ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.**—During the first week in May, Grisi and Mario, with Madame Csillag (as Azucena), sang in *Il Trovatore*. Meyerbeer's *Dinorah* followed on Saturday. Of the next performance, the *Musical World* says:

On Tuesday the first representation of *Il Barbiere* for two years attracted the most brilliant audience of the season. The fact of Mario having resumed his old part of Count Almaviva—his most finished and admirable impersonation in the opinion of many—gave additional interest to the performance: while the first appearance of Mme. Miolan-Carvalho, in Rosina, was anticipated with general curiosity. On no former occasion have we heard the great Italian tenor sing the music so exquisitely. So thoroughly does it suit him, that it is unaccountable how, under any circumstances, Mario should have resigned the part of Almaviva to another.

Another powerful attraction was Ronconi's Figaro, a masterpiece of a different kind, but no less incomparable than Mario's Almaviva. The singing and acting of the two in the famous duet, "All'idea di quel metallo," could not have been surpassed; and without entering into further details about the performance of the prince of Figaros, we may state that Ronconi was in the true vein, and sustained the character of the mercurial barber with wonderful animation and *esprit* from "Largo al factotum" to the end. Mme. Miolan-Carvalho was a charming Rosina, acting with infinite *nuances*, and singing with wonderful brilliancy; but her voice being a high *coprano*, she was scarcely so much at home with the music as with that of *Dinorah*.

## Special Notices.

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**MUSIC BY MAIL.**—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Spirit of Light. Song, M. W. Balfé. 25

A song with some pretensions in regard of expression. Balfé evidently has taken more care with this song than he usually does with the numerous light ballads he composes.

Fairy dreams. Duet. S. Glover. 35

Very pretty. Will soon be known extensively.

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Parlor music in the best sense of the word. Those, who are at all acquainted with the pleasing style of the composer, will not fail to obtain a copy.

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A fine poem, translated from the German of Sails by Longfellow, and set to music for solo and chorus. Well adapted for singing societies. Not difficult, yet effective.

Come on the sea. From "Moore's Irish Melodies." 25

Norah Creina, or Lesbia hath a beaming eye. " 25

'Tis believed that this harp. " 25

We may roam thro' the world. " 25

Favorites from this justly admired collection.

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Hail Columbia. For 3 Performers on one Piano. T. Bissell. 25

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Teachers in seminaries will save themselves much time and labor by employing some of the above pieces with their young scholars. They are invaluable for teaching time.

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There is nothing better for small amateur bands than these arrangements.

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A highly effective arrangement, not difficult.

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**THE NIGHTINGALE.** A choice collection of Songs, Chants and Hymns, designed for the use of Juvenile Classes, Public Schools and Seminaries; comprising, also, a Complete and Concise System of Elementary Instruction by W. O. & H. S. Perkins. 20

This will prove a very acceptable volume to those for whose special profit and amusement it is intended. The songs are all excellent and highly attractive; the elementary portions of them from their easy and progressive nature will render the acquisition of a primary knowledge of vocal music free from those difficulties which often attend the efforts of the young. For these reasons the Nightingale will be found a volume of superior worth for children at school or at home.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 427.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 11.

## Seed Time.

Now, by the rose's crimson heart,  
And the robin's brooding wing,  
There never dawned on the waiting earth  
So full and fair a spring!  
For the splendor of uncounted Mays,  
Through many a century fled,  
Beams in the eyes of the latest-born—  
Heir of the lovely dead.

O, the odor of the opening leaves  
Comes like a breath divine,  
And the mountain air is a richer draught  
Than Hebe's rosiest wine!  
The dells are blue with violets,  
And, over the garden wall,  
At the lightest waft of the south wind  
The apple blossoms fall.

Thank God! we breathe the balmy air,  
We hear the soft winds blow,  
And our hearts are glad at the violet's blue  
And the apple blossom's snow;—  
So, lightly down, through shower and shine;  
To the Summer-Land we go.

Yet more! God's dearer fields of Truth  
The centuries have ploughed,  
As, over them, through calm and storm  
His laborers, toiling, bowed;—  
What shall we plant in the furrows wide  
Beneath His sun and cloud?

They cry to us, the glorious Dead,  
"Why do ye linger so?  
The soil was never so warm above,  
So mellow and moist below;—  
We wrought to clear the cumbered ground,  
And yearn till the grain shall grow—  
Till the weeds are crushed in the garden bowers,  
And the rose and the lily blow."

O helping God! we long for Thee!  
Our hearts are all a-glow!  
And the deeds of a loving life shall be  
The precious seed we sow,—  
For Hate may kill, but only Love  
Can make the roses blow!—  
Then gladly on, through shade or shine,  
To the Harvest Land we'll go! DEAN.  
—Independent.

## Wagner's Music and the Art of Singing.

BY A SINGER.

(Translated for this Journal from the *Deutsche Musik-Zeitung*, of Vienna.)

Caspar. Thou know'st my respite is nearly up.  
Samiel. To-morrow! Freyschütz.

The scene from the Wolf's Glen in Weber's *Freyschütz*, beginning with the words above, was constantly floating before me lately, when I heard and saw for the first time the *Lohengrin*.

The painful situation, into which Caspar has fallen in regard to Samiel and to difficult intonation, seemed reproduced continually with rare interruptions, and I could not help fancying that this extremely characteristic little scene had furnished the model for Wagner's intention. It seemed to me to be the grain of mustard seed, which had struck its roots so deep in Wagner, until

there stood out an exotic tree at last, of which the Future is to pluck the fruit, although to many it seems like the Upas tree, the breath whereof is deadly.

I purposely held no text (libretto) in my hand, either before or during the opera; I was even sorry that I knew the subject beforehand. My object was to receive an *immediate* impression; I had a right to expect that from a composer who makes so much account of the genius of the word.

But I did not fully understand the text.—Unquestionably Wagner's reformatory ideas with regard to the purification of the Opera from many disturbing incongruities are great; the genius of the German language especially has much to thank him for. But in his battling for the word, he has become its slave, and with him too the bearer of the word—the singer.

If Wagner's intention is to sacrifice melody and rhythm in favor of the word, and if in spite of the best efforts of the singers I am unable to understand the text precisely, than I have lost that very commentary to his music, for the sake of which he has sacrificed specific melody.

If I find myself condemned in the opera to understand nothing of the text, shall I not gain by going to another opera where I may at least hear melody and singers? Or else I must learn the text by heart and hear the opera repeatedly, to catch the intentions of the composer.

In the midst of the opera the odd thought occurred to me: "Were it not better if Wagner wrote an opera merely for ballet, that is to say, for mimics? Then there would be no sort of disturbance; the words sung, which one never rightly seizes on account of the eternal *obligato* reflection of the instruments, would be replaced by a printed programme, and programme music is just now flourishing in full bloom.

For Wagner the singer is merely an instrument, a speaking-trumpet of his tones, whom you may actually—with the text before you—understand. But why trouble oneself with this last tradition of the opera, the singers—so easily replaced by mimics and a printed programme? Put it boldly out of the way, this last one; make an *opera without singers*, and lo! the Art-work of the Future stands before you!

The singer, as the interpreter of Wagner's music, who merely has to bring the commentary thereto—the text (with suitable mimic action of course), surely does not deserve so much regard, as to be allowed to come to words, when he is no longer allowed to come to melody. Or is that melody, perhaps, which falls like crumbs from the rich table of the instrumentalists?

If Wagner has a melody, it is commonly a mere harmonic accident, a melody not self-subsistent, begotten by the over-richness of his harmony; and if one of them happen to stray into a singer's mouth, it is for the most part a declamatory chance melody thanklessly dragged after the word.

Wagner strives, as it is well known, to blend

the two historically recognized and well settled facts: Recitative and Cantabile, into one, and produce a unique style; and what will be the result? An abortion—neither fish nor flesh—a Recitative that tries to be Cantabile, a Cantabile that tries to be Recitative—an Arioso—everything you please, but which is nothing but specific Wagner Music of the Future.—From Wagner's excessive puritanism also springs his anxious surveillance of the singer element, a despotism quite as little justified as the despotism of the singers was in the preceding century, as opposed to the better conviction of the composer. The technical qualification of the singer has ceased to be of any account; the capital of his voice lies unproductive. The singer must be actor, pantomimist, declaimer, must have strong voice and lungs, health and long life, if possible. All this the singer may and must have; if he have this, he may make his tedious *mordente* this way and that way; but the melting charm of a Sontag's or Lind's voice must pass for little;—that would disturb the *ensemble*, would divert the public from the composition in favor of a cultivated, noble voice; the composer might for a moment be ignored; the Art-work might be sullied, the principle profaned.

If it is made out, that the old, genuine art of singing is lost, and must be re-discovered, it is equally true also, that salvation for it is not, surely, to proceed from Richard Wagner. Already there are many singers, who can sing only Wagner, which on one side seems an excellence, but which in fact proves, that the idea of a pure *cantabile* has already become a real rarity.

If to a composer like Wagner we hear attributed the most accurate knowledge of instrumentation, yet in many quarters it is maintained, not without justice, that he is a second voice-murdering Verdi.

It was with real satisfaction that I heard the sparingly introduced song-oases loudly greeted by the public; the callings out were doubtless intended in the second place for the singers, when they succeeded in solving their ungrateful problems; the public knows how to respect such cheerful sacrifices.

There are signs and wonders just now, which may well confound the most inveterate *Zukunfts* man. In Berlin the back-sliding public listens to the seductive sounds of a—Rossini, from the mouths of technically cultivated Italian song-artists; in Berlin the most incredible things occur; the idolatrous people dance there about the golden calf of melody.—Who will wonder if the thirsting people yield themselves confidently to melody so long denied them, gushing from what they had believed a dried up spring, because a man, from obstinate riding to death of principles (if not from poverty) had thrown away the good with the bad, and had humbled the bearers (interpreters) of his operas (to speak with Berlioz) to the condition of his slaves!

O divine Mozart, should'st thou come back to earth, thou surely wouldst not, even as a man of

the future, deny thine own nobility of genius; and even if it were with newly enlarged means of modern instrumentation, thou wouldst not forget to write thy operas for thy singers.

### Ready-made Puffing.

The author of the *Biglow Papers* wished to save the world the trouble of criticizing his performance, and inserted, at the opening of the volume, a series of newspaper commentaries. He made them himself; and they were at least as impartial and as apposite as they would have been if they had been the genuine expression of newspaper criticism. The example set in fun on the other side of the Atlantic has never been seriously followed on this side, but very near approaches have been made to this culminating stroke of puffing. Here, however, the publisher, and not the author, generally undertakes the business. The opinions of the press are collected and clustered beneath the advertisement of the book's title. There are many stages in the art with which this is done. The lowest stage is scarcely distinguishable from the method adopted by the author of the *Biglow Papers*. Those of our readers who have purchased books at railway-stalls may have observed that one of the most enterprising purveyors of that kind of literature fills the initiatory pages of his volume with accounts of other books he has published, and that the titles are followed by disjointed criticisms to which the name of no paper whatever is attached. Certainly there is no fraud in this. Rather there is a sublime contempt for the public in inserting criticisms which do not even pretend to be the criticisms of any one. What a curious trade it must be to have the composition of these irresponsible bursts of admiration! Their author and the poet retained by Messrs. Moses must survey life from the oddest point of view. For both do their work well, and yet they must have the most fixed conviction of the inexhaustible folly of the world. Their fellow-creatures are so constituted as to be sure to be tickled by the most palpable devices and yet are worth tickling neatly. There must be a kind of cynical and monotonous fun in penning these criticisms. A new novel, for example, is written by A. B. and is put into the puffer's hands. He invents a number of little epigrammatic sentences which seem to have come from half the newspapers in England, and are ranged in a series under the advertisement of the novel. "A. B. has eclipsed himself." "Here we once more have our favorite, A. B., with his old quiet pathos, and more than his old aptitude for adventure, passion, and philosophy." "Pregnant, practical, precise," and so on. The next stage in this branch of puffing is to add the name of a paper no one ever heard of. The *Ross Sentinel* thinks "A. B.'s book a better realization of the ideal of fiction, than we have seen since the days of *Pelham* and *Tom Jones*." The *Inverary Freeman* considers that "A. B.'s novel may safely lie in the lap of youth and on the toilette table of beauty." We believe it to have been a well directed contempt for the panegyrics of these obscure journals that drove the publisher to whom we have alluded into the simpler and honest plan of having no journals mentioned at all. Then comes the stage in which the puffs are real extracts from real criticisms, but, the context being entirely omitted, the praise is rather invented than borrowed. For example, the critic has perhaps really said, "A. B.'s novel is well written, considering that, as he tells us, he only took a month to compose it, but this foolish haste and his inherent vulgarity have spoilt his plot, which he has borrowed from a well-known French tale, and which in itself is very interesting." In the puffing advertisement this criticism is somewhat abridged, and appears thus—"A. B.'s novel is well written, and the plot is very interesting." Of course, really respectable publishers who insert newspaper criticisms in their advertisements deal quite fairly with the public, and only repeat what has been actually said, but the advertisements followed by literary criticisms which proceed from such houses form but a small portion of the whole.

But what is an author to do who is unknown, or who cannot get his publisher to do all this for him? How is he to help himself? We can tell our readers exactly what, as a matter of fact, authors have adopted as their best engine of puffing. They print on separate pieces of paper, about a dozen short, telling extracts from their work, taking care to put the full title of the book at the tail of each extract. We have lately received a packet of such extracts, and the volume from which these extracts came bore the magnificent and imposing title of *Grossmith's Government upon First Principles*. This packet was accompanied by a letter from the author, intimating that these extracts might be conveniently inserted in a review of the book, and that, if this were done, he

would do us the favor of advertising in our columns. Only to think of a man writing on First Principles and going in for such a little job as this! Certainly it is a disappointing world. In his volume, nothing is half good enough or great enough for Mr. Grossmith. He finds fault with the British Constitution and the Established Church. He wants to establish a pure theocracy; he cannot put up with any government unless it is "based upon the pure, innocent, and good." He has got a scheme for paying off the National Debt in two years. He asks a quantity of questions easier to ask than to answer. For instance, "Why have not the State and Protestant Church adopted Plato?" He is a learned man, and knows Hebrew, and Sanscrit, and Greek, and in fact almost every language, except perhaps English. And yet the end of it all is, that he offers to advertise, if the right extracts are inserted in a review. The worst of it is, that we cannot suppose that these pages of extracts were printed merely to be used once. These telling paragraphs must have been offered elsewhere, and the author of a theocracy has, we fear, inaugurated the advent of "the innocent and the good" by a sly attempt at wholesale corruption.

Among the thousand shades of puffing, these newspaper criticisms from no newspapers, and these extracts offered with a pledge of advertising, are perhaps the coarsest; but they make us think of the nicer and finer shades from which it is so much more difficult to free ourselves. The most innocent, and yet in some ways the most dangerous, form of puffing is that which takes the form of habitual, lavish, indiscriminating praise. We do not find fault with mere friendly criticism. Critics are men, and cannot avoid having tenderness for their friends. We may all honestly overrate the performances of a person whose works have much more beauty and meaning for us than for others, because we can see in them traces of character that we know and like. It is not dishonest to deal gently with the faults in our friend's book that we cannot help seeing. We do not even seriously quarrel with such an infantine audacity of friendship as recently prompted the author of a book on British novelists to include in the list his friend who was only going to write a fiction. But what we dislike is the habit of being evenly and universally civil to everybody. The same fear of small evils and hopes of small gains which prompts the coarser efforts of puffing prompts also this civility. Perhaps the critic is sometimes sincere. He likes namby-pamby writing, provided it accords with his school of theology, or betrays the power of catching his favorite smartness of language. But very often the critic allows himself to think so because he fears, if he reflected further, he might have to say things which would raise up enemies to himself personally, or to his friends, or to the publication in which he is interested. Thus he becomes encircled in a conventional sphere of laudatory platitudes. He is also haunted by a fear lest he should discourage a writer who, like himself, is trying to write his best, who has done as well as he could, and has to make his way.

All this runs into puffing. A critic has nothing to do with the feelings or prospects of a writer. If a book is a bad book or a foolish book, it is his business, so far as he can, to prevent it having influence or success. If soft hitting will not effect this, he must hit hard. It is not by any means a pleasant thing—and, at the moment, it is by no means an improving thing—to sit down and think how an attack on a book can be made as telling and severe as possible. But a bad book is a critic's enemy; and there is no use in firing with blank cartridge at a foe that it is our duty to get rid of. Fifty years ago, criticism was much more sharp and stinging than it is now. We do not wish to return to the sharpness and pungency of that time, because the fierceness and the attack then originated in the fact that the critic and the criticized belonged to different political parties. We have become wisely tolerant of difference of opinion; but in doing so, we have become unwisely tolerant of difference of merit. On the face of it, all this uniformity of favorable opinion is absurd. Every second book that is published, at least, meets with what is called a welcome from the press; and yet every one agrees that most books published are very bad.

People like our friend of the First Principles do good in their way, and by a kind of accident. From time to time they bring some peculiarly bad sort of puffing into contempt. They expose the machinery by which a stupid trick is worked, and for the future the public is so far more fastidious as to require machinery of a finer and more delicate construction. Henceforth, when we see an extract from a book no one ever heard of stuck between two accounts of gigantic cauliflowers, we shall know that it is all mere "Grosssmith," and shall look to the advertisement sheet to see if the compliment to Plato and pur-

ity has been paid for. Soon the public will begin to disregard the flattering encomiums from anonymous panegyrists that accompany the additions to Railway Libraries. Already we have got so far that the illustrative anecdotes that go to prove the unrivalled excellence of some sort of snuff, spectacles, or pills are generally required to be paid for and proclaimed as advertisements, and not inserted, as formerly, among pieces of public intelligence. The whole character of the English press gradually improves. If we take the exceptional instances, and contrast them with the highest standards, we find much to condemn and regret. There is an infinitude of twaddle, of prejudice and bigotry in nine-tenths of English newspapers; but still it is not only much the best press that has ever existed, but it is a great deal better than any other country could produce. If we compare it during any two periods, can we doubt that it becomes more decent, honest, and better informed? What it fails in is in power and freedom of thought. Puffing in some shape or other has too strong a hold of it. It sings in a very mild way the praises of all the sects and cliques and interests that occupy the country. It puffs whatever an orthodox majority thinks worthy of being puffed in politics, society, and religion. This puffing acts as a lamentable hindrance to independent thought. But, in the end, we have little doubt that independent thought will master it. It ought to be acknowledged that puffing is only one side of toleration. Praising everybody is a silly exaggeration of enduring everybody. Toleration is the great lesson of the present day; but, as it is purely negative, it will, we may hope, be followed by something that is fit to fill the vacant place which toleration has cleared. What we now think the finer shades of puffing may then perhaps seem as absurd as the imbecile stratagems of an author who expects, by forwarding a bundle of extracts, to procure a favorable notice of a book beginning with an inquiry into the Sanscrit name of the Deity, and ending with a plan for raising a revenue of four hundred millions a year without any one feeling the burden.

### Mr. Macfarren's "Christmas" Cantata.

The cantata of *Christmas* (produced for the first time at the last concert of the Musical Society of London\*), will undoubtedly add to the high reputation already enjoyed by its composer, whose *May-Day* (originally produced at the Bradford Festival of 1856) created so lively an impression at one of the performances of the Musical Society of London, last year. That *May-Day* was a work of remarkable ability, was universally admitted; but that *Christmas* has still greater merit is, we think, unquestionable. On the whole, it may be unhesitatingly stated, that no English musician, from the time of Purcell to the present epoch, has written anything in its way more genuine and masterly. With the poem, Mr. Macfarren has been quite as fortunate as in the instance of the Bradford cantata. The subject may be less essentially dramatic, but it has been treated by Mr. Oxenford so ingeniously that, in the absence of any *bona fide* story, we have a stirring dramatic scene, every incident of which is more or less interesting. The cantata opens with an antiphonal chorus, in which the two choirs alternately celebrate the dark and the bright side of winter. The grumblers begin:—

2nd Choir.—"The trees lift up their branches bare  
Against the sky:  
Through the keen and nipping air,  
For spring's return they seem to cry,  
As the winds with solemn tone  
About them sadly moan."

Whereupon the advocates of the frost period retort:—

1st Choir.—"Old Winter's hand is always free,  
He scatters diamonds round,  
They dart their light from every tree,  
They glisten on the ground;  
Then who shall call the branches bare  
When gems like these are sparkling there."

At the conclusion of this Penillion-like contest, the opponent minstrels chime together—in song, at least, if not in sentiment:—

2nd Choir.—"Come in, and closely shut the door  
Against the wintry weather;  
Of frost and snow we'll think no more,  
While round the fire we sit together."

1st Choir.—"Rush out from every cottage door,  
'Tis brave and bracing weather;  
A madder throng ne'er met before,  
Than those which now have come together."

The music expresses with great felicity the contending feelings suggested by the words—the strains allotted to the proselytes of winter being as energetic and jovial as those in which its detractors give vent to their antipathy are lugubrious. This fine choral introduction is succeeded by a recitative and romance for soprano, "Welcome blest season"—an apostro-

\*Wednesday, May 9th.

phic to Christmas, the general tone and purport of which may be gathered from the opening lines of the second division:—

"Christmas comes; and friends that long have parted  
Meet to change the loving grasp once more;  
Many who have wandered, weary hearted,  
Gladly seek the old familiar door."

The soft and soothing character of this piece is in thorough keeping, and rarely have the endearing associations connected with the subject been wedded to more graceful melody. The romance gives way to the famous old English "carol," first given in unison by the chorus; then with harmony, on which two sections of the choir are engaged, while the other two sing the tune; and lastly, in combination with a new subject, in a different measure, allotted to the orchestra, the theme of the "carol" being sustained by the entire choir as a plain song. The effect of all this is as fresh and vigorous as the contrivance is masterly. The next division consists of a "Christmas tale"—for contralto solo, with chorus—

"A bleak and kindless morning had broke on Althenay,  
Where, shunning Danish foemen, the good King Alfred lay."

This is built upon the story of King Alfred, on the eve of a victory over the Danes, relinquishing his last loaf of bread in favor of a mendicant pilgrim—and is so admirably treated in the poem, that had we space we should be tempted to cite it *in extenso*. We must be content, however, to add that the music is worthy of the poetry, and that in the introductory recitatives the imitation of the old English style of melody—which, by the way, is a prevalent and characteristic feature of the whole cantata—is here most signally successful. The burden, at the termination of each verse,—

"The heavenly King who reigns on high  
Bless him who hears the poor man's cry,"

first delivered by the solo voice, and then echoed, in full harmony, by the chorus, has something analogous to the response of the people in Mendelssohn's *Elijah* (Part I.), when the prophet petitions for rain, the serene loveliness of which, however, it modestly emulates, without in the slightest degree being open to the charge of plagiarism. An exquisite little duet for women's voices "Little children, all rejoice"—agreeably contrasts with the foregoing. The words remind us that to manhood the enjoyment of to-day may be checked with anxious thoughts for the morrow, while, to childhood, the happiness of the moment is all in all, tempered by no sad experience, weakened by no conflicting doubt. The contrast is well presented in the last four lines:—

"There is not a joy so true,  
But we dread its change to sorrow;  
Ah, it is not so with you,  
Having days without a morrow."

Nothing can be more unaffected and spontaneous than the music to which Mr. Macfarren has wedded this duet. The *finale*—in chorus throughout—represents a festive celebration of the Christmas day's amusements, the various incidents that make up the sum of its substantial cheer and innocent sports being successively portrayed in brief and appropriate terms. The mistletoe, with its envied privileges, is, of course, not overlooked. Here the chorus again assumes the antiphonal form, the first choir giving a (useless) warning:—

Nay, be cautious, gentle maid,  
As you pass that hanging bough  
With the berries white arrayed;  
For there's one has made a vow  
That those lips he will invade:  
And he'll keep it, we're afraid."

To which the second choir emphatically retorts by repudiating the idea of mistletoe-law ever being abolished. Perish the thought! The wassail-bowl, blind-man's buff, snap-dragon, &c., *ad infinitum*, are all remembered; and the subjoined "general chorus" brings this merry cantata to an end:—

"Varied sports the evening close,  
Dancers form in busy rows;  
Hoodwink'd lovers roam about,  
Hope to find the right one out,  
And when they fall how merry is the bout!  
Round you flickering flame of blue  
Urchins sit—an anxious crew;  
Dainties rich the bold invite,  
While from the fire the timid shrink with fright.  
Welcome all, welcome all.  
'Tis merry now in the vaulted hall,  
The mistletoe is over head,  
The holly flaunts its berries red,  
The wassail-bowl goes gaily round,  
Our mirth awakes the echoes round,  
All eyes are bright, all hearts are gay,  
Thus ends our Christmas day."

In setting this concluding scene, Mr. Macfarren has produced a most effective and exhilarating climax to a composition that does him equal credit in an artistic and a national sense; the thoroughly English tone which he has maintained from first to last—while only interpolating one existing melody (the "carol")—being no less worthy of admiration than its abstract musical beauties, or the ingenious

contrivance and successful treatment for which it is everywhere remarkable. A question might be legitimately raised as to whether, when—the subject-matter being national—the aim of a composer is to preserve a strictly national feeling, the point of view should be, invariably and as a *sine qua non*, taken from the English melody of between two and three centuries ago? No one will deny that the Italians, French, and Germans, have a national style of music at the present time; and yet Rossini, Auber, and Weber—who may fairly be accepted as types of their respective nationalities—have little or nothing in common with their harmonious ancestors of ages back. Christmas is as appropriate to the nineteenth as to the sixteenth century; and Mr. Oxenford might with quite as much justice have parodied the vernacular of Spenser and Jonson as Mr. Macfarren the melody that prevailed in the time of Elizabeth, or during that which succeeded the Restoration. We are bound to add that in *Christmas* this imitation of the elder melody is not slavishly done, and that several numbers—instance the romance (for soprano), the song about King Alfred (for contralto), and the charming duet for women's voices—while quite as English as the rest, are the unquestionable inspirations of an Englishman, by the side of whom even Sir Roger de Coverly would figure as an ancient. But in his choruses, Mr. Macfarren seems to have considered it indispensable to seek his tune at the same well as his forefathers. Were we not convinced that this gentleman is one of the few capable of writing music, neither Italian, French, nor German, nor even a mixture of the three, but purely English, and at the same time English of the period in which we live, we should have refrained from these remarks, and indeed from any critical objection, satisfied with awarding well-earned praise to a composition of distinguished merit and originality.

The performance on the whole was remarkable—considering that the work had only the benefit of a single rehearsal (a fact, by the way, of which the Musical Society of London, while professing so much, has no reason to brag). The principal singers—Madames Lemmens, Sherrington and Sainton—were all the composer could possibly have desired, both in their solos and in their duet. The band, too, under Mr. Alfred Mellon, as usual, did wonders; but the chorus was by no means as efficient as might have been wished on such an occasion as the first public trial of a new and important work by an English composer. The audience, however, thoroughly delighted with the music, were not merely indulgent but enthusiastic in their applause. There is, indeed, every reason to believe that this performance will prove the forerunner of others, and that *Christmas* is destined to add one more to the brief catalogue of lasting musical works which our national repertory can boast."—*London Musical World*, May 12.

THE PARIS OPERA.—A plan relative to the construction of a new opera-house in Paris has been exposed to public inspection at the Mairie of the 9th arrondissement, in the Rue Drouot. The following history of the French opera will interest some of our readers. The French opera carries us as far back as the poet Baif, who, under the reign of Charles IX., assembled together a musical company, exclusively devoted to religious compositions. They held their meetings in a house in the Rue des Fosses Saint Victor, and were protected by the king. It was not until the ministry of Cardinal Mazarin, that the opera was in earnest introduced into France: at that period the words and music were Italian. The first opera in the French language was produced at Vincennes, and afterwards at the Hotel de Nevers, in 1659. It was a "Pastorale" in five acts—the words by Abbé Perrin; music by Gambert, organist of Saint Honoré, and composer to the queen mother. Ten years afterward the Abbé Perrin obtained letters patent, authorizing him to "establish in Paris, and other towns of the kingdom, musical academies for singing in public, as carried out in Italy, Germany, and England." A theatre was soon opened in the tennis grounds of the Rue Mazarine; the opera of "Pomona" was represented, but without success; and the establishment was threatened with complete ruin, when Louis XIV. by new letters patent, invested Lulli with the privilege of founding in Paris, on the largest scale, a royal academy of music. It was on the tennis-grounds of Bel-Air, in the Rue de Vaugirard, near the Palace of Luxembourg, that Lulli placed his theatre: it was opened on the 15th November, 1772, by the first representation of "Les Fêtes de l'Amour et de Bacchus." The death of Molière having left the theatre of the Palais Royal unoccupied, Lulli transferred his opera there. On the 5th April, 1763, a terrible fire destroyed the opera-house; and the 24th January following, the singers took possession of the "Théâtre des Machines," which formed part

of the Palace of the Tuilleries. In the meanwhile the reconstruction of that of the Palais Royal proceeded actively, and the inauguration took place on the 26th January, 1770, by the reproduction of Rameau's opera of "Zoroaster." A new conflagration reduced the building once more to ashes. "On the 8th June, 1781," says Mercier, "a rope of the prosenium took fire by coming in contact with one of the lights, set fire to the curtain, the curtain to the scenery, which spread the flames throughout the boxes. All the theatre was consumed."

In seventy-five days a temporary house was constructed on the Boulevard Saint Martin, under the direction of Lenoir, (called Le Romain), an architect of some talent. This theatre, actually that of the Porte Saint Martin (in which the "Closerie de Gênes," a *chef d'œuvre* of the modern French drama, is now nightly represented), was first opened to the public by the first representation of "Adèle de Ponthieu," an opera in three acts, the words by Saint Marc, music by Piccini. In 1794, the opera quitted the Boulevard, and was installed in the theatre built by order of La Demoiselle Montansier, in the Rue de Richelieu, opposite the Bibliothèque Impériale, where it remained twenty-four years. On the opening representation in this house, for the first time benches were placed in the pit. The present French Opera-house was built on the spot formerly occupied by the Hotel de Choiseul, by M. Debret, architect.

### La Juive.

The New York Musical World gives the following abstract of the plot of Halévy's famous opera, which has been attracting so much attention in New York, as produced by Maretzek at the Winter Garden.

The scene of the celebrated opera is laid in the city of Constance; the time about the year 1414.

The curtain rises and displays a representation of a public square; on the right are seen the doors of a church; on the left stands the store of Lazarus, the Jewish goldsmith and jeweler.

The first act introduces us to Leopold, Prince of the Empire, who has but just returned from a campaign against the Hussites, and if *incognito*, awaiting a public reception which the ecclesiastical and lay authorities have vouchsafed to him.

He is discovered in the disguise of an humble painter, hunting for the habitation of Lazarus the Jew, with whose daughter, Rachel, he has become violently smitten.

The day is full of interest. It has been proclaimed a general holiday, and a grand procession of princes and prelates is about to enter the city for the purpose of holding a grand council. The nation has recently been vexed by infidels; and he retires, and the council is convened to determine in what way the ascendancy obtained in late victories may best be maintained.

Lazarus, who is not only a thrifty and industrious type of his tribe, but a Jew, proud of his ancient faith, disregards the general holiday, and pursues his labor as a goldsmith.

Ruggiero, an over zealous magistrate of the city, who has just read the proclamation to eager masses of holiday loving citizens, perceives that Lazarus and his daughter Rachel heed it not. Indignant at this apparent disrespect to his authority, he orders their arrest, on the ground that they are contumacious infidels. Lazarus pleads that being an Israelite he is exempt from Christian laws. Ruggiero cries out that he thus imprecates the Christian faith, and Lazarus replies sternly that he has cause to do so, seeing that his children have perished upon the pyre by its edicts.

Ruggiero condemns them to death.

At this moment Cardinal di Brogni, president of the grand council, enters, and the prisoners are placed before him. He recognizes in Lazarus the features of a man who had witnessed the destruction of his wife and daughter, in a conflagration of his palace at Rome, before he, the Cardinal, was a follower of the Cross. The goldsmith recalls the circumstances to the Cardinal's mind, and touched by the remembrance of the agony he then endured, the latter pardons the Jew, appeasing the populace by saying that if rigor and violence made him hate the Christian faith, it is but right that forgiveness and clemency should be allowed to reclaim his heart.

Lazarus accepts the Cardinal's mercy with ill-favor, and retires to his store.

The crowd having dispersed, Leopold once more comes on the scene, and sings a serenade to Rachel.

The laws which separated Christians from Jews in those days were of the most stringent character. The penalty of intercourse was death to both. For this and for other religious reasons, the Jews were

especially cautious of any intimacy between the members of their own families and those of Christians.

Leopold, fully aware of these circumstances, yet eager to gain the smile of Rachel, pretends to be an Israelite, and assumes the name of Samuel.

An interview takes place between the maiden and her lover, and Rachel finally makes an appointment to meet him at her father's house on an approaching holy feast, when all the sons of Israel are received under his hospitable roof with kindness and equal favor.

The interview is then interrupted by the return of the populace, who assemble in the square to witness the grand procession which is about to enter the city.

Rachel, and her father, Lazarus, pressed by the increasing multitude, strive in vain to find a place of safety. To protect themselves from the passing throng, they ascend the steps of the cathedral, thinking that there at least they may be secure for a moment or two.

Ruggiero, the magistrate, already once foiled, and anxious for revenge, no sooner sees this than he excites the people to avenge what he calls a profanation of the temple.

Lazarus, and his daughter Rachel, are now menaced by the populace, and in imminent danger of their lives. They are so near being sacrificed to the blind fury of the mob, that Leopold, unmindful of his disguise, rushes in with his drawn sword and gives them protection. He is recognized by the officers, who fall back, and as the grand procession now begins to move, the people soon forget one excitement in the promise of another.

Rachel and Lazarus, stupefied at this instance of power possessed and exercised by Leopold, whom they believe to be of their own tribe, retire to their dwelling, and the scene closes with a gorgeous spectacle of mediæval splendor.

#### THE ENTRY INTO CONSTANCE.

The second act conducts us to the abode of Lazarus, the Jew, where friends and co-religionists are assembled at table, and about to partake of the sacred feast of unleavened bread. Leopold is also there, but when the moment arrives for sharing with his host the hallowed morsel, throws his portion away. The act is observed by Rachel, whose suspicions, already excited, are heightened by this strange circumstance. For the moment her inquiries are stopped by the arrival of the Princess Eudoxia, who has called to purchase a jewel of great repute and value which Lazarus possesses. The suddenness of the arrival of this distinguished lady, and the magnificence of the retinue which she brings with her excite the alarm of the Jew, and he asks Leopold, whose prowess he has witnessed in the first act, to remain with him. Leopold does so, and to his astonishment recognizes in Eudoxia his own wife.

The situation is peculiarly striking. On the one hand, a faithful wife sacrificing her little all to procure a suitable gift for the victorious husband who is about to return to her arms; on the other, a perfidious man secretly pursuing a wrongful passion in disguise, and smitten dumb with this proof of affection of his own wife.

No mutual recognition ensues, but Leopold, overcome with remorse and agony, speaks a few words with Rachel, and follows Eudoxia from the room. Lazarus, who has observed his confusion, is embarrassed at its meaning, but suspecting nothing, invokes the blessing of Heaven on his child, and retires.

Overwhelmed with conflicting emotions Leopold returns and passionately divulges to Rachel the secret of his faith—that he is not a Jew but a Christian; prays that she will fly with him to some obscure retreat, where all the troubles of the world may be forgotten in solitude and love, and promises even to renounce the faith if she will do so.

Rachel, although sorely distressed and agitated by his recital, is on the point of yielding, when Lazarus, who has overheard the project of flight, surprises them. Leopold once more proclaims that he is a Christian, and the Jew, unable to restrain himself, or pardon the affront put upon his tribe, pronounces a deadly curse upon the head of the deceiver.

The whole of this eminently dramatic scene is powerfully wrought both by composer and author.

In the next act we are transported to the magnificent gardens of the emperor, prepared with lavish display to give welcome to Prince Leopold on the occasion of his return from the wars.

The festivities in honor of this event are progressing, when Lazarus and Rachel enter, bringing with them the jewel purchased for the occasion by the Princess Eudoxia, which they lay at her feet. The Princess receives it, and in the name of the Emperor, of honor, and of love, bestows it on Leopold, her husband and her lord.

Rachel who thus hears for the first time that Leopold—whom she has recognized—is a married man, tears the proffered gift from his neck, and in an agony of rage derides him as a coward and a thing unworthy of a badge of honor. Unmindful of the consequences, she publicly accuses him of her ruin—an offence punishable with death.

The intense consternation which this declaration produces, finds at length a voice in the Cardinal, who pronounces the anathema of the Church against the offenders, and accompanies the malediction with the sentence of death.

This scene is regarded by the ablest critics as one of the most powerful in the entire repertoire of modern music.

In the fourth act, Eudoxia, whose love for her husband warms with the recollection of his valor, and the knowledge of his peril, seeks an interview with Rachel—now in prison—and beseeches her to disarm the merciless judges, who have condemned Leopold to death, by declaring that her statement was false, and suggestive jealousy. At first Rachel is deaf to these pleadings of her disconsolate sister; but when she finds that they are purely unselfish, that she sues for Leopold simply that his life may be spared, and not that she would see him again, her pride is touched, and she resolves that a follower of the Christian Faith shall not, in liberality of soul, surpass a Jewish maiden. When the proper time arrives, she promises to save him and to die.

The Cardinal interposes his charitable offices, and endeavors to persuade Rachel to become a convert to the Christian religion, in order that her young life may be spared. It is in vain, and equally vain his essay with the sturdy Lazarus. The latter spurns the proposition, and scornfully laughs at the terror of death. But, if die he must, he would revenge his sorrows on one of the Christian faith.

For this purpose he relates to the Cardinal the particulars of the destruction of the latter's palace at Rome—referred to previously in the first act—when his wife and infant child were destroyed. The Cardinal, unable to bear the narrative, begs that the unhappy past may be buried in oblivion, and not recalled to agonize his soul.

"All was not lost," replies Lazarus; "a child was saved, your child, and still lives; but no one knows who saved her, and where she is, but myself."

The Jew's revenge is to die with this secret on his lips, but undivulged.

It is in vain that the Cardinal implores him to reveal the name of the conservator of all his hopes.

Lazarus is inflexible, and tauntingly tells the Cardinal that it was he who decided that the secret should be buried in the grave.

In the final act—that of the execution—Rachel and Lazarus are alone brought in, Leopold having been banished by supreme decree. Lazarus demands why the deceiver should thus be permitted to live, and the object of his deception compelled to die. He is told that a witness worthy of credit has declared Leopold to be innocent.

Rachel steps forward and says that she was the witness.

The moment of death approaches, and the Cardinal once more solemnly entreats Lazarus to reveal the secret of his lost daughter's whereabouts; to point out to him that only child who was surely saved from the flames to be restored to her father's arms.

An exclamation suddenly directs their attention to the place of execution.

"She is there!" shrieks Lazarus, pointing to the boiling cauldron into which Rachel has just plunged.

The Cardinal, overwhelmed with emotion, falls on his knees; the Jew proceeds firmly to execution.

**BLIND TOM AND THE JAPANESE.**—A Washington correspondent of the *Philadelphia Bulletin* writes:

The Japanese are very fond of children, and care all that they meet in the halls of the hotel. They have lately been in the habit of going out in groups of two or three, and sometimes singly, walking the whole length of the avenue, visiting shops, and gratifying their curiosity concerning our affairs. Usually they are attended by lads that have made their acquaintance, and they walk along, holding their hands, and smiling on their young white-faced friends, as if perfectly happy in their society. At a private concert in Willard's saloon, last evening, little Tommy was surrounded by Washington boys, and he sat with an arm around the neck of each of the two next him, evidently proud of his young American acquaintances.

The concert, which was for a short time attended by the head men of the Embassy, was a singular one. It was given to introduce to the Washington public

the blind negro lad "Tom," ten years of age, whose marvellous talent as a pianist has been frequently spoken of in the Southern papers. "Tom" belonged to a gentleman of Georgia, in whose family were some proficient in music. No pains were taken to teach him, but, one day, according to my informant, the family were startled at hearing some one play with remarkable correctness and brilliancy, and going into the parlor, found "Tom," who had got possession of the piano, and without ever having touched it before, was playing a piece he had heard his young mistress play. This is the story given: as his showman says, "it broke out on him like the small-pox." True or not, the child is a marvel. He plays with great force and freedom, requiring to hear a piece only once to be able to re-produce it with great exactness. His touch is strong, his fingers are thin, tapering and flexible, his hands small, and he holds them with a natural ease and grace that a master cannot always give to a seeing pupil. His playing is not by any means faultless, but for a blind, untaught boy, it is astonishing, and his memory is utterly beyond all comprehension. A day or two ago, he was taken to a private house here, where two young ladies played a four-handed arrangement of the overture to Rossini's *Semiramide*, which he had never heard. When they had finished, he took the place of one of them, and played it correctly from beginning to end, without missing a bar, and actually correcting his accompanist, when, by turning over the leaves accidentally, she was playing wrong. The boy is the blackest and ugliest of negroes, and has shown no especial talent for anything but music. His nervous organization is excessively sensitive, and he weeps whenever anything annoys him. Last evening, after playing two hours, he cried bitterly at being taken from the piano. His other passion, besides music, is sugar-plums, and these will reconcile him to almost any disappointment. He has had no instruction, and has heard no great pianists. If he could do this, it would be of great advantage to him. He sings ballads in a hard, unpleasant soprano voice. Last evening he played at one time Fisher's Hornpipe with the right hand and Yankee Doodle with the left—bar for bar and perfectly well. This is only wonderful as the work of a blind child. The Japanese looked on and listened with stolid indifference, and it is pretty plain they have no enjoyment of our music.

## Music Abroad.

### Paris.

April 18.—The performances at the Grand-Opéra, of *Pierre de Médicis*, have been interrupted, by an indisposition of Mad. Gueymard-Lauters. *Guillaume Tell* was given last week. Meanwhile, the sisters Marchisio have arrived in Paris, and the rehearsals of *Semiramide* have commenced. There is some talk of Mlle. Marie Sax, of the Théâtre-Lyrique, being engaged here. The *Château Trompette*, of M. Gavaert, that had been put back at the Opéra-Comique in its rehearsals by the serious illness of M. Couderc, is now rehearsing, with Mocker in Couderc's part. The *Roman d'Élvière* is being played. The *Belle Chocolatière*, in one act, by M. Paul Dupuch, is also in rehearsal, and there is also some talk of the *Petit Chaperon Rouge*, of Boieldieu, being given ere Madame Faure-Lefèvre leaves. Mlle. Marmion, of the Théâtre-Lyrique, has been engaged at this opera. The privilege of the Théâtre-Lyrique, which was to have expired in a year, had recently been renewed by M. Carvalho till February, 1867. M. Réty will thus have nearly seven years of managerial career before him; and more, in 1861, he will inaugurate the new Théâtre-Lyrique, as the foundations of this building are already begun, and it is to be terminated by the 12th of next December. Madame Viardot's benefit will soon take place, and Tamherlik will probably sing at it. Madame Viardot is going to sing one act of *Armide*, and the sleep-walking scene in the *Macbeth* of Verdi, with Graziani. After Beethoven's *Fidelio*, the *Reina Balkir*, of Charles Gounod, will be given.

April 26.—The great question as to building a new opera-house for the French operas is at length quite decided. The building will be erected at the beginning of the Rue de Rouen and a street that is to run between the Boulevards des Capucins and the Chausée d'Antin. The direction of the works is confided to M. Ronault de Fleury. The general plan was deposited the 15th of this month, at the Mairie of the Ninth Arrondissement, in the Rue Drouot, and where for twenty days all observations of the public relative to the plan of the building will be received. As it is an undertaking that will probably cost twenty millions of francs, the pros and cons of the site cho-



sen cannot be too attentively studied. Meanwhile, in what will be some months hence the old Grand-Opera-house, all goes on actively. Mad. Gueymard, who has recovered from her late indisposition, is gaining fresh laurels in *Pierre de Médicis*. The Sisters Marchisio are already studying their parts in *Sémiramis*; the part of Assur is definitively given to Obin: indeed it is probable that the singers will be ready long ere the scenery is. The latter is on a scale of unwonted magnificence, and Ancient Babylon is to be resuscitated in all her splendor in this modern Babylon. We can thus judge, which is the most preferable—I should say the latter. Decidedly, operas written by princes are windfalls to a theatre. The illustrious composer of *Pierre de Médicis* has presented M. Dietrich, the leader of the orchestra, with a magnificent platina chain; to M. Vaudrot, leader of the singing, a diamond ring; and to M. Victor Massé, director of the choruses, diamond sleeve buttons. Such brilliant tokens of gratitude are not to be disdained, though often a few words of heartfelt acknowledgement possess greater weight and more real value. Amongst such, we must cite the letter of Mad. Girard, the widow of the late chef d'orchestre, at this house, to the artists of the Conservatoire, thanking them for the concert they gave for her benefit, and in memory of the old chief. In a short time the Italian Opera will be deserted, and the foreign nightingales, that have so often charmed us there, will have taken wing. Last week, Tamberlik appeared in the part of Poliuto, in Donizetti's opera of the same name; Mesdames Penco and Merly filling the other characters. It was a grand "succès" for Tamberlik, who, with Mad. Penco, was recalled several times. Last Friday, Mad. Viardot's benefit took place at the Théâtre-Lyrique. Mad. Viardot sang the duo and sleep-walking scene of Verdi's *Macbeth* with Graziani, the third act of Gluck's *Armide*, and an air of *Sonnambula*. It were needless to add how brilliant was the success of her benefit, the many recalls, or the frantic applause—due, not only to her great talents, but also to the courage with which she has fought against the invasion of common place and second-rate music on the stage. Who, after her fine creation of Orpheus, or her acting and singing in *Armide*, could tolerate the evanescent trash with which we are overwhelmed!

The concerts are still going on. Last week Duprez gave a concert, in which an opera entitled *Jeanne d'Arc*, the music by himself, the words by M. Edouard Duprez, was given. It was in three acts, with choruses, orchestra, decorations, &c. Mlles. Maria Bennet, Battu, and Monrose, and M. Lefranc, sang the chief parts; the whole evening went off very successfully. The Association of the Musical Artists of France are preparing a solemnity of a new kind, to begin at the end of this month. It consists—not of a concert, but of a series of concerts, to be perpetuated from year to year. M. Beaulieu, of Nivert, is to be at the head of this. By his wish the concerts are to consist of the vocal music of the great masters not usually performed in public, because it is not thought attractive enough. The music will be drawn from all schools, styles, and kinds, and the execution will be as fine as is humanly possible.—*Corr. of Lond. Mus. World*.

BERLIN.—On Palm Sunday the *Messiah* was performed by Stern's society, with Frau Bürde-Ney in the soprano, and Krause in the bass solos. On Monday, *Die Versöhnungsleiden*, by Schnöpff's society. On Wednesday, Graun's *Tod Jesu*, by Schröder's society, and on Friday, at the Sing-Akademie, Bach's great *Passion* music.

#### London.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—It was shrewdly said, by a great living musician in our hearing, "If you want to show your connoisseurship at a new opera, ask, Why do not they give 'Don Juan'?" The question might be answered conclusively in this wise. "Where is the *Don Juan*?" The right man has not alighted on our Opera-sphere since the days of Garcia—the next best to him having been Signor Tamberlini. The essay of Signor Mario amounts to a feeble and unsuccessful usurpation, in spite of his charming physical qualifications. But no canonical Opera-season can go round without the work being given,—no matter how unfit for the music be the singers. If we do not share the regulation raptures over every revival of this new opera, it may be for the same reasons as make us deprecate a "King Lear" shabbily cast, and prefer not to see "Antony and Cleopatra," if *Miss Petowker* is to perform "the serpent of Old Nile." There are fresh audiences every year. We know people who would prefer to hear the opera sung anyhow, to not hearing it at all. For both classes we must report on the two-hundred-

times-told tale. Mr. Smith's novelties in the cast of the opera are as follows:—His *Don*, Signor Everardi, is less efficient than we had hoped that gentleman might prove, after seeing him in "La Favorita." There is no want of good-will in his performance; he is "up" in his part (as the phrase is), but his personation wants grace, and his voice depth. Mr. Smith's *Zerlina* is Madame Borghi-Mamo. She sings the music as it is written; but it is too high for her voice. There is many a high *soprano* able to sing the *contralto* repertory, so far as producing the notes goes; but the want of the quality is certainly to be felt. The music of *Zerlina* should be played with; under the circumstances case is impossible. Her performances are announced to have closed for the season; we suppose in consequence of the arrival of Madame Albani. Madame Titjens is Donna Anna, Mlle. Vaneri Donna Elvira, Signor Giuglini Don Ottavio, Signor Vialetti Leporello, and Signor Mercuriali, whose peculiar voice (as has been heretofore said) should be turned to better account, *Masetto*. It would only be so much lost time and needless vexation to point out in detail why, with this conjunction of singers, the music of "Don Juan" fails, somehow, to produce its wonted effect at *Her Majesty's Theatre*. For this evening "Rigoletto" is announced, to introduce Mlle. Brunetti, yet another French lady, and Signor Sebastiano Ronconi.

A spirited performance of "Il Barbiere" was given on Tuesday evening, at *Her Majesty's Theatre*. The admirers of Madame Borghi-Mamo (and she has many) have so commended, not merely her acting, southern accent and expression, but her execution, too, of Signor Rossini's music in "Otello," that to hear her in one of the *maestro's* operas became a matter of interest. But our account of her *Rosina* would be "It is the old story." Vocal proficiency is not to be snatched up in one part—laid down in another. The artist who cannot execute a scale on Tuesday, will not do so on Thursday; the organ incompletely developed will not grow to completeness in a couple of nights. Madame Borghi-Mamo has had a delicious voice, a mezzo-soprano of the "sweetest south" quality; but the voice, save by fits and starts, is no longer true. In the few opening bars of the Neapolitan "Santa Lucia," which was introduced in the lesson scene, we felt all the charm. The rest of the opera was, to our apprehension, a clever attempt at disguise—or rather, to make a want of finish pass for finish. Thus, for awhile, flourished Signor Fornasari; but the partial success of all such attempts—of all such simulations (not hypocritically meant, we concede, but inevitable as the consequences of careless training) is too dangerous to Art to be passed over. Madame Borghi-Mamo, here, as in Paris, dashes at every thing, *gruppetti*, scales, chromatic and diatonic; but here, as in Paris, we have failed to hear a true, cleanly-delivered passage from her lips. In vocal accomplishment, as compared with Madame Albani, she is what Madame Stoltz was as compared with Madame Viardot. Signor Everardi's *Figaro* is clever, busy, and well sustained. M. Belart's *Count Almaviva* extremely good; the music (to return upon our theme) honestly sung by him, without stint or unreality,—the acting an advance on former essays at acting.—*Athenaeum*, May 19.

MUSICAL SOCIETY.—The publication of Mr. Macfarren's new cantata "Christmas" (Cramer & Co.) coincident with its performance by that spirited body the Musical Society, on Wednesday last, enables us to speak with less hesitation on a new work than might have else been the case. It was a happy thought to have chosen "Christmas" as the subject of an English cantata,—but the choice, we are constrained to say, is better than the execution. The divisions are these:—a double chorus by way of introduction—a romance for soprano—a Carol, "A Christmas Tale," for contralto and chorus—a duet for two Ladies, and a finale describing a Christmas party. So far, well and good; but we cannot think that the verse is always suggestive, and in one point it is open to serious objection. Mr. Oxenford has failed to recollect that there are many good things to say (and to eat) which are not fit themes for music. We English have not become used to the familiarities of common life as connected with the art. A chorus that began, "How do you like this east wind, Mrs. Jones?" would rather puzzle a composer. We cannot reconcile ourselves to hearing of "goose," "turkey," "pudding," and "the lemon in the boar's jaw," in conjunction with flats and sharps. Why not "sage and onions," and "apple sauce"? There must be some discrimination in these things—there may be, as Moore, and Bayly, and Mr. Planché have shown, when writing for music, without the writer getting up on stilts. Mr. Oxenford has too much tact and scholarship not to avoid this defect, when its importance has been pointed out to him. It is one of first consequence to his partner; and, indeed, we can

not but fancy it has been here felt so. On the present occasion, clever, and interesting as is Mr. Macfarren's music, it is forced in many places; as if structure had been thought of rather than the spirit of melody. The opening chorus, a winter scene, has more of the crudity, which we had hoped its author had laid aside, than is agreeable. The close, where the two choirs cross and reply to each other, is careful, if, in some of its progressions, too harsh to please the ear—but the leading ideas might have been turned to better account. In No. 2, the recitative is not well set. The melody of the *Romance* is elegant. The final *cadenza*, however, is an example of difficulty driven to its last point. It can hardly be executed neatly, save under exceptional conditions. No. 3, the Carol, is treated with great ingenuity, but the number is a long one; and at the risk of being anathematized henceforth and for evermore by those who, because a ditty is ancient, hold it to be therefore good—we must assert that the melancholy minor tune, so utterly at variance with the

#### Tidings of comfort and joy!

which form the burden of the song—however curious and venerable—has too much in it of the "frozen-out gardeners" to be welcome in such a place, were it twenty times as old English as it is. As if to make up for this, how is it that Mr. Macfarren has allowed such a modern German or modern French (?) garniture to the Christmas legend of Alfred in Athelney? The chorus that has asked for a tale should listen. Here, after having, without much ostensible reason, borne up one verse (not burden-wise) with a "Fal-lala," in the last stanza, they do all but anticipate the catastrophe by following so close on the heels of the narrator that narration is unnecessary. The *Duetto* No. 6, is very elegant. The *Finale*, No. 7, is robust and jovial, with some good orchestral effects. On every ground it is to be wished that a more favorable account could have been given as a whole of a work by two superior men; but seeing that English music is now struggling up towards a point higher than it has occupied—say since Parcell's time—on every ground it is necessary to speak plainly and clearly, as the duty owed by persons of honor to persons of honor.—*Ath.*, May 12.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—Every week will now for some weeks to come, be fuller and fuller of concerts, in the quality and variety of which there is obviously a rise. Dr. Wyld, the *Amateur Society*, the *Vocal Association*, and Mr. Hullah (not to speak of the great gathering of children at the Crystal Palace), have appealed, within the last seven days, to the public, all with claims above the average. Pity that such simultaneous appeals must of necessity imply conflict. A musical digestion of forty-*ostrich* power is insufficient for the demands of this London May. Only artists of extraordinary merit can escape from being borne down and overlooked. Last week we spoke of Herr von Lübeck as a good pianist; to-day we may offer welcome to another, M. Theodore Ritter, who introduced himself on Saturday last. This young artist seems to us to have a capital pair of hands, directed by an intelligent head. The English have justifiably become hard to please in Mendelssohn's second *Trio*, his rendering of which, however, greatly pleased us—so distinct was every florid passage; so well delivered, without exaggeration, were the more expressive phrases. In Weber's *Rondo*, in E flat, M. Ritter was light, sparkling, and very elegant. So far as we heard his own music, originality in point of creation is yet to come. He was assisted by M. Paque, and by M. and Madame Sainton-Dolby. The lady, by the way, has got a new ballad by Miss Gabriel, "The Skipper and his Boy," which she may possibly establish as companion to the "Three Fishers" of Mr. Hullah. Among the benefit Concerts of this week have been those of Miss Laura Baxter and Mlle. de Villar. Of Herr Hager's oratorio, produced, on Wednesday, at St. Martin's Hall, we must speak on some future occasion.—*Id.*, May 19.

### Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JUNE 5.—Quite suddenly, and unexpectedly, Max Maretzek has collapsed. With scarcely a word of preliminary notice, without any of the "last night" gag, he has left Winter Garden and, from being the manager of an Italian opera, condescends to lead the orchestra at Niblo's, where Nixon, the lessee, is about starting a series of what he calls "midsummer entertainments." Instead of directing the performance of Halévy's majestic opera, *La Juive*, Max will henceforth conduct a small or-

chestra, which plays the accompaniments to English songs sung by Mesdames VON BERKEL and ECKHARDT. What a fall was there, my countrymen!

The fact is, that last season both operas were losing money, and did not attempt to disguise it. But the rival managers each took a fiendish delight in supposing that his opponent was losing the most. How this may be, I cannot tell, but certain it is that the Academy folks "caved in" and beat a retreat the first. Maretzek was however too much exhausted by the contest to survive his victory very long. During the past week he ran *La Juive*, which, notwithstanding the magnificent singing and acting of STIGELLI, failed to draw good houses. Verdi's *Masnadieri* was twice advertised and withdrawn—the second time no notice of the withdrawal being given till the audience assembled before the closed theatre to be greeted with an announcement about the indisposition of Maretzek. It was however produced with some new singers at the *matinée* on Saturday, and, I am told, signally failed, owing to the utter inadequacy of the performers.

Mr. Ullman, who has been sick for weeks, is out again, and has, he states, already made arrangements for his fall season, to commence at the Academy of Music next September. He has engaged for *prime donne*, FABBRI, COLSON and ADELINA PATTI; for tenor, BRIGNOLI; for baritone AMODIO, and for basso, CARL FORMES. He expects to revive *Le Prophète*, *Huguenots*, *Sicilian Vespers*, and *La Juive*.

Little Patti at last accounts had given a successful concert at Pittsburg, assisted by Brignoli, who offended the critics by his lazy indifference, and by JUREKA, who delighted them with his dignified bearing and careful singing. There are amusing rumors afloat about Miss Patti's musical abilities. Some folks, who know her personally, say that she can scarcely read a note, and that to learn a new part, all the services of her entire family have to be called into requisition. Each passage is played over and over to her, till she is quite familiar with it, and thus by hour after hour of incessant labor on the part of her instructors—including MUZZIO—she gradually masters her rôle. This is a bit of gossip, like that which said that LA GRANGE used to learn an opera in two mornings, while taking her chocolate and muffins in bed. There is some more gossip about Brignoli, this time. They say he is remarkably well satisfied with this country, and declares himself to be that miracle, a "perfectly happy man." And why not, pray? He makes twelve hundred dollars a month, the greater part of which he lays up, till he has now hoarded between twenty and thirty thousand dollars. He allows himself five hundred dollars a month for his personal expenses, on this sum living (when in New York) at the Everett House, and keeping his horse and light carriage. His popularity is as great as ever; but it is altogether on account of his exquisite voice, for his manners are not calculated to win the regards of the public.

The concert season is now fairly over, and a weaker one has not recently occurred. The Philharmonic concerts offered nothing of special interest. MASON has given a few classical soirées, and the Harmonic Society has had a faint musical ebullition. There has been no genuine musical excitement, excepting the debut and success of Adelina Patti.

TROVATOR.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 9, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — WEBER'S Opera, *Der Freyschütz*, piano-forte arrangement, continued.

### A New Musical Society.

With all the opportunities enjoyed in Boston for hearing the best music of all kinds, one great want has been felt and constantly expressed. One all-important problem remains to be solved. The want, the problem is a permanent organization, or orchestra — what is commonly called a Philharmonic Society — for the unfailing supply, at stated periods, every winter, of the best possible concerts of instrumental music, in which the Symphonies of the great masters shall, above all,

become familiar to appreciative hearers, and in which the number of appreciators shall continually increase by hearing. It is not enough that we get chance supplies of what in a truly musical community is so indispensable; that every season brings its new experiment, corporate or individual, like those of Carl Zerrahn, which saves that season from being counted musically a blank. This constantly reorganizing the whole thing from the beginning, every year, without building upon any *terra firma* won the year before, and with capricious change of plan, adhering to no one policy until the tree is old enough to yield its proper fruit, grows more and more discouraging, alike to concert-givers and to concert-goers. It unsettles faith in any plan. It reduces the whole thing to mere dollar and cent calculations, until such enterprises get to be regarded among many people just as they regard any other mere pecuniary speculations, and they support them or neglect them according to the most momentary impulse of amusement. They cease to feel an interest and pride of Art in them. Such concerts fail to make the music-loving public feel itself responsible for their continuance and for their character. It is plain, too, that all concerts in which the first spring and principle of life is simply pecuniary profit, all concerts in which business is first and Art is only secondary, show and must show a constant gravitation downwards to a lower tone and standard. They inevitably *cater*, where they ought to lead, to educate and lift the audience above itself.

The lover of true Art in music will of course find many a chance gratification in the promiscuous programmes offered him in this way; but how much better would it not be if the best taste and love of music in a community should organize *itself* into some sure, efficient system of supplies of what it really needs and wants!

Such a proposal is of course vague and general. It needs some handle by which it may be taken hold of. The "musical public" is not a determinate, organic body, with its primary elections and its lists of voters, which can choose its representatives and agents. The leaders must be found out by their leading. There must be some one or several to go forward, taking the responsibility of the first steps and assuming management, which will sustain itself just so far as it is truly representative of the real musical want and feeling of the community. The natural leaders in such a movement seem to be those who are themselves artists and musicians, those who are to make the music, those who are supposed to be the best types of the real musical culture of the community in which they live. These men, if they have really the soul of artists, need such an organization for their own good — not their material, but their artistic good — need it to keep alive, encourage mutually, and elevate their own artistic tone and standard. They should form such a union as a mutual guaranty among them of artistic character and standing. And they need it at the same time as a medium for communicating their own artistic feeling, conscience and enthusiasm to a surrounding, ever-widening, sympathetic sphere of amateurs and earnest listeners and lovers. The Gewandhaus Concerts in Leipzig, the concerts of the Conservatoire in Paris, must be a great good for the musicians engaged in them, independently of all thought of material remuneration. Such concerts must afford to

their own musical lives such sustenance, as the Alps or the White Mountains furnish to the landscape artists. They had better pay for them themselves than not to have them. It was a great thing for artists and for Art in London, too, when some of the principal musicians came together and organized their Philharmonic Society; for without that, Beethoven and Mozart would not perhaps be living influences to this day in England. And so, too, of the Philharmonic Society in New York. Fortunately, it was not started as a mere pecuniary enterprise, to give the musicians *business*. It was a league for Art, as the first end; for mutual material aid and comfort secondly, the incidental fruit quite sure to follow upon prudent management.

And now we have the good news that the same problem has been taken in hand by the principal instrumental musicians here in Boston. A BOSTON PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY has been actually organized. On Friday, May 25th, thirty-four well-known members of our recent orchestras met together, signed a constitution, and elected officers as follows:

THOMAS RYAN, *President*.  
F. SUCK, *Vice President*.  
C. EICHLER, *Secretary*.  
WM. SCHULTZE, *Treasurer*.  
CARL ZERRAHN, }  
— DE RIBAS, } *Associates*.  
— SCHLIMPER, }

We have not seen the Constitution, but we understand that membership is strictly limited to actual performers, who can only be admitted by a three-fourths vote, and who must in every instance pass muster as thoroughly competent according to a high standard, and must pledge themselves to the punctual and faithful performance of their respective duties, upon penalty of prompt discharge. The office of conductor is not limited to one person; but the government may use their judgment in appointing more than one, and in inviting individuals from outside of the Society, when it shall seem expedient. So far well. The objects of the Society are stated to be: "To advance the interests of the science of music in Boston, and to benefit pecuniarily its members." This is putting the two things in the right order, at all events. And now follows what seems to be the heart and kernel of the plan:

"Concerts will only be given when a sufficient sum shall have been secured to cover all expenses, and guarantee to each of those who may perform at a particular concert (and only those who do perform can receive compensation,) the sum of *twelve dollars*. By way of preparation for each concert, *four rehearsals* will be given (held?), of which *two will be public*."

This feature of the plan, as we find it reported (whether in the actual words of the constitution we know not), leads almost too naturally into another, unobjectionable enough in itself, but slightly suspicious in this connection:

"Such programmes for performance will be selected as will combine pleasure with a cultivation of the popular taste, independent of *schools* in music, and with a view to granting the public the entertainment for which they are pleased to pay their money, and to which they are willing to give their support."

What public? The public that will *pay best*. And therefore what entertainment, what music? Why, that which will *pay best*. And if it should

happen to appear that Negro Minstrelsy would pay better than Beethoven and Mozart, and that a band of brass, without any fiddles, would pay better than the best symphonic orchestra, would the Philharmonic Society perhaps be willing to accept that level, and, following up a thriving business wherever it might lead, still leave the *Philharmonic* problem as unsolved as ever? We do not of course fear anything so bad as that, but we suggest the worst to indicate what seems a questionable tendency in the very egg about to be hatched.

Of course every friend of music must rejoice in everything that adds to the material prosperity of the musicians. They work hard for our pleasure, and as a general thing are meanly, miserably rewarded. They exercise the common right, the common duty, when they seek like other men to make that industry to which they devote their lives support them. Concert playing costs much time and labor, and is too apt to prove a poor pecuniary investment of such poor man's capital. All this we too well know, and there are few things which oftener touch our sympathies than the worldly fortune of musicians. No one can wonder or can blame them, if they insist on jealous stipulations against loss of money and of time, when they are called upon to minister to public pleasure and instruction. It behoves them not to lose sight of the economical side of the matter. But there is such a thing as an economy which is penny-wise and pound-foolish. There are cases where one gains by freely giving; and in all cases one must give to acquire *character*, on which all gains in the long run depend. Now we should have more faith in a Philharmonic Society which organized itself firstly and principally for the purpose of keeping up among its members a high artistic tone and character; of mutually guarantying one another against the artistically demoralizing influence of the daily pursuit of music as a mere *business*; of creating for themselves opportunities of uniting in the performance, the interpretation of really noble and inspired works, as an offset to daily and nightly drudgery, in theatres, in street bands, in lessons, in whatever tends to drag them down from the high character of artists to the condition of mere hack musicians; and then, secondly, and as a natural complement to this, for the purpose of interpreting such noble works to others and of thus building up a large society of listeners and lovers in communion with them. To any musician it is really worth the while, even in an economical point of view, to do this even without assurance of a farthing of immediate pecuniary profit. It is better that such things be done in faith, than for mere wages. It lends the enterprise a better spirit; the public feels the finer temper of it, trusts it more, is more attracted to it, as to a thing that has a real magnetism, a body with a soul in it. If a number of musicians form a business company just for the sake of earning certain wages, by catering for a few hours now and then to fancied public tastes and appetites, what does the public care about it, save as any one may feel disposed at any time to indulge in the amusement for the time being? Why should it interest the friends of music more than anybody's private business does? But if musical artists associate themselves in the name of Art, for Art's sake, then at once they have a claim on all who love and value Art; then sympathy and

support naturally flow to them from all sides: their success becomes the common cause; the character of the union is kept up, continually improving; and the result is, (the more sure, because it is made only incidental) that generous material support is never wanting.

For this reason we should have been glad had our musicians, in laying out their plan of concerts, been content with simply guarding themselves against possibility of pecuniary loss. It would look more as if the motive of the thing were really artistic, and would inspire more confidence. Why the "twelve dollar" condition? Why stipulate for any wages, and so trifling an amount at that? If one can give the hours required for each concert with its four rehearsals for twelve dollars, can he not almost as well afford to give them for the pure artistic satisfaction of the thing? And this we take to be the very meaning of a "Philharmonic" as distinguished from a mere business society for music. This is what the friends of music want when they call for a Philharmonic Society. Give it the real Philharmonic character first, and then trust to the natural working of it for pecuniary returns. Show us a tree all beautiful with blossoms, and then we may expect fruit.

#### Musical Chit-Chat.

OPERA. The CORTESI company closed their season, according to programme, at the Boston Academy after one week's performances, with a *Travatore* matinee on Saturday, when *Do di petto* made his third hit. On Thursday evening *Norma* was rendered rather shabbily, with PARODI as Norma, who has neither truth of intonation nor of expression; MUSIANI, for the consul, whose large voice lent not much interest to the part; SUSINI, stately and sonorous as Oroveso; and for Adalgisa, a young lady, Miss MONTMORENCY, (her first appearance), with a pleasant mezzo-soprano voice, not without feeling, but timid in the use of it. On Friday Rossini's genial and delightful music of "The Barber" gave fine scope to the rich voice and finished execution of ADELAIDE PHILLIPS. TAMARO, too, as Almaviva, and BARILI, as the barber, won approval; but the Don Bartolo was thought inferior, and fat AMODIO sacrificed the music of Basilio to broad farce.

Next Tuesday evening, (it is hinted in newspaper paragraphs, though we as yet see no proper advertisement of the fact), a new troupe is to commence a series of operas at the Academy. It is said to be a combination of artists from Ullman's, Maretzek's and the Havana troupes, who will begin with *Ernani*, the cast including Mme. FABBRI (who we are sure will please), and MUSIANI, SUSINI and AMODIO. Some say that Maretzek is to be the head, and that the new pieces recently given at the Winter Garden, "The Jewess," *I Masnadieri* and *Stradella*, will be brought out. If they give *La Juive*, let us suggest that it be made somewhat shorter than it was in New York, — at all events that there may not be unnecessarily long intervals between the five acts.

What was the meaning of the simultaneous appearance in several of our Boston papers last week, of the following opinion expressed with slight variations? Why did not the new Sappho wear the laurels?

"The part of *Saffo*, in which Gazzaniga has been so successful is now thought to be without a representative in this country capable of imparting to the character the effect it requires; but those who indulge in such a supposition are in error, for Madame Cortesi has won laurels for the ability which she has displayed in the opera of 'Saffo' elsewhere. A strong desire exists among her Boston friends to compare her performance with that of Gazzaniga, and we

hope she may be induced to accede to the public wish before she leaves us."

Whether she can sing *Saffo* or not, CORTESI has at least one unqualified admirer. "Ada Clare," of the New York *Saturday Press*, airs her enthusiasm thus:

"'See Cortesi and die,' is now the manner in which I render the old adage of 'See Naples and die.' Not but what it would be better to see Cortesi and live, since she vastly enhances the pleasure of living; but one should not die without having seen her, for I doubt, indeed, whether the upper spheres would be capable of making up her loss. These remarks read like extravagance, but it is bad to temper one's admiration, and the Cortesi is not a person to be coolly reasoned about. For me, she is the most superb exponent of the lyric art, whom I have ever met. She is one of those deep and grand natures which expands the capacities of the lyric stage to the expression of all that is large and lofty in human intellect. For a woman not to admire Adelaide Cortesi would be gross ingratitude; for she is one of those talents that vindicate the ability of our sex; she redeems in her own proud self the miserable weary little nonsenses which form the whole lives of most of us.

"It is only on the stage that woman has outstripped the utmost efforts of man, and grandly triumphed over him in the uttermost sense of the word. In that kingdom of this globe, the highest honors, the proudest triumphs, the chief part of the world's worship, and the largest pecuniary profits, belong to women.

"I think I know how to explain this fact. It is only on the stage that the woman is taken out of the world's straight-jacket, and left with free limbs and free soul. The actress, the singer, may put away convention, cant, and hypocritical moralities as very small worms whose crawl is too insignificant to be noticed. Her beauty, her talent, her instinct, her oratorical or vocal powers, her grace, her passions, are all to be used to their utmost and most godlike extent. She is to go forth and be great without illustrating any moral tract.

In literature, in science, in the other arts, the opposite principle prevails; the woman who attempts to work, must wrench out all that is truly passionate from her nature, before she can be considered the respectable and useful worker.

O! fools, fools, fools, that we are! We sacrifice the one sublime gift that nature gives us to cope with men—Instinct; beautiful, sacred, heaven-given instinct. \* \* \*

"I have spoken of the superiority of the woman to the man on the stage. I think as proof that I need but mention the names of Cortesi, of Ristori, of Rachel, of Grisi, of Fabbri. These names are more eloquent than any words I could write."

Fine, all this, in the abstract, as applied to some imaginary and ideal prima donna; but if such a sun did actually rise before us all, how strange that only Ada saw it!

#### Musical Intelligence.

NEW ORLEANS. The opera still outlives its season. We glean from the *Picayune* of various dates.

May 10. Verdi's "Jerusalem" was given at the Opera House Thursday evening to a good house, in most commendable style. The mounting of the opera was as superb and imposing as the cast was strong and capable. Geismar, who has all the season been going on from triumph to triumph, making every newly assumed role an improvement, even on the last, made a great hit as *Helene*. Mathieu was fine as *Gaston*, and, in brief, the performance was one of the most decided successes of this highly successful season.

May 23. There was a good, but not over-crowded house, at the opera, Monday night, to enjoy another performance of the glittering show-piece, in which Colson is so charming, "The Loves of the Devil."

The season will close on the 3d of June. Meantime, Mons. Philippe, the first tenor of the Orleans theatre, who, with Mathieu, is to sustain the tenor roles in grand opera here next season, will give one or two performances of *John of Leyden*, in Meyerbeer's "Prophète."

May 24. There was a remarkably nice performance of the "Norma" Tuesday night, at the Opera. Geismar was, as ever, fine in the role of the *Druidess* and was most ably seconded by Pretti, as *Adalgisa*, while Mathieu gave to the part of the Roman Proconsul a most admirable interpretation. Vanlair as

*Orovoso* was effective, and so was the chorus. There was a good house, and the opera went off amidst judicious, and at the same time constant and enthusiastic, applause.

As we near the close of the season we are more and more deeply impressed with the value of Geismar as a member of the company, and, moreover, with the conviction that the management cannot leave her out of the programme for the next season. She has great versatility as well as abundant talent—now appearing with credit as the stately *Norma*, and now as the simple peasantess, *Rose Friquet*, in the "Dragons de Villars," with equal success. By all means, let us have Geismar next winter.

This evening, for the benefit of Mr. Gennibrel, the popular basso, we are to have a great cast of the "Don Juan" of Mozart. Colson is to be the *Zerlina*; Melchisedec, the *Don Juan*; Ecarlat, the *Ottavio*; Pretti, the *Donna Anna*; Dalmont, the *Elvira*; Gennibrel, the *Leporello*; Vanlair, the *Commendatore*, and Chol, the *Masetto*.

May 27. So far as Mmes. Colson and Debleye, and Messrs. Melchisedec and Dutasta were concerned in it, the performance of the "Fille du Regiment," at the Orleans theatre, Friday night, for the benefit of an unfortunate artiste, was very well worth sitting out a warm evening to witness.

They entered into the spirit of their several roles, sang as well as they were permitted to do by circumstances, and carried off the opera, upon the whole, very successfully. Colson was particularly sparkling and effective in the role of the little vivandiere, and Melchisedec made about the best *Sergeant Sulpice* we remember to have seen, saving and excepting Edward Seguin. Dutasta and Debleye, as the stupid old duchess and her steward, made a good deal of fun. But as to all the rest, Tonio, the chorus, and the orchestra, "Come thou, expressive silence, muse their praise."

At the Opera, last evening, Mme. Colson gave us another performance of her fascinating part of *Urid*, in "Les Amours du Diable."

This evening Mmes. St. Ange and Marechal present an attractive programme for their joint benefit; a drama and musical interlude.

Monday evening M. Philippe, the popular first tenor of the company lately singing at the Orleans theatre, and who has been engaged by Mr. Bodousquie for the next season, will make his first appearance on these boards, in the role of *Fernand*, in the "Favorite," that other favorite artiste, Mlle. Geismar, being the *Leonora*.

Only one week remains to us, now, of our opera season. It has, on the whole, been a brilliant one. The new Opera House has commenced its career most auspiciously, and fully realized to the public the flattering promises made in its behalf by the enterprising manager. And now, as his first season draws to an end, he has good reason to be satisfied with the success of his experiment. Of the artistes brought over by him, last fall, two only have failed to earn and to maintain to the close the favor of the public, and they have, some time since, returned to Europe. But Geismar, Mathieu, Melchisedec and Gennibrel, all of whom are reengaged, we believe, stand firmly entrenched in the good opinion of our music loving public. Besides these, we learn that Mr. Boudousquie has positively engaged the excellent grand tenor, Philippe, and Cabel, the favorite tenor leger of the late Orleans theatre company. What other engagements he has made for the next season, we do not learn exactly; though there is a rumor of negotiations pending with a very talented prima donna, now in Paris.

Before the next season comes, the auditorium of our new and beautiful Opera House is to be elegantly decorated; the best company, operatic and dramatic, possible to be procured, will be engaged, and every effort will be made to make the next an improvement upon the last season, excellent as that has been. Already the greater part of the sittings have been engaged, for the Tuesday and Saturday nights and a very large number for the Monday and Thursday performances.

May 30. The Opera House was filled to overflowing, Monday night. The special attraction was the great performance of the favorite tenor, Philippe, on that stage. It was painfully evident from the commencement that he was not in good condition. His voice was palpably uncertain, and he seemed to be afraid to trust it. He got on very well, however, under the generous encouragement of an audience evidently greatly prepossessed in his favor, until the trying fourth act of the "Favorite." The beautiful aria, "Ange si pur," ("Spirto gentil,") he sang with much less than his usual force and effect, and in the great duet which follows, his voice gave way at the most trying point. Mlle. Geismar, with admirable self-possession and presence of mind, took up her

part in the duet, and gave it with brilliant effect, amidst the warmest plaudits of the audience. On the repetition of the passage, Philippe rallied bravely, and gave the required note with the full force of his fine organ. He was called before the curtain, as both he and Geismar had been several times during the progress of the opera, and seemed to feel sensibly the indulgence of the audience.

To-night, two acts of "Si j'étais Roi," in which Cabel and Colson appear, and the entire "Trovatore" with Ecarlat, Melchisedec, Dalmont and Geismar; the evening's performance to be for the benefit of Mme. Dalmont and M. Cabel.

NEW YORK. The magnificent opera of "The Jewess," which created on its presentation in Paris as much genuine popular approval as any work ever produced there, is now being performed in capital style at the Winter Garden. We have never heard more intense applause bestowed on artists than that excited by Mad. Fabbri and Mr. Stigelli in various points, especially at the conclusion of the first act, and in his superb aria and scena. The manner in which this work is given—the liberal and elegant stage arrangements, the splendid costumes, the excellent orchestra, the capital singing, ought to make the fortune of a season; and if New York be not satisfied, it will wait a cycle without such delectation. But this is not enough, so we have yet another new opera—one by Verdi—one at least not known here—founded on Schiller's "Robbers," the principal part written for Jenny Lind when she appeared in London.

It requires vast labor and professional experience to urge upon the stage so many operas as have been rendered this season at the Winter Garden, and by all the usages of reward for superior efforts and deserts, the houses should be crowded; for the city is full of people, resident and travelling, who should have the taste and means to attend these entertainments.—*Tribune*, June 4.

CLEVELAND, O. On Friday evening, June 1st, there will be a Grand Concert under the management of the favorite manager Strakosch. The star of the evening will be the celebrated Miss ADELINA PATTI, the "bright particular star" of the New York Academy of Music. She will be assisted on the occasion by Madame Strakosch, Brignoli, Ferri, Junca, and Maurice Strakosch himself.

PHILADELPHIA. THE GERMANIA.—The last rehearsal of the Germania was held on Saturday, and was attended by an immense assembly, even ladies being obliged to stand in the avenues. The season ended brilliantly, and every thing encourages the orchestra to keep together and continue their instructive and interesting rehearsals in the autumn. Much good has been done by the Germania to the taste of our citizens in instrumental music, and the change is clearly perceptible from the time when the afternoon concerts scarcely attracted five hundred people, to the present day when two thousand are crushed into the Musical Fund Hall to enjoy the finely selected programmes.

We are enabled to state that Mr. Sentz will resume the leadership of the orchestra as soon as he returns from Europe, if circumstances should permit him to take his contemplated voyage.—*Fitzgerald's City Item*.

ROXBURY, MASS. The organ in the Unitarian Church at Jamaica Plain has recently been enlarged by adding another manual—the Choir Organ—and nineteen stops, at a cost of \$2000. It is now one of the most complete church organs in New England, having 13 stops in Great, 8 in Choir, 13 in Swell, which extends throughout, and 5 in Pedals. Having been favored with a hearing of this instrument we found it fully up to the high standard which Messrs. Hook have established. In equality and purity of tone and power it rivals their best achievements in organ building. The society worshipping there are delighted with this new evidence of skill and faithfulness of Messrs. Hook, and the opening was commemorated by a sermon from the Pastor, and a well sung Te Deum by the Choir.—*Evening Gazette*.

HAVANA.—Letters speak of the continued success of the Italian Opera at the Tacon Theatre, where the Sisters NATALI, of Philadelphia, are the chief attractions. Although the fashionable season was past, they continued to have fine houses, and the enthusiasm of the public was immense. *Norma*, the *Trovatore*, and *Lucrezia* had been played a number of times, and they had brought out *Il Giuramento*, which had been performed three times with immense success. Agnes took the part of Elisa, Fanny that of Bianca, Signor Testa (the husband of Fanny) that of Viscardo, and Florenza that of Manfredo.

## Special Notices.

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#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Fondest, dearest, good night. Quartet. *Alt.* 25

This is a four-part song of genuine merit, and is a charming gem for a parlor concert or serenade.

'Neath the old arbor tree. Song. *R. S. Taylor.* 25

A plaintive melody and well adapted to the words, which are of good sentiment.

The Lover of 72. Comic Song. *C. W. Glover.* 25

This is a capital and very humorous song, and every lover of mirth should secure a copy.

Before and after marriage. Comic song or duet. *T. B. Brett.* 25

Quite effective as a duet, and would please much at a minor concert.

#### With Guitar Accompaniment.

My Brother's Grave. Arranged by *Curtiss.* 25

I've left my snow clad hills. " *Linley.* 25

Two beautiful melodies well arranged, with accompaniment for the Guitar. They will commend themselves. The latter acquired celebrity as one of Jenny Lind's finest songs.

#### Instrumental Music.

Mazurka des Traineux. Arranged for 8 hands, by *T. Bissell.* 1,25

Ascher's best mazurka, so deservedly popular; excellently arranged for four performers on two pianos, and adding another gem to the list of exhibition pieces, which are in much demand.

Prière d'une mère. (A mother's prayer.) *L. P. Gerville.* 35

A companion to the universally popular "Maiden's Prayer." A beautiful strain of a devotional character, imbedded in ornamental passages of the most pleasing kind. Medium difficulty.

Maple Leaf Waltz. *J. L. Ensign.* 30

A parlor waltz of more than ordinary merit, evincing talent and scholarship.

L'Agate. Valse brillante. *O. J. Shaw.* 35

A melodious and effective "morceau de Salon."

#### Books.

CONVENTION CHORUS BOOK. A collection of Anthems, Choruses, Glee and Concerted Pieces, for the use of Musical Conventions, Choral Societies, &c. 30

No more useful book for Musical Gatherings has been published, if indeed anything equal to it. The pieces it contains have hitherto been distributed through half a dozen or more large and expensive volumes, the purchase of which was impossible to persons of limited means. In this form they can be obtained at a trifling cost. Societies, Choirs and Musical Clubs will at once provide themselves with a full supply of this valuable collection. Its contents will be found invaluable for practice.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 428.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 12.

## Madame Clara Novello.

(Continued from page 68.)

The circumstances by which the infancy of Madame Clara Novello was surrounded, were singularly propitious for the development, if not for the germination of the true artistic spirit; for elevation of mind to the comprehension of lofty subjects, and thus for her qualification to the special position she holds as a singer of sacred music. We have dwelt at some length upon the associations of her childhood, because, however indirectly, these must have influenced her entire career, and thus constitute an essential, though perhaps an undesigned, portion of her intellectual education. It would have been of comparatively small value that she was gifted with a voice of such loveliness and power,—that her mind was prepared for the perception of the subtlest beauties in the art to which she was devoted,—had not her natural organ been brought, by training, so completely under control as to enable her fully to realize her own conceptions. In this respect her advantages were as great as in the other two; for her scholastic education was fully as fortunate as the general circumstances from which her mind received its first bias.

In 1824 her family was residing at Paris, where she received musical instruction from M. Fétis, at present director of the Brussels *Conservatoire*, author of the *Biographie Universelle de Musiciens*, together with many didactic works, and composer for the church and the theatre. M. Fétis was at that time professor in the *Conservatoire* of Paris. By his advice his young pupil became a candidate for admission into that institution, where, instruction being entirely gratuitous, there is a limit to the number of students; and as vacancies arise they are filled up by the most promising candidates who may compete for the advantage. It was somewhat adventurous to bring forward a child of six years old to contend with girls of double or threefold her age, at an election in which physical and mental powers, voice and intellect, were the qualifications for success. Choron was the head of the department to which the friends of little Clara desired her to be admitted; and to this eminent master she was accordingly taken for examination. The piece chosen for the display of her ability was a *bravura* from Arne's *Artaxerxes*, "The Soldier tired." Time was, but is now no more, when this song was regarded as the infallible test of vocal proficiency in England; the pretensions of any singer were acknowledged who could pass the ordeal of the volleys of triplets she had to fire through in "The Soldier tired," and whosoever ventured not to essay the voluble divisions of this proof of skill was classed derogatorily as a ballad singer, and esteemed accordingly. Twenty years having elapsed since *Artaxerxes*,—the only English opera which till then had held permanent ground through successive generations of singers and listeners,—has been witnessed on the stage, they whose memories extend not farther back have no chance of recollecting "The Soldier tired," except through the trumpet of Mr. Harper, whose remarkable execution, while it proves what he can do as a trumpeter, shows also how much (or how little) was expected of a *prima donna* in London, previous to the year 1840. Now "The Soldier tired" appears to have been admired in England alone; its merits, such as they are, and its elements of vocal display, such as we were wont to esteem them, escaped the appreciation of the Paris professor. This effort of the young aspirant failed to convince the commentator on Albrechtsberger of her precocious talent, and he required another specimen of her ability in a style with which he was more familiar. Clara,

who was not to be discomfited by Choron's anti-Anglican predilections, now sang the "Agnus" from Mozart's Mass in F, in her performance of which she displayed such genuine musical feeling, and such singular promise, that she was unhesitatingly preferred over nineteen competitors. You may, if you will, suppose her success in this beautiful air to have been in some degree, due to her life-long familiarity with ecclesiastical music, the practice of which constituted her father's chief professional avocation, since its style must have become, from constant association, as a second nature to her. You may, if you will (and, though not fatalists, our will must coincide with yours, if you be thus willing) regard this infantine triumph as an augury of the distinction as an interpreter of the greatest works of the first masters of sacred music, which the little girl, who had not then cut her wisdom teeth, was destined to attain.

Clara Novello's studies in the *Conservatoire* were principally directed to sacred music, in which her rapid progress won the admiration of all who witnessed it. Here we trace a cause, as we have just supposed a prognostic, of her excellence in that department of her art in which she will be especially missed when she retires from public life. Such was her early proficiency that she was soon capable of sustaining a part in the performances of the students; but as it was out of all propriety that so small a person should be ranked with her unproportionable associates, accordingly, as the only means to fit her to take her stand beside them, she took it on a stool, and thus was raised to an elevation of stature approximating to her elevation of talent. For six years she continued the course of instruction afforded by the *Conservatoire*, whence she derived that solid foundation in the principles of the vocal art which may well be supposed to have secured her first success and enabled her not only to maintain, but consolidate it. In 1830, however, occurred the famous July revolution, which, while it changed the dynasty, greatly disturbed the arrangements of all institutions dependent on the monarchy, and, among others, the *Conservatoire de Musique*. This fact, combined with other circumstances, induced the removal of Clara Novello to London, and here, in her native city, began a new epoch in her education.—*London Musical World*.

(To be Continued.)

## The Mendelssohn Statue Festival.

CRYSTAL PALACE, SYDENHAM.—There is on record the career of no musical artist, creative or executive, which can be compared with that of Mendelssohn, as regards love, hope, joy, success, prosperity, intellectual cultivation, immediate recognition,—all that makes a heaven on earth. A more complete life than his, till within a very short time before the dark veil fell around him, is not to be imagined. When has a death been so mourned? It might be almost said that the love of survivors has shown itself in passionate excess, as regards his music,—in this country at least,—so unceasing has been the reference and return to it. The enthusiasts in England could be numbered by hundreds—what do we say?—by thousands, who will not admit that an uninteresting note or a weak bar is to be found in any music bearing his name.—Never were concert compositions more incessantly played and sung. Never has a great work (not an opera) been so instantaneously placed on its high pedestal as "Elijah" in England. The celebration of yesterday week, if regarded with these considerations may be characterized as unique. It was one for all those who knew and loved Mendelssohn (and who that knew him did not love him?) to take part in, and to recollect with no common feelings. "How he would have enjoyed it!" was ever present as a thought,—without regard to the incoherence of such fancy. For all that was festive, heart-

felt, picturesque, who that ever lived had a more exquisite relish than he? He was reconciled to the miserable execution of his "Lauda Sion," in St. Martin's Church at Liège, by the evening sun streaming through the windows on the circle of richly-clad ecclesiastics who sat to hear the sermon,—by the curling fumes of the incense,—by the bell in time that marked the rhythm of the last chorus as the Sacrament was displayed.—A few days later, when he was made a freeman of Cologne, how delighted was he from his balcony to see the lanterns ("fire-tulips," he called them) of the serenaders winding out of a crooked street, leading into the *Malsbuehl*, and when the music was over, dancing away somewhat unsteadily,—for, sooth to say, the serenaders had supped jovially on Rhine wine! How would he have enjoyed the beautiful May-scene of yesterday week.—A more beautiful May-day and May-night could not have been bespoken! Along the road and rail from town, the trees, sprinkled with late but most delicious green,—the heaps of white fruit-blossom,—the bright sky,—the gracious air,—all helped to make symphony for a holiday, to the fresh and cheering influences of which none would have been more sensible than the poet mouldering in the narrow house, in whose honor the day was kept.

Such a day is so full of memories, yearnings, affections, running throughout all its beauty as a sweet though mournful undertone,—that to record its events coolly is not an easy task. But it must be tried;—unless for record rhapsody were to be obtruded; and to be content with the latter would amount to irreverence to one of the most just, while most liberal, judges of his own art with whom the world has been conversant. Let us, therefore, attempt to convey the impressions made by the performance of "Elijah."

These on the myriad audience were various, dependent on the place of the auditor, his power of taking into account matters whether accidental or essential, the kind of expectation raised in him, his willingness not to exact precisely the same emotions from every pleasure in which he partakes, and, because some familiar delights are wanting to close ears and sympathy to others. We were prepared for what every one must have found, that the music of Mendelssohn bears presentation on this vast scale less well than that of Handel. Not only are many of the delicacies of modern orchestration lost under such circumstances, but the manner in which instruments and voices are combined implies loss of power. Then, at the beginning of the Oratorio, the vast body to be manoeuvred, which it had been impossible to assemble for full rehearsal (one of the inevitable difficulties of such celebrations) was shy. Nevertheless, the effect was more rich and noble than could have been anticipated. Ears are ears—precise definition is hard to settle. Many complaints that the piano passages were inaudible wandered about the Crystal Palace. Our impression is precisely the reverse, that in the gentler portions of choral music the presence of multitudes spread over so wide a space was to be felt, and we fancy that had we been introduced blindfold into the place, the sound by its quality would have made us aware of the presence of numbers. Thus, in the first act, the responses in the final scene, where the Prophet prays for rain, were more effective than the chorus, "Thanks be to God" (which Signor Costa urges at too fiery a speed), since then the stringed instruments are next to lost. In the second act, heard from distant and various portions of the building, the choruses that succeeded the best were "Be not afraid," the celestial unaccompanied close to "Ho watching over Israel," and the "Holy, holy." Here the antiphony of the four female voices to the full choir, and in the latter the successive entrance of voices after voices were as distinct as we have ever heard. A suggestion may be thrown out to reconcile conflicting testimonies. The effort of attention is inevitably greater in a large than in a limited locality.

After it has been asserted by no one else before the world save Signor Costa could such a performance have been conducted to a close with such smoothness and precision, a word must be said concerning the singers. Miss Parcpa, whose first essay at "Elijah" this was, covered herself with honor. She sang the music well—her voice told; so did Madame Sainton-

Dolby's, more than on any former occasion,—Miss Palmer's better than we had expected, that of Mr. Sims Reeves as of old, Signor Belletti's the least well; and *Elijah* is the predominant part. The other singers (to complete the list for the sake of history) were Miss F. Rowland and Mr. Lewis Thomas.

The story of the after celebrations of the day must be cut short. The unveiling of the statue on the terrace was the one failure. Surely something better than the penny-trumpet call which announced it should have been devised. Of the statue itself we may speak on a future day. Then came, at the foot of the statue, some good German part-singing of the songs which Mendelssohn wrote with so much enjoyment for the German Societies at home to sing in the wood at Schwabheim, near Frankfurt, and elsewhere,—things to make full the hearts of those who remembered past days and festivities "when the fear of Death was not." Afterwards, his *Marches* were played by wind bands. Later in the evening the moon got up, and the Palace was illuminated, and the Torch Procession emerged from among the trees, winding round the great central fountain—the mixture of fire, water, colored vapor, with a lovely May-night for canopy and background—the dim thousands of spectators capriciously dispersed, and the charming landscape features of the Sydenham garden,—making a scene not to be forgotten. We cannot close the above notes of it without repeating "How he would have enjoyed it!"—*London Athenæum*, May 12.

### The Study of Music.

(From Oliver's "Musical Transcript," Pittsfield, Mass.)

We are informed by an eminent member of the legal profession, that such reforms and improvements in law practice have obtained within the last ten years, that a case, which would formerly have occupied months of time and reams of paper, can now be got through with in as many weeks or even days and with the use of as many quires of paper.

We are all too happy, also, to acknowledge the fact that although less than twenty years ago, a practitioner in the healing art was not willing to visit a patient without leaving behind a prescription containing a dozen or more items, the preparation of which involved the use of as many bottles, pill-boxes and plasters; now, a little wholesome advice as to exercise, diet, etc., or at the most, a single powder or tincture, serves abundantly the purpose of the former doses, and with much more satisfactory results. As in these departments, so also in those of mechanics, agriculture, etc., improvements have been made, and all tending to strengthen, systematize and simplify.

The art and science of music have not been left behind in this advance, but appear rather in the front rank, thanks be to the faithful and earnest strivings of such men as J. N. Hummel, Theodor Uhlig, and others, who have succeeded in convincing all who are desirous of keeping up with the times, that a man may sooner become a thorough and skillful performer, as a pianist, for example, by three hours of practice each day, combined with the necessary writing and theoretical study, than in the old fashioned way of twelve to fifteen hours of mechanical drudgery, and mere finger work at the instrument.

Justice should also be done to the name of Francois Hunten, (whose originally valuable book, by the way, has been, for money-making purposes, so badly mutilated by publishers,) who said, more than twenty years ago, in the preface of his method for the piano, speaking of theoretical studies as compared with mere mechanical exercises, "these things make the musician, the latter the mere player." This, then, being the unquestionable fact, hard though it may be for some, especially unthinking people to believe, or, believing, to act upon, it becomes our duty to ascertain and communicate what we can of the opinion and practices of the best masters, with regard to such a method of education.

The treatment of this subject has been greatly simplified, whether in connection with the voice or any mechanical instrument, and may be considered under three departments, viz: The cultivation of the eye, which includes the reading of notes, and all the various terms and characters employed by composers in expressing their ideas and intentions. Secondly, the cultivation of the judgment, the understanding and taste, which God has given to every man, whether he wishes to sing or not; the study of the grammar of the musical language, the listening to the performances of good music, etc.; and, lastly, the department of mechanism or finger work, for the development and equalization of the powers, and the acquisition of those elementary means which form the substance of all musical compositions. For example, passages for five fingers, Diatonic, Chromatic, Harmonic scales and the like, without the knowledge

or possession of which no one ever did or can play, and with which, every one possessing a musically cultivated eye, judgment, mind and taste, can play everything.

To secure the object first named, the cultivation of the eye, however young the pupil may be, he immediately commences to write notes, copying little pieces, prefixing the name to each note—after first learning their names, on, above and below the staff, with certainty. Then, the intervals are written, natural, large, small, redundant and diminished; upon the same principle that a child in learning to read first learns a-b ab, b-a ba, and the like. Next, the scales in all the keys, minor and major, are carefully and intelligently written, that perfect and equal familiarity be acquired with all. Then the pupil is taught to transcribe in writing, simple pieces at first, then more difficult ones, into different keys, then back into the original, to prove the correctness of the work. All this is done for the education of the eye, with respect to the position of notes and nothing else. Czerny, although he has deluged us with such a torrent of mechanical exercises for the piano, says: "One-half hour spent thus daily, will do more for the young pianist, than three hours spent at the instrument;" and Spohr says the same with regard to the violin.

Again, cultivating the eye with respect to the duration or value of notes, is a separate department, requiring different instruction. Rhythmical exercises are written—the pupil invents them himself, in all the varieties of time-measure, with two, three, four, five, six notes in a measure, in all possible designs and permutations. We know of pupils, with less than six months practice, during half an hour a day, in such exercises as these, who will comprehend and read correctly at a glance a formidable and complicated measure, that some skillful pianists will puzzle over for ten minutes, and then not be able to time the notes to their satisfaction. To go more fully into particulars, in regard to this fascinating and valuable department of musical study, the limits of this article will not allow. Thus much is necessary to qualify even the ordinary singer or instrumentalist. More necessary, however, if possible, is it to him who, possessing some musical genius, wishes to understand what he plays, and appreciate what he hears, and possibly, by and by, to express even his own thoughts in the language of this glorious art.

To read and understand what we read in this, as in any other language, one first learns how the letters are formed into syllables, syllables into words, words into sentences, &c., &c. That is, first learns what is possible to be made in melody with two notes—three, four, five, six, and so on, making application of all the rhythmical changes learned in the exercises in rhythm before mentioned, extending these primitive forms afterward to monophonic phrases, ascending and descending in simple and compound retrogressions, &c. (See A. B. Marx's *Kompositionen Lelire*.)

Then follows the study of harmony, or the finding what chords are possible with combining two, three, four notes, &c., three-fold and four-fold chords, common and extra, fundamental and derivative, in all their positions, inversions and permutations. (See Weber's *Theorie der Ton-Kunst*.) Afterwards the employment of these in making those wonderful resolutions, progressions and modulations, which, as illustrated in the works of Bach, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, have made music what it is, the greatest, noblest, most glorious of all God's earthly gifts to men.

The second branch of our subject brings us to the cultivation of the judgment, understanding and taste, which is chiefly through the ear. It is of the utmost importance that this organ be thoroughly instructed, that it may be known what is right, and how to enjoy, approve and appreciate it, and what is wrong, how to avoid and condemn it.

As Thalberg says, "whether a person wishes to sing or not, he should, at least, as a part of a good musical education, thoroughly cultivate the voice, to develop equally, to strike accurately, to sustain uniformly, and to connect purely all its tones." It is God's own instrument, given to every creature who is not absolutely mute. All music is made up of tones, comparatively long or short, high or low, loud or soft, and there is not one individual in a million, who can hear at all, but can distinguish one tone from another in either of these comparative relations. The rest is a matter of practice, experience and cultivation. And these are all necessary to the student, whether of the Piano, Trumpet or Violin. If he learns to sing, so much the better; if not, at least, he has received that benefit and improvement to his judgment and understanding necessary to him as a musician. The ear should be cultivated also by affording it opportunity of listening

to good music.

As in connection with the foregoing, here, also, the exercise of good common sense is indispensable. The right application of that informs one readily when listening to what is called singing, if the performer slides about from one note to another, strikes below it and howls up to the written note, or does anything but what is indicated by the composer, he knows that is not singing, his judgment disapproves, his taste condemns it. If in a performance upon the piano, the keys be dropped like hot iron, depriving the notes of half their value, or the foot be pressed down upon the open pedal, so that not one sound is distinguishable from another, by the light of common sense, his judgment disapproves, and his taste condemns such a performance. If in church music the organ be permitted to predominate over the voices, secular melodies are introduced, senseless combinations of the stops employed, his ear tells him that it is wrong—his judgment disapproves—his taste condemns it. If in orchestra or band, one instrument or class of instruments prevail over another, if some snap off the tones before half uttered, and others come lagging in one after another, common sense says wrong again; the judgment disapproves, the taste condemns.

Good music, well performed and well listened to, instructs the judgment, develops the understanding, and refines the taste. Lastly, let us consider the department of mechanism or finger work, as the means employed to bring all this into personal use, practical application, in a word, to make it all our own, of ourselves and within ourselves. It is remarked in this connection that every well formed hand has five fingers upon it, and it suggests itself at once to all intelligent minds, that to perform well upon any keyed instrument, equally facility in their action is requisite. The first desideratum then, is to enter diligently into the development of the strength, elasticity and nimbleness of the weaker fingers, that as soon as possible all shall be equal in these qualities. The practice of those exercises, scales, &c., before mentioned, in all their various forms of position, combination and permutation, compasses every difficulty presented in the most elaborate composition, whether for the Piano, Violin, Flute, Trumpet, or any other instrument.

With respect to the bowing of stringed instruments, and the embouchure of the latter, these are perfectly and correctly established under the direction of a good master, before anything mechanical is attempted.

All these things are what is meant by the great and good Hummel, and Czerny, and hosts of others, when they say that, "three or four hours of daily practice, in connection with proper theoretical study, will do more in five years to make a good musician, than twelve or fourteen hours of mechanical labor merely, during a lifetime."

If one sets out with the determination to become a concert player, a mere mechanist, that is another thing; there are enough of that class, but they are not musicians. Let them spend twelve or fourteen hours a day in mere mechanical exercise, they can do nothing else, they can neither appreciate the works of others, nor interpret them. They may call themselves composers, but they are not, they are mere arrangers, dressing up popular melodies with their torrents of trills, cascades of scales, and avalanches of arpeggios. As Bach says, such compositions are "old shoes, fitted to one common last," and worthy only to demonstrate the sleight of hand tricks peculiar to their authors.

Music is a language—an art—a mystery; and whatever powers one may naturally possess, whether physical, mental, or intellectual, he cannot read it, he cannot understand it, he cannot interpret it, he cannot enjoy it, without having first studied it. A pleasing melody, or some simple harmony, with strongly marked rhythm, as a polka, march, or the like, he may enjoy listening to as a whole, as he would enjoy the smoothly flowing measure of some poem in a strange language, though it is otherwise wholly unintelligible to him.

In our favored America, we claim to be smart, and we are, in commerce, agriculture, in mechanics, etc., and it often seems, as in the case of Lord Timothy Dexter, of glorious memory, that the less a man knows about anything, the better qualified he is to succeed in it. Upon the strength of this, Americans are disposed tacitly, if not otherwise, to claim that the less one knows about music, the more one is entitled to exercise, as an inalienable right, his untaught judgment in expressing and enforcing opinions about musicians, their compositions and performances, without regarding honest pride, feeling, sensibility, or common justice. We do not object to people's saying, "I like this or that,"—"I think so or so,"—it is different from declaring "that is a fine

piece."—"he is an excellent teacher,"—"you have an excellent piano," etc., etc.,—*knowing* nothing of those things, they have no right to exercise the influence, by such language, which wealth, power, or social position may give them. If they are right in doing so, then, indeed, it is true that the less a person knows of a thing, the better right he has to talk about it, and express his opinion; and all knowledge, all education, all aspiration and pursuit after things higher and better, are vain,—earth only is a reality, and heaven a myth,—all wisdom is folly, and ignorance alone is bliss! But no! a thousand times no! Solomon was right in his denunciations of the self-sufficiency of the human heart. "Fools," are they, "who hate knowledge, and despise wisdom and instruction." Let then those who would venture to talk about music, *study* it, that they may know whereof they speak! Let those who profess to teach music, *study* it, that their pupils may not squander their time in mere finger work and drudgery! Let those who play, *study* music, that they may enjoy the wonderful poetry and understand the glorious beauty of its language! Let those who sing, *study* it, that they may sing with the heart and with the understanding, and that those who have some cultivation of judgment, sensibility of feeling, and refinement of taste, may be spared the torture to which restraint in the sanctuary, and courtesy in the drawing room, compel them too often to submit! Let organists *study* music, that we may be saved from the senseless, uncouth, and unhallowed abuse of that noble instrument, which is unavoidably the result of mere mechanical performance upon it! Let our orchestral leaders and band masters *study* music, that they may avoid making ill-assorted and unhappy marriages between strings, wood and brass; that they may avoid the promiscuous and wrong association of copper and brass in military parades. All this is well understood in Europe, and rests upon principles of taste, which are fixed and underlie the whole. Let music publishers, and arrangers, and self-styled composers, *study* music, that we may be protected against, and they saved from perpetrating, the mutilations and abortions to which now in the church and Sabbath school, concert room and theatre, and in the social circle, we are daily subjected. Let newspaper critics *study* music, that the stereotyped verbiage and senseless, meaningless laudation of unworthy performances may be abated, that they may know to distinguish between right and wrong, and withhold their praise and commendation from the quacks and mountebanks who forestall the public opinion through them, and leave the Labordes, Sontags and Vieuxtemps, who come to our country with modesty and real genius, relying for success upon true merit, to pay their own expenses, without encouragement from the public.

Finally, let *all study music*, that peace, harmony and good will may be preserved. It has been said that musicians are quarrelsome—it is not true! It is because they are not *true* musicians, and have no music in their hearts. Let their souls be imbued with the true spirit of music, and their hearts will be filled with love to all men. As light dispels darkness, as good counteracts evil, as falsehood is to be overcome by truth, as death is to be swallowed up in life, so truth shall and must prevail over error in music, and as the sons of God in the beginning sent up their shouts of praise to the great Creator of all things, so in the end shall all perversion, folly and wrong doing in music be overcome, and buried far, far beneath the swelling harmony of the harps and voices of the just made perfect before the throne of the Almighty!

### The Invention of the Harmonica.

Translated from the German of ELISE POLKO, for the Saturday Evening Post, by FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

On a gloomy November afternoon, in the third story of a plain house in the city of London, a cheerful fire sparkled on the hearth of the prettiest corner room one can imagine. It seemed to laugh in the face of the surly winter, who throw handfuls of ice and snow flakes at the windows, raging and howling like an imprisoned bear. The twilight had already begun to wrap the immense city in a gray veil; only the dome of St. Paul's and the giant form of the Tower struggled with the coming darkness, and rose above the clouds that sought to envelop them. The lanterns were alight in the streets, and fought their usual battle with daylight. The corner room was already half in shadow, and the firelight danced up and down the walls, ran over the floor, played on the ceiling, and while doing these expeditions, it touched alternately the faces and forms of four persons who had assembled there. The most remarkable figure in the little group was that of a man who sat close to the fireplace in an arm-chair, with his head resting

against its back. He was dressed in black, and wore no wig, although such was the fashion of the time, but simply his own thick gray hair, combed smoothly from his temples. And what fine temples, what a forehead! One could not imagine a human face with a handsomer brow; the dreams of a great soul were inscribed upon it, and two clear and intelligent eyes stood beneath as interpreters of those dreams. Who that regarded this head would care to notice whether the features were fine, if youth had passed from cheek and lip, or that the mouth, with its fascinating smile, was regularly formed? His form was not remarkable, but every movement was firm and noble. And his name? Benjamin Franklin! the friend of mankind, the honest American citizen, the renowned scholar. Scientific business had brought him from Philadelphia at the end of the year 1762, to London, where he intended to remain some months. His first visit had been to his respected relative, the excellent Mistress Davies, who had resided in the great capital of the world, in a very retired manner, with her two talented daughters, Mary and Cecilia, ever since the death of her husband. Franklin scarcely remembered the young girls, whom he had only once seen, when they were very young children, and was not a little astonished when two grown up, charming maids of 18 and 19 approached to greet him with all the cordiality of relations. The lively Cecilia clasped him round the neck; her elder sister Mary simply gave him her hand, trembling and blushing as she did so. They could scarcely believe that the great man, on whose renown their mother had fed them, so to speak, really stood before them. Scarcely a day had passed without some conversation between them about him. The glory that surrounded the name of him whom Heaven had placed nearer to them than to any others, was as sunshine to the little family. The extraordinary preëminence of *this* intellect, the true nobility of *this* soul, was nowhere more deeply and inwardly recognized, than in the third story of the simple London house. Every event in the life of Franklin was related to her daughters by Mistress Davies; all the doings of the great man seemed unimpeachable to the three women. His first love for the beautiful Miss Wells, his separation and after union with her, who had in the meanwhile become the wife of another, had a great attraction for the young girls. Mary could not understand how a maiden, who had been loved by *such* a man, could give her heart to another; while Cecilia remarked very correctly, that Franklin, while courting the charming Miss Wells, was not the *renowned* Franklin.

"Oh, had I only been Miss Wells!" sighed Mary; whereupon her sister answered, a little sharply:

"How can you wish to be old and ugly, and no longer able to sing?"

"Oh, to be loved by him, I would give everything, even my voice!"

"Children, cease your nonsensical chatter!" With these words Mistress Davies interrupted the conversation. "Our distinguished relative is now old and married, and when you see him, neither of you will dream of falling in love with him."

Among those rare and varied species of woman's love, which no scholar has yet thought of reducing to a system, there is one of more common growth, certainly, than the marvellous flower of world-defiant passion, but yet touching and attractive in its nature. It is the secret, enthusiastic tenderness, that, with its finger on its lip, follows in the track of distinguished men. At the feet of lofty palm-trees, and strong oaks, this modest flower unfolds its chaste leaves, desiring nothing more than such a position. It is nourished by the sunshine that falls on the head of the tree; her fine roots becoming gradually entwined with his; she feels and suffers with him, although he is not aware of it; and when he dies—she must die with him. But no one, standing in awe, beside the overthrown oak, mourns for the violet, crushed by its fall. It would not be difficult to point out the existence of such lovely blooms, in the lives of all great men. Mary Davies was one of the loveliest among them. The news that Franklin was really coming to England, and would remain some months in London, naturally aroused a perfect storm of delight in the Davies' house.

"We must sing to him, often sing to him," cried Cecilia, "so that he may see that there is also something to admire in us!" And the charming maiden was right; her singing, and that of Mary, was worthy of admiration; attention had been drawn to the sisters, even in the great city of London, by the rare union of uncommon musical talent and enchanting beauty, with childlike unconsciousness and modesty. The names of the sisters Davies sufficed to fill any concert room.

At length came the time, when he, the long desired renowned guest, was really with them, and when he sat with them almost every evening, in the little cor-

ner room we described at the commencement of our story.

Mistress Davies, a stately, kind-hearted dame, tripped restlessly hither and thither, drew back a chair here, smoothed a table-cloth there, pushed forward a vase, moved from window to fireplace, and said twenty times, half aloud, "It is almost dark!" She was one of those busy natures that cannot understand the sweet enchantment of the dreamy twilight hour, and she never permitted this dangerous indulgence to her daughters. Since the arrival of their distinguished relative, her patience had been severely tried, for Franklin had a particular fancy for the twilight hour. The girls talked in an under tone at the window. Cecilia sat on a stool at her sister's feet, her pretty arms resting on the other's knees. The rosy face was turned upwards, her thick black curls fell back from her round cheeks, over her well-turned shoulders. She chattered, questioned, and laughed, as a girl of eighteen will chatter, talk, and laugh; but Mary listened absently to the pretty nonsense; her eyes were fixed on Franklin's noble face. Mary was a true daughter of old England; a wondrously lovely creature, with waving golden hair, and a dazzlingly brilliant complexion, all red and white. In her slow movements, in her slender form, in the slight bend of her head towards the left side, lay an indescribable charm; in the slow uplifting of her black eyelashes, in the finely contracted corners of her delicate mouth, an observing eye would have detected the sign of a too-sensitive heart.

"You must sing something for me to-day, my dear girls," said Franklin; "and let it be in the twilight; music has never so sweet, so powerful an effect as then."

The sisters rose; Mary opened the piano that stood at a little distance from the window, and Cecilia pushed the stool towards her. The slender fingers of the eldest sister ran swiftly over the black, rattling keys, that never sounded so harp-like, however, as when Mary played. She accompanied her sister's singing. Cecilia's voice was one of astonishing richness and flexibility; a fine soprano. She sang an aria by Handel, with great finish. If voices could be compared to colors, then Cecilia's voice was a sparkling, heavenly blue. The room was too small for the sounds that streamed from this young breast. When she had ended, Franklin turned cheerfully to Mistress Davies, and said,—

"Now, is it still dark here, Fanny? I bathe in light!"

Afterwards, Cecilia said tenderly to her sister, "Come, Mary, sing us one of your old ballads; no grand aria to-night, but one of the little Scottish songs, that no one in the world can sing so well as you!"

And Mary, turning her head once more towards Franklin, shook back her curls, struck a few melancholy chords, and sang in a wonderful, deeply sorrowful tone, an old English song of farewell—

"Then fare-thee-well, my own dear love!"

In his arm-chair, Franklin bent over his folded hands; the young girl's voice penetrated his inmost heart. He felt himself carried back to the days of his childhood; the voice of his mother fell on his ear; pictures of childhood floated by like shadows of clouds. As the tones grew softer, sorrow overcame him; a vain, endless longing, the longing for his lost youth. At this moment he would have given up everything, name and fame, for the bloom of a youth of twenty. Then he might have pointed to the tears that streamed down his cheeks, and of which the elderly man was almost ashamed. There was something overpoweringly touching in Mary's voice. It trembled out and vibrated like moorbeams on a silent lake, and its peculiar, veiled quality had an indescribable charm. Franklin struggled with his emotion; for his powerful nature was also a delicately organized one. As Mary ended her simple and mournful song, he rose to approach her; striking his forehead suddenly against the mantel-piece, the skin was broken, and a few drops of blood ran down his left temple. This unforeseen accident greatly excited the little family. Cecilia called for a light, Mistress Davies hurried to assist Franklin, who, under the effects of emotion, and the sudden pain, had almost fainted; but poor Mary stood helpless in the middle of the room. When the servant girl entered with a branch candlestick, and she heard her mother say, "Come and help me, Hannah, and then run for Doctor S—!" she cast a look of regret towards Franklin, and silently left the room. She ran down stairs, opened the street door, and stood in the snow-covered street. The icy north wind, that blew over her burning cheeks and played with her hair, thrilled her one moment with a cold shudder; then she hurried forward, pursued by the thought—"He may die and my voice will have been the cause of it!" And then she hated her own voice. Like a shadow she

glided past the houses; and now only two streets lay between her and the dwelling of their old friend and physician. There was a sudden noise in a little side street; she did not observe it. A crowd of young men issued forth; the flame of a lantern fell on her lovely pale face; frightened, she drew back into the shadow, but in vain; they surrounded and addressed all sorts of insulting remarks to her. Collecting all her strength, she said with a firm voice, while her heart beat audibly: "For God's sake, let me go! I was fetching the doctor for a dying person. Doctor S— lives not twenty paces from here." Her death-pale face, her anxious eyes, the tone of her voice, bore so plainly the impress of truth that her tormentors involuntarily drew back. Like a roe pursued by the hunters, she reached the doctor's house, rushed into the old gentleman's study, and with the cry, "Franklin is dying," she fell fainting before him.

Benjamin Franklin had long recovered from what he laughingly called "his little nervous attack;" while the dark angel of death still lingered by Mary's bed. That evening walk, and the strong excitement of the occasion, had brought a severe illness upon the delicate young girl, from which she very slowly recovered. When, at last, to the great joy of her mother and sister, she was well enough to sit up, and supported on the arms of her revered friend, she ventured to walk a few steps once more; when she saw his kind and serious care, she blessed in her heart the unfortunate evening that brought her a joy she had not known before, the joy of being cared for by him. Poor Mary! she had as yet no idea what that evening had taken away. A few weeks later she discovered, with unspeakable sorrow, with a grief that almost overpowered her, that she had lost her voice. Doctor S— was the only one who was not surprised at the consequence of that imprudent evening walk. "This, which you call a misfortune, is scarcely worth talking about," said he; "Mary's life was in question!" He could not understand what made the women weep so despairingly, for Mary's mother and sister grieved scarcely less than herself. Ah! he who possesses not the heavenly gift of song can never fully understand what a source of pure joy, of sweet comfort it is, or how the heart finds in it all which else it must ever long for in vain! He who can sing sings every joy more deeply into his soul, and finds a lullaby for even the bitterest woe. A thousand sweet secrets float to the surface of song; in its tones the heart trembles, weeps, rejoices, discourses of warmest love and longing, and no one dare complain or punish it then.

When, after every possible endeavor to recall the lost treasure, Mary Davies saw that it was indeed gone forever: she did not certainly sink into a hopeless melancholy, but she faded, slowly and silently, like a flower deprived of sunshine. Her artistic piano playing no longer gave her any joy. "It only makes me feel what I have lost, more deeply!" said she, and would only play to accompany her sister. At first she wept whenever Cecilia sang; but she grew more tranquil at last, or at least appeared so. She wished to convince her revered friend of a resignation that, in spite of every effort, she did not feel. But Franklin was not deceived. He put off his return to Philadelphia from month to month, and came as usual, almost every evening, to the Davies' house. Only he seemed growing thoughtful and absent-minded, and scarcely joined in the conversation that Mistress Davies and Cecilia addressed to him. He would not hear music; and so the little piano remained closed while he was there. But when Mary spoke to him, with her soft, broken voice, he would kindly reply; even when she only moved he would glance towards her, no matter how deeply sunken in thought he might appear. He followed her with his eyes; no sigh, no secret tear, no shadow of pain floating over her brow, escaped him. But he said nothing about Mary's loss.

So week after week slipped by; summer prepared for departure: the first leaves began to fall. One evening Benjamin Franklin came later than usual to the little corner room. Mother and daughters sat round the small table; Cecilia was reading, Mistress Davies working, Mary dreaming. She looked with surprise on their visitor; an unspeakable happiness brightened his eyes, and overflowed her heart, as she met his glance, with a warm feeling of joy. He stepped up to her, and took her hand. "Dear, dear Mary," said he softly, "you lost for my sake your sweet voice, whose tones I shall never forget; to-day I bring you an indemnification for it; you shall sing again, although not with your lips; stay here patiently, while I step into the next room, and listen attentively to the tones that will reach you." Expectantly, and almost trembling, the women crowded together; the door of the adjoining room remained half open. A short pause—then flowed rippled

tones of the sweetest nature over the ears and hearts of the listeners—tones of so sweet, so soft, so touching a quality, that neither flute, nor harp, nor any instrument with which the women were acquainted, could be compared to it. They were sounds belonging to another sphere, tones of a transfigured human voice, an angelic song, that it was almost impossible to hear without tears. The listeners felt pleasure and sorrow at the same time; their hearts were almost melted within them. And as the wondrous music swelled more loudly they all recognized the bitter-sweet melody of the old English song, the last that Mary sang—

"Then fare-thee-well, my own dear love!"

And then they thought they really heard Mary's voice; that rich, soul-full, heart-moving voice, now dead forever. The women sobbed aloud, and Mary, no longer able to contain herself, flew, with a long cry of painful rapture, into the adjoining room. Franklin sat before a strange instrument, placed on a cylinder that rested on a pedestal. To this cylinder, half globes of glass, of regularly graduated dimensions, were attached, in such a manner that the edge of each half-globe rested above the next one. Franklin placed his finger-tips on the rims of the glasses, and, setting the cylinder in motion by a movement of his foot, the magical tones were produced. "It was thus you sung, Mary!" cried he, to the surprised and excited maiden. "And now, come and let me teach you to sing again; and when you sing out this, my soul will sing with you. I have found your voice for you again!"

It was the lovely Mary Davies, who afterwards astonished the world with this wonderful new invention of the renowned Franklin. The Harmonica, he called it. By means of an untiring perseverance, she attained unheard of dexterity on this extraordinary instrument. When she had bidden farewell to her worshipped friend—a personal farewell, only, for her soul was in his hands—when Franklin returned to America, she travelled; first to France, and then through Germany, and was heard in most of the large cities as a harmonica-player. No one has played it like her, since; her whole soul poured through her slender fingers, when she touched the glasses. She was so beautiful in such moments, so carried away by enthusiasm, so sparkling with secret delight, that those who looked and listened, were seized with a sympathetic rapture. Many could not bear the tones; ladies fainted, or burst into tears; but crowds attended the short concerts of the pretty Englishwoman, and regarded them as festivals. When Mary's mother died, and her sister Cecilia began to make a noise in Italy as a distinguished songstress, she returned to London, and then discovered this second voice had injured her health far more than it was possible for the first to injure it. Alone, separated from those who were dearest to her, Mary saw the days come and go, without hope, but also without complaint. She was even cheerful; for she could still sing on her instrument; and—his soul sang with her! And this voice, which she had received from him, remained still young and wondrously fine, even when Mary's curls had turned white, and the hard hand of time had disfigured her blooming face. But whither did she seek to waft those exquisite tones which she allured from her beloved harmonica every evening? Who could tell?

The physicians were astonished that this fragile life still held out; they could not understand what sustained it, they had foretold Mary's death for years. Surely there was some power on earth impossible to withstand, that retained this soul firmly in its shattered covering.

It was the 27th of April, 1790, when Mary desired them to lead her once more to the harmonica; with a happy smile she touched the glasses; the melody of the song

"Then fare-thee-well, my own dear love!"

sounded beneath her still beautiful hands. Suddenly she arose, listened, leaned back, and ceased to breathe. The thread of her feeble existence was broken.

At the same moment, but far from that silent chamber of death, across the wide ocean, the angel of death bore aloft a great, strong soul; the soul of Benjamin Franklin.

### Rossini and his Imitators.

(From Hogarth's Musical Biography and Criticism.)

*Mose in Egitto* was brought out at Naples in 1818. In this piece Rossini has attained an elevation of style which is not to be found in any of his other productions. The choruses are grand and majestic. The sublime prayer of the Hebrews, when preparing

to cross the Red Sea, was an after-thought. Notwithstanding the transports with which the opera, in general, was received, the attempt of the machinist to represent this scene never failed to excite the risibility of the audience. This continued during the first season.

"The following season," says M. Stendhal, "this opera was resumed with the same enthusiastic admiration of the first act, and the same bursts of laughter at the passage of the Red Sea. The following day, one of my friends called about noon on Rossini, who, as usual, was lounging in bed with a dozen of his friends about him; when, to the great amusement of everybody, in rushed the poet Tottola, (the author of the drama,) who, without noticing any one, exclaimed, 'Maestro! I have saved the third act!' 'Well, what have you done, my good friend?' replied Rossini, mimicking the half-burlesque, half-pedantic manner of the poor son of the muses: 'Depend upon it they will laugh at it as usual.' 'But I have made a prayer for the Hebrews, before the passage of the Red Sea,' said the poet, pulling a bundle of papers out of his pocket, and giving them to Rossini, who immediately began to decipher the scrawl. While he is reading, the poet salutes the company all round, whispering every moment in the composer's ear, 'Maestro, I did it in an hour.' 'What! in an hour!' exclaimed Rossini; 'Well, if it has taken you an hour to write this prayer, I engage to write the music in a quarter of the time: here, give me a pen and ink.' At these words, Rossini jumped out of bed, seated himself at the table *en chemise*, and in eight or ten minutes composed this sublime movement, without any piano, and without minding the chatting of his friends. 'There,' said Rossini, 'there is your music; away about your business.' The poet was off like lightning; and Rossini jumped into bed, and joined in the general laugh at his parting look of amazement.

"The following evening I did not fail to repair in good time to San Carlo. The first act was received with the same transports as before; but when they came to the famous passage of the Red Sea, the audience showed the usual disposition to risibility. This, however, was repressed the moment *Moses* began 'the new and sublime air, *Dal tuo stellato soglio*.' This is the prayer which all the people repeat after Moses in chorus. Surprised at this novelty, the pit was all attention. This beautiful chorus is in the minor key; *Aaron* takes it up, and the people continue it. Last of all, *Elia* addresses the same vows to heaven, and the people answer. At this moment they all throw themselves on their knees, and repeat the same prayer with enthusiasm; the prodigy is wrought; the sea opens, to present a passage to the people. The last part of the movement is in the major key. It would be difficult to give an idea of the thunder of applause which resounded from every part of the theatre. The spectators leaned over the boxes to applaud, exclaiming, 'Bello! bello! O che bello!' Never did I behold such an excitement, which was rendered still more striking by its contrast with the previous merry mood of the audience."

The present Italian composers are mere imitators of Rossini, and are much more successful in copying his defects than his beauties. They are, like him, full of mannerism; with this difference, that his manner was *his own*, while theirs is *his*. They occasionally produce pretty melodies, a faculty possessed, to some extent, by every Italian composer, however low his grade; but in general their airs are strings of common-place passages, borrowed chiefly from Rossini, and employed without regard to the sentiment and expression required by the scene. Their concerted pieces are clumsy and inartificial; and their loud and boisterous accompaniments show a total ignorance of orchestral compositions. This general description applies to them all.

### A French Critique on "Fidelio."

(From the London Musical World.)

In a city, where no less a man than Hector Berlioz lives and writes, some curious master in the shape of musical criticism frequently peeps out from the columns of the public press. Beethoven's one opera has recently been produced at the Théâtre-Lyrique—being the last of M. Carvalho's sacrifices at the shrine of legitimate art. Unluckily, however, with M. Carvalho has departed the *prestige* of the establishment, which bids fair to sink once more into the position of mediocrity from which that gentleman, with indomitable spirit and eminent ability, delivered it. Had *Fidelio* been brought out at the Théâtre-Lyrique while he was manager, success—nay triumph—would have been a matter of certainty; but he having seceded, that sudden rage for the classical repertory which seized the Parisians some time since, and with which they themselves were even more aston-



ished than their neighbors, has abated. Now everything not French is intolerable, and even Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber—even Gluck (not to add M. Gounod) will be voted bores. A few passages from a notice of *Fidelio*—in the columns of a journal, the name of which we shall not mention, and from the pen of a critic whose name is Delatouche, will illustrate our argument.

Six years ago the *Fidelio* of Beethoven was performed without much success, at the Théâtre-Italien. Notwithstanding the talent displayed by Mlle. Cruvelli in the principal part, the work of the German master had no success. I fear it is likely to be the same with *Fidelio* at the Théâtre-Lyrique.

For "six years ago," read nine years ago. It was in 1851—when Mr. Lumley was *impresario*, and Ferdinand Hiller musical director, at the Théâtre-Italien—that *Fidelio* was performed, with Cruvelli as *Leonora*. The success it achieved, it is true, amounted to no more than what our turbulent neighbors call a *succès d'estime*; but it must be remembered that a *succès d'estime* is a success after all, and (which is better), a success that lasts, and (which is worse) a success very rarely obtained in Paris—the way of the Parisians being either fevered enthusiasm or freezing apathy. But to *retoucher* Delatouche. The critic of the—likes not the story of *Fidelio*. Hear him describe it:

"Let us speak first of the poem—it is absurd, anti-historical, and tiresome (*ennuyeux*). We are near the end of the fifteenth century. Ludovic Sforza has caused his nephew, Jean Galeas, to be imprisoned in a fortress, and commissions the gaoler to poison his charge. The gaoler consents, and brings with him into the poor Duke's dungeon, a very young man—*Fidelio*—enamored of his daughter.\* That young man is Isabelle de Naples, wife of Galeas. She makes herself known to her husband at the moment when Ludovic approaches to kill his nephew.† To prevent this murder she seizes a bar of iron, with which she threatens Ludovic. The latter retreats terrified, and escapes. But the daughter of the gaoler comes to release from their prison *Fidelio* and Jean, who go and throw themselves at the feet of the King of France, Charles VIII., just arrived at Milan."

The foregoing, be it understood, is not *Fidelio* as the Teutons know it, but "*d'après*" MM. Michel Carré and Barbier—a barbarous and Gallic *Fidelio*. No wonder Delatouche should be dissatisfied. *Ecoutons ce gaillard*:

"Do you not see the improbability at once? How could Galeas have thrown himself at the feet of Charles VIII., when history tells us that he died, poisoned, before the arrival of the King?"

Good; but the authors of operatic books (ask M. Scribe) are not invariably the most historical of poets. They worship Clio somewhat gingerly. We have no wish, however, to defend them in this instance, but leave them, willingly, to the trenchant stylus of Delatouche. *Ecoutons encore ce gaillard*:

"I have also a little observation to make. Since Madame Viardot (*why not Fidelio?*) "held Ludovic" (*why not M. Gounod?*) "why did she not taunt him incontinent?" This would have deprived us of the last *finale*; but where would have been the harm?"

There would have been no harm anywhere to the audience of the Théâtre-Lyrique (with M. Réty as manager, be it clearly understood; the Théâtre-Lyrique with M. Carvalho was quite another thing), who can afford to do with as small a dose of Beethoven as might well be administered, and by whom the loss of a *finale*—even that incomparable *finale*—would be looked upon in the light of a *bonus*. Delatouche, nevertheless, is too modest in calling his observation "a little observation"; on the contrary, it is a big "observation," and mightily to the purpose. But now that we have examined Delatouche in re Barbier-Carré, their book, let us examine Delatouche in re Beethoven, his music:

"The music embroidered by the immortal Beethoven on this pale canvas—"

["*Music embroidered on a pale canvas!*"]—Here is a muddling of idioms!]

"The music embroidered by the immortal Beethoven on this pale canvas is as pale as the canvas itself (!) The melody of the master is a soft melody, not noisy, which expands itself in nappes (sheetwise?); all tranquilly and without fracas; the nappes become a blue and limpid lake in which one mirrors oneself at one's ease, and as there is no worse water than stagnant water, so there is no music more detestable at the theatre than music which sleeps—and induces sleep."

There reader! you have an original criticism of *Fidelio* at last. Delatouche should be endowed with a beard of gold and vermillion whiskers, also with thigh-rings and a high-heeled boot (like Mario's). If there was an E less in his patronyme, he might be anagrammatized as HOT CAUDLE; but happily there are two. *N'importe*.

"Sonate, que me voulez-vous?" asked a certain philosopher (also a Frenchman) of a certain sonata that,

\* The "poor Duke's" daughter!

† Just now, the nephew was to be poisoned by the gaoler.

‡ Who imprisoned *Fidelio*?

§ If it is soft?

¶ "Il n'est pire eau que l'eau qui dort."

nothing it not audible, intended him no harm in making itself heard (according to its entelechy), under the fingers of a "*hammer-virtuose*" as Wagner would say. Delatouche, too, has his notions of a sonata, and thus unburdens himself:

"One likes to hear a sonata of Beethoven's between an air of Rossini's or of Verdi's, and a *chanson* of Nadaud's. This broad and tender music relaxes, so to speak, the soul, and reposes it after the comic and brilliant. It is like an opium-pill, discreetly administered to a sick person after a day of agitation. Give to the sick person ten pills of *extraits thébaïques* (ver-nacular-opium), and you run the risk of killing your unhappy patient. Thus does the *Fidelio* of Beethoven. In short—except the chorus of sick persons (*chœurs des malades*), the introduction to the third act—a sort of march in the style of that of Wexler in the *Enlèvement au Sérail* (Mozart's "*Se-raglio*!"), together with the two prayers sung by Madame Viardot and Guardl—and the rest is not worth the honor of being cited, nor even of being heard."

Then follows a *critique* of the performers. "Madame Viardot," it appears, "completely failed in the final sextuor—which, to say truth, is wanting both in color and charm." We take the first half of the sentence to be as exact as the last, but no more so. The "tag" of the article we shall present to our readers in unadulterated Delatouche:

"Quelqu'un me disait en sortant de la première représentation: Voilà une musique qu'adorent les Allemands, et rien n'est plus naturel: ils s'amuseaient beaucoup quand ils s'amusent. Si l'y avait samedi des Allemands au Théâtre-Lyrique, ils ont dû follement s'amuser."

‡ In what part of *Fidelio* is this to be found?

THE "KIST OF WHISTLES."—It appears that there has been for eight years past a melodeon in St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, employed for the purpose of leading the choral devotions of the congregation. This instrumental addition to the simplicity of Scotch Psalmody was greatly enjoyed by the younger and more musical part of the congregation; but gave proportionate offence to the more conservative elders. The Presbytery, however, sustained the melodeon; alleging in its favor a reason which seems rather poor, though often used to blunt the edge of domestic misfortunes among the crockery—that it had been done a long while. But at a late Synod of the Kirk, lately held at Kingston, the matter was formally submitted to its decision, on appeal from the Court below on a memorial of Mr. John Robertson, who stated that conscientious objections to the use of the melodeon had induced him to give up his attendance at St. Andrew's Church. The Synod heard several learned divines for and against the music, and at length passed a sentence such as the Courts do when a nuisance is to be abated—that the melodeon should be removed from the church without any unnecessary delay. The vote for this judgment was 36 to 7. The Free Church Synod, we think, some years ago came to a similar decision. The idea somewhat antiquated, as some may think, which governs this decision, is, no doubt, that every act of worship must be performed by a reasonable creature, and the objectors cannot understand how music from an instrument can be so described. On the other hand, it is said that the music is, though not devotion itself, an aid to the devotion of reasonable creatures; not only making the outward manifestations of praise more perfect, but even stimulating and governing the movements of the feelings and affections.—*Montreal Herald*.

DO-DI-PETTO IN NEW YORK.—Wednesday, "Il Trovatore" and the *ut de poitrine*, the *C di petto*, the *C in alt*, or whatever you choose to call it. More logically the performance would be entered in memory's books, judging by the noise made, as *ut de poitrine* and "Il Trovatore."

I object to the *ut de poitrine*. I set my face resolutely against the *C di petto*. Give me not the anatomy or the physiology of the gamut. Yet I do not cry out against the C itself; considered absolutely, it is a well meaning note enough, and not unpleasant to the ear. But why should it appear on all the dead walls of the city?—Why be printed in execrable English on the playbill?—Why be advertised as the feature of the evening? I must say it, the *ut de poitrine* performance of Wednesday was the most exquisitely comical thing lately done in public. The announcement of the impending feat smacked of the tan and saw-dust. I should not have started to see a ring-master enter upon the Academy stage, got up in the astonishing full dress peculiar to that gay creature, and with a flourish of his whip open his mouth to the following speech:—

"Ladies and Gents: On behalf of the management I have to thank you for your kind attendance here this evening, and for your hearty applause. I am desirous to announce that this unrivalled troupe will perform every evening, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons till further notice, when a series of entertainments will be presented worthy of your ap-

proval, and we pledge ourselves that nothing shall occur to offend the most fastidious. I have now the pleasure of introducing to you Signor Musiani, the eminent lyric acrobat, who will conclude this evening's programme by flinging his celebrated *ut de poitrine*, a feat never before attempted in America, and performed by him only—

SIGNOR MUSIANI!"

On second thoughts, his address would not equal the foregoing in elegance, but the idea would be expressed.

Now all this is entertaining enough if one has no feeling for the art or the artist. But Musiani ought not to be so treated. The public ought not to be so treated. They are not, all and singular, idiotic. Although a liberal measure of approbation was given to the tenor's early songs in the "*Trovatore*," it was clear that the audience was waiting for the *ut*; and when the end of the third act approached, for there we had been kindly informed to expect the phenomenon, you might have detected the feverish excitement always preceding some novel exploit or occurrence, whether it be the tight rope passage of the Niagara, or the hanging of a man.

When the deed was really done, the entire house sighed in token of relief, and burst into joyous shouting. No one heard the concluding bars of the act; they were delivered amidst the noisiest clamor. Musiani appeared before the curtain, and received his tribute: still the shouting went on. We will have the *ut de poitrine* again, cried the people. So up went the curtain, out came the tenor, this time without the *Leonora*, once more resounded the *C di petto*, once more ascended the cries, and again before the curtain came the tenor.

Well, an *ut de poitrine* is a good thing to have. But it is not all of life, and it materially interferes with the symmetry of a performance, especially when engineered by the management as on Wednesday.—*N. Y. Albion*.

## Musical Correspondence.

VIENNA, MAY 5.—On Friday, April 27, Herr JULIUS EPPSTEIN, pianist in this city, gave a concert. Like many of the prominent musicians at the present day, this gentleman is of Jewish origin: he comes from Agram, the principal city of Croatia, which is one of the largest Austrian provinces and is peopled by Slaves. He has been in Vienna nearly ten years, and is now twenty-six years of age. He had attained very considerable facility in playing during his boyhood, but was not intended for a musician; hearing Liszt inspired him so, that he resolved upon this course. He had at first but few friends, and was thus forced to study and to make his way under considerable difficulties; which is, in Vienna, no easy matter for a musician, if he have not a fair portion of impudence or perfect self-reliance—or friends.

His piano teacher was Anton Hahn, the first instructor here, and his composition teacher was Johann Rafnatscha, a gentleman very favorably known in Vienna, in this sphere, and as a composer of great merit.

Herr Eppstein gave some years ago a private concert in order to show himself to the world, and got in consequence many and excellent lessons in the first houses of the city. He also played now and then in smaller concerts in Vienna and the neighborhood, and accompanied singers and musicians playing on other instruments than his own, a very difficult and thankless task. In the year '57—'58 he accompanied in Rubinstein's concerts, from good-will towards the latter artist, with whom he is befriended; then he played with Piatti, the eminent violoncellist from London (in one concert was given a trio of Schubert, Ludwig, Strauss, Piatti and Epstein performing), and won himself much praise thereby. Later he played with Laub, the renowned violinist from Berlin, and in the last concert of Laub, they played a sonata of Beethoven with great success.

In the year '58—'59, Herr Eppstein was requested by Herr Josef Helmesberger to play in his quartet concerts. These are the best chamber concerts given in the city, are always supplied with the best mu-

sicians, and are frequented by a very severe audience. Hence it is the test of a musician to let him play in them, and a pianist is especially exposed to trying companions; for Rubinstein, Clara Schumann, Drey schok and any other eminent pianist who has been in the city at that time, have played in them. Professor Rickert of the Vienna conservatorium, and Herr Dachs also of Vienna, had been the two regular quartet-concert players up to that time. Eppstein played a sonata of Beethoven's, in G major, with Helmesberger, violin, and met with very great applause, as he indeed deserved. He played later in the winter again with Helmesberger a sonata of Mozart's, and had still greater success. Besides that he played with Herr Cossmann, violoncellist from Weimar, (who performed that winter in the quartets) and in many other concerts. To end the winter he played at the invitation of "The Society of the Friends of Music," (*Gesellschaft der Musik-freunde*), in their last orchestral concert, given in the Imperial Redouten-saal, Beethoven's concerto in G major, for piano-forte with orchestral accompaniment. The hall is very large and not well built for hearing, so that it is very difficult for a pianist to penetrate without hammering on his instrument; but Eppstein celebrated his most complete triumph on this occasion: he played very beautifully indeed and delighted his audience.

The year 1859—60 brought him once more before a public, already favorably inclined towards him, but which demands continual progress. He was most sorely tried by severe illness during the whole fall, and was enabled to rally sufficiently in order to play in January, in one of the quartet concerts, a sonata of Beethoven with Helmesberger again. In February he played a trio of Schubert, with Helmesberger and Röyer, the violoncellist of the quartets, and showed more especially in this than in his first appearance during the winter, a decided gain on the former year in firmness and tone. People had said perhaps with justice, that he had not quite physical strength enough in his play; in this trio he showed sufficient. And now we come to his last concert, April 27. His programme was:

Quintet for piano, violin, viola, violoncello and contrabass, opus 114, A major, performed by the concert giver, Herren Helmesberger.....Schubert  
*Blumen-rache*, ballad sung by Herr Förchtgott.....O. Löwe  
 Scherzo, performed by concert giver.....Mendelssohn  
 Märchen, performed by concert giver.....Eppstein  
 "Du bist wie eine Blume," song given by Fräulein Weinberger.....Schumann  
 "Rheinisches Volklied," song sung by Fräulein Weinberger.....Mendelssohn  
 "Auf dem Berge," song sung by Fräulein Weinberger.....Lindblad  
 "Nachtstück" (Nightpiece), for horn, played by Prof. Richard Lewy.....Käsmayer.  
 Sonata for piano and violin, played by concert giver and Herr Helmesberger.....Beethoven

This quintet had not been played for a long time in public, and was a very interesting item on the programme. It is a cheerful and light-hearted composition, not so great as some of Schubert's things, but it makes no claim to greatness, and is quite delightful enough with its happy, healthy mood. The first movement is the least important of all; the others are beautiful, and especially the third which is the song, "The Trout" (*Die Forelle*) of Schubert's, with variations for the different instruments. Any one knowing this song, will see at once how well it is adapted to being varied; to be sure, Schubert has brought nothing new here and has not improved his opportunity, as Beethoven would have done; but the variations are charming and were most delightfully played. Herr Eppstein was quite at home here, for he particularly excels in light and graceful passages. The ballad of Carl Löwe is wonderful, and was very beautifully sung and accompanied by Herren Förchtgott and Eppstein. Does any one ever sing any of these ballads in America? If not, it is a great pity, for they are very original and fine; utterly unlike

anything else in music known to me. Herr Förchtgott is a young man, who, without great means of voice, has reached a high point as song and ballad singer; but he is especially practised and excelling in Löwe's ballads. He has much understanding and fire, and a fine musical sense in regard to the delicacies and shadings. He is quite a favorite here.

The *Scherzo* of Mendelssohn, as well as the *Märchen* of his own, were charmingly given; the latter piece together with a *Scherzo* from Eppstein too, have met with considerable sales in Vienna and in Germany.

The three songs sung by Fräulein Weinberger pleased me very well; many of the audience complained of a lack of voice. It is quite true that her voice is weak and thin, but she sings with great taste and feeling, and was, two years ago at her first appearance, a favorite. The songs in themselves are charming, more especially the two former; the latter is well enough too. Schumann writes not unfrequently very short, but always beautiful songs.

The "Nightpiece" by Käsmayer was composed by him for the occasion. He is a first violin player in the Kärnthnerthor orchestra, and has composed several string quartets, some piano pieces and other smaller things which are much liked here. I shall refer to him later. This composition was partially excellent, and partially rather forced, it seemed to me; at least not clear enough. One must however have indulgence with all occasional compositions, for it is utterly impossible to command at will ideas and the necessary frame of mind for composing; and this was really so prepared for want of something suitable. Professor RICHARD LEWY is well enough known here, and had in former years a reputation throughout the most of Europe; but he is in the Kärnthnerthor orchestra, was a professor in the conservatorium, and had withdrawn himself almost entirely from the world. This piece he played very well indeed, and brought in a very nice cadence of his own, which displayed his command over his instrument and the delicacy of his playing.

The Sonata by Beethoven was truly a masterpiece of playing; only the two performers, used as they are to each other's play, hurried the last movement very much. The whole concert was most successful, and was well attended, although the season was far advanced, and the musical public weary of the sight of concert programmes.

I copy from the *Wiener Zeitung*, the criticism of one of the most important critics here.

"A very favorite artist and without doubt the most considerable of the Vienna pianists. Herr Eppstein has, within a few days, given a concert in the Conservatorium Hall. The programme was for our taste a little too innocent; the boldest piece was Beethoven's sonata for piano and violin, opus 12. Herr Eppstein's style of playing is known; a soft touch, truthfulness and purity of execution, a delicate (or fine—French *fin*—) musical understanding, and finished elegance."

If one adds to this, that he has real warmth, great conscientiousness in rendering, great industry in preparing, dislike of all tricks and show in delivery, perfect clearness in play, a remarkably light hand, and strength increasing and sufficient for all good music, one sees that the result must be excellent. He will not play the stuff of which we hear so much now-a-days, although he can do so perfectly well and can produce most effect with it; he prefers to give us the great musicians' works, and anything that is worthy, of the younger musicians. But a very great virtue to me is his entire objectiveness in playing. Your old correspondent, Thayer, said to me while listening to the quintet: "He plays it just as Schubert meant it should be played; he feels himself into it entirely." And this is true in his rendering the music of Beethoven, of Mozart, of Mendelssohn, of Schumann, of Bach, of Chopin.

Is not objectiveness what we seek, and rarely find? For most players, whether of the piano, or of any other instrument, are anxious to show themselves and their fingers by means of flashy clap-trap. Shall not we be thankful to an artist who is content in doing his duty towards the great priests of the art? Herr Eppstein is essentially a pianist to live in one city, not to travel from one capital to another; and the former is in Vienna at least much more difficult, for a pianist must be very good, who can be compared with all the great players, and still retain his place firmly with a highly educated and severe public. If he were not so pleasantly situated in Vienna, he might easily win much reputation and money by a journey to the principal European and American cities. Let us hope that we may see him one day in Boston!

J. L.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 16, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — WEBER'S Opera, *Der Freyschütz*, piano-forte arrangement, continued.

### Musical Chit-Chat.

Of operas and concerts there is nothing to record. But we have been enjoying what was even better—every one of us, we trust—a week of perfect June, most musical to all the senses; and to the heart too, divinely grateful and inspiring, or the heart is sick indeed. There is no music that can "minister to a mind diseased" if such June days, fresh, lifesome days of summer not yet past its height, cannot. Verily it is a delicious interlude, more exquisitely musical than Mendelssohn's most fairy-like *Midsummer Night's* dreams. We thank God for an interval of rest between the round of fashionable music and the hot season of brass bands and hand organs. Now the birds have it all their own way; and a right pleasant way it is, worth noticing. One has only to go out three miles from Boston in any direction, where there are trees,—in fact only to walk upon our once more grassy and green shaded Common,—to hear the little songsters. Let the sweet season linger while it may, and let not the hot, rude military music come too soon to dispel the influence!

But there are many, no doubt, who will like to alternate the music of Nature with the music of Art; and some will prefer Italian singing birds to those of our own elms and hemlocks. The promise of Italian opera for this last week failed; but now we have it definitely announced for next week. Mme. CORTESI, with her troupe, returns to re-open the Academy of Music next Wednesday evening, June 20. Her company includes, as before, herself; Miss PHILLIPS; the *do-di-petto* tenor, MUSIANI; TAMARO, SUSINI, AMODIO, &c. But best of all, the manager (Sig. SERVADIO, who is said to be the husband of CORTESI, and who seems to have a genius for Card making hardly second to that of Ullman) announces also "the best lyric and dramatic Artists ever introduced in America," Madame INEZ FABBRI, who is to sing on Wednesday in Verdi's *Nabuco* (Nebuchadnezzar), with Susini, and on Friday in Verdi's *Ernani*, with Musiani and Susini. Whether "the best" or not, Mme. FABBRI is certainly admirable, one of the best, in voice, in singing and in lyrical impersonation. Is it too much to hope that she may also appear here in her great part of the Jewess in Halevy's opera,

and with Stigelli, as we heard them in New York? On Thursday, CORTESI will sing in *Poliuto*, with Musiani, Amodio and Nanni. The conductorship is shared between Sig. MUZIO and Herr MULDER (husband of FABBRI). Wade sells the tickets, and is ever ready to oblige.

The BOSTON MUSIC HALL ASSOCIATION held its annual meeting Wednesday afternoon. The old board of officers was reelected. The Treasurer's report showed the receipts during the past year to amount to \$10,407.66; expenses \$7,918.28; balance, \$2,489.38.

The directors of the famous Gewandhaus Concerts in Leipzig have invited FERDINAND HILLER, of Cologne, to the post of conductor, vacated by Rietz; but Hiller, probably the best man in all Germany, unfortunately declines. It is thought that REINICKE, a young and promising musician of the Leipzig school, will have the place. . . . A rumor has reached England, but not fully confirmed, of the death of the brilliant Russian pianist and composer, RUBINSTEIN.

We have a letter from another young American at Leipzig, recently a pupil at the musical Conservatory there. The writer protests against certain reports unfavorable to the moral character of that institution, alluded to by the "Diarist" in our journal of April 14, in these words:

Feb. 25. I hear from Leipzig that several American students, among them a young lady, have withdrawn from the Conservatory, choosing the loss of the tuition (which they have paid for a year in advance) rather than to remain connected with the institution. I can of course record no ex parte statement of the questions at issue, cannot decide as to the wisdom and propriety of the step which they have taken; but, granting the facts as represented to me, without hearing what the directors have to reply, it is their wisest course. Certainly grave charges are made, and such that no American student should come there to the school, especially a young lady, without ample inquiry made and a satisfactory answer received.

Upon this our present correspondent remarks that, although he himself is one of those who have left the Conservatory, he has never in any way called in question the moral character of the institution, and his motives in withdrawing were entirely different from those hinted in the above extract. He intimates moreover, that the "Diarist" derived his information from a young man, one of the disaffected, who is very desirous of entering into a personal quarrel in the musical journals. The "Diarist" has been misinformed, too, he says, about the motives which actuated the young lady referred to, and several others, in withdrawing from the Conservatory. We trust these persons will set our friend's mind right, and that in due time we shall have the explanation from him; and that henceforth we shall hear no more suspicions as to the musical and moral fair fame of the Conservatoire at Leipzig. We fear the institution has been made to suffer by the personal quarrels of some of its pupils; and we trust that is all.

A member of the government of the recently formed BOSTON PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY informs us that, in our article last week, we mistook the spirit and intention of the *twelve dollar rule* in their constitution. It is simply intended as a check upon the government, who otherwise might have the power to draw the society into rash and improvident concert enterprises. It is therefore provided that the government shall announce no concerts, until the subscription thereto shall guaranty the musicians against loss of money, and of time, which to many of them is daily bread. We are promised a sight of the constitution itself, and after we have seen it we may have more to remark. Meanwhile we wish it to be understood, that we do not at all blame the members of the orchestra for wishing to make themselves pecuniarily

whole for such time and labor as they may expend in giving us good concerts. That is their own affair. But our affair, as speaking for the lovers of classical instrumental music, is, to find out the best means of securing to ourselves good and permanent supplies of what we feel to be so indispensable. Then the question is, what kind of a society will best promote the end? Can we expect what we want from a company exclusively composed of actual performers, of professional musicians, of those and only those who earn their bread by playing on some instrument demanded in an orchestra, and who, by the hard lot of their profession, are compelled to look at every musical enterprise in which they may engage with a principal reference to wages? Or will it not be more likely to come from an organization composed of leading artists and amateurs generally, who, looking chiefly at the artistic side of the matter, shall get up concerts and employ performers? A society may take the name "Philharmonic" and yet not be Philharmonic, in the accepted meaning of the word. It may be a mere trading company, trading in the business of giving concerts; and then the laws of trade will govern it; it goes into the market, and of course soon learns to carry there what will best pay, whether it meet the *Philharmonic* end or not. All we ask for is a Philharmonic society, one true to that aim and spirit; and we doubt not many, if not all, of the musicians would be thankful for the privilege of coöperating in such a league for the upholding of their own artistic character and standard with that of the musical community.

A concert was to be given last evening, in Worcester, Mass., by Miss ADELINE LESERMAN, announced, like many others, as "the American prima donna," and said to possess a voice of unusual brilliancy and power. She is assisted by several artists from the Academy of Music, New York, viz., Mme. Zimmermann, mezzo soprano, Sig. Morino, baritone, and Herr Wm. Doehler, violinist, and Carl Anschutz as conductor. . . . A Miss TILLINGHAST is giving a series of "Classical Organ Concerts," in Chicago—an example which we would gladly see followed by the best organists in all our cities. Two have already been given, in St. Paul's church, with excellent success, apparently, and with these programmes:

May 31.

1. Overture to Prometheus. . . . . Beethoven.
2. Andante—From Sinf. No. 9. . . . . Mozart.
3. Stradella's Prayer—(Pieta Signore). . . . . Stradella.  
Mr. De Passio.
4. God save the Queen—with Var. for the Organ. . . . Rink.
5. Hear, sweet spirit. . . . . Beethoven.  
Mrs. Mattison.
6. Sonata—For the Organ. . . . . Mendelssohn.

June 7.

1. Overture to Samson. . . . . Handel.
2. Ave Maria. . . . . Owen.  
Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Mattison and Mr. Bird.
3. Concerto for the Organ. 1. Allegro Maestoso. 2.  
Adagio. 3. Rondo Allegretto. . . . . Rink.
4. Hear Sweet Spirit, (by request). . . . . Beethoven.  
Mrs. Mattison.
5. Symphony No. 10. 1. Allegro Vivace. 2. Andante  
di molto. Finaie, Allegro. . . . . Mozart.
6. Gloria in Excelsis. . . . . Mercadante.  
Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Mattison and Mr. De Passio.
7. Andante con moto, from Symphony No. 5. . . . Beethoven.
8. Fugue, with obligato Pedal. . . . . Schellenberg.

Our friends of the ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB are now earnestly practising some of their best part-songs, for the festival of German Singing Clubs, which is to meet at Buffalo in the last week of July, and to picnic at Niagara.

The DRAYTONS had a benefit concert at the Boston Theatre, this week, while *en route* for Canada. . . . A farewell concert is to be given on the 21st to Mr. G. W. WARREN, at Albany, on the eve of his removal to Brooklyn, N. Y. Mrs. J. H. LONG will assist. . . . A complimentary concert was given week before last at Bumstead Hall, to Mrs. LIZZIE HEYWOOD, the singer who gave so much pleasure in her

rendering of the principal soprano part in Mr. Kielblock's "Miles Standish."

## Music Abroad.

London.

(From the Musical World, May 26.)

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—In the music assigned to Maffeo Orsini only one phase of Madame Alboni's talent has a chance of being completely revealed; but as this is probably the phase most readily appreciated by the mass, there can be no reason to wonder at the popularity it has enabled her to win. The instant her well known figure, draped in that singular tunic (if tunic it may be called) which her excessive "embonpoint" compels her to wear—was detected, mingling with the crowd (in the first scene of the opera), a burst of applause from all parts of the house proclaimed the satisfaction of the audience at seeing their favorite once more. The legend recounted by Orsini to his friends brought forth in all their beauty those pure contralto tones which have so often charmed the public, and, sung, as usual, to perfection, elicited the warmest demonstrations of approval. The "triumph," however, was of course reserved for "Il segreto per esser felice," which Madame Alboni never gave with more spirit and vocal facility, the incomparable "trillo" (*shake*—to employ our own less elegant vernacular) preceding in each couplet the resumption of the genial melody to which Donizetti has allied the words exciting the accustomed marks of admiration. It is almost superfluous to add that the *brindisi* was enthusiastically redemanded, and repeated with undiminished effect.

We need not recapitulate the many fine points that make the Lucrezia of Mademoiselle Titiens one of that lady's most striking and admirable performances; nor dwell upon the characteristics of Signor Mongini's Gennaro, which wants only a little softening here and there to be as irreprouchable as it is earnest and impulsive. The merits of these and of Signor Vialletti's very careful impersonation of the Duke have been more than once discussed. On the present occasion the interest naturally centred in Maffeo Orsini, and at the conclusion of the opera, when Mademoiselle Titiens and Signor Mongini had been summoned before the curtain, there was a general call for Alboni, who, after some delay, made her appearance, and was honored by such a greeting as is never accorded but to artistes standing highest in public esteem.

The house was crowded in every part, scarcely a vacant place being perceptible in gallery, boxes, pit, or stalls.

On Monday, an extra night, the *Trovatore* was given for the third time; on this occasion Madame Alboni taking the part of Azucena, allotted in the two previous representations to Madame Borghi-Mamo.

On Tuesday *Semiramide* was performed for the first time at Her Majesty's Theatre for several years. The cast was as follows: Semiramide, Mlle. Titiens; Arsace, Madame Alboni; Idreno, Signor Belart; Assur, Signor Everardi; and Oroo, Signor Vialletti. The character of Arsace,—upon which Rossini has lavished all the florid graces of his melodic invention, and which in one sense stands apart from every other personage in the lyric drama—affords the practised vocalist ample opportunity for display. It was in Arsace that Madame Alboni (at the opening of the Royal Italian Opera, 1847) first elicited the admiration of the English public, and since that memorable occasion it has always been regarded as one of her greatest, if not, indeed, her very greatest performance. If the voice has not quite the same depth and richness as of old, it has gained in other respects, being now so equal in volume and quality throughout the register, that it may be compared to a crystal without a flaw. For mellowness and even suavity of tone it is wholly unrivalled, the notes succeeding each other with such natural fluency, that it is impossible to detect a weak place or single out a "break." An instrument thus perfected enables the singer to articulate every phrase and passage set down with such unvarying ease, that any idea of difficulty never presents itself to the hearer, and the *ars celare artem* is realized to the letter. More faultless examples of vocal efficiency than the two airs, "Eccomi alfine in Babylonia," and "In si barbara sciagura"—as sung by Madame Alboni, could hardly be cited; or purer specimens of vocal declamation than the recitative belonging to the first, or than the duet with Semiramide (Act II.), including the delicious slow-movement, "Giorno d'orrore."

Mlle. Titiens, as Semiramide, is unequal—at times dramatic and superb, at times constrained, and therefore less entirely satisfactory.

**PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.**—The programme of the fourth concert on Monday last was unusually rich in material, and attracted a very large audience to the Hanover Square Rooms:—

Overture—Scherso—Song with Chorus, "You spotted snakes," (Miss Augusta Thomson and Mlle. Jenny Meyer)—Notturmo, March, and Final Chorus ("A Midsummer Night's Dream")..... Mendelssohn  
Alr, "Du village voisin," Madame Rieder ("Le Serment")..... Auber  
Concerto, Violin, No. 8, Herr Kämpel (Scena Cantante)..... Spohr  
Recit. and Alr "Nur einen Wunsch, nur ein Verlangen" ("Iphigénie in Tauris")—Mlle. J. Meyer. Gluck  
Overture, "Anacreon"..... Cherubini  
Sinfonia in F, No. 8..... Beethoven  
Scena, "Ah me! he comes not," Miss Augusta Thomson ("Fair Rosamond")..... Barnett  
Trio, Madame Rieder, Miss Augusta Thomson and Mlle. Jenny Meyer ("Asor and Zemira")..... Spohr  
Overture, "Zauberflöte"..... Mozart

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—The series of Subscription Concerts was continued on Friday the 18th, with Haydn's *Creation*. The work, by far the lightest in the repertoire of the Society, was, generally speaking, well performed. The band executed the Overture ("Chaos") in admirable style. The accompaniments were likewise worthy of commendation. The chorus showed their familiarity with the work, and were steady and correct as usual.

The soprano solo was undertaken, for the first time, by Miss Parepa, who did herself infinite credit. Indeed, the part suits her better than any sacred rôle she has attempted. "On mighty pens" was particularly effective, the ascending passages being delivered with accuracy and brilliancy of tone. Mr. Sims Reeves was never more favorably heard than "In native worth." The purity of his singing is exceeded by none of his contemporaries; while he renders this (and many other airs) with a manliness which is all his own. Signor Belletti has not yet quite recovered from his recent indisposition. He took infinite pains, however, with his music, and, in "Rolling in foaming billows," created a marked sensation. The room was crowded in every part.

**MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHORUS.**—The concert on Wednesday last, the fifth of the season, was quite up to the standard which Mr. Leslie seems to have set up, and above which he will not go on any account. Glees, madrigals, and part-songs sung in a style nearly approaching perfection will always command an audience; but the interpolation of indifferent fantasias on operatic airs is simply distasteful to the musical public, whose opinion neither Mr. Leslie nor any one else can afford to despise. Last season we had sonatas, pianoforte and violin, and pianoforte and violoncello and other works of equal importance. This matter should be looked to. The motet of Hauptmann, "Source of all power and light," Wilbye's madrigal, "Sweet honey-sucking bees," "Hear my prayer" (Mendelssohn), trio canone, "Placido Zeffiretto" (Cherubini), were the noticeable features. A vocal duet, and a four-part song, by Mr. Henry Leslie, were sung with much effect. Both compositions are agreeable and well written.

**MADAME PUZZI'S CONCERT.**—A large and fashionable assembly attended the annual concert of Madame Puzzi, which came off at the Hanover Square Rooms on Monday morning. The programme was more than usually varied. The artists included Mesdames Borghi-Mamo, Lemmens-Sherington, Parepa, Rudersdorff, Everardi, Lemaire, and Rieder; Signors Mariano, Neri, Solieri, Ciabatta, Dragone, M. Desprét, and Mr. Patey, vocalists; and M. Leopold de Meyer (piano) and Signor Pezze (violoncello), instrumentalists. The special feature of the concert (to quote the *Morning Post*) "was the first appearance this season of the great 'lion pianist,' Leopold de Meyer, who executed a new fantasia on original themes, of his own composition, with extraordinary effect. We never heard him play with more brilliancy, power, delicacy, and finish." Being unanimously encored, he returned to the instrument and repeated the last half of the fantasia.

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.**—Out of eight pieces in a programme devoted to various masters, no less than five were heard for the first time at the concert of Monday last.

The instrumental novelties comprised two quartets,—Mozart's in D minor, and Beethoven's in F minor; both played to perfection by Messrs. Sainton, Goffrie, Doyle, and Piatu: Mendelssohn's trio in C minor (No. 2), in which the first and last named gentlemen were joined by Herr Lubeck, who also gave Beethoven's sonata in C sharp minor, best known as the Moonlight Sonata.

On Monday next—an Italian night—Miss Arabella Goddard, Miss Laura Baxter, Mlle. Parepa, Herr Becker, &c., will appear. The selection (except one air repeated by desire) will be entirely new.

**ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.**—On Saturday *Il Barbiere* was repeated. On Tuesday *Il Don Giovanni*

was given, with Madame Grisi as Donna Anna; and on Thursday *Il Trovatore*.

*La Gazza Ladra* will be produced to-night, with Madame Penco as Ninetta (her first appearance in this part in London), and M. Faure as Fernando (first time of performance), with Madame Nantier-Didiée as Pippo, and Signor Ronconi as the Podesta.

**MUSICAL GOSSIP.**—Lovers of sacred music, choral societies, and others having like tastes and tendencies in the Art, will receive the promise of the re-issue of *Latrobe's Selections*, just put forward by Mr. Lonsdale, with great interest. Though the works of Mozart and Haydn, from which Latrobe drew some of his specimens, are now better known than in the days when the work was in publication, our acquaintance with the good sacred Italian music of last century has retrograded more than should have been allowed in catholic times like ours. While turning over the fourth volume, forwarded to us, the value of such men as Caldara, Jomelli, Hasse, has been recalled, and we have felt that we have lost something in narrowing ourselves within exclusive devotion to the writers of the German school,—however naturally that was a consequence of a great period, full of fascination and novelty. This fourth volume, again, includes the "De Profundis," by Gluck, which is almost, if not altogether, the solitary piece of sacred music by which that great master is remembered. As interest in this master's works is on the return, would it not be worth while for Mr. H. Leslie's or some other choir to take it in charge?

A comic opera, by Herr Pentenrieder,—of which the English title is "A House to Sell,"—has been lately, say the foreign journals, played at Leipzig, with marked success. Years ago, we heard at Munich of Herr Pentenrieder, as a composer of the highest promise. What is the disease in the life of such young men that seems to arrest their powers in production? One, two, three—twenty we could name, who "have lived and made no sign."—A more disappointing case is that of Herr Dessauer,—one of the freshest and most distinct men of genius belonging to his country, that has flourished there since Schubert's light was eclipsed. He, too, has been inactive, if not supine, for years: but we see with pleasure that a new opera by him "Domina," has just been produced with success, at Vienna. By this time, since Herr Dessauer's visit to England, made in the golden days of Miss Adelaide Kemble (whose "Earl's Daughter" will never be forgotten by those who love the Laureate's ballad, consummately sung)—he ought to have showered *lieder*, romances, chamber vocal music of every quality and form on the world.

The subject being gentle and characteristic chamber-music, we are led thereby to note with sadness and regret the death of GORDIGIANI, which, we are told, has just taken place at Florence: to our thinking, the latest—surely, we trust, not the last—Italian creative genius in music. His is an eminent instance of a quiet man, in a quiet walk of Art, winning his way to a great reputation, without "chariots and horses, and fifty men to run before him." There is no great science in his songs; there are no snatching effects in them; nothing to hold the common ear, to play on barrel-organs, nor out of which *polkas* can be got; but there are in them a certain selectness, an elegance, a truth to the text, which will keep many of them afloat, so long as singers of any country care to sing Italian chamber music. Gordigiani wished to try opera, but had no (or small) opportunity for doing so, and thus failed to break the barriers stormed down by Signor Verdi, with his Jerichoblasts of trumpets. As a man, he was gentle, unpretending,—interested in every one's music besides his own. Among recollections it may be permitted to recollect an interview at which he sang his *Canzoni* to M. Meyerbeer, and M. Meyerbeer his *Melodies* in return; and when the two men, true musicians, met in that mutual interest which implies universal sympathy.

The version of "Fidelio," given at the *Théâtre Lyrique* of Paris, with Madame Viardot for heroine, does not seem to have been fortunate. The opera is one which can conceal the worst singer, and betray the best one; with music obviously alien to the register of Madame Viardot's voice; and we are sorry that she has yielded to its dramatic temptations.

A correspondent at Rome mentions a "Hamlet," about to come out in the Eternal City, opera-wise, the music by Signor Moroni. The Danish prince will be presented by Signor Coletti. Shakspeare's hero, from a distance, seems too delicate and metaphysical to be possible in music, even for German opera. The one chance, in our time, for "Hamlet" on the musical stage, was during the reign of Mlle. Jenny Lind—marked out by nature, country, voice, and genius, to be *Ophelia*.—*London Athenæum*, May 19.

## Special Notices.

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# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 429.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 13.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## To a Beautiful Voice.

Lovely voice, in rich vibration  
Through the listening silence spreading,  
Ecstasy's intoxication  
O'er my raptured senses shedding, —  
Voice, like perfume penetrating,  
And yet keener, subtler, sweeter, —  
Voice, like light illuminating,  
And yet clearer and completer, —  
Which doth charm me most divinely  
Scarce I know — when, softly stealing  
O'er mine ear, thy tones float finely;  
Or, when through the broad sky pealing,  
Rich they run in golden gushes;  
One is like the tremble tender  
Of a star, 'mid sunset-blushes;  
And the other, like the splendor  
Such a star might shed, asunder  
In a radiant heart-burst riven, —  
An aerial fount of wonder,  
Scattering light o'er earth and heaven.

When about thee other voices  
Their harmonious charms are throwing,  
How my listening heart rejoices  
In thy full or faintest flowing!  
Ever soul-full, ever single,  
Like the spirit of the chorus,  
Thou dost float apart, to mingle  
Only with the azure o'er us.  
Whence those tones, O rose of voices!  
Though so cloudless, yet as tender  
As a morning that rejoices  
In the Spring's returning splendor!

As a streamlet lovelier showeth,  
When through lovely banks it passes,  
So thy liquid sweetness oweth  
Half its charm to what it glasses;  
Life's true wealth in ample measure,  
Love, and Charity, and Meekness,  
All a gentle spirit's treasure,  
Simple Wisdom, clad in weakness, —  
Which a virgin warmth of passion,  
Throbbing, swelling deeply under,  
Trembles through in fervid fashion;  
Thrilling me with pleasant wonder,  
E'en as though, some evening stilly,  
'Mid the greenwood's balmy hushes,  
I should find a lonely lily,  
Blushing with the rose's blushes.

Wild with eager life and gladness,  
Airy, winged, restraint disdaining,  
And, if touched at all with sadness,  
But of over-joy complaining;  
Clearer, fresher than the ringing  
Of untainted crystal fountains,  
Filtered fine through flint, and flinging  
Light and laughter down the mountains;  
Can I hear that voice, awaking  
Joy in all things that surround it, —  
Prophecying rapture, making  
Eloquent the air around it;  
So enchanting, so endearing,  
Half disarming grief of grieving, —  
Can I hear, nor lose, while hearing,  
In all ill, my faint believing?

FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

## Popular Music of the Olden Time.\*

(From the Quarterly Review.)

To persons who judge social phenomena by standards taken within the limits of their own actual experience, the taste for music that is so conspicuous in modern England seems a remarkable novelty, not altogether compatible with the national character. Scarcely thirty years have elapsed since the normal John Bull was supposed to entertain a manly abhorrence against the sing-song that delighted more frivolous foreigners, and the present generation has not yet forgotten the animadversions of the Chesterfields and Stevenses, who encouraged, in fashionable and literary circles, the want of sympathy with sweet sounds, already to be found in the multitude. But now music is the rage everywhere,—if, indeed, the word "rage" can be applied to a steady predilection, which extends over all classes of the British public, and gives no signs of evanescence. Two opera-houses, and sometimes three, compete with each other for the patronage of those persons who love the dramatic form of the art; nor does the employment of the Italian language diminish the enjoyment of a large mass who would consider themselves very respectable scholars if they possessed a grammatical knowledge of their own tongue. The epicure, who seeks those delicacies less appreciated by the *profanum vulgus*, finds a series of *soirées* and *matinées* sufficient to occupy his mind with instrumental music of the most *frecherché* kind for at least three months in every year. The lover of sacred music is content to pass three summer hours in a large uncomfortable room, as one of a dense crowd that listens to an Oratorio by Handel or by Mendelssohn. The humblest connoisseur who frequents music-halls, where smoking and drinking season the pleasure afforded by song, would not be content unless some specimen of a higher class of composition varied the ordinary Irish air and Nigger melody. Nor are people content to be hearers only; they want to play themselves and to sing themselves, after another fashion than that of their fathers, who loved what was called a "good song" with a lusty chorus, after the now obsolete supper. The fashionable young gentlemen, who lounge and simper about drawing-rooms in the London season, are commonly proficient in more than one musical instrument, and often make a respectable figure in part-singing. The masses that constantly flock to receive instruction in the classes of Mr. John Hullah, prove how deeply a desire to become accomplished in music has penetrated the less opulent portion of the community. Music is at present the art that, *par excellence*, is loved and respected by all conditions of Englishmen; and though, of course, the love is in some cases affected, such affectation is only analogous to the proverbial homage paid by vice to virtue in the shape of hypocrisy.

All this looks very odd to people who fancy that the English character is to be tested by the evidence of the last seventy years; but the antiquary, who carries his glance further back, is perfectly aware that the phenomenon, far from being a modern innovation, is the revival of a musical taste that existed in this country for centuries without interruption, and that the anti-musical tendencies which were so highly developed in the last century simply denoted an exceptional state of the British mind. As well might the Frenchman, born during the prevalence of the Revolutionary Calendar, regard the substitution of "1805" for "XIV.," and the transformation of the 10th Nivose into the 31st of December, as

\* A Collection of Ancient Songs, Ballads, and Dance Tunes, illustrative of the National Music of England. By W. CHAPPELL, F. S. A.

the introduction of an unheard-of novelty, as the Briton express astonishment at the passion for music manifested in his native island about the middle of the nineteenth century.

The very valuable and copious addition which Mr. W. Chappell has made to the history of popular music—and, we may add, of popular lyrical poetry—in England, expands into a bulky chronicle of facts the simple proposition that this is naturally the most musical of lands. We cannot go back far enough to ascertain when the English love of music began; we must come down to a very modern period before we find it in a lukewarm state.

As for the Welsh, they have notoriously gone harping on from time immemorial, and they have their harp-contests still. So different were the notions of the ancient Cambrian legislators from those of Lord Chesterfield, who allowed his son to pay for fiddlers, provided he did not fiddle himself, that, by the *Leges Wallice*, the possession of a harp and ability to play on it belonged to the essential attributes of a gentleman. He who was not a gentleman could not own a harp, as he would thus have been unduly exalted; he who was a gentleman could not be deprived of the instrument on account of debt, as he would thus have been unduly degraded.

Among the Anglo-Saxons, the connexion between the harp and the pedigree was equally close. The poet *Cædmon*, being of lowly origin, was unable to play the noble instrument. On one occasion, when in high company, he was expected to take his turn and accompany his song with tuneful strings; he left the feast, and going out, went home. So says the Venerable Bede: "*Surgebat e mediâ cenâ, et egressus ad suam domum repedabat.*" But this cold narrative of the fact did not satisfy King Alfred, who, in his Saxon paraphrase of "Bede," states the poet's feelings as well as his retreat. "Arras he for sceome" (he rose for shame), said the royal translator, himself a perfect musician for his age.

But we have no need of more anecdotes to show the proficiency of the Anglo-Saxons, as Mr. Chappell's well-attested account of Aldhelm, Abbot of Malmesbury, who died in 709, will amply prove:

"The first specimen of musical notation given by the learned Abbot Gerbert, in his *De Cantu et Musica Sacra, a prima ecclesiæ ætate* (i. 202), is to a poem by St. Aldhelm, in Latin hexameters, in praise of virginity. This was written for the use of Anglo-Saxon nuns. The manuscript from which it is taken is, or was, in the monastery of St. Blaise, in the Black Forest, and Gerbert dates it as of the ninth or tenth century. It contains various poems of St. Aldhelm, all of which are with music, and the *Paschale Carmen* of Sedulius, one of the early Irish Christians, which is without music. Many very early English and Irish manuscripts were, without doubt, taken to Germany by the English and Irish priests, who assisted in converting the Germans to Christianity. St. Boniface, "the apostle of Germany," and first Archbishop of Mentz (Mayence), who was killed in the discharge of his duties in the year 755, was an Anglo-Saxon whose name had been changed from Winfred to Boniface by Pope Gregory II. "Boniface seems always to have had a strong prejudice in favor of the purity of the doctrines of the church of his native country, as they had been handed down by St. Augustine: in points of controversy he sought the opinions of the Anglo-Saxon bishops, even in opposition to those inculcated by the Pope; and he sent for multitudes of Anglo-Saxons, of both sexes, to assist him in his labors." (*Biog. Brit. Lit.*, i. 315). He placed English nuns over his monastic foundations, and selected his bishops and his abbots from among his countrymen. His successor in the Archbishopric was also an Englishman. To revert to St. Aldhelm—*Faricius* (a foreign monk of Malmesbury), who wrote his life about the year 1100, tells us that he exercised himself daily in playing upon the

various musical instruments then in use, whether with strings, pipes, or any other variety by which melody can be produced. The words are, "Musica autem artis omnia instrumenta quæ fidibus vel fistulis aut aliis varietatibus melodice fieri possunt, et memoria tenuit et in cotidiana usui habuit." (*Faricius*, Col. 140, vo.) The anecdote of Aldhelm's stationing himself on the bridge in the character of a gleeman or minstrel, to arrest the attention of his countrymen who were in the habit of hurrying home from church when the singing was over, instead of waiting for the exhortation or sermon, and of his singing poetry of a popular character to them in order to induce them gradually to listen to more serious subjects, was derived by William of Malmesbury from an entry made by King Alfred in his manual or note-book. Aldhelm died in 755, and King Alfred in 901; yet William of Malmesbury, who flourished about 1140, tells us that one of the "trivial songs" to which Alfred alludes as written by Aldhelm for one of these occasions, was still sung by the common people. The literary education of youth, even of the upper classes, in Anglo-Saxon times, was limited to the being taught to commit the songs and literature of their country to memory. Every one of gentle blood was instructed in 'harp and song,' but it was only thought necessary for those who were to be priests or minstrels to be taught to read and write."

Nor were the Danes a whit behind the Saxons. About sixty years after Alfred's well known visit to the Danish camp, Anlaf, king of the Danes, retaliated the stratagem on King Athelstan, and, though he was discovered in spite of his disguise, this was not on account of any musical shortcomings, but through the very unprofessional circumstance that he buried the money which had been given him as a reward. The Norman, Taillefer, who marched in front of the army at the battle of Hastings, gained for himself a broad renown; but the fact is not to be overlooked, that on the evidence of Fordun, the English spent the night before the battle in singing and drinking.

Under the kings who immediately followed the Norman Conquest minstrelsy flourished much—so much, indeed, that the more rigid monks began to be jealous of the honors lavished upon the professors of the seemingly frivolous science. Henry II. and still more notoriously Richard I. were patrons of the kindred arts, poetry and music, and in the reign of John one party of minstrels did such good service, that their posterity retained an honorable name long after minstrelsy in general, fallen from its high estate, had degenerated into a calling for the lowest vagabonds. Ranulph Earl of Chester, being besieged in his castle of Rothlan, in the year 1212, sent for help to De Lacy, constable of Chester, who making use of the minstrels assembled at Chester fair, brought together a vast number of persons, who under the conduct of a gallant youth, named Dutton, so completely terrified the Welsh besiegers, that the siege was speedily raised. As far down as the reign of Elizabeth, this Timotheus-like use of music was held in such honorable remembrance, that when minstrelsy was treated by legislators as a vulgar nuisance, only fit to be put down, an exception was made in favor of the Dutton family.

Although the very doubtful tradition that Edward I. extirpated the Welsh bards, and drew down upon his head the imprecations of the wordy old gentleman immortalized by Gray, places him in no favorable relation to the harper's profession, one of the most satisfactory records on the subject of old English minstrelsy refers to an event that occurred during his reign. This is a roll (printed for the Roxburghe club), containing the names of those who attended the *Cour plénière* held by the king at Westminster, and at the New Temple in the Whitsuntide of 1306. The six chiefs of the minstrels who figured on this occasion were all, like the magnates of the Heralds' College, "kings," though by no means equal to each other in rank, for whereas four of them received an amount equal to about 50*l* of the present day, the sixth, "Le Roy Druet," was obliged to be content with a pittance of 2*l*. As the importance of minstrelsy increased, not only did these gifted persons abuse their high privileges, but impostors started up, hoping to share the bounty bestowed upon authorized talent. Both the realities and the "shams" were restrained

by a royal decree of 1315, by which it was ordered that none should resort to the houses of prelates, earls, and barons, unless he were a minstrel, and that even of the suitable professors there should not come above three or four minstrels at the most in one day, "unless he be desired of the master of the house." The three or four, we may presume, had a right to play and to feast, whether invited or not, and this privilege seems to have descended, with modifications, to the organ-boys and artists on the hurdy-gurdy, who cause so much indignant letter-writing on the part of newspaper correspondents.

The glory of the minstrel presupposed a predilection for one kind of poetry and music among gentle and simple; consequently as poetry became learned and music became recondite, the ancient craftsman fell into rapid disrepute. Richard Sheale, one of the last of the race, who died in 1574, could not make people believe that he had been robbed of sixty pounds, on Dunsmore-heath. The "chant" in which he describes this calamity, and which may almost be called the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," shows how far less profitable was poetry than retail commerce.

The numbers of poor Sheale are not very melodious, but he bears an honorable name, as the reputed preserver of "Chevy Chase."

At the time when the minstrels, who had delighted crowned heads and courts, were degraded into "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars," the proficiency of the English in music was a theme of universal commendation. *Britanni, præter alia, formam, musicam et lautas mensas proprie sibi vindicant*, says Erasmus, in his "Encomium Morie." Singing at sight was a common accomplishment among the courtiers of Henry VIII., who was himself a musical composer. He even patronized ballads and songs of the popular kind in the early part of his reign, though when they were used as weapons against the Reformation, he did all he could to suppress them. It is to an Act of 1533 against "such books, ballads, rhymes, and songs, as be pestiferous and noisome," that Mr. Chappell partly attributes the fact, that *printed* ballads of an early date are not now to be found.

When Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne, the musical taste of our ancestors reached its culminating point, nor was it in any way diminished during the whole of her long reign. At the beginning of the present century, when the connoisseurs of music had to make out for themselves a case against the disciples of the prosaic wits who guided the preceding generation, they were wont to heap up innumerable citations from Shakespeare, to show that there was a high authority on their side; but in point of fact Shakespeare uttered no more than the general sentiment of his age, and the grave corporation of London was advertising the musical abilities of boys educated in Bridewell and Christ's Hospital, by way of recommending them as servants and apprentices, while the Bard of Avon was expressing his abhorrence of all those who were not "mov'd with concord of sweet sounds." "Never trust a tailor that does not sing at his work, for his mind is of nothing but filching," says an old fellow in one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, and Tusser, in his "Points of Huswifery," published in 1570, says for the benefit of country matrons—

"Such servants are oftentimes painful (i. e., painstaking) and good.  
That sing in their labor, as birds in the wood."

But the moral obligation of learning music is most clearly set forth by Byrd, in his collection of Psalms and Sonnets, dated 1588:—

- 1st. "It is a knowledge easily taught, and quickly learned, where there is a good master and an apt scholar."
- 2nd. "The exercise of singing is delightful to nature, and good to preserve the health of man."
- 3rd. "It doth strengthen all parts of the breast, and doth open the pipes."
- 4th. "It is a singular good remedy for a stutting and stammering in the speech."
- 5th. "It is the best means to procure a perfect pronunciation, and to make a good orator."
- 6th. "It is the only way to know where nature hath bestowed a good voice; . . . and in many that

excellent gift is lost, because they want art to express nature."

7th. "There is not any music of instruments whatsoever comparable to that which is made of the voices of men; where the voices are good, and the same well sorted and ordered."

8th. "The better the voice is, the meeter it is to honor and serve God therewith; and the voice of man is chiefly to be employed to that end."

"Since singing is so good a thing,  
I wish all men would learn to sing."

The extent to which the very air of London was impregnated with melody and harmony in the Elizabethan epoch is thus vivaciously described by Mr. Chappell:—

"Tinkers sang catches, milkmaids sang ballads, carters whistled; each trade, and even the beggars, had their special songs; the bass viol hung in the drawing-room for the amusement of waiting visitors; and the lute, cittern [a species of guitar strung with wire], and virginals, for the amusement of waiting customers, were the necessary furniture of the barber's shop."

The barber, however, must not be dropped at once. He was as important in London, during the reign of Elizabeth, as he was at Bagdad under the "Commander of the Faithful," and we therefore extract Mr. Chappell's account of his connexion with popular music:—

"One branch of the barber's occupation in former days was to draw teeth, to bind up wounds, and to let blood. The parti-colored pole, which was exhibited at the doorway, painted after the fashion of a bandage, was his sign, and the teeth he had drawn were suspended at the windows, tied upon lute-strings. The lute, the cittern, and the gittern hung from the walls, and the virginals stood in the corner of his shop. "If idle," says the author of "The Trimming of Thomas Nashe," "barbers pass their time in life-delighting musique" (1597). The barber in Lyly's "Midas" (1592) says to his apprentice, "Thou knowest I have taught thee the knocking of the hands, like the tuning of a cittern," and Truewit, in Ben Jonson's "Silent Woman," wishes the barber "may draw his own teeth, and add them to the lute-string." In the same play, Morose, who had married the barber's daughter, thinking her faithless, exclaims, "That cursed barber! I have married his cittern, that is common to all men." One of the commentators not understanding this, altered it to "I have married his cittern," &c. Dekker also speaks of "a barber's cittern for every serving man to play upon." One of the "Merrie-concoited jests of George Peel" is the stealing of a barber's lute, and in Lord Falkland's "Wedding Night," we read, "he has travelled and speaks languages, as a barber's boy plays o' th' gittern." Ben Jonson says, "I can compare him to nothing more happily than a barber's virginals; for every man may play upon him," and in "The Staple of News," "My barber Tom, one Christmas, got into a Masque at court, by his wit and the good means of his cittern, holding up thus for one of the music." To the latter passage Gifford adds another in a note. "For you know, says Tom Brown, that a cittern is as natural to a barber, as milk to a calf, or dancing bears to a bagpiper."

The music that occupied these various amateurs was naturally of a popular kind; for, in the scholastic compositions of the age, harmony alone was considered, and that of a recondite kind that did not appeal to the uncultivated—we may almost say—the unsophisticated ear.

(To be continued.)

### Handel and Haydn Society.

FROM THE SECRETARY'S REPORT, MAY, 1860.

Though we have derived no pecuniary advantage from our public performances, it is believed that the Society has rarely, if ever, passed through a season with more credit to itself than the one just closed; for, though we have appeared before the public but three times, we feel that the commendations, so generously extended to us by the public press, are deserved. The first performance of *Samson*, on the evening of Nov. 27th, may be instanced as one of the best ever given by our Society. The chorus was more evenly balanced than usual, and prompt to a degree unsurpassed by any previous efforts of the Society. Madame Anna Bishop, one of England's most gifted vocalists, was engaged in its performance, and yet the receipts were not equal to the expenditures.

In answer to this, it is said by some whose opinions, it would seem, ought at least to be entitled to

respect, that the public demand novelties, and that if the Handel and Haydn Society expects to be supported, it must produce something novel; something out of the beaten track; something that is good; something that will excite laughter and loud applause; and if it be on Sunday night, so much the better; for, in their opinion, that night of all the seven is the one which should be chosen for amusements of the description named.

We do not understand what is meant by *novelties*, as referring to performances of a Sacred Music Society—though in the opinion of some there is no such division as sacred and secular in music—but if it has reference to the performances of selections from the Operas, interspersed with comic or vulgar songs, we prefer to leave that to an Opera troupe, and allow them to reap the reward of such exhibitions.

But is Sacred Music, then, to be rudely thrown aside as a thing that was, but is not, and our Handel and Haydn Society to be offered the alternative of engaging in Operatic performances, or Negro minstrelsy, to perpetuate its existence? Are the great organ compositions of John Sebastian Bach, and Rink; the Te Deums and Anthems of Dr. Croft, of Tallis, of Purcell, of Boyce, of Crotch, of Blow, of Chard, of Beckwith—but the list is too long to enumerate—whose soul-stirring strains have reverberated through the vaulted domes of the cathedrals of Old England for centuries; are the Oratorios of Handel, of Haydn, and of Mendelssohn, all, all, to pass for nothing in these latter days of *progress*? and must we fall down and worship Italian Opera in order to be considered fashionably musical, and see no good in anything else?

We believe that the glorious promises of our Saviour, as embodied in the immortal *Messiah* of Handel, are worthy of our consideration and regard, at least; that the story of the prophet Elijah, as presented to us in the impressive melodies and closely woven harmonies of Mendelssohn, is one that will be listened to with reverence and with love, so long as a Christian people shall continue to acknowledge the Bible, from which the text of this Oratorio is taken, as the revealed word of God, or the ears of the multitude shall remain true to all that is lovely and inspiring in the heavenly art of music. Away with such shallow arguments for novelties; they are the inventions of the shallow-brained, and we will not heed them. Let us remain true to ourselves and to the great objects of our organization, and we have nothing to fear, though a cloud may for a time obscure our pathway.

Sacred Music—without going into any quibbles of argument to prove precisely where the line of demarcation between it and the secular begins, and where it ends—is, according to the general acceptance of the term, that which is written for, and used in, the Christian churches of the world; or those other great works, known by the name of Oratorios.

This Society was originally intended, and so named in the act of incorporation, as a Sacred Music Society, and the hope may be expressed that we may never depart from that intention and pledge to the public. But there is nothing that I am aware of, to deter us from an occasional meeting for practice of that which is termed secular, whenever it shall seem advisable to do so. Secular does not necessarily imply the frivolous and worthless. It may include much that is elevating in sentiment that would be found valuable to us in many particulars, and it may be well to consider the propriety and expediency of sometimes resorting to it.

Gentlemen of the Handel and Haydn Society;—this beautiful hall, so admirably adapted to the purposes for which it was intended, and so elegant in design and finish, has, with that liberality which has always characterized the name of CHICKERING, been placed at our disposal by the worthy successors of that old and true friend to our Society, who has long since passed on to that bourne from whence no traveller returns, but whose kindness of heart, and liberality so generously extended to every worthy cause, has been handed down to those bearing his name and filling the place made vacant by his decease.

This beautiful hall is given to us without money and without price, where we may sojourn for an indefinite period, free from all the annoyances necessarily attending the occupation of a public hall, where all classes and all associations who may, for the time, be in possession, have equal rights and privileges with ourselves.

By the arrangement our annual expenses will be materially lessened; and a still further reduction is desirable, if it can be effected without detriment to our efficiency.

Our Society is the oldest, and by far the most efficient of any similar organizations; and it should be our pride and ambition to so conduct its affairs, that it may maintain the enviable position it now occupies

among the Sacred Music Societies of the country. But this can only be done by the most thorough discipline and the constant attendance of each and every member upon all meetings of the Society, whether for purposes of rehearsal or for business.

When this Society was first organized, and for a long period of years thereafter, it was the only channel through which the great works of the greatest composers that have ever lived could be conveyed to the ears of the public; and the consequence was that it met with very considerable success, pecuniarily, in its public performances, and enjoyed a degree of popularity unexampled in the history of any similar association, here or elsewhere.

Its concerts were thronged with the *élite* of the city, and there it was that the great sacred compositions referred to above, were heard for the first time by a large majority of those who frequented them.

To this fact may be attributed, in no small degree, the high state of musical culture and appreciation which has always characterized our community.

The public now, in its more advanced state of musical experience, demands a more perfect interpretation of those great sacred compositions than it formerly did, before music was so generally taught as it is at the present time; and if we would not be left behind in this age of progress, we must use every exertion to keep pace with the requirements of the times, and not be content to repose on our laurels, or be ambitious to appear before the public in any other capacity than as a Sacred Music Society whose sole energies are devoted to the most perfect rendition of such compositions as have been named above. Let us not be lured away from our proper course by any clamoring for novelties, but rather leave those things for others, and let us hope that whenever we do appear before the public, we shall have that support and encouragement we so much need, and which we should strive to deserve.

It may not be inappropriate in this connection, for the benefit of those interested, to state, that the expenses attending the performance of a full Oratorio, with orchestra, are very large, say, ordinarily, Five Hundred Dollars; and this without any assistance other than that which we have at hand. We furnish to the public the best available vocal talent, a complete orchestra, and the largest and most effective body of choristers in this country, with a highly accomplished and experienced conductor, and ask the people to fill our hall to hear this body of musicians in the "*Messiah*" or the "*Elijah*," at an admission fee of only one half a dollar, and we too often find that we have labored in vain, and not only given our time, but our money, for the gratification of having done a good thing well. I know this sounds like complaining, but it is nevertheless true; and yet, we need not despair. The Oratorio in England is, perhaps, the most popular species of amusement, if amusement it may be called, though to the thoughtful it is a sermon; and "the most impressive one I ever listened to," said an eminent writer and scholar, at the close of a performance of Handel's *Messiah* which he had sat through, drinking in the soul-stirring strains of that immortal composition.

Is it too much to hope for, that the Oratorio will become popular in this country,—that, in this city, where there is so just an appreciation of everything that is high in art, such musical feasts as the Handel and Haydn Society can alone furnish, will be liberally sustained? We think it is not; and we also believe, that at no distant period, no matter what else may be popular among us, the Handel and Haydn Society will be the acknowledged head of everything that is good in that department of art, if we but remain true to ourselves.

The Italian Opera is popular, and always will be so under proper management, but that need not affect us. Ours is a distinct and special province. We need not be so blinded by prejudice as to see good only in the light and graceful flow of Italian Opera, neither should we eschew everything that is not Handelian. Can we not admire a beautiful summer landscape, with its waving fields of corn, and listen to the low murmurs of the bubbling brook, as it glides along to the great ocean, and the next moment be awed into wonder and astonishment at viewing some majestic pile of mountain scenery frowning down upon us in all the native grandeur of its immense proportions?

We trust the days of such follies are rapidly passing away, and that a more rational view of matters and things musical will take the place of the narrow-minded views now expressed by some.

#### FROM THE LIBRARIAN'S REPORT.

I have a complete catalogue of the music now owned by the Society.

Of the works complete in score, vocal and instrumental parts, the following is a list, which I offer, thinking it may be of interest to those members of

the Society unfamiliar with the contents of the Library:

Creation, (The).....	Haydn.
David, .....	Neukomm.
Eli, .....	Costa.
Elijah, .....	Mendelssohn.
Engedi, .....	Beethoven.
Hymn of Praise, .....	Mendelssohn.
Hymn of the Night, .....	Neukomm.
Israel in Egypt, .....	Handel.
Jephtha, .....	"
Judas Maccabæus, .....	"
Martyrs, (The).....	Donizetti.
Messe Solenne, .....	Beethoven.
Messiah, (The).....	Handel.
Moses in Egypt, .....	Rossini.
Mount Sinai, .....	Neukomm.
"Requiem" Mass, .....	Mozart.
Saint Paul, .....	Mendelssohn.
Samson, .....	Handel.
Seven Sleepers, .....	Löwe.
Solomon, .....	Handel.
Stabat Mater, .....	Rossini.
Transient and Eternal, (The)....	Romberg.

We have forty-two scores of different Oratorios or other works, many of which are duplicated, making the number of volumes of scores, eighty. In addition to the above, we have a large collection of Miscellaneous music, consisting of detached Choruses, Anthems, Hymns, &c.

I have the pleasure to announce that since the last annual meeting of the Society, two valuable additions have been made to our Library. These are the full vocal and instrumental parts of Mendelssohn's "*St. Paul*," and Handel's "*Jephtha*," together with two scores of each oratorio.

These truly valuable works were presented to the Society by Mr. Theron J. Dale, whose generosity was acknowledged by a vote of thanks from the Government. The members of the Society proved their appreciation of Mr. Dale's gift by the interest they manifested in the rehearsals of *St. Paul*.

#### The Diarist Abroad.

##### NOTES.

VIENNA, MAY 12.—Ah, here comes the "*Journal of Music*," of April 28th. Welcome, old friend! (So the leaves are cleanly cut, and the man with the "terrible memory," now reclines on the lounge with his back to the window, and opens to the first article. As he reads he smiles; then he begins to look cross; at length, like Mercutio's soldier, "he swears a prayer or two" and reads on; then he gets so disgusted he can hardly continue; at last, the matter becomes so ridiculous that he only laughs; at the end he begins to soliloquize.)

Well! here is the climax of absurdity! and Frau Elise Polko of the little city—but big fortress—of Minden in Westphalia, has put her cap top of it. The first edition of her musical chaff was enough for me eight years since, so I was not aware that she had carried her exhibitions of ignorance quite so far as this proves. A note must be made upon it; however, as I see there is an editorial warning, the note shall not be one of mere "historical flaws and anachronisms," such for instance as,—

1. That "during the uncommonly fine month of June, 1822," Beethoven did not live in Vienna, and therefore could hardly have walked daily on the Wasser glacis.

2. That the entire description of the man's personal appearance and bearing, save that his hair was thick and already pretty gray, is utterly false to the recollections of the many with whom I have talked, who *knew him personally*.

3. That, all this about the "wonderful dreamer" and "venerated apparition" is drawn from a sadly weak imagination.

4. That, at the time when according to Polko, Minna [Schroeder in the midst of thunder and "the roaring of the storm," in June, 1822, could talk with Beethoven in a "mild, firm voice," the brother, the nephew, Schindler, Peters, Breuning, all his friends, whose strong manly voices had been familiar to his ear for many years, were obliged to communicate with him, even in the quiet of his own chamber, in writing.

5. That just at this time the Viennese did not feel a special interest in the composer on account of the finishing of his new opera,—and so on. No, upon only one point will I make the

## NOTE.

"Wilhelmina Schroeder made 'Fidelio' famous all over the world," says E. Polko. Beethoven had finished it a few months before June, 1822, and kept it back from the stage because he could find no adequate "Leonore!" says E. Polko. And Miss Raymond translates, and Dwight prints divers columns of stuff, founded on these two texts, by the said E. Polko. Very well. Fact one. Beethoven wrote the part of "Leonore" expressly for a certain songstress—viz., Anna Milder. Fact two. She sang it in Vienna three times in 1805. She sang again three times in 1806. Fact four. That an edition of the music without the overture and finales was printed in 1810, and a second complete soon followed. Fact five. That in 1814, the text was by Treitschke newly written, and the music revised by Beethoven, and it was again put upon the stage in Vienna with Milder. Facts six, seven, &c., that it was sung in Vienna in

1814.....	22 times.
1815.....	10 "
1816.....	10 "
1817.....	9 "
1818.....	5 "
1819.....	3 "

The opera in its old form had been carried to Wiesbaden before 1815, by the operatic company of Joseph Seconda, which had given it also certainly four times in Leipzig. In its new form it established itself in Berlin in 1815; in Leipzig the same year; about that time C. M. von Weber gave it for his own benefit in Prag; it appeared in Königsberg in 1820; in Munich in 1821. Here we see how little known "Fidelio" was; how it was kept back by the composer; how true it is that he threatened to burn the score if any one "asked him another question about it," and that "his anger was so imposing, his eyes blazed so resolutely"—pfui, Teufel! and how true that the world is indebted to Minna Schroeder, and the rest of this gospel of E. Polko. Still, asks Obadiah, was it not the Schroeder that made it popular? As to that, this:—Revived with Milder, May 23d, 1814, and given in the space of nineteen months, thirty-two times. [Revived with the Schroeder Nov. 3, 1822, and given, five times that year—three times the next—in fourteen months, that is eight times. And so endeth the note to this "sweet, pretty story" of Fran Elise Polko, of Munden, in Westphalia, to whom, with this charge of grape shot (a cannon against a tomtit) I bid a tender, affectionate, and eternal farewell.

In the preface to the "Freyschütz" now publishing in "Dwight's Journal" I read that the first scenes are not given in America. They are not given anywhere. Kind, the author of the book, urged Weber by every consideration, that he could bring forward, not to omit them, but was unable to overcome his stubbornness. The consequence is, that the catastrophe is blind to all beholders, and of all whom I have asked, and they are many, to explain by what agency the result is supposed to be produced, in other words the "story" of the last scene, I have never found one that could give an intelligible answer, unless he had read the play as published by Kind. How many, who have only seen the play on the stage, know that a bunch of consecrated roses have any connection with the salvation of the heroine and the destruction of the villain of the play?

In the article on Marx a gentleman has called my attention to an error, which, though it does not weaken the force of the argument in fact, had better be corrected. It is just one of those annoying lapses

of which one is so easily the victim if he writes: trusting to memory, far away from his books of reference.

The mistake is in saying that the "Creation" of Haydn, and the "Prometheus" of Beethoven, were both given within a few weeks of each other for the first time. Any sketch of Haydn's life almost will tell us that it was first publicly performed in the theatre, March 19, 1799, that it was given December 22d and 23d of that year for the Musicians' Fund, &c.

The point of the argument however is, that the "Prometheus," with a somewhat analogous subject was produced, while Haydn's "Creation" was the fresh topic of admiration in all musical circles. And this was so.

A. W. T.

## Mozart—Child and Man.

(Continued from page 78.)

No. 92.

Leopold Mozart to his wife.

Milan, December 22, 1770.

On the 19th occurred the first rehearsal on the stage.

The preceding one on the 17th was gone through in the assembly room of the Ridotta. Heaven be thanked, all went off well. Yesterday there was a rehearsal of the recitatives. To-day there will be a second rehearsal on the stage, and on Monday a full rehearsal.

As regards the 26th, the day fixed for the first performance, what consoles me is that I can see the actors (recitanti), and the orchestra as well, are pleased; and I have still, God be thanked, my ears left me. During the rehearsal I posted myself quite at the back, under the principal entrance, that I might hear the effect quite at a distance. Perhaps my ears were too partial. Meanwhile we see all our kind friends rejoiced and satisfied, and all congratulating my son. The ill-disposed are positively dumb. The best esteemed maestri of the city, Fiorini\* and Sammartini†, are our true friends, as also are Lampugnani‡, Piazza Colombio.§ On this account envy, incredulity, and prejudice against the productions of our child will have no injurious effect. At least, I hope it will not have the sad fate of Jomelli's, whose second opera at Naples fell completely flat (*a terra*), so much so that it is to be withdrawn for another. Yet he is a renowned maestro, about whom the Italians make a terrible noise. On the other hand it was a folly on his part, perhaps, to compose two operas in the same year for the same theatre, especially when he saw the first had no great success. Since the 16th we have been every evening, after the *Ave Maria*, at the opera until eleven o'clock, Friday excepted.

No. 93.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, December 29, 1770.

God be praised! The first performance of the opera took place on the 26th, with complete and universal success, and with circumstances which have never before occurred at Milan; to wit, an air sung by the prima donna was, contrary to all usage on the *prima sera*, repeated a second time, whereas at a first performance they never cry *fuori*; and in the second place all the airs, except a few *delle vecchine parti*, were greeted with extraordinary applause, succeeded by cries of *Evviva il maestro! Evviva il maestro!*

On the 27th the two airs of the prima donna were repeated, and it being Thursday, and consequently advancing towards Friday, it was necessary to finish quickly, otherwise the duo would have been repeated also, for they were already beginning to make a noise. But the majority of the public wanted to return home, in order to have something to eat again, and the opera, with its three ballets, had lasted six good hours. To-day we give the third *recita*.

As Hase is called *il Sassone*, and Galappi *Busanello*, our child is called *il cavaliere flarmonico*.

\*Born in Pavia, 1704; died 1799. Chapel master of Milan Cathedral, in the archives of which this learned composer's works are preserved.

†Born in Milan. Chapel master of the convent of Santa Maria Magdalene. He composed 2200 works, and has been designated the father of Haydn's style.

‡Born at Milan in 1706; died 1772. Wrote for the church and the stage.

§Born at Segni. Attached to the Pope's chapel at Rome in 1775. A good composer of church music.

§Born in 1714 in the kingdom of Naples; died in 1774. More than forty operas of his are extant, and an infinite number of motets.

No. 94.

The Same to Father Martini, at Bologna.

Milan, January 3, 1771.

At the same time, Very Reverend Father, that I write to wish you a happy new year, I have to inform you that my son's opera has met with a very good reception, in spite of the cabals of our enemies and those who envied us. Before they had seen one note of the work, they spread it about that it was impossible such barbarous music, without method and without depth, could be executed by the orchestra; and to such effect had they bestirred themselves, that they had persuaded half Milan that instead of an opera they were about to hear merely a poor compilation. They had even taken to the principal cantatrice several airs and a duo, composed by the Abbé Gasparini of Turin, and wished to persuade her to introduce them into the opera, and to accept nothing from so young a man as my son, and one so incapable of writing a good aria. But the prima donna declared herself satisfied, and more than satisfied. Notwithstanding this, the calumniators of my son ceased not to cherish the most injurious prejudices against his work. The first rehearsal with instruments, however, so completely closed the mouths of these pitiless babblers, that not a word was heard more. All the professors declared to the orchestra that the music was clear, intelligible, and easily played, as the singers had previously pronounced. The first opera of the season at Milan has generally the ill luck not to attract many people; they always wait for the second before they come to the theatre. Up till now, however, and for the last six representations, the theatre has been always full; each night two pieces have been redemanded, and all the others vigorously applauded.

We hope, dearest Father, to receive favorable news concerning your health. I do not yet despair of receiving the *Miserere* which you promised, as well as the music for sixteen parts. M. Joseph Prinsechi will not fail to settle what is required for the copy, and I shall take care, as soon as I am returned home, that is to say, about Easter, to send you whatever may prove agreeable. My son kisses your hands, and I am with respect and esteem,

Your devoted servant, LEOPOLD MOZART.

(To be Continued.)

(From the Cleveland Plaindealer.)

## Artemus Ward hears Patti.

The Sage of Baldwinville favors as with the following critical notice of Patti's concert last evening:—

"The music which I am most use to is the inspirin strains of the hand organ. I hire a artistic Italy unto grind fur me, paying him his vittles and close, and spose it was those strains which fast put a musical taste into me. Like all ferriners he has seen better dase, havin formerly his a kount. But he aint of much akount now, except to turn the organ and drink Beer, of which bevridge he can hold a churnfull easy.

Miss Patti is small fur her size, but as the man sed about his wife, O Lord! She is well bilt & her complexion is what mite be called a Broonetty. Her iz is dark bay, the lashis being long and silky. When she smiles the awjince feels like axing her to doo it sum moor, & to continner doing it 2 a indefinixtent. Her waste is 1 of the most bootiful waistis ever seen. When Mister Strackhorse lod her out I thawt sum pretty skool gal, who had jest graduated from pantalets and wire hoops, was a coming out to read her fast compersishum in public. She cam se bashful like, with her hed bowd down, & made sich a effort to arrange her lips so thayl look pretty, that I wanted to swaller her. She remindid me of Susan Skinner, who'd never kiss the boys at parin bees till the candles was blow'd out. Miss Patti sung amhin or rather in a furrin tung. I dont know what the sentiments was. Fur awt I know she may have bin denouncin my wax figgers & sagashus wild beests of Pray, & I dont much keer ef she did. When she opened her mowth a army of martingales, bobolinks, kanarys, mockin birds, etsettery, bust 4th & flew all over the Haul.

Go it, little I, sez I to myself, in a hilly exsited frame of mind, & ef the kount or royal duke which you'll be pretty apt to marry 1 of these dase don't do the fair thing by ye, ya kin always hav a home on A. Ward's farm, near Baldwinville, Injanny. When she sang Cummin threw the Rye, & spoke of that Swayne she deerly luvd herself individoally, I didn't wish I was that Swayne. No I guess not. O certainly not. [This is Ironical. I don't mean this. It's a way I have of goekin.] Now that Maria Pickelhominy has got married [which I hope she likes it] & left the perfehun, Adeline Patti is the championess of the opera ring. She karries the Belt.



Thar's no draw sht about it. Other primmy donny's may as well throw up the sponge first as last. My eyes don't deceive my earsight in this manner.

But Miss Patty orter sing in the English tung. As she kin do so as well as she can in Italyun, why under the Son don't she do it? What cents is thar in singing wurd's nobody don't understan when words we do understan is jest as handy? Why peple will versifferusly applawd furrin langwidge is a mystery. It reminds me of a man I once knew. He sed he knokt the bottom out of his pork Barril, & the pork fell out, but the Brine dident moove a itch. It staid in the Barril. He sed this was a Mystery, but it wasn't misterior than is this thing ime speekin of.

As fur Brignoly, Ferri and Junky, they air dowtless grate, but I think such able boddied men wood look better tillin the sile than dressin themselves up in black close & white kid gloves & showtin in a furrin tung. Mister Junky is a noble lookin old man & orter lead armics on to Battle instid of showtin in a furrin tung.

Adoo. In the langwidge of Lewis Napoleon when receiving kumpany at his pallis on the Bullyyards, "I saloot yu."

A. WARD.

### June.

Skies of deepest azure,  
Dance in mountain streams,  
Glittering in the brightness  
Of the noontide beams,  
Scent of apple blossoms  
Filling all the air,  
Cowslips in the meadow,  
Violets everywhere.  
Floods of golden sunshine,  
Trailing robes of green,  
Gayer than the garments  
Of the proudest queen;  
Seas of crimson clover,  
Choirs of singing birds,  
And the blessed charm of  
Happy children's words.  
Soft melodious whisperings  
In the tasseled trees,  
Joy of tell-tale breezes,  
Hum of honey bees;  
Unrestrained resplendence,  
Universal cheer,  
Beauty all unbounded  
Tell us June is here:  
June, of bloom the fairest:  
June, of song the rarest  
Of the changeful year.

### Musical Pitch.

(From the London Athenaeum, June 2.)

The Committee appointed a year ago by the Society of Arts will make the following report to a meeting of the Society of Arts on Tuesday next.

The General Meeting of musicians, amateurs, and others interested in Music, called together by the Society of Arts to consider the present state of Musical Pitch in England, found, after a little inquiry, that their attention would have to be directed to three principal points:—1. Whether a uniform musical pitch was desirable. 2. Whether a uniform musical pitch was possible. 3. Supposing a uniform pitch to be desirable and possible, what that pitch should be.

1. With the first of these considerations the General Meeting was not long occupied, all testimony going to prove the frequent inconvenience to which musical performers, vocal and instrumental, musical instrument makers, musical directors, and even instructed hearers, were alike put by variations in the pitch, whether of individual instruments or of entire orchestras. The Meeting came early to a unanimous resolution that a uniform pitch was desirable.

2. The second question, "Whether a uniform pitch was possible?" was not found to admit of so ready an answer as the first. That a uniform pitch is never for any length of time maintained is well known to all practical musicians. The effects of temperature on musical instruments are so great and so rapid, that a difference in pitch of at least a quarter of a tone has often been remarked between the beginning and the end of the same concert; and instruments not required at the beginning of a performance are frequently tuned to a higher pitch, in order to meet this anticipated elevation. In theatres,

instruments to be used on the stage are systematically tuned sharper than those to be used in the orchestra, to compensate for the difference of temperature before and behind the scenes. Still, though the maintenance of a certain pitch may be difficult, or even impossible, the definition of it is not. A point of departure, if nothing more, would be in the highest degree convenient to musicians. No great practical inconvenience has ever been found to result from any change of pitch possible during a single performance. It is against the gradual elevation, consequent on the absence of any recognized standard, that musical practice requires a security. Physical science is, happily, enabled to afford this, and to bring to the aid of musical art more than one process by which such a standard may be adjusted. Musical pitch is not a matter of mere comparison. A sound is not merely acute or grave, in relation to another; its pitch is capable of exact measurement, and that measurement once recorded, it may be reproduced at any distance of time, without reference to any other sound whatever. In short, the number of vibrations per second due to a given sound can be ascertained with the same certainty as the number of square yards on a given estate, or the number of tons burthen of a given merchantman. Several methods of counting vibrations have been adopted by men of science at different periods, by one or other of which the pitch of certain notes (generally either C or A) in this or that musical establishment has been recorded; so that a body of evidence exists, in addition to, and independent of, that of tuning-forks, bells, and other instruments least susceptible of change, by which the variations of pitch, at different times and in many different places, may be ascertained with certainty. Under these circumstances the Meeting came to a resolution, that a uniform pitch was not only desirable but possible. It remained for them to consider "what that pitch should be."

3. On this question such very wide difference of opinion was expressed, and, indeed, such very conflicting evidence was adduced, that the Meeting, as a prelude to further operations, thought it advisable to devolve on a Committee the task of ascertaining the grounds of these opinions, and of investigating this evidence.

Several meetings of the Committee have been held, in the course of which much valuable information has been collected, and many valuable opinions have been weighed. The Committee are now in a condition to report.

Their inquiries and considerations have been brought to bear on the following points:—1. The pitch, or varieties of pitch, obtaining at foregoing periods of musical history. 2. The pitch, or varieties of pitch, obtaining in the most eminent and important English orchestras at this time. 3. Pitch, in its relations (1st) to voices, (2nd) to artificial instruments. 4. The difficulties likely to impede a change of the existing pitch, were any change thought desirable. 5. What pitch it is advisable to recommend for general adoption.

1. With regard to the pitch in the early days of modern music, the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, some uncertainty prevails; indeed, not only would it seem to have been liable to all those temporary and slight variations inevitable perhaps at any time, but the evidence of musical composition would suggest the simultaneous existence of more than one pitch, and that of these the "church pitch" was, contrary to more recent experience, the highest. Of the pitch, or rather of a pitch common in orchestras, in the first half of the last century, evidence is somewhat more reliable. Several tuning-forks, of the authenticity of which there is no reason to doubt, exist, and many musical instruments have been preserved which would go to prove that the opera pitch in England at the time of Handel (1720—59), was about a tone lower than that at present in vogue. No scientific record of this fact has come before the Committee, but the presumptive evidence in its favor is strong. On the state of the pitch during the first half of the present century, a body of evidence exists which is absolutely irrefragable. Whether during the second half of the last century the pitch rose gradually, or whether a sudden deviation took place on the introduction to this country of the first great works of the modern symphonic school (c. 1790), is uncertain, and perhaps unimportant. But it has been ascertained, that from the year 1813 to the year 1841 or 1842, a tuning-fork, of which numerous duplicates have been preserved, was authorized by the directors of the Philharmonic Society, the pitch of which is about a semitone higher than that of the tuning-fork said to be Handel's, and about a semitone lower than the pitch now obtaining in that same Philharmonic Society. This Philharmonic fork of 1813—42, gives 433 vibrations per second for the note A, equal to 518 2-5 for the note C.

2. Various observations (made principally during the last season at the Italian Opera, at the Philharmonic, and other orchestral Concerts) have established the fact that, at the present time the pitch has reached an average of 455 vibrations per second for A, equal to 546 for C. So that the C and A of 1859 are identical with the D flat and B flat of 1840. *the pitch having risen in less than twenty years, a semitone.* This extraordinary result has been brought about by a variety of causes. The advent of certain foreign vocalists, gifted with voices of exceptionally high register, may have been one; an opinion entertained by many instrumental performers, that increased "brilliancy" of timbre is attained by increased elevation of pitch, may have been another; but, perhaps the present high pitch is due less to these and like causes than to the simple fact that it is always possible to raise, and often impossible to lower, the pitch of an instrument, and, therefore, that if one important instrument (e. g. oboe or clarinet) in an orchestra is found to be higher than all the other instruments, accordance is rarely obtained by lowering it, but almost always by raising them. With an exciting cause like this always in operation, and no authoritative standard to which reference could from time to time be made, the wonder is that the pitch has not risen more, rather than that it has risen so much. Nor is it unreasonable to anticipate still further elevation, unless some such standard can be agreed upon by reference to which this upward tendency might be kept in check.

3. Before entering on the consideration of "pitch in its relation to voices and artificial instruments," the sub-committee thought it advisable to try and agree upon some principle by which they might be governed in their choice of a particular pitch, supposing any discrepancy in the interests of vocal and instrumental music to appear. Nothing is more certain than that while artificial instruments admit of, and receive, continual modification and improvement, the powers of the human voice have now been thoroughly ascertained. There is not the slightest evidence to justify the belief that the average soprano of our own time differs, or that the average tenor of the twentieth century will differ from the average soprano or tenor of the eighteenth century. While, therefore, among other qualities, the pitch of artificial instruments admits of alteration to almost any extent, for the simple reason that the instruments themselves admit of alteration to almost any extent, the pitch of the voice, like the voice itself, admits of no alteration, but at the will and by the hands of Him who made it. If voices and instruments are to remain—as to the delight of all human kind they have remained so long—alike, their pitch must be identical; and if any pitch is possible to instruments, and only one pitch possible to, or rather fit for, voices, the pitch of instruments must be that of voices. At one of their first meetings the Committee passed unanimously the following resolution:—"That, as the basis of any recommendation of a definite pitch, the capabilities and convenience of the human voice in singing the compositions of the great vocal writers should be the first consideration." Some impediments stand in the way of ascertaining directly the effects of the present high pitch on the quality and probable duration of the voice. A remonstrance in respect of it on the part of a singer might be too readily interpreted into a confession of weakness; and a premature decay of physical power might be imputed to an artist who remonstrated against the gratuitous exertion which an extravagantly high pitch obliges him to undergo. Such evidence, however, as the Committee has been able to collect directly is, without exception, to the effect that the present pitch taxes unfairly, if it does not seriously impair the powers of the most gifted and skilful artists; while the evidence of several directors of choral societies goes to prove that, not only is the quality of sound produced by large bodies of voice seriously depreciated by the present high pitch, but that false intonation is an increasingly frequent result of it. Certain it is that entire movements are now frequently transposed, because it is found impossible, by artists whose powers are acknowledged to be in their zenith, to execute them as they were written, at the present pitch; and choral practices are not unfrequently made in keys lower than those in which the music so practised will have to be performed. The depreciation in effect and inconvenience caused by transposition in these cases require no comment. The inquiries of the Committee as to the effect of the present high pitch on musical instruments have had reference to organs, pianofortes, the stringed instruments, which form the basis of the orchestra, and the wind instruments of wood and of brass. No strong opinion appears to prevail among organ-builders, or piano-forte-makers, in respect to the advantages of any particular pitch. They are, without exception,

desirous that some uniform pitch should be established, but it has not been asserted that an organ or a pianoforte gains or loses by a higher or lower pitch.

With respect to stringed instruments, the Committee have ascertained that there is a decided feeling, especially among violinists, in favor of a high pitch, as contributing to increased "brilliance" in the timbre of their instruments. This feeling, expressed as it has been by artists of great experience and acknowledged skill and taste, is entitled to much respect and grave consideration. On the other hand, however, it is contended that elevation of the pitch of a violin or cognate instrument, is necessarily attained either by the use of thinner strings, or by tension so increased as to necessitate, sooner or later, the strengthening of the instrument, by processes which of necessity decrease its volume and, as it would seem, its power and richness in like proportion. The Committee have not found many advocates for high pitch among performers on, or makers of, wind instruments. To some of the former a lower pitch than the present would be acceptable. The higher notes of the trumpet and the horn have become, as the pitch has risen, more and more difficult of access; the rise, however, seems to have been easily met by the other wind instruments, whether of wood or brass. It has not been contended that any advantage in the power or quality of wind instruments results from high pitch; on the contrary, a strong opinion has been expressed by an eminent manufacturer that wind instruments would be greatly improved in these respects were their pitch lowered a semitone.

4. On the practical difficulties attending any change of pitch, the Committee find opinion unanimous. The violins, violas, violoncellos, and double-basses, now in use in orchestras, though many of them old instruments, have gradually been habituated, so to speak, to the present pitch, and would, it is said, suffer greatly from, and require alteration to meet, any considerable change. The wooden wind instruments (flutes, oboes, clarionets, and bassoons) are mostly new, and have in every case replaced others of which the ventages were adjusted with a view to a lower pitch. Similar inconvenience would occur in respect to the keyed brass instruments; but the other brass instruments would find a change easy.

5. What pitch is it advisable to recommend for general adoption? It has been customary, in treating of acoustical science, to assume, as the simplest possible point of departure, the existence of a note corresponding to one vibration per second; the various octaves of which will be represented by 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, &c., vibrations, being a series of powers of the number two. This theoretical note is found to agree so nearly with the musician's idea of the note C (the simplest fundamental note in a practical point of view), that writers on acoustics, it is believed without exception, have agreed to consider them as identical, and have thus established what may be called a *theoretical pitch*, or definition of the note C. Thus, the C produced by a 32 ft. organ-pipe is assumed to be the result of 16 double vibrations (or 32 single ones) per second. The octave above, or the lowest C of a grand piano-forte, of 32 double vibrations; the lowest C of a violoncello, of 64; tenor C, of 128; middle C of the piano-forte, of 256; and the C on the treble staff, of 512 double vibrations per second.

The divisions of a musical string, necessary to produce a major scale, are as follows:—

C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C
1,	8-9,	4-5,	$\frac{3}{2}$ ,	2-3,	3-5,	8-15,	$\frac{1}{2}$ .

The number of vibrations due to each sound (being in inverse ratio to the divisions of the string) at the pitch alluded to, will therefore be as follows:

C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C
256,	288,	320,	341 $\frac{1}{2}$ ,	384,	426 $\frac{2}{3}$ ,	480,	512.

In the year 1842, at the suggestion of a member of the Committee, a tuning-fork regulated to the above pitch by means of an instrument called the *sirène*, was made and published. Duplicates of this tuning fork have been circulated to a very large extent; it has served, for years past, as the standard for many choral societies, and been adopted by pianoforte-tuners for instruments not intended for public performance; several large and important organs also have been adjusted to it. It is certain, however, that the simplicity of the figures which by the octaves to C, and the scale, are represented at this pitch, would be a very insufficient recommendation of the pitch itself to musicians, were its adoption found to be practically injurious to musical effect. That this has not been found to be the case two very remarkable facts will serve to show.

1st. The Commission recently appointed to report on the pitch in France, who appear to have been governed by considerations of a purely practical kind (their report ignoring mathematical convenience en-

tirely), have decided on a pitch, certainly not identical with the pitch of 512 vibrations, but differing from it only to the extent of ten vibrations per second. The following are the numbers of vibrations of each note of the scale of C, according to the French normal diapason:—

C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C
261	298	326 $\frac{1}{2}$	348	391 $\frac{1}{2}$	435	489	522.

It is needless to say that the difference between this (French) pitch and that of C 512 is practically not greater than that frequently produced on the same instrument by a few minutes' change of temperature.

2nd. On testing the A tuning-forks, said, on irrefragable evidence, to represent the Philharmonic pitch of 1813—42, they are found to be the result of 433 vibrations per second=C at 518 2-5; still nearer than the French to the pitch of C 512. This result again is strongly in favor of the latter pitch; seeing that, like the French, the Philharmonic pitch was avowedly decided upon without reference to any mathematic or scientific test whatever. A few eminent practical musicians consulted together, and came to agreement among themselves that a certain pitch was a convenient mean, neither too high for voices nor too low for instruments, and for thirty years their decision was never impugned. The authority, therefore, of practice as of theory—of art as of science—belongs alike to the pitch of C 512; seeing that a pitch closely approximate has been adopted at different periods by many different persons having no concert or communication with one another, and having been led to its adoption by very unlike processes and objects. On grounds of abstract propriety, therefore, the sub-committee would willingly have recommended the pitch of C 512 for general adoption. They are, however, withheld from doing so by certain practical considerations, which it is impossible for them to ignore. Those, to which some allusion has been made already, it now becomes necessary to enter upon more fully.

(Conclusion next week.)

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 23, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—BENNETT'S Cantata: *The May Queen*, resumed and continued.

### The Philharmonic Society Again.

Through the kindness of one of the officers of the new Society, we have seen its Constitution. It is but justice to say that in some essential features it was not truly represented in the report in another paper, from which we derived the impressions under which we wrote a fortnight since. In the first place, it states a single object in the formation of the Society, namely, "to advance the cause of music in Boston," and does not add: "and to benefit pecuniarily its members." In the next place, it does not contain a word about the character of the programmes of the concerts, or about "granting the public the entertainment for which they are pleased to pay their money." It was the immediate following of this statement upon the "twelve dollar" article, which reflected such a money-making light upon the whole plan, and led us to fear that the Society might come to cater to the public taste instead of leading it, with an eye more to what is marketable than to what is *Philharmonic*.

We are very glad to learn that we were misled by the abstract referred to, and only regret that we did not sooner see the real document, in which the spirit, plan and methods of the Society are embodied. We have already explained, that the rule requiring at least twelve dollars compensation to each performing member for each concert, was designed as a check upon the government, to prevent their running the Society into debt by giving concerts rashly.

We are sorry to learn that our remarks have caused unpleasant feelings among some of the musicians. The precise nature of the complaints

we hardly know, since they have not taken open form; they only come to us as *on dits*, vaguely. But we wish it to be distinctly understood, in the first place, that we have not objected to the musicians' forming and managing a Society in their own way, and for their own purposes. We have not denied their perfect right to do so.

Secondly, we took it for granted, in all our comments, that no one would or could suppose that we did not sympathize with our musicians in every attempt to give us good music, whether they succeed or not in striking out the best plan of organization. We should pay a poor compliment to their intelligence and their disinterested love of Art, if we refrained from honest criticism of their plan through fear they would not take it kindly. The question of a Philharmonic Society, or a permanent organization for the supply of classical orchestral music, is one which concerns us all, musicians, amateurs, and music-lovers alike. We are all interested to secure the *best* plan, to have as little time and means and faith as possible wasted upon ineffective efforts. We assumed that the musicians shared this general desire; and that the question whether a Society should be organized by others employing them, or by others with them, or by themselves alone, was a matter of comparative indifference to them, so that the true ends of a *Philharmonic* were only secured. Indeed we had always understood that the musicians generally preferred that others, music-lovers generally, or some committee of that class, should undertake the organization, management and risk of concerts, instead of themselves.

But as it is, the musicians themselves have taken the initiative. They have organized a Society composed and managed exclusively by professional musicians, actual performers in the orchestra. We doubt whether this is the thing most wanted; we doubt whether *such* a society will be the most likely to succeed in securing constant public support for the best kind of music. We think a society of another kind is still needed. But it need not be one to at all interfere with this, nor have we any objection at all to this in itself considered. If we cannot have the Society which seems to us the most desirable, then we shall try to be thankful for what we do have; and whatever sympathy and support it is in our power to give, we shall most cheerfully give to this new effort of our musicians. We trust they will be liberally encouraged; and we urge it as a duty upon all who hunger and thirst after great symphonies and overtures to subscribe to their concerts, give them full houses, and place them in a position that shall enable them to do their best, both in the selection of programmes and in the interpretation of the masters from whose works they select. We are sure that a good support to concerts on the part of the true music-lovers, will prove the sort of sunshine that will ripen any plan into usefulness. And for the performers themselves, how can it possibly be doubted that we, that all true friends of music, earnestly wish that they may reap rich recompense for their artistic labors?

At the same time we must, in all honesty and kind feeling, say, that we do not think the real Philharmonic problem is yet solved; and we shall take another occasion to point out the way in which we think it might be done—and that without injury to, perhaps to the advantage of the orchestral society already formed by the musicians.

**ITALIAN OPERA.**—The rain, which fell in torrents all day Wednesday, and all night, was unpropitious for the opening at the Academy by the CORTESI troupe. But a goodly number were assembled, and it was a positive triumph for Madame FABBRI, the new prima donna. The opera was *Nabuco*, or "Nebuchadnezzar," of whose history we remembered little, save that he "went to grass," which being interpreted into the Verdi dialect of music appeared to mean "went to brass;" for a brassier and a noisier opera we have not heard, since the days when the brave and burly Beneventano went to grass in it here some ten or twelve years ago. Still, noisy as it is, we must confess that we found many portions of this opera of Verdi's quite grand and imposing. The opening chorus (prayer) is decidedly so; and so is the solo which follows it, of the Hebrew high priest, in which, as in the whole part, Sig. SUSINI exerted his superb voice to the very best advantage, and with no end of applause. The Quintet with chorus, at the end of the first act, is one of the finest of all Verdi's ensemble pieces. There is more freshness and vigor in *Nabuco* than in his later works, although it contains plenty of his peculiar common-places, unison choruses, &c., in the same style with *Ernani*, and sometimes almost identical in phrase and motive. The great fault is that the *fortissimo* is kept up almost continually; you are allowed no rest, no alternation; your musical sense is hammered upon until you are well nigh stunned. And yet for purely brass music it is some of the best; and accordingly it has served the purposes of the street bands largely.

FABBRI, as she first appeared as Abigail, in armor, sword in hand, with indignant lip curled and eyes flashing, was a form clad in terrible beauty. Her face is full of soul and quick expression, and there is a fine glow, a charm of inspiration in her movements. She is one of the very best dramatic actors and dramatic singers that has ever appeared on our stage. Her voice is magnificent in power, with a thrilling vitality in every note, even to the brilliant highest ones, which, loud and penetrating as they are, and full of concentrated passion, are yet always musical and satisfactory to the ear; she flings of a flashing highest note sometimes with the same birdlike audacity and spontaneity as Jenny Lind. As to mere vocalization, she is not perhaps one of the most finished singers; but she has a great deal of execution; and expression, inspiration, something like genius make up for the rest. She makes a living, true and thoroughly lyric whole of her part from first to last. Trilling too long now and then was the only violation of good taste that we noticed. In the expressions of various emotion, in the soliloquy of Abigail when she discovers herself to be a slave, in her haughty triumph afterwards, in her despairing revenge melting to forgiveness finally, she showed lyric qualities of a most rare order. It must be that she will make a great mark here, and will draw crowds as she goes on.

Sig. BARILI as Nabuco sang and acted with expression, and Mme. GAROFOLI made a pleasing impression in the part of Fenena. After what we had heard of hasty and imperfect rehearsal, we were agreeably disappointed in the effective working together of orchestra and chorus. Herr MULDER (the husband of Fabbri) has certainly proved himself a very capable conductor.

**ROSA BONHEUR'S HORSE FAIR.**—We trust no lover of Art or of horses, of live life and nature, will fail to go and see this truly great painting, which is on exhibition for a short time at the rooms of Messrs. Williams & Everett. The engraving, which we see about, fine as it is, does not begin to give an adequate conception of the power, the truth, the beauty, the thorough individuality and genius of this picture. It is one of the rare opportunities of a life time.

## Musical Correspondence.

ST. LOUIS, JUNE 18. — In contrast to the musical dearth which has reigned here during the entire winter, we now bid fair to become surfeited. I mean we folks who don't care much for music, who attend to be fashionable, but who have to make an investment of a dollar and carry a family of daughters each and every time. And this class of people compose about four-fifths of our regular concert goers.

The first excitement was the repetition of the Trinity church concert, which although not so great a pecuniary success as the first one, was all that its most sanguine friends expected. The same performers mainly, who assisted at the first performance: Mr. E. C. CATHERWOOD, much to the surprise of his friends and supporters, who had from some peculiar reasons come to consider him rather indolent, if not positively lazy, learned a new song for the occasion, and gave us "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," by Knight, in a very satisfactory manner, transposing it only an octave lower, giving us B flat for the "deep," which is pretty well down. Mr. JOSEPH ANDERSON — son of our well-known banker — played a fantasia on the violin, from De Beriot, exquisitely, quite astonishing the audience as well as his friends. A Duet for flute and piano, by CARR and BALMER, was the gem of the evening. Mr. Balmer really outdid himself. He is one of the most remarkable readers at sight I ever knew, racing over Beethoven's Sonatas, Chopin's Studies, or Mason's difficulties, all the same, literally "stopping at nothing."

A new Organ was exhibited a short time since, built by Erben, of New York, for St. George's church. Mr. GOODSON, one of our most accomplished organists, displayed its best points in a programme so strictly classical that I am sure you would be pleased to even see it; but we confess to a partiality to the organ put up by Hook, of Boston, in Dr. Post's church, a little before. It is sweeter and fuller; the reeds are purer; and it is better voiced throughout.

A concert was given on Tuesday evening by the various artists of the city, as a complimentary benefit to Mr. S. M. BROWN, who leaves this week for several years' residence in Europe, for more study in his art. Mr. Brown studied for several years in New York, under Curtis, Gottschalk and Mason. Poor health, however, compelled him to abandon his favorite project of visiting Europe, and he came here. Recovering to a great extent his former vigor, wasted by incessant practice, he now starts, intending to remain until his bank breaks. He was assisted by Mrs. CUTLER, our finest resident vocalist, Messrs. CARR and TOMLINSON on the flute; several of his pupils: Mr. BALMER, Mr. HEWITT, Mr. CATHERWOOD, Mr. SCONCIA, &c. Miss IRVIN, a pupil of Mr. Brown, played Jaell's *Norma* very finely. She in by all odds the finest amateur lady player in this city, although only about sixteen. In scales, trills and light appoggiatura passages she excels, having an exquisite touch and fair appreciation. When years and practice shall give her more confidence and firmness, we predict for her a fine position.

Dresel's arrangement of Von Weber's "Invitation to the Waltz" was rendered magnificently by Miss Mary SPARR, Miss IRVIN, Messrs. HEWITT and BROWN. Miss Louise Sparr displayed a delicate manipulation and fine execution in a difficult duet for two pianos, from *Traviata*, with Mr. Brown. Mr. Brown played (to please the people we judge from his selections) the "Last Hope," of Gottschalk; the "Rustic Dance," a perfect gem; and *Walse de Bra-cour*, by Mason. Mr. Balmer accompanied the songs and flute with his usual fine taste.

ADELINA PATTI has been making a great stir by two concerts given last week. Both were crowded

full of delighted listeners. But we confess to great disappointment in the divine Patti. Her voice is decidedly thin and unsympathetic, and though quite clear in her high notes, very husky at times when singing within the reach of ordinary performers. From the innumerable excellences given to her by her sagacious brother in the tallest kind of judicious advertising in New York, I expected to hear the combined virtues and accomplishments of Sontag, La Grange, Jenny Lind, yea, even Alboni; but to our disappointment, we must say that she has neither the faultless finish of the first, the execution of the second, the purity and immense compass of the third, nor half the power of a dozen others. Still she is a great singer, great indeed, but not exactly what we anticipated. Whether Strakosch slighted several of our papers here, or whether they speak from a firm conviction of the truth, I know not, but they are sharp upon her this morning. A Quartet from *Martha*, by JUNCA, BRIGNOLI, Madame STRAKOSCH and PATTI, was superb; really the finest rendering of that or any other quartet I ever heard. Patti's voice is particularly fine in this position, and we can readily believe that in opera she would be "immense," as from its peculiar quality it can be heard clearly above all others. I modestly inquired of "Maurice" if she were going to Europe to study. You should have seen the astonishment depicted on his intelligent countenance. *She go to study! to study! why, my dear (dear is an adjective used only to writers for the press) fellow, she is going there to teach them. Well! we thought so the moment we heard her. When increasing years and practice shall give her organ more fullness, and make her execution more perfect; when she comes to conclude that singing a piece faster than any one else ever sang it, is not necessarily singing it better, we predict for her a position second to no living singer.*

But the length of the article precludes further remarks. We presume that you disagree with us in our opinions; but my opinion is that of most of our critics. **PRESTO.**

They are agitating the project in London of an Organ with a *sixty-four feet* sub-bass, for St. Paul's Cathedral:—as if a thirty-two feet pipe were not deep enough for the basest human understanding! ... In the programme of one of the "Monday Popular Concerts," in London, appear the names of the following Italian composers of an older school than is now generally cultivated: Boccherini, Paisiello, Jomelli, Clementi, Salvatore Rosa, Paer, Cherubini, Piccini, Salieri, Blangini, and, lastly, Rossini, who appears in the form of a quartet for stringed instruments, and who under any form is fast becoming an ancient in these Verdi days.

**CHICKERING'S PIANOS.**—Since the commencement of the manufacture of these instruments by the late Jonas Chickering, in 1828, over *twenty-three thousand* have been made, and they are now known and celebrated all over the world. The great prize medal of the World's Fair, London, and thirty-eight other prize medals taken at other exhibitions where they were competitors, attest the excellence of these Boston instruments.

## Music Abroad.

### Germany.

LEIPZIG.—The operas given in the month of April were: Wagner's *Lohengrin*, twice; Mozart's *Schauspiel-director*; *Dies Haus ist zu verkaufen*, by Pentenrieder; Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, five times; *Huguenots*; *Die Verlobung bei der Laterne*, by Offenbach; and *Don Juan*. Madame Bürde-Ney completed her engagement on the 1st of May in the part of "Fidelio."

At the musical evening entertainment at the Conservatoire, April 27, the following pieces were performed: Sonata, for piano and violin, by Beethoven, op. 12, in E flat; Quintet, for piano, violins, &c., by Schumann, op. 44, E flat; fifth piano-forte concerto by Moscheles, op. 87, C major, first movement.

At the Thomas Church, April 28, the boys sang: Mendelssohn's Motet; "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace;" "Glory and praise to thee belong," by Haydn; and on the 29th, a Mass by Hummel, and a Hymn by Mozart.

**BASLE.**—The twenty-ninth Swiss musical festival was held here from the 6th to the 9th of May. Handel's "Jephtha" was performed in the Minster; also a festival overture by A. Walter; a concert aria by Mozart; a church aria by Stradella; the violin concerto by Beethoven; the first act of Gluck's *Alceste*, and the ninth symphony of Beethoven.

**PRAGUE.**—In the concerts of the Conservatoire this year there have been performed: Symphonies: No. 6, by Beethoven, "Ocean" by Rubinstein, and Spohr's in C minor; Overtures: Spohr's, to second part of the "Last Judgement," one by Ambros ("The wonder-working Magus") and three by pupils, one of which by Carl Scheber gives promise. F. David and Bülow have appeared in the concerts.

### London.

[From the Athenæum, June 2.]

**ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.**—Two novelties in the Covent Garden cast of "La Gazza Ladra"—Madame Penco as *Ninetta*, and M. Faure as *Fernando*—are worth dwelling on. The lady illustrates the school of Italian vocal decadence. Her voice too often vibrates; her execution is too often unreal; and hence, if she be compared with any singer trained on the grand old method, twice as long on the stage as herself, the impression often produced by her must be one of a singer with impaired powers. It is discouraging to observe how the majority of Southern artists coming forward are unfit to take the places of a Pasta, a Pizaroni, a Rubini, a Lablache. Light soprano are always attainable, and will be, possibly, so long as M. Duprez keeps a class open. But *Norma*, *Semiramide*, *Medea*, where are they? Incompetence stripes the best Italian music of half its luxuriant beauty, on the pretext of the same being "vocalico." Madame Penco, however, sang more satisfactorily in "La Gazza Ladra" than she has sung in most of her former operas. Insufficient in "Di piacer," acting weakly in the interview betwixt the *Podesta* and her father, the Deserter—she rallied in the latter trial scene, and gave its concerted music with firmness and agility. Her shortcomings have nothing to do with distinction of presence, with natural powers of voice. In both attributes Madame Penco surpasses Madame Persiani. It is command of art that establishes the difference among artists, a truth to be maintained in face of the known Italian adage, defining that the ninety-nine requisites of a singer are voice, and nothing but voice. Madame Penco's new companion in the cast—M. Faure—is to be appraised by a different standard. He has full use of his voice, according to the conditions and practices of French vocal cultivation; but his voice, we fancy, may become fuller in the course of practising music of the broader Italian school. He is a capital dramatic artist. Nothing has been seen better than his bearing and byplay in the scene at the table, already referred to, where the Deserter, his daughter and her evil genius, are grouped; nothing better than in the trial scene. Signor Tamburini sang the music of the part with richer organ and rounder vocalization; but the dramatic reality of M. Faure almost establishes a balance to Signor Tamburini's qualities as singer. No man in our experience has been less hampered by a strange stage, and by unfamiliar music, than this new comer. Madame Nantier-Didié was excellent; the best *Pippa* in our recollection, the orchestra superb, delivering the overture to perfection. But what music, as compared with the operas of Bellini or of Signor Verdi! It must have been a pleasure to conduct, or to play, or to sing in "La Gazza"; it was a pleasure to hear it, small (if not slow) though the story be, though no spectator of the troubles of *Ninetta* may possibly be (as Byron put it) "innocent of stealing a silver spoon," and may be thus unable to accredit the truth of the acting by experience.

**CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.**—Among benefit concerts, *Herr Molique's* is not to be passed without a word of regret, on grounds totally opposed to any such as might be created by impression of disappointment or incompetency on the part of the concert-giver, referring rather to his modesty in being so chary of himself as a composer on this occasion. Not that his programme was wanting in novelty. To the majority of his audience one of the composers whose music he introduced was a total stranger—M. Leon de St. Lubin. To ourselves this writer has been long known as a composer of some chamber music superior in quality. His Pianoforte Trio in G minor may be

specified as a vigorous and original work. *Herr Molique* was assisted by his very clever daughter, Mlle. Anna. A certain hardness of hand is the only thing which stands between her and first honors as a pianist. Few women surpass her in execution. The singers who took part in the concert were Madame Hayes, M. Depret, and Mr. Santley. Benefit Concerts have likewise been given by Miss Emma Busby, *Herr Oberthür*, *Herr Ladd*, Mr. Allan Irving, and that intelligent contralto, Miss Palmer. The amateur who could fancy that the above liberal catalogue did in the slightest degree represent the concert music of the week (twixt Epsom and Ascot) in London, would "reckon without his host—" with no common inadvertence.

As falling in with a suggestion long since offered, the *Italian Concerts* at the *St. James's Hall* are entertainments of more than ordinary interest to us. That on Monday included instrumental specimens by Scarlatti, Boccherini, Clementi, Cherubini, and vocal music by Salvatore Rosa (of course the canzonet "Vado ben spesso"), Jomelli, Paisiello, Piccini, Salieri, Paer, and Blangini. The singers were Mr. Tennant and Mr. Santley, Mlle. Parepa and Madame Laura Baxter. The ladies were entered in a duet by Paer; the first-named one, by her firm and fluent execution of the old variations on "La Biondina," took us back to the days of Catalini, for whom the show-piece (type of so many that have since come) was arranged by the Parmesan composer. Though Signor Rossini extinguished Paer (as many an audacious borrower has done from the days of Handel downwards), the earlier maestro had great merit, and much of his music is worth disinterring.

On Wednesday Mr. Gye's first *Opera Concert* took place in the *Floral Hall, Covent Garden*. On this entertainment, which, like similar ones given at the *Crystal Palace*, was made up of familiar operatic music, there is no need to descant in detail. The sonority of the new glass room is excellent; to ventilate it may prove the difficulty. Mr. C. Halle's first *Pianoforte Rehearsal* had a skillfully varied programme; among other matters, including a noble *Sonata* by Clementi, in D major, the third of the set dedicated to Miss Blake. Parts of the opening *adagio* and *allegro* are almost symphonic in their grandeur and brilliancy. The *adagio* introducing the final *allegro* is expressive, delicate, and new to a wish, and the *allegro* aforesaid sparkles with vivacity; the canonical episode and the close are especially to be recommended for their force, science, and originality. A nobler *Sonata*, save by Beethoven, is not in existence. Yesterday, in the morning, was held the second *Opera Concert*, at Sydenham, this year dependent on *Her Majesty's Theatre*, in the evening, the first of a new series of *Quartet Concerts*, headed by Mr. Blagrove; and by the *Sacred Harmonic Society*, "Elijah," with Mr. Santley as the principal basso, and for soprano Mlle. Parepa.

### Paris.

There seems to be no end of the quarrel betwixt M. Emile Chev , who teaches sight-singing, by the use of figures and numerals, and less new-fangled professors, who cannot conceive instruction in Art is simplified by pupils having to learn two alphabets instead of one. The strife has been raging fiercely in Paris. M. Chev  has his aiders and abettors; though among those signing a memorial, dated the 10th of April, in which the plea is advanced for giving the scheme a trial, we find only three musical names of any value, those of MM. David and Gevaerts and Herr Neukomm. (How the last, seeing that Herr Neukomm died some years ago?) Among the signatures to the "counterblast," otherwise protest, in distrust of a method which doubles the difficulties of learning under pretext of simplifying them, are those of MM. Auber, Carafa, Clapisson, Gounod, Hal vy, Meyerbeer, Niedermeyer, Thomas, Berlioz, Dietrich, D' rtigue, and Signor Verdi. This is an emphatic list, as emphatic as common sense. Many tests are proposed on both sides. The simple one is, what will the people brought up on

8 d : d | 9 - h - | - d -2 | &c.

make of a score or a stave printed in the accepted fashion? Is all music to be unprinted?—and have we not here a repetition of the visions of those who, in the "Fonetic Nuz," fondly dreamed that they were going to make reading easy?

On the 8th of next month, a Festival is to be held at Zwickau, in commemoration of Schumann, the day being the fiftieth anniversary of his birth.

M. Pougin continues his pleasant services to French musical literature, by commencing in the *Gazette Musicale* a series of articles on Mondoville, the composer, among other operas, of "Titon et Aurore," a work which had considerable Parisian fame in its day, and not fame without desert.

## Special Notices.

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Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

I wish he would make up his mind.

W. J. Watmore. 25

Comic song, intended more particularly for ladies.

Strike for the right. Song and Chorus.

E. W. Locke. 25

A song introduced by the author at a number of meetings in and around Boston and received with much approbation.

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V. C. Taylor. 25

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A Bell. 25

The old brown cot.

E. Clark. 25

The Grecian daughter.

T. H. Hopkins. 25

Pretty and easy parlor-songs, all original.

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Julius Becht. 25

My own dear mountain home.

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A musical tribute to the Lions of the day by one of our most noted composers. It will not fail to attract attention, as it is striking in rhythm and harmony, and not very difficult.

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Rimbault, each 15

Containing: Partant pour la Syrie: Nobli donna; Do they miss me; Hoop de dooden doo; Tu m'ami; A te o care; Tutto   sciolto; Com'   gentili; Wedding March; La donna   mobile; Vivavivio; Ah, non giunge; Fra poco; I'm leaving thee; Wait for the wagon. Pieces which may be given to the first beginners. They will instruct and interest the pupil, and make teaching easy.

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Four new numbers of the Series of "Ditson & Co.'s Handbooks of Standard Operas," each with Italian and English Text and the music of the principal airs. This elegant set of Librettos is rapidly approaching completion, about twenty being already issued, and the remainder nearly ready. In general correctness, convenience of size and fair appearance they are not surpassed, and must speedily become the only edition sought for by Opera-goers.

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# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 430.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 14.

## Popular Music of the Olden Time.\*

(From the Quarterly Review.)

(Continued.)

While the music of the learned shrank from all contact with that of the people, the literary poets carefully avoided all similitude to the ballad-writers, whom they regarded with an uneasiness similar to that experienced by Wilhelm Meister, when, having embraced the profession of an actor, he watched the evolutions of a party of low acrobats in the street, and could not help the unpleasant thought that they were a sort of fellow-craftsmen after all. The most celebrated poets of the people in the days of Queen Elizabeth were Elderton and Deloney; and the representatives of the old minstrels were blind harpers and fiddlers, who sang words composed by others, and made themselves useful by playing dances.

The literary poets were not content merely to shun the ballad-writer's art and to avoid his metre,—they pursued him with acrimonious censure, reviled his habit of life, ridiculed the expedients by which he sought to make his line fit the melody. The termination "a," that has now long sunk into disuse, but of which there is still a monument on the stage in the shape of Autolycus's song,—

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a,"

—was regarded with especial abomination.

"If I let passe the un-countable rabble of ryming ballet-mongers, and compilers of senseless sonets (who be most busy to stuff every stall full of grosse devices and unlearned pamphlets), I trust I shall with the best sort be held excused. For though many such can frame an ale-house song of five or six score verses, hobbling upon some tune of a *Northern Jigge*, or *Robyn Hode*, or *La Lubber*, &c., and porhappes observe just number of sillables, eight in one line, six in an other, and therewithall an 'a' to make a jercke in the end: yet if these might be accounted poets (as it is sayde some of them make meanes to be promoted to the lawrell), surely we shall shortly have whole swarms of poets; and every one that can frame a booke in ryme, though, for want of matter, it be but in commendations of copper-noses or bottle ale, wyll catch at the garlande due to poets, whose *poeticall* (poetical I should say) heades I would wyshe, at their worshipfull commencement, might, in steede of lawrell, be gorgeously garnished with fayre greene harley, in token of their good affection to our Englishe malt."

So spake William Webbe, in "A Discourse of English Poetrie," dated 1586; but the songsters who used the objectionable appendage could write with ease and liveliness, as may be proved by these stanzas from a popular song of the seventeenth century, written by Martin Parker, and sung to the tune that is now associated with the far-famed "Sally in our Alley":—

"Although I am a country lass,  
A lofty mind I bear-a,  
I think myself as good as those  
That gay apparel wear-a:  
My coat is made of comely gray,  
Yet is my skin as soft-a  
As those that with the choicest wines  
Do bathe their bodies oft-a.

What though I keep my father's sheep,  
A thing that must be done-a,  
A garland of the fairest flow'rs  
Shall shield me from the sun-a:  
And when I see them feeding by,  
Where grass and flowers spring-a,  
Close by a crystal fountain-side,  
I sit me down and sing-a."

Though the musical taste of the people in Queen Elizabeth's time was distinct from that of the erudite composers and their patrons, it was equally remote from the mere love of boisterous

noise which characterizes the so-called "harmonic meetings" of the humbler classes of our own days. Tinkers, tailors, smiths, colliers, not only were known to sing in parts, but their talent in this respect is the subject of frequent allusion in the works of our old dramatists. Nay, Deloney, who wrote a history of the "gentle craft," mentions an unlucky wight who tried to pass for a shoemaker, but was detected as an impostor because he could neither "sing, sound the trumpet, play upon the flute, nor reckon up his tools in rhyme."

The nonsensical words which often terminate the verses of our comic songs, and which are sung in unison with so much delight by a jovial company of the lower class as the solo vocalist arrives at the successive stages of his narrative, are the disreputable relics of a primitive harmony. The burden in early English songs was not a mere supplement, but was sung throughout as a bass or undersong, and the singer of this part was said to "bear the burden," the word itself being a corruption of the Norman word "bourdon," denoting a "drone-bass." In "Sumer is icumen in," which is considered by Mr. Chappell to be the earliest secular composition in parts known to exist in any country, and is assigned by him to the middle of the 13th century, we have one of the plainest examples of the burden properly so called. The words of the song, as originally written and modernized, are as follows:—

"Sumer is icumen in,  
Loud sing, Cuccoo!  
Groweth red, and bloweth med,  
And springeth the wide nu.  
Sing, Cuccoo!  
Awe bleateth after lomb,  
Lhouth after calve cu,  
Bullinc starteth, bukke verteth,  
Murie sing, Cuccoo!  
Cuccoo! Cuccoo!  
Wel singes thu, Cuccoo!  
Ne swik thu never now."

"Summer is come in,  
Loud sing, Cuccoo!  
Groweth seed, and bloweth mead,  
And spring' th the wood now.  
Sing, Cuccoo!  
Ewe bleateth after lamb,  
Loweth after calf cow,  
Bullock starteth, bucke verteth,  
Merry sing, Cuccoo!  
Cuccoo! Cuccoo!  
Well sing' at thou, Cuccoo!  
Nor cease thou never now."

During the whole progress of this song, the words "Sing, Cuccoo, nu! sing Cuccoo!" were sung by two voices as a bass or burden. Sometimes a proverbial expression—as "Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all"—served as text to the burden; sometimes unmeaning syllables, assembled together for no other apparent purpose than that of tickling the ear, as "Hey, nonny, nonny no!" or "Hey, down, down, derry down!" Of this more illustrious nonsense the "Tol de rol" and "Fol de riddle" of modern times are the inglorious progeny, while the burden itself now begins at the end of the verse, instead of being sung as an accompaniment. Harmony, indeed, once belonged to the distinctive characteristics of our island. "The Britons," says Giraldus Cambrensis, who wrote towards the end of the 12th century, "do not sing their tunes in unison, like the inhabitants of other countries, but in different parts," and he embraces in his commendation the northern English. When Thomas à Becket went to Paris to negotiate the marriage of the English prince with the daughter of King Louis, he entered the French towns preceded by two hundred and fifty boys on foot, in groups of six, ten, or more together, singing English songs, according to the custom of their country. So says the saint's biographer, Fitz Stephen. But we obtain a still more striking proof of the early

proficiency of our countrymen in part-singing from an *Animadversion* on the Church music, written in Latin by Aelredus, Abbot of Rivaulx in Yorkshire, who died in 1166, and translated by Prynne into the following nervous English:—

"Let me speake now of those who, under the shew of religion, doe obpolliate the businesse of pleasure; who usurpe those things for the service of their vanity, which the ancient Fathers did profitably exercise in their types of future things. Whence then, I pray, all types and figures now ceasing, whence hath the Church so many Organs and Muscical Instruments? To what purpose, I demand, is that terrible blowing of Belloes, expressing rather the crackes of thunder, than the sweetness of a voyce? To what purpose serves that contraction and inflection of the voyce? This man sings abase, this a small meane, another a treble, a fourth divides and cuts asunder, as it were, certaine middle notes. One while the voyce is strained, anon it is remitted, now againe it is dashed, and then againe it is enlarged with a lower sound. Sometimes, which is a shame to spoake, it is enforced into an horse's neighings; sometimes, the masculine vigor being laid aside, it is sharpened into the shrillness of a woman's voyce; now and then it is writhed, and retorted with a certaine artificiall circumvolution. Sometimes thou mayst see a man with an open mouth, not to sing, but as it were, to breathe out his last gaspe, by shutting in his breath, and by a certaine ridiculous interception of his voyce, as it were to threaten silence, and now againe to imitate the agonies of a dying man, or the extasies of such as suffer. In the mean time, the whole body is stirred up and downe with certaine histrionical gestures: the lips are wreathed, the eyes turne round, the shoulders play, and the bending of the fingers doth answer every note. And this ridiculous dissolution is called religion; and where these things are most frequently done, it is proclaimed abroad that God is there more honorably served. In the meane time, the common people standing by, trembling and astonished, admire the sound of the Organs, the noyses of the Cymbals and muscical instruments, the harmony of the Pipes and Cornets; but yet looke upon the lascivious gesticulations of the singers, the meretricious alternations, interchanges, and infractions of the voyces, not without derision and laughter; so that a man may thinke that they came not to an oratory or to a house of prayer, but to a theatre; not to pray, but to gaze about them; neither is that dreadful majesty feared before whom they stand, etc. Thus, this Church singing, which the holy Fathers have ordained that the weako might be stirred up to piety, is perverted to the use of unlawfull pleasure."

Notwithstanding the importance of cittern, gittern, lute, and virginals during the Elizabethan days, the human voice was considered the chief organ of secular music. With the accession of James I. began that widely extended taste for the purely instrumental part of the art which is conspicuous in so many *matinees* and *soirees* of the present day. So anxious indeed were people to play, that they had recourse to the music they were once accustomed to sing, and madrigals were sent forth with the new recommendation that they were apt for viols as well as for voices. For the names of the instruments employed at this period, the inquisitive reader may turn over the pages of his Bible, for when the Old Testament was translated into the vernacular, equivalents for the Hebrew instruments were found in the implements rendered tuneful by British lungs and fingers. There is, moreover, a passage in Drayton's "Polyolbion," printed in 1613, which to the inquirer into the antiquities of English music may be almost as serviceable as Homer's catalogue of ships to the student of ancient geography:—

"The trembling lute some touch, some strain the viol best,  
In sets that there were seen, the music wondrous choise.  
Some, likewise, there affect the gambas with the voice,  
To show that England could variety afford.  
Some that delight to touch the sterner wiry chord,

\* A Collection of Ancient Songs, Ballads, and Dance Tunes, illustrative of the National Music of England. By W. CHAPPELL, F. S. A.

\*Frequents the green fern.

The cithren, the pandore, and the theorbo strike;  
The gittern and the kit the wand'ring fiddlers like.  
So were there some again, in this their learned strife.  
Loud instruments that lov'd, the cornet and the life.  
The hoboy, sackbut deep, recorder, and the flute,  
F'ron the shrillest shawm unto the cornamute.  
Some blow the bagpipe up, that plays the country Round,  
The tabor and the pipe some take delight to sound."

The patronage once enjoyed by the minstrels was now bestowed on skilful instrumentalists, and Richard Braithwait, a writer of the times of James I., who has drawn up "Some Rules for the Government of the House of an Earl," enjoins the model nobleman to keep five musicians, who are not only to play themselves, but to teach the Earl's children to play upon the bassviol, the virginals, the lute, the bandora, and the cittern. Nor does this patronage of musicians begin with the formation of the instrumental branch of the art. In the time of Henry VIII. and of Elizabeth, there were wealthy merchants who retained as many musicians as the nobles who flourished under James I.

When the act of Elizabeth had proscribed "minstrels wandering abroad" as "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars," the itinerant musicians were enjoined to wear cloaks and badges, with arms of some patron, individual or corporate, to denote in whose service they were engaged. Thus equipped, they were exempt from the operation of the act, and they seem to have abused this privilege much after the fashion of their more romantic predecessors, thrusting themselves into all companies, without waiting the ceremony of an invitation. However, there was plenty of legitimate work to be done by them, and at every species of festivity (not excluding funerals) their services were required. In the case of weddings there was a regular routine to be gone through. First, the bride was to be awakened in the morning by a "hunt's up;" next, music accompanied her to church; then music accompanied her from church; then there was music throughout the wedding dinner; and as for the singing and dancing in the evening, that was, of course, *ad libitum*.

The "hunt's up" was doubtless, in the first instance, a musical invitation to join the pleasures of the chase, but the meaning of the phrase was soon extended to include every kind of song that, in Hibernian fashion, might be described as a *morning serenade*, and when Juliet complains that the lark drives away Romeo "with hunts up to the day," she no doubt uses the expression in its most general sense. We have a very pretty specimen of the amatory "hunts up" in the following song taken by Mr. Chappell from a MS. in the possession of Mr. Collier, and possibly as old as the time of Henry VIII.:

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,  
Awake, my lady free,  
The sun hath risen from out his prison,  
Beneath the glistening sea.

The hunt is up, the hunt is up,  
Awake, my lady bright,  
The morning lark is high to mark  
The coming of day-light.

The hunt is up, the hunt is up,  
Awake, my lady fair,  
The kine and sheep, but now asleep,  
Browse in the morning air.

The hunt is up, the hunt is up,  
Awake, my lady gay,  
The stars are fled to the ocean bed,  
And it is now broad day.

The hunt is up, the hunt is up,  
Awake, my lady sheen,  
The hills look out, and the woods about  
Are drest in lovely green.

The hunt is up, the hunt is up,  
Awake, my lady dear,  
A morn in Spring is the sweetest thing  
Cometh in all the year.

The hunt is up, the hunt is up,  
Awake, my lady sweet,  
I come to thy bow'r, at this lov'd hour,  
My own true love to greet."

Great, however, as was the demand for musical talent in old London, when each ward had its musicians, besides those of Finsbury, Southwark, and Blackfriars, and the waits of London and Westminster, who were far more imposing personages than the miserable wretches who startle Paterfamilias out of his first sleep in the nineteenth century, this demand was exceeded by the supply, and England in the seventeenth cen-

tury was the great exporting country of tuneful artists. The famous John Dowland, after travelling through divers lands, became lutenist to the Christian King of Denmark, and, when he returned home, the King begged that Thomas Cutting, another English lutenist, might be allowed to succeed him. Peter Phillips settled in the Netherlands, as organist to the Archduke of Austria, with the Italianized Pietro Philippi; while John Cooper, visiting Italy, became Giovanni Cuperario. The practice of converting English into foreign names is sometimes followed by singing and dancing artists of the present day, but they differ from their professional forefathers in this respect, that they become pseudo-Italians in order to impose upon their fellow-countrymen, not for the sake of conforming to the land of their adoption.

We have incidentally alluded to the "Waits." "They seem," says Mr. Chappell, "to have been originally a band of musical watchmen, who proved their watchfulness by piping at stated hours of the night." Their duties in the Court of Edward IV. are thus officially described:—

"A WATTE, that nightely from Mychelmas to Shreve Thorsdaye pipethe watche within this courte fower tymes; in the Somer nightes three tymes, and makethe *bon gayte* at every chambere doore and offyce, as well for feare of pyckers and pillers. He eatethe in the Halle with Mynstrelles, and takethe livery at nighte a loafe, a galone of ale, and for Somer nightes two candles [of] pitch, and a bushel of coles; and for Winter nightes halfe a loafe of bread, a galone of ale, four candles pitch, a bushel coles: Daylye whilst he is presente in Court for his wages, in Cheque-roale [Exchequer-roll], allowed liiid. or else liiid. by the discresshon of the Stenarde and Tressorore, and that after his cominge and deservinge: Also cloathing with the Houshold Yeomen or Mynstrelles lyke to the wages that he takethe. An he be sycke, he takethe two loaves, two messes of great meate, one galone ale. Also he parreth with the houshold of general gyfts, and hathe his beddinge carried by the Comptrolleres assignment; and, under this yeoman, to be a Groome-Waitere. Yf he can excuse the yeoman in his absence, then he takethe reward, clotheinge, meat, and all other things lyke to other Grooms of Houshold. Also this Yeoman-Waighte, at the making of Knightes of the Bath, for his attendance upon them by nighte-time, in watchinge in the Chappelle, hathe to his fee all the watchinge clothing that the Knight shall wear upon him."

When applied to the musicians of towns and corporations, the word "wayte" became less definite; but some of the significance of the ancient office was retained, and exists to the present day in the custom of rousing people in the mornings immediately preceding Christmas.

(To be Continued.)

#### Madame Clara Novello.

(Continued from page 89.)

Madame Novello's public career began at a remarkably early age. In 1832, when but fourteen years old, at the time of life at which in the ordinary course of nature the voice is unformed, —at a period when most singers are looking forward to the commencement of their studies, this notable artist appeared before the world, with powers naturally matured and highly cultivated. She sang at the Ancient Concerts—a series of performances these twelve years discontinued, which at that time, and for very long before, held the very first place in general consideration of all the concerts given in England; she sang at the Philharmonic Concerts, being the youngest vocalist that ever appeared in the performances of this society; and she sang at the great provincial musical festivals. The enumeration of these very important engagements is as good as a certificate of her success in their fulfilment. Singing is not, like other branches of musical proficiency, dependent only on the mental qualifications and the diligent study of an artist; it requires also a certain condition of physical development, which is rarely attained at so youthful an epoch as that at which Clara Novello was already acknowledged a deserved favorite in the most important musical institutions in the country. Well may we wonder, then, at this brilliant com-

mencement of her career, no less than admire the singular capability which qualified her to command it.

At the famous musical festival held in Westminster Abbey in 1834—from which may be dated the progress if not the origin of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and thus the germ of the colossal performances in the Crystal Palace, which are the marvel of the world,—on this occasion of signal consequence in the history of the art, Clara Novello was one of the principal singers. It is of no little importance in the consideration of the most subordinate persons engaged in that famous festival, to remember that they were concerned in an event which may be believed to have induced an entire revolution in the state of music in England; with satisfaction greater in proportion to the greater responsibility she held, must one of the chief executants in that celebrated performance—the initial step of the great advance of music in this country—regard her participation of an artistic labor to which, and to the impression it created, so very much is to be ascribed. We naturally link the memory on this occasion with the idea of the more recent great musical occurrences in which Madame Novello has been engaged, and we observe with pride that, whereas at Westminster she was one among thirty of the greatest singers in Europe whose co-operation was supposed necessary to an efficient performance, at Sydenham she was the one soprano in all the world whose presence was indispensable, but sufficient in itself to secure all that was required for the solo pieces of Handel's master works.

Mendelssohn, in his first visits to London, was a frequent visitor at the house of Mr. Vincent Novello, who was one of the quickest to perceive, and one of the warmest to acknowledge, the greatness of his genius. Music was the ruling spirit of that artistic home, and the first musician of his time was especially in his element when surrounded by a family, every member of which sympathized with his all-pervading feeling, admired his singular powers, and took part with him in the execution of the choicest works the art possesses.

It is said that in summer weather, parties were frequently formed, of which he was one, and Malibran was another, for excursions into the fields round London—those charming spots where, after an hour's walking, one may suppose oneself a long day's journey from the turmoil of the city and its dust,—those spots justly celebrated by the so-called "Cockney poets," who, we have shown, were also constant guests of the Novello family. On these occasions, as on all others, music was essential to the day's enjoyment: accordingly the masterpieces of the great Italian and English vocal writers form the necessary baggage of the caravan of pleasure; and with these spread out before them, seated on the grass beneath the shade of hedgerows, and beyond the chance of interruption, the cheerful groups would sing the madrigals or the motets, the part-songs or the anthems, which delighted their forefathers, and with the melodious art rivalled the choristers of the grove at least in the cordial pleasure they felt in their own performance. Here was abundant opportunity for Mendelssohn to discover the natural and the acquired powers of our heroine; fully estimating which, he invited her to Leipsic to sing at the famous Gewandhaus Concerts then under his direction, whither she went in the autumn of 1836. The extent of her success, in Leipsic—at that time rendered by the presence of Mendelssohn, and by his influence, the most musical city in Europe—may be supposed from the great composer's reply to a request of our Philharmonic directors that he would recommend them some singers to engage for their series of concerts; "The greatest singers in Germany," answered Mendelssohn, "are Miss Clara Novello and Mrs. Alfred Shaw." The very great merit of the latter lady is as well remembered as her loss to the public is regretted: the former is still, and will be till November next, before the world; and her powers and the popular appreciation of them have constantly increased, from the time

when Mendelssohn so spoke of her until now that she is about to leave us.

From Leipzig she proceeded to other German cities, and carried her success with her wherever she sped. In Berlin she was received with remarkable favor, and so especially pleased the King of Prussia that he gave her letters in his own hand to his sister the Empress of Russia; upon the strength of which valuable introduction Miss Clara Novello visited Petersburg.

It would seem that Apollo, as if to make up to the dwellers in the frozen North for his scanty allowance of warmth and of light, had gifted them more freely in comparison with the other domain of his godship, endowing them with an extraordinary love of music, or at least—what is perhaps of equal importance to the advancement of the art—an extraordinary liberality in paying for it. There is no place on which the sun shines where musical executants are so warmly welcomed or so munificently remunerated as in the Muscovite capital; and there is no singer who has more fully proved the Petersburg power of patronage than Miss Clara Novello. We may refer to any of the records of the roubles that have been showered upon each and every of the singers and players who have exercised their ability in the North Eastern Empire for testimony of the openhandedness of the princes and nobles of the land reviled for its despotism: let them read this testimony, and let them understand that neither the praise nor the pay lavished on the most fortunate of others were withheld in the case of Miss Clara Novello.

From Petersburg, with its shining honors thick upon her, she returned to London to resume her career of triumphs, which seemed to flow with still greater force than before, as though in consequence of its interruption by her absence abroad. She sang here for a season at all the principal musical performances, and then went with her father and her brother to Bologna, to consult Rossini as to the desirability of her devoting herself to a yet untried branch of her profession, the art of dramatic singing. The great master was delighted with her voice and charmed with her talent; he earnestly encouraged her inclination to go on the stage, but advised her that she must go through a course of special instruction to fit her for the new artistic character she purposed to assume. Accordingly she went to Milan, where she became the pupil of Micheron, the master of the greatest theatrical singers of the day, and applied herself to diligent study under his teaching for an entire year. It was no little act of forbearance to retire from the admiration her every performance elicited, and to seclude herself from the opportunities of applause for so long a period; but self-reliance gave her confidence in still greater success when she should become qualified to be a candidate for it, and this was amply sufficient to compensate her for leaving thus long uncultured the laurels which she knew were everywhere ready for her to gather. She was well repaid for all she denied herself in this year of study, by the result. On her re-appearance in public, she entered upon a new course of success that exceeded all she had previously achieved.

(To be continued.)

### Musical Pitch.

(Report of the London Committee.)

(Concluded.)

It is certain that a change from the present pitch of C 546 to C 512—a change of about a semitone—could not be made without great inconvenience and pecuniary loss to the body with whom the adjustment of the pitch practically rests—our orchestral performers. Such a change, too, would fall heavily on musical instrument makers, probably to the extent in many cases of rendering the great portion of their existing stock valueless. This objection, it is thought by some even of those who are most anxious for a great depression of the present pitch, would be fatal to any proposition which did not in some way meet it. Information has reached the sub-committee that considerable difficulties are found in enforcing the new musical diapason in France, and that authority such as never would be sought for or obtained in this country has found a powerful antagonism in

"the inexorable logic of facts." Why, it has been asked, should we not profit by this experience, and abandoning the chase after that which others, with more advantage than ourselves, have as yet found unattainable, turn our attention to that which would seem to be within our reach. For, it is believed, though so great a change of pitch as that involved in the descent from C 546 to C 512 would experience an amount of opposition which there is no means of overcoming, a change smaller in amount, while it would afford considerable relief to the vocal performer, would not be unacceptable to the instrumental, since it could be carried into effect without appreciable injury to, certainly without the destruction of, his instrument.

It is well known, that neither by the committee called together by the Society of Arts, nor by the Commission appointed by the French Government, has the attempt to deal with the now intolerable evil of an extravagantly high pitch, been made for the first time. Among other attempts, that of a Congress of Musicians at Stuttgart, in 1834, has attracted the most attention. This body recommended a pitch of 528 for C, = 440 for A, basing their calculation on a 32 ft. organ-pipe, giving 33 vibrations per second instead of 32. The following would be the scale at this pitch—the only one yet proposed which gives all the sounds in whole numbers:

C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C
264	297	330	352	396	440	495	528.

This pitch, of which the C is 16 vibrations per second higher than that of C 512, and 18 vibrations lower than the Cat the present pitch (of 546), is as near as possible half-way between the two latter, and, therefore, a quarter of a tone above the one, and a quarter of a tone below the other. To lower the stringed instruments to this pitch would obviously be attended with little difficulty. Depression to the extent of a quarter of a tone is said to be easy with the brass instruments and possible with the wooden wind instruments—the flutes, oboes, clarionets, and bassoons—now in use. Few organs exist of higher pitch than the Stuttgart, and the raising of those which have been tuned to C 512 would not be attended with serious difficulty. The Stuttgart pitch, then, if not the very best that could be conceived, may be regarded as the one which, with many recommendations, would have the best chance of attaining the general assent of contemporary musicians. Though higher than the pitch of 512, the Philharmonic pitch, or the diapason normal, the Stuttgart pitch is but a few vibrations higher than the last two of these,—one of which experience has proved to be a good pitch for instrumental music. It is a quarter of a tone below the present pitch, by general consent voted intolerably high. Its adoption would involve little, if any, inconvenience, or pecuniary loss to instrumental performers or makers of musical instruments. It would, therefore be likely to meet the support of the majority of those interested in the question of pitch.

The Committee, in bringing their inquiries and discussions to a close, cannot but express an earnest hope that whatever recommendation of a pitch may be adopted by a General Meeting, it will be received by professors and amateurs of music in a spirit worthy of an attempt to deal with a question in which every musician must have a strong interest, and with that respect which must ever be due to a conclusion not arrived at without much patient labor and very serious consideration.

List of the several pitches referred to in the foregoing report:—

Handel's Tuning Fork (c. 1740).....	A at 416	—C at 409 1-5
Theoretical Pitch.....	A at 428 2-3	—C at 512
Philharmonic Society (1812-42).....	A at 433	—C at 518 2-5
Diapason Normal (1859).....	A at 435	—C at 522
Stuttgart Congress (1834).....	A at 440	—C at 528
Italian Opera, London (1859).....	A at 455	—C at 546

P. LE NEVE FOSTER, Secretary.

### The Dusseldorf Festival.

The Lower Rhenish Music-Festival (the 37th anniversary, has passed off amid its accustomed genuine and unostentatious enjoyment. They always select the "merrie monthe of Maye," "ces bons Allemands," as their (and our) encroaching (and "lively") neighbors call them; and this time, as from time out of mind, the 27th, 28th and 29th were devoted to the glad event. Dusseldorf, the garden-city of the "river of Rhene" (or Rhine), was the favored locality, Köln (or Cologne), the City of the Magi, having been thus distinguished the year before, and Aachen (or Aix la Chapelle) the City of Carlo Magnus (or Charlemagne), the year before that.

These triennial music fêtes, on (or near) the edge of the stream with which the satiric poet (or poetic satirist) Heinrich Heine, communed and sympathized, in some degree resemble our own triennial gath-

erings in the Cathedral towns; only that while the cider-drinking people give charity a voice in their rejoicings, the Hoch-quaffing Rhenish burghers make theirs a mere bond of harmonious brotherhood among the triple populations. The Dusseldorf meeting derives additional interest from the fact that Mendelssohn at one period chose Dusseldorf as his headquarters; and that at Dusseldorf, in the same month of May (1836), he first brought out his immortal *Paulus*. There is no Mendelssohn now to direct the performances, and consecrate the festival by the presence and example of genius; but in place of Mendelssohn, there is Mendelssohn's fellow student and intimate friend, Hiller—Kapellmeister Ferdinand Hiller, of Cologne, whom—for some reason only known to his amiably whimsical self—Mendelssohn would at the *Paulus*-fete, invariably salute as "Hiller's Studies." "Here comes Hiller's Studies," he would say to some English friends, on spying out his old "chum," while a smile would light up that countenance which was rather the countenance of an angel than of a man, and show the bright side of the angelic nature at its brightest. Ferdinand Hiller, Principal of the Conservatory at Cologne, is also an admirable musician, as all musical Europe knows; and a capital fellow, as is best known to his friends. Since Mendelssohn deserted the Rhine, to walk in the shadow of John Sebastian Bach—at Leipzig, the city of the *Thomas-Schule*—no such popular chief has been known to Dusseldorf, Cologne, or Aix, as Hiller.

On the whole, to judge by our correspondence, the 37th Niederrheinisches Musik-Fest was not one of the most brilliant on record. Dusseldorf looked as gay and animated as of yore, it is true; and the morning rehearsal in the Ton Halle as busy and exciting. The programme, however, does not appear to have afforded unanimous approval. At the first performance, concert (Sunday), which began at 6 P. M., (what would our late dinner "fashionables" have said to that?) the selection comprised Robert Schumann's orchestral symphony in B flat, and Handel's oratorio of *Samson*—*Samson* according to Mosel, one of the modellers who have re-adjusted the giant's proportions. Of Schumann's work, a correspondent writes:—

"With regard to Schumann's symphony much cannot be said, for a more chaotic composition, I should think, was never heard; and had it not been performed by a remarkably fine orchestra, nobody would have sat it out."

This opinion, however, must be accepted with great reserve, inasmuch as, further on, the same correspondent, who adopts the pseudonym of "Philomousos," shows himself a not very competent authority. Take the following as an example:—

"Music is certainly in a state of anarchy in Germany at the present day owing to the endeavors of the Zukunfts party (that which the present will not acknowledge, and the future will not believe to have existed), who state that they are to be the great reformers of music, the chief members being Franz Liszt, R. Wagner, Schumann, (before his death), and the French composers, Berlioz, Gounod, not forgetting Litolff, and the Belgian, Gewaerts."

"Philomousos" speaks only by rote. At any rate, his light is at best a rushlight, for it has not helped him to the knowledge of some very important ("patent") facts: among the rest, that M. Hector Berlioz has indignantly protested against his name being associated with the Zukunfts party, and that Mr. Henry Litolff broke his stick at Weimar, (not over the head of Father Liszt, but as a symbol of his rupture with the anarchists). Then, to rank such helpless innocents as formed the Gaul, and Gewaerts, the Walloon, among this formidable tribe of savages! The composer of music to *Le medecin malgre lui*, and the composer of music to a book on *Quentin Durward*, illustrating the "Art Work of the Future," is too comical. On the contrary, they much more properly belong to the past. Herr Wagner would scout them.

Of the execution of Handel's *Samson*, our Correspondent writes (allowing for some necessary abbreviations) as follows:—

"All the choruses were magnificently executed; but unfortunately this was not the case with the solos. The Germans go upon the economical system: thus the solos were not in the hands of first-rate artists. It is a case of '*Mes beaux jours sont passés*,' with Madame Jenny Burde-Ney, her singing now being little better than screaming. Fraulein Schreck (*alto*) sings carefully, and has some very good notes. The tenor, Herr Schnorr, must have been suffering from a cold, for he literally *sneezed* through his part. If he be the 'most magnificent tenor singer in Germany,' had must be the best. Herr Stockhausen, the bass, is the artist to whom one can listen with pleasure. But the Dusseldorf fanatics attach too much importance to the abilities of all these singers. Mr. Hiller has made additions to the instrumentation of some of the airs in *Samson*; and no less than five were introduced, restored, that have always hitherto been omitted. *Barbeitung und Verbesserung*! There is no organ in the Dusseldorf Music Hall, nor is it customary in Germany to give Handel's choruses with organ accompaniment. If people wish to hear Handel's compositions thoroughly well performed, they must go to England."

On Monday, when the concert began at the same hour, the subjoined was the programme:—

1. Overture, "Wasserträger;"..... Cherubini.
2. Ver Sacrum, oder die Gründung Roms;..... F. Hiller.
3. Selection from "Iphigenia in Tauris;"..... Gluck.
4. Symphony in A major (No. 7)..... Beethoven.

The overture of Cherubini was, it appears, admirably played. Indeed, the orchestra at this festival, if the ear of "Philomousos" may be accredited with sharpness, carried all before it. Read the subjoined, in reference to Beethoven's symphony:—

"No words can sufficiently express the praise due to all the members of the orchestra for their attention to *nuances*. The *crescendi* and *diminuendi* were perfect."

Gluck seems not to have fared so well, however:

"The selection from *Iphigenia in Tauris* was but a poor affair. The whole went astray; as did also Hiller's composition," &c.

What follows is a tirade of the most abusive character, directed not only against Hiller's *Gründung Roms*, but against Hiller himself; not only against the literary share which Herr Bischoff (of the *Köln-Zeitung* and *Niederheinisches Musik-Zeitung*) had in the *Cantata*, but against Herr Bischoff himself. Hiller is accused of every conceivable artistic sin, while Herr Bischoff is thus dismissed: "The text is rubbish, although the idea is fine." We must be excused from printing any part of this criticism, and are too glad to pass on to the third and last performance, which took place on Tuesday, at the same hour of 6 P. M. Mendelssohn's overture to *Fingal's Cave* was as finely played as the other instrumental pieces; and Mdlle. Schreck (the contralto) very successful in an air from Bach's *Passion Musik* (violin accompaniment by Joachim). The other vocal pieces were a trio from *Fidelio*, an air from Boieldieu's *Fête du Village Voisin* (Herr Stockhausen); the hacknied scene from *Der Freischütz* (Madame Ney-Bürde); a tenor air from *Euryanthe* (Herr Schnorr); *Liedel*, by Schumann, Hiller, and Schubert (Herr Stockhausen); Venzano's *Falsch* (Madame Ney-Bürde); and the concluding chorus from *Samson*. There were two overtures, Spontini's *Olympia*, and a concert-overture by Herr Tausch of Düsseldorf; Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in E flat, played by Herr Tausch, and a couple of violin solos by Joachim, viz., his own, on Hungarian melodies, and one of Beethoven's Romances (which of the two our correspondent does not state).

About this concert we subjoin the remarks of "Philomousos," abridged as expedience may have suggested:

"Joachim's violin solo was beautifully executed: Mozart's 'Ave verum,' could not have been better given, whether by orchestra or chorus. In fact, the weak points throughout the whole festival were owing to the mediocrity of the solo singers. Herr Tausch's concert overture was a childish affair; the composer, who directed its performance as a conductor, more childish still, and yet he holds the appointment of *Städt Musik-Director* in Düsseldorf. Herr Tausch is a pupil of F. Schneider, brother to the man who tortured the people in 1852 with an interminable organ fugue at Exeter Hall. The concerto of Beethoven was nicely executed by Herr Tausch, and well interpreted. The even manner in which he gave the rapid passages deserves praise; but as a pianist, he can't play, and never will be able to play, like Miss Arabella Goddard or young Mr. Barnett.

"Beethoven's *Romanza* was divinely executed by Joachim, whose pure style must always be admired. Indeed, it is impossible to overpraise Joachim in this admirable performance, which so affected the audience that many of them were in tears! Madame Jenny Ney-Bürde, to a certain extent, vindicated her reputation in Weber's *Sera*.

In defence of the "Bearbeitung" (adaptation) and "Verbesserung" (amelioration) of Handel's *Samson*, which has been commented upon in a hostile spirit, let one of Hiller's advocates in the *Kölnische Zeitung* speak:

"It is by no means the intention of Herr Hiller to bring *Samson* before the public in its complete and unabridged form, since neither the work nor the audience would benefit thereby. Mosel, in the arrangement through which the oratorio has acquired universal favor, has cut in freely with a very powerful knife, and in performing the operation has evidently gone too deeply into the flesh. But in spite of all that Handel fanatics say about the injustice done to this work, which should have been handed over to the world *unmutilated*, the adaptation is *preferable* to the original score. The latter, besides recitatives, contains sixteen airs and one duet more than have been heretofore published. Among these Herr Hiller has selected those which he considered the best suited to give prominence to the chief supporters of the action—*Samson* and *Delila*. He has fitted these pieces to a German text, and made necessary additions to the instrumentation, and it is not to be doubted that the work has been thereby enriched."

So deep is the feeling of spite evinced by "Philomousos" against Hiller, that he even allows himself to be led into a *non sequitur*:

"Portraits of Hiller are being sold in all the booksellers' shops, as if he were Beethoven returned to the world again—*which accounts for the vanity of the man*."

The worthy Kapellmeister of Cologne may console himself with the *lupus* involuntarily committed by his detractor. The artistic stature of Ferdinand Hiller is not diminished one hair's breadth by such inconsiderate attacks. May his shadow be never

the less—and "Hiller's Studies" the name by which he is remembered when the trenchant shears of the *Parce* cut the thread of his existence. He who was the friend of Mendelssohn, and is the friend of Rossini, may laugh at an obscure *Philomousos*.—*London Musical World*.

### Reed Stops in the Organ.\*

The reed stops are the third great class of registers. We will not speak of those that are called *free reeds*, because their application is too exceptional, but of the stops with reeds which beat, of the reed stops which are altogether classical, and in general use; the bright sound of which has also a certain metallic roughness, because the tongue of metal vibrates with considerable violence, and at each vibration beats against a reed, which is also of metal.

This kind of register, the introduction of which has completely changed the former character of the organ, on account of the vigor of its sounds, and their great majesty as compared with other registers, in certain combinations and on some occasions, is used in church music, even when it is required to be most solemn and impressive. It embraces in its scale all the degrees of tone, from the six-inch pipe to the thirty-two feet; and hence it gives the sound of all reed wind instruments, from the largest to the smallest. The six-inch reeds lay claim, moreover, to the high-sounding title, and it is not an unworthy ambition, of *vox humana*, while the sixteen-foot reeds represent the *trombone* and the *bombarde*, this last being an old reed instrument of the sixteenth century; though they represent it perhaps more in the name than in reality; and the thirty-two feet reeds, which are commonly not more than twenty-four feet in fact, represent the *contra-bombarde*, called by the Italians the *bombarlare*, as they have made *trombone* out of *tromba*.

The grave inconvenience of reed stops, considered instrumentally, is that the treble notes overpower the basses. This arises from the fact that the depth of tone depends on the increase in the size of the tongue and reed. Hence the lower the sound descends towards the bass, the stronger does it of necessity become. The tongue, on the contrary, becomes smaller as it ascends higher into the treble notes; and therefore, also, the sounds produced by it become thinner or weaker and out of all proportion with the fulness in volume of the sounds of the bass. This is also so much the case, that for the full effect of the higher sounds, reed stops by themselves are not enough, but require to be strengthened with some member of the flue-pipes. There are, indeed, some builders who, not being able to obtain sufficient power with their reed stops in the higher octaves, make use of flue-pipes for this purpose instead of reeds, and voice them as keen and clear as possible. More commonly, however, the organist, in order that the two or three last octaves of a reed stop may be heard distinctly, combines with it a very forcible mixture called a *cornet*, which, when it is well managed, decreases in power in proportion as it approaches the bass, and therefore gives additional strength to the treble notes of the reed stop only. None of these plans, after all, are quite equal to the task of raising the reed stops to exactly the same position as the flue stops, because, when they are added, they make a complete change in the quality of the register, of which it is intended they should be only a continuance; in fact, they do nothing more than cause it to break off abruptly at a given place, and from that place put themselves instead of it.

The character, then, of reed stops is exactly the reverse of flue stops, since these last yield piercing sounds in their treble notes, and are, comparatively speaking, veiled in their sound in their basses. The consequence of this opposition makes itself especially felt in the song of the Church in both of these stops. In France, where the national character is lively and positive, the common way is to make use of the reed stops in accompanying the ecclesiastical chant; and as

the trebles would naturally be covered by the vigor of the basses, it is these basses that are used to intone the melody of the Church,—namely, the plain chant. It would be easy to show to such persons as do not see it for themselves, that to make in this way a bass of a popular chant is wholly at variance with the original intentions of the composers of this chant; for the voice of the people is not a bass voice. It could be easily shown also that the counterpoint, the best of its kind in this old sort of music, in which the treble, used as the accompaniment, is made to take the place of the bass, and the bass that of the treble, is rather an offence against common sense than a counterpoint at all.

It is in accordance with the rules of harmony to give the melody to the right hand and its accompaniment to the left; but then the reed stops must not be employed. The French fashion of making use of the reed stops on all occasions, even in the most simple form of recitative, that of the ecclesiastical chant, has caused this chant to become coarse, harsh, and insupportable; and the French organ has most commonly abjured all its more mellow tones for such as are hard and without expression. Our builders, as regards soft stops, have, to speak generally, remained stationary; while the German builders, on the contrary, have not ceased a moment from creating the most delicate variety of sounds in all shades of tone in this kind of stop. But let us take courage: for some years past our most eminent builders, though they are but few, have set to work to imitate the delicacy of the Germans in these matters; and where the French begin by imitating, they generally end by surpassing.

### Mozart—Child and Man.

(Continued from page 100.)

No. 95.

Leopold Mozart to his wife.

Milan, January 8, 1771.

Yesterday we had a little concert at Count Firmiani's, where Wolfgang had a concerto—a very fine one, and quite new—given him to play. Next Monday we shall go to Turin, where we shall spend a week. Our son's opera marches onward amidst universal approbation, and as the Italians say, it is going up to the skies (*alle stelle*). Every one is curious to behold the *maestro* and to speak with him.

During the three first performances Wolfgang sat at the first harpsichord, and the *maestro* Lampagnani accompanies him on the second. Now it is the latter who plays the first, and the *maestro* Melchior Chiesa the second.

No. 96.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, January 12, 1771.

The Philharmonic Academy of Verona has admitted our dear son among its members, and the *Cancelliere dell' Accademie* is busy preparing the diploma to send it to us. God be thanked! the opera is so attractive that the theatre is crammed full every day.

P. S. from Wolfgang.—It is long since I wrote, I have been so busy. Now that I have more time I shall attend better to my duty. The opera, God be thanked, pleases, for the theatre is quite full every night, which astonishes every one, as every one says that in Milan no first opera ever drew such a crowd. We are well, and I hope at Easter to be able to tell everything in detail to you and our good mother. A *propos*—yesterday the copyist came to see us, and to tell us that the court of Lisbon had asked for a copy of the opera. Keep yourself in health, my lady sister.

I have the honor to be and eternally to remain,  
Your faithful brother.

No. 97.

The Same to the Same.

Venice, February 20, 1771.

We arrived here the Monday before Shrove Tuesday. We go every night to the opera and to the other places of public recreation. The former *impresario*, Cressa, miserably drest, crawls about the streets of Milan a beggar. God thus punishes the deceitful.

I have yet to tell you, about our stay at Milan, the following fact:—we heard a thing which will seem to you incredible, and which I thought I never could have heard.—N. B. in Italy. We heard two poor people, a man and a woman, singing together in the

\* From *L'Orgue, sa Connaissance, son Administration, et son Jeu* (2nd *Étude*), by M. Joseph Regnier, of Nancy.



streets, and singing entirely in fifths, without missing a single note. This is what I never heard in Germany. From a distance I thought at first that two persons were singing separately. As we drew near we found that it was a duo in pure fifths.

I cannot sufficiently lay stress on the politeness of M. Wider, the merchant to whom I have been recommended, and on that of all his family. It is impossible to give them too much praise. I have learnt a little to read the men of this world; but I have seen few, very few, so obliging as these,—frank, kindly, and open, at the same time that they are polite, well-mannered, and free from pride. They have invited us to dinner every day that we have no other engagement. We shall soon have had enough of our journeys in gondolas. To-morrow we dine at Catarina Cornero's, Sunday at the Patriarch's, Monday at Dolfino's, next week, almost every day, with other nobili.

*P. S. from Wolfgang.*—I am still alive, God be praised, and in good health. Do you know what it is to receive the *attacca*? In order to become a true Venetian, you must allow your hinder part to be brought violently in contact with the ground. It was decided that I should be initiated. Seven women laid hold of me, and they succeeded in bringing me—how shall I say?—aground.

No. 98.

*The Same to the Same.*

Venice, March 1, 1771.

We are constantly invited out, now at one place now at another; there is always some lordly gondola before our door ready to carry us to the Grand Canal. On our return we shall have to make a stay for a few days at Vicenza, the bishop of which, who belongs to the Cornero family, will not allow us to pass through the city on any other condition; the same with Verona. I am vexed that we shall only have melancholy fast days during our whole journey. We may, perhaps, reach Reichenhall on Good Friday, where we shall hear the usual opera of the *Passion*. I will relate to you all we have seen; the arsenal, the churches, the hospitals; there are a thousand things to admire here.

We shall not bring the opera back with us. It is still in the hands of the copyist, who, like all the copyists of Italy, will not let the original of an opera go out of his hands as long as he can make a profit of the copies, in order that he alone may have the benefit of it. When we left Milan the copyist had made five complete copies, one for the *impresa* (management), two for Vienna, one for the Duchess of Parma, and the other for the court of Lisbon, not to speak of the single pieces of which he had many copies to make. He has not executed all his orders yet.

Tuesday there is a grand concert; Sunday we go to the Imperial ambassador, Monday to Maffetti's.

No. 99.

*The Same to the Same.*

Venice, March 6, 1771.

We are so plagued and dragged at in every direction, that I cannot say who, of all that ask us, will succeed in getting us. It is a pity we could not have stayed longer here, for we have made a wide acquaintance with all the nobility, and everywhere, in the drawing-rooms, at the dinner table, we are so overwhelmed with honors, that not only are we fetched and brought back in gondolas by the secretary of each house, but the master of the house himself accompanies us home, and they are among the first people in Venice, the Cornero's, Grimani's, Mocenigo's, Dolfini, Valieri, &c.

I am afraid we shall meet with very bad roads, for there have been frightful rains. *Basta!* we must take things as they come. All these things do not interrupt my repose, so long as we are in health.

No. 100.

*The Same to the Same.*

Vicenza, March 14th, 1771.

We had made everybody believe that we should start a day earlier than we meant, in order to have a day to ourselves, and to have time to pack up. But the trick was nosed out, and we had to dine once more with Cotari, and with Cornero, who presented us with a handsome snuff box, and some fine lace cuffs. We saw all that we could contrive to visit in Padua in one day, for there we could get no rest either, and Wolfgang had to play in two places. He also found some work there, for he is to compose an oratorio for Padua. We paid a visit to the Maestro Padre Valotti\* *al Santo*, and then Ferrandini†,

\*A cordelier monk, a chapel master, and the greatest organist of his time. Born at Verceil, 1697, died at Padua, 1780.

†Antonio Ferrandini, born at Naples, 1718, author of a *Stabat Mater*, considered a masterpiece; died in poverty, 1779.

where Wolfgang had to perform. Lastly he played to perfection on the organ of the incomparable church of San Giustiniiano. To-morrow we stay over another day—not without cause.

No. 101.

*The Same to the Same.*

Verona, March 18th, 1771.

I am informed from Vienna that a document will reach me at Salzburg, which will astonish you, and confer immortal honor on our son.‡

No. 102.

*The Same to the Same.*

We are near our journey's end. Thursday, I hope to be in the midst of you.

No. 103.

*The Same to the Same.*

Verona, August 18th, 1771.‡

We stayed an entire day at Als, with two Piccinis, that we might go to church in our travelling attire, which it was easier to do than at Verona. We have plenty of entertainment in the way of music. We alighted here at Luggiatti's.

*P. S. from Wolfgang.*—I have only slept half an hour, for I do not like sleeping after meals. You may hope, believe, think, fancy, figure to yourself, be satisfied, and live in confidence, that we are in good health. As for me I can give you positive intelligence to that effect. Ask M. de Heffner if he has not seen Anna Mindl.

No. 104.

*The Same to the Same.*

Milan, August 24, 1771.

We have been here since the 21st. The poem has not yet been sent from Vienna. The archduke arrives on the 15th of October, and the marriage will take place on the same day.

*P. S. from Wolfgang.*—We were overcome with heat on the road; the dust followed us up most pertinaciously and impudently to such a degree, that we should certainly have been stifled and have died, had we not had the good sense to do nothing of the kind. Keep your promise to me; you know very well what I mean. O thou all-beloved, I beseech thee; I shall most certainly be beholden to thee.

At this moment I am suffocating! I open my waistcoat. Addio. Overhead we have a violinist; there is one below us; in the next apartment there is a singing-master giving lessons; opposite to us there is a colonel. This is an amusing state of things when you are composing; it gives one ideas.

No. 105.

*The Same to the Same.*

Milan, August 30, 1771.

The poem has come at last. As yet Wolfgang has done nothing but the oversure, to wit, a tolerably long *allegro*, an *andante* which is to be danced to, but only by a few persons. Then instead of the concluding *allegro* he has written a sort of *contredanse* and chorus, which is to be sung and danced to. We shall have a pretty good deal to do this month. We are going to see M. Hasse, who has just arrived.

We went to see the Princess, the betrothed of the Archduke. She was extremely gracious; not only did she chat a long time with us, but, moreover, gave us the most charming reception, for as soon as she caught sight of us, she advanced quickly to meet us, drew off her glove and presented her hand, and began to address us before we could say a word to her.

*P. S. from Wolfgang.*—I have already in your honor eat lots of pears, peaches, and melons. My sole pleasure is talking in signs with the dumb people, for I can do it to perfection. Let me recommend to you my prayer for the other, so long as there is another, you understand.\*

No. 106.

I received your few lines; it was a most economical idea to write only a little on the first page and scarcely anything on the second; for so many thousands of letters might add such weight to the epistle, that it would require six horses to convey it to Milan. Heavens, what an amount of postage! Blank sheets are always less costly to be conveyed than those which are covered with writing.

‡Count Flomiani wrote to him from Milan, in the name of the Empress Maria Theresa, to confide to Wolfgang the composition of a grand serenade for the stage, to celebrate the marriage of Archduke Ferdinand. It was called *Ascanio in Als*. The opera composed on the same occasion was entrusted to the eldest of the chapel masters, the celebrated Hasse.

‡Mozart returned in August to Milan, with his father, to compose his serenade, and work at an opera at the same time.

\*A young lady, a favorite with the young composer, and who was shortly about to be married.

Our heads are quite full. We received the poem very late, and even then it still remained some days in the hands of the poet, that he might make all sorts of changes. I hope it will have a good success. But Wolfgang has a heap of things to write, for he is also obliged to compose the music for the ballet which connects the two acts, or the two parts of the serenade.

I did not think it at all extraordinary that the Archduke Maximilian should have become a canon of the Cathedral. I everywhere, and on all occasions have said it, since my return from Italy to Salzburg, that it would happen. We shall see the rest: patience. I am sorry I cannot write all I have to say. Salzburg is not the sole motive for this first step.

No. 107.

*The Same to the Same.*

Milan, September 13, 1771.

Wolfgang will, I hope, with God's help, have finished the serenade in twelve days; it is properly speaking an *azione teatrale* in two parts. The recitatives, with and without accompaniments, are all finished, and the choruses also, five of which are sung only, and three others sung and danced to at the same time. We attended to-day the rehearsal of the dance, and we admired the zeal of the two ballet-masters, Pick and Fabier. The first tableau represents Venus emerging from the clouds, accompanied by Genii and Graces.

The *andante* of the symphony is danced to by eleven personages, eight Graces and three Goddesses. The last *allegro* of the symphony is a chorus of thirty-two choristers, eight *soprani*, eight *contralti*, eight *tenors*, and eight *basses*, and at the same time danced to by sixteen personages, eight women, and eight men.

There is another chorus of shepherds and shepherdesses; and besides chorus of shepherds alone, that is *tenors* and *basses*; next there are choruses of little shepherdesses, that is of *soprani* and *contralti*. In the last scene they are all together, Geni, Grazi, Pastori, Pastorelle, choristers, dancers of both sexes, and all dance together to the final chorus. In the above enumeration are not included the solo dancers, namely, M. Pick, M<sup>me</sup>. Binotti, M. Fabier, and M<sup>me</sup>. Blache. The small solos which intervene between the choruses, sometimes between two *soprani*, sometimes between *alti* and *soprani* &c., are intermingled with solos by dancers of both sexes.

The personages of the cantata are: La Venere, Signora Falchini, *seconda donna*; Ascanio, Signor Mansuoli, *primo uomo*; Silvia, Signora Girolli, *prima donna*; Aeste Sacerdote, Signor Tibaldi, *tenore*; Fauno Pastore, Signor Solzi, *secondo uomo*.

N. B.—We have already in hand our Venice affair for 1773.

(Here follows in Italian the agreement for an opera to be performed in Venice at the Carnival of 1773, and requiring the presence of young Mozart in that city from the 30th of November, 1772. The terms are seventy sequins.)

*P. S. from Wolfgang.*—I shall write only for the sake of writing. I am not very well. I have a cold in my head and chest. Tell M<sup>lle</sup>. de Moelk I am greatly rejoiced at the idea of returning to Salzburg, if it were only to receive for my minuets such a present as I received once after a certain concert,—she will know well enough what the present I mean was.

(To be continued.)

## Musical Correspondence.

CAMDEN, N. J., JUNE 23. — Although we are not accustomed to share our musical treats with the readers of the Journal, yet we presume you will be pleased to hear from an old friend. We were not a little surprised a few days since by the announcement of "A Grand Concert to be given in the Court House, Friday evening, June 22, by the Camden Sacred Musical Union." The selections were from Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Romberg, Möhring, Fesca, Speyer and other eminent composers, and were performed with much credit. We would particularly mention: "The Heavens are Telling," from Haydn; the air for soprano: *Deh, se piacer me vuoi*, from "Titus," by Mozart; the "Hunter's Song," by Kücken; "The Wanderer," by Fesca; Air for soprano: "Angels ever bright and fair," from "Theodora," Handel; a solo and chorus from the "Power of Song," by Romberg; "Rest in Peace," by

Möhling; and a charming Quartet by Foster. We should be unjust did we not also mention the Piano Solos; especially the introductory one from C. M. von Weber, performed by Mr. JACKSON, the conductor of the Association. It convinced us that certainly there was one excellent pianist in Camden. Mr. J. has done much for music here, and we are glad to learn he is reaping the fruits of his labor from a good number of pupils, and the high esteem in which he is held by all the lovers of good music here. The Hall was well filled by an appreciating and attentive audience, who expressed their pleasure and satisfaction by frequent and hearty applause. The Society was organized in October last, and is composed of the best talent in Camden. We trust they will continue their rehearsals, for we are sure, if they can draw so large a house, this very warm season, as was assembled last evening, they cannot fail to meet with even greater success during the winter months.

Our residence here has been short, yet we have been gratified to hear so much good music both in Camden and Philadelphia, and we are promising ourselves many happy hours from music here, which we have so often enjoyed in Boston.

NEW ENGLAND.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., JUNE 26.—THE HARVARD GLEE CLUB, assisted by the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, gave their sixth concert at Lyceum Hall, Cambridge, on Wednesday evening, June 20th. Nothing could be more unpropitious than the weather; the rain had been pouring in torrents all day, and only increased as the hour for the commencement approached. But at eight o'clock every seat was taken, and the ladies were somewhat in the majority, proving the popularity of the music of the Club. Here is the programme:

PART I.

1. Quintet in B flat, op. 57, Allegro and Adagio. Mendelssohn
2. The Cheerful Wanderer. Mendelssohn
3. Polonaise, op. 26, for Piano. Chopin
4. Wandering Song. Mendelssohn
5. Thema, and Variations, from the Quartet, in A, op. 18. Beethoven
6. Possenti Nunt, Song and Chorus from the "Magic Flute." Mozart

PART II.

1. Song written for the Germans at Lyons. Mendelssohn
2. Souvenir de Sonnambula, solo for Violoncello. Kummer
3. Turkish Drinking Song. Mendelssohn
4. Wanderer's Night Song. Lens
5. Scenes and Aria, from "Le Pré aux clercs." Herold
6. Summer Song. Mendelssohn
7. College Songs.

The Glee Club, not the Quintette, as is seen in the bill, gave prominence to Mendelssohn. They have made him a study the past year, and with excellent success, if their performance be taken as the result; the involved parts were rendered with great clearness and self-possession, and there was none of that nervous hurry so often incidental to an amateur performance. This was the more creditable, since the class of music was of a higher standard than they have ever before attempted. After the Club had recovered from the throat-parching effect of the first piece, the voices came out clear and brilliant. The great successes of the evening were No. 6, in the first part, and No. 3, in the second part. Both were received with great enthusiasm, and repeated. The "Turkish Drinking Song." I preferred to the same as performed by the "Orpheus," because there was not that excess of light and shade by which some of the tones are lost in a vanish, and there is a freshness and brilliancy in the young voices of the Harvard which is very pleasing.

The Quintette were an inspiration to the singers, and must have been refreshed in performing to such a cordial and appreciative audience. Too often the instrumental part is counted a bore, when compared with the vocal, but the performers were twice re-

called; the last time they could not refuse, and so they repeated part of No. 5 in the second part.

During the whole evening the audience seemed to forget there was such a thing as weather. We are very sorry to hear that this is the last time the Club will appear. It seems that the "powers that be," with the advice of the musical instructor, have decided that the Club is detrimental to the interests of College music, and so have dissolved it.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 30, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—BENNETT's Cantata: The May Queen, continued.

### The "Philharmonic" Problem.

The problem is, to organize some system, sure, efficient, permanent, whereby those who really love and thirst for great orchestral music, such as the Symphonies, the Overtures, &c., of Beethoven, of Mozart, of Mendelssohn, of any master who has power to interest us and inspire us as these do, may rely from year to year upon stated and sufficient supplies (concerts) of such music. The problem is, in short, the organization of the highest class of instrumental concerts, with a single view to true musical culture and the maintaining of a high standard of taste. ART, and not mere amusement, not material profit found in catering to amusement, is the main thing to be sought. A musical society, springing from this motive and with this end, is what has commonly been understood in older cities by the term "Philharmonic Society." It is a society which ministers to a true love of Music as an *Art*, by furnishing frequent opportunities of hearing and enjoying the best works of the great composers (not of course too narrowly restricting itself to these).

Now there are several methods by which we may get such concerts. One is to trust entirely to private enterprise, to managers and companies, who may come to us from abroad, or who may spring up at home, and who find their interest in catering to a manifest appetite in the community. Such appetite of course manifests itself in its readiness to patronize and pay for such things: and if the appetite be high, be classical, if classical music pay best, then classical music we shall have offered us on all sides by competing speculators in the article. This method we have tried abundantly; enough to know that it is exceedingly uncertain for all good purposes. They who speculate in concert-giving always seek to create a feverish and unwholesome appetite in the public. They care not for the kind of audience, they care only for the largest. Anxious to attract and please the many, they find they can afford, at least, for the time being, to overlook to a great degree the wishes of the real music lovers,—those on whom, in the long run, the entire support of music really depends. If they can get up an excitement now, and draw great audiences, and reap large profits, what care they if the fire burn over the soil and leave it dead and barren for some years to come! Much good music we do surely owe in Boston to these chance enterprises. But we cannot rely on them, amid the factitious and capricious tastes and preferences of a half musical or wholly unmusical public.

A second method is for the musicians who compose the orchestra, and who reside among us, to organize themselves into a society, (as they have just done), and manage the whole thing themselves for their own profit, as a matter of business, and for the artistic profit of the music-lovers so far as this may coincide with their own profit. There may be mingled with this business motive a great deal of the disinterested, higher motive, of love of Art for Art's sake, as there doubtless is in many of the musicians who have organized the "Boston Philharmonic Society." Of course, many of them, perhaps the most of them, are even more anxious to have such a union as a mutual guaranty of the artistic tone and character among themselves, than as a new means of professional employment. It depends upon the individuals composing it in the first place, and secondly upon the degree of interest and confidence their union can inspire among the real music-lovers, whether they can serve the true ends of a Philharmonic society. The plan is perfectly legitimate, even on the lowest ground of a mere business corporation; and we cannot deny that, from the higher view, there is much ground of confidence in many of the gentlemen who have formed the new society. But here lies the danger and the doubt: it is composed of and managed by the actual performers in the orchestra exclusively; it must embrace those who are available for actual service on the instruments required, whether the artistic spirit be strong in them or not; it is wholly and exclusively under the control of those who earn their livelihood by playing on orchestral instruments, and who unfortunately are so placed that they must look to every means of multiplying occupation for themselves. The majority of course govern. Where then is the guaranty that those members who have the real cause of Art at heart may not be at any time outvoted by those who only look to profit, and who play at "Philharmonic" concerts, just as they play in bands or theatres, merely by the hour for wages?

A third method (and this is what we had hoped would at least be tried, and what might still be tried without any interference with the other) is for those who really love and want classical orchestral music, to organize their want themselves, by forming some society in which music-lovers, amateurs, orchestral performers, and musical artists generally shall have a voice and influence, and so pledge themselves to its support. Let the musical taste of the community organize itself, as it were, into some permanent, effective system for the furtherance of its desires. To this end it would seem most natural, as a first step, after the thing has been sufficiently talked about in chance ways, here and there, in private, to have a meeting called, for conference, of the leading friends of music (of course we mean the lovers of orchestral music in the highest sense). Such a meeting should include the leading friends and patrons of such music; the persons of most taste, musical character and enthusiasm; such actual performers in orchestral concerts, as feel a paramount interest in music as an art, and not chiefly as a business; also amateur performers, who might be useful in the counsels, and perhaps even in the working rank and file of the orchestra; and above all, the leading musical artists in the city, whether engaged in orchestras or in other departments of the art. In a word, it should

be a meeting of just those persons who constitute the musical character (in the best sense) of the city. A full and candid conference, or series of conferences of such a company—the more informal the better—would naturally lead to the appointment of a committee, in which all the above named classes should be represented, who should study the problem together in earnest, and report at an adjourned meeting the outlines of a plan of a Philharmonic Society, to be composed not merely of actual performers in the orchestra, but of those who have the cause of the best music most at heart, and who will pledge themselves to the work of securing both subscribing audience and orchestra year after year, upon a permanent system, which may grow in strength and efficiency as it goes on. This plan should not be adopted until after it has been thoroughly and critically canvassed. It will have the merit of placing both the artistic control and the pecuniary responsibility of the concerts in the hands of those who really want the concerts. The society, so organized, may either organize an orchestra of its own, from time to time or permanently, as shall seem most expedient; or it may employ any orchestra already in existence, such for instance as our musicians have been forming. But the control and the responsibility will rest with those who want the concerts, in other words with those who look to the artistic end, instead of with those who take it up in the routine of their own professional business.

Of course this is only hinting the initiatory steps, together with the spirit that should govern such a movement. The working details of the plan would soon suggest themselves.

**ITALIAN OPERA.**—The CORTESI Troupe brought its brief season to a close on Wednesday, with a benefit performance of *Saffo*, in which Mme. CORTESI took the part of Sappho, with Miss PHILLIPPS as Ismene and MUSIANI as Phaon. We were not present, and therefore had to lose the satisfaction of witnessing what the announcement styled the "greatest rôle of the greatest lyric tragedienne," as well as the rendition of the "famous *ut-de-poitrine*, which has seduced Musiani in the front rank of living tenors," and something tantamount to that. By the way, "*Vanity Fair*" has cleverly translated *ut-de-poitrine* (or *Do-di-petto*) into picture; we know not whether the hearing or the seeing gave us the most pleasure.

The audiences generally have been not large. FABBRI has gained in general esteem as really an admirable artist, of a truly lyric stamp. In her second performance, in *Ernani*, her very powerful voice appeared a little harder and less genial than in *Nabucco*; and it has been justly observed that her middle tones are weaker and of less positive character than her splendid, ringing highest tones and the solid, satisfactory tones in the contralto region. The middle register in fact betrays the German quality of the voice. Mme. Fabbri's first career was German, under her maiden name of Agnes Schmidt, and in the great German rôles, as *Fidelio*, *Agatha*, *Iphigenia*, as well as in Meyerbeer's operas. It is only within the last two years that she has sung in Italian. She is not, as we have said before, one of the most finished of mere singers; and on that account it rather pains us when she undertakes much ornamental or bravura work. Her trill, for instance, is rich, reedy, penetrating, birdlike, but not even, and she indulges in it too much. But she has the lyric fire, a true dramatic quality and power. Her *Elvira* was fine, but hardly as impressive as her *Abigail*. We thought, too, that she over-dressed the part. MUSIANI's tenor rang more powerfully than sweetly in

the music of *Ernani*. SUSINI was as largely and musically sonorous in voice as he was dignified and grand in bearing, as the old *Silva*. The union of three principal voices of such extraordinary power was something rare; and accounted perhaps for the excessive loudness of the orchestra, wherever drums and trombones had a chance. It was an over-loud, otherwise an uncommonly good performance of *Ernani* as a whole. Sig. BARILI put more than usual vigor and expression into the part of Don Carlos, though his voice was hardly adequate.

We have not had the pleasure of hearing FREZZOLINI in either of the two parts she has taken here, Lucia and Gilda in *Rigoletto*. But on Saturday afternoon she sang, between the acts of *Nabucco*, the crazy scene: *Qui la voce*, from *I Puritani*, giving evidence of a voice of sweetest and most feeling quality and cultivated to a very high point of perfection; but style and feeling could not overcome the painful impression of the great labor with which the voice is now used. She must have been a very admirable singer, and there is lady-like refinement in her look and manner; but she lacks the strength and freshness now to make a positive impression. FABBRI was all herself again that afternoon as *Abigail*. On Tuesday evening she sang the *Traviata*, we are told, with great success. Mme. FABBRI is engaged by manager Ullman for his next Academy season, when we trust she may be heard in music better worth her talent than mere operas of Verdi.

### Musical Chit-Chat.

The Maennerchor and young Maennerchor Societies of Philadelphia had a picnic and concert in the woods last Monday, at Hestonville. The music consisted of an overture by the Germania orchestra; choruses of priests from *Zauberflöte*; the *Rienzi* chorus by Wagner; part-songs by Kreutzer and others.... ULLMAN has engaged FABBRI, PATTI, BRIGNOLI, SUSINI, FERRI, for the next season. AMODIO goes to the Brazils.... The "infant musical phenomenon" of three years old, MARTHA STORY, of Essex, Mass., who plays more than fifty tunes, and does other extraordinary things, is about to give daily exhibitions next week in this city. This is done, we understand, to raise the means of giving her a musical education. See advertisement.

The report of RUBINSTEIN's death is contradicted.... Liszt is about to marry a Russian princess. "The German journals," says *The Gazette Musicale*, "announce the approaching marriage of Franz Liszt with the princess Wittgenstein. The dispensation so long expected has arrived from Rome. The ceremony will take place at Fulda, and will be performed by the Bishop."

### Music Abroad.

#### Germany.

**VIENNA.**—The *Musik-Zeitung* sums up the musical performances of the whole season of 1859-60. As it may interest our readers to see how much and what music may be had in a German city in one season, we translate the article.

The concerts, public or semi-public, which have taken place during the past season, are:

5 *Philharmonic Concerts*; 4 of the *Society of Friends of Music*; 2 of the *Singverein*; 3 of the *Sing-akademie*; 2 (repeated) "*Academies*" of the *Ton-künstler Society*; 3 Concerts of the orchestral *Euterpe*; 3 private performances of the *Orchestral Union of the Musical Association*; 2 Concerts of the *Männergesang* and 2 of the *Academie Gesang-verein* (besides other such societies); 10 Quartet Concerts of Herr Holmesberger; 2 by Vieuxtemps; 4 Trio soirées of Herr Dunkl; 3 Quartet performances of Hr. Hoff-

mann, and 4 Soirées of Hr. Carl Debrois van Bruyck. Moreover, there have appeared, either independently or in other concerts: the violinists Vieuxtemps and Poznansky, the pianists Dreyschock, Carl Meyer, Freiber, Boscovitz, De Lange, Dachs, Epstein, Hans von Bülow; and the singers Herren E. v. Soupper, S. Marchesi, Stockhausen, besides many resident artists and dilettanti. Moreover the ladies: Clara Schumann, Fr. Suck, Fiby, J. von Asten, Th. Kress, H. Fritz, and others. As composers: Herren C. D. v. Bruyck, Mögele and F. Mair.

In these concerts the following works of importance were performed:

#### A. For Chorus and Orchestra.

HANDEL: "Israel in Egypt." "Timotheus." A chorus from "Deborah."

S. BACH: Cantata "Shepherd of Israel." \* Extracts from the "Matthew Passion." \*

HAYDN: "The Seasons."

BEETHOVEN: "Ruins of Athens." "Christ at the Mount of Olives."

MENDELSSOHN: "Walpurgis-Night." 95th Psalm.\* 98th Psalm. *Lauda Sion*. \* *Athalia*. Chorus from *Christus*.

SCHUMANN: 4 Ballads of the Page, &c. "Manfred." "Pilgrimage of the Rose."

LISZT: "Prometheus."

#### B. Vocal Choruses.

1. Religious, mixed choir, by: Allegri, Gabrieli, Arcadelt, Frank, Eccard, Schein, Esser, Fr. Lachner.

2. Secular, by: Mendelssohn, Schumann, Taubert, Gade, Berg, J. Maier.

3. *Männerchöre*, by: Zelter, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, Otto, &c. &c.

#### C. Symphonies.

HAYDN: in D major.

MOZART: A major, D major, G minor.

BEETHOVEN: C major, D major, A major (twice), F major (No. 8), D minor (Choral), twice.

SCHUBERT: C major.

MENDELSSOHN: C minor, A minor, A major.

SCHUMANN: D minor, Overture, Scherzo and Finale.

GADE: B major.

#### D. Overtures, Marches, &c.

S. BACH: *Toccata*, instrumented by Esser.

MOZART: "Titus." *Maurerische Trauermusik*.

BEETHOVEN: "Egmont." "Coriolanus." "King Stephen."

WEBER: "Abou Hassan."

SCHUBERT: instrumented by Liszt.

SPOHR: "Macbeth." *Berggeist*.

WINTER: "Tamerlane."

CHERUBINI: "Anacreon."

MEHUL.

BERLIOZ: Scherzo *Fée Mab*.

MEYERBEER: Schiller Fest march.

WAGNER: Introduction to "Tristan and Isolde."

#### E. Concertos, with and without Orchestra.

S. BACH: Italian Concerto (twice). Concerto in D minor, with strings.

MOZART: in D minor.

BEETHOVEN: C major, C minor, E♭ major for piano.

WEBER: *Concertstück*.

MENDELSSOHN: G minor (twice).

SCHUMANN: A minor.

Single movements from Concertos for Violin by Beethoven, for Clarinet by Weber, for Piano by Sterndale Bennett.

\* Those with a star had only a piano-forte accompaniment.

## F. String Quartets, Quintets, &amp;c.

1. Quartets:
    - HAYDN: D major, G major.
    - MOZART: B flat major, A major, D minor.
    - BEETHOVEN: A major, F major (op. 59), F minor, C sharp minor, A minor, B flat major (op. 130), F major (op. 135).
    - SCHUBERT: D minor.
    - MENDELSSOHN: F minor.
    - SPOHR: E minor.
    - SCHUMANN: A minor (twice), F major.
    - HAGER: B minor.
    - RAPPOLDI: } in manuscript.
    - KESSELMAYER: }
  2. Quintets:
    - MOZART: C major, G minor, D major.
    - SCHUBERT: C major, with 2 'celli.
    - MENDELSSOHN: B flat major (twice), A major.
    - RUBINSTEIN: Manuscript.
  3. Double Quartet:
    - SPOHR: E minor.
- G. Piano Trios, Quartets, &c.
- S. BACH: Sonata with Violin, in F.
  - HAYDN: Trio in A major.
  - BEETHOVEN: Trios in E minor, D major, and E flat major. Sonatas with violin in E flat major, C minor, A major, A minor (op. 47); with 'cello, in A major, C major, and D major (op. 102).
  - SPOHR: Quintet and Trio.
  - SCHUBERT: Trio in B flat. Quintet in A.
  - MENDELSSOHN: Trio in C minor.
  - CHOPIN: Trio.
  - SCHUMANN: Sonata with violin, op. 121. Trios in D minor, F major, G minor. Quintet in E flat.
  - CLARA SCHUMANN: Trio in G minor.
  - STERNDALE BENNETT: Trio in A.
  - RUBINSTEIN: Sonata with Viola. Trio in G minor. Sextet (originally Octet).
  - C. REINECKE: Sonata with 'cello.
  - GADE: "Trio-Novelletten."
  - HILLER: "Trio-Serenade."
  - GOLDMARK: Quartet.

## London.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.**—The fourth concert of the season took place on Monday evening, "by command," and was honored by the presence of Her Majesty and the Prince Consort, the King of the Belgians, and the Princesses Alice and Helena. The royal party entered the Hanover Square Rooms shortly after eight o'clock, and the National Anthem was played by the band, both on the arrival and departure of the illustrious visitors. The programme, although it included two symphonies—namely, the so-called *Italian* of Mendelssohn, and the *Eroica* of Beethoven—(both finely executed under the able direction of Professor Bennett), was much shorter than usual, and included but one novelty, the first appearance at these time-honored concerts of Mlle. Ariôt, a young French singer of remarkable merit, possessing a very fine voice, and much musical feeling of the best kind. Mlle. Ariôt sang the intensely dramatic "Ah mon fils" of Meyerbeer, and the divine air "Doh vien non tardar," from Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, and in both instances met with well-merited success. The other pieces in the programme were the fine overtures to the *Ruler of the Spirits* and *Ruy Blas*, to each of which ample justice was done by the unsurpassable band of the Philharmonic Society. The Rooms were crowded.—*Mus. World*, June 9.

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.**—The programme of the twenty-fourth concert, last Monday, was selected from the works of various masters. The instrumental pieces were; quartet in G major (Op. 61) Dussek; *Sonata Appassionata*, Beethoven; quartet in E minor (Op. 44), Mendelssohn; a trio in F (No. 2), Spohr. Of these Mendelssohn's magnificent quartet—introduced by general desire—created the greatest effect. Dussek's quartet was played for the first time at the Monday Popular Concerts, and was quite as successful as its companion in E flat, introduced by the directors on a previous occasion. The one in B flat (No. 2) will doubtless come next; and this will exhaust the string-quartet repertory of this master. Herr Lubeck was recalled after the sonata of Beethoven, which he played in his accustomed style. The players in the quartets were M. Sainton,

Herr Goffrie, Mr. Doyle, and Signor Piatti, whose performance in both instances merit the highest praise. Spohr's trio did not go well. The singers were Mlle. Jenny Meyer (who has a lovely mezzo-soprano), encored in Gluck's "Che farò," which, as also Schubert's "Ungeduld," she sang with the utmost purity of expression; Herr Hermanns, a young German singer, with a superb bass-voice and great declamatory power, who was encored in two songs "An dem Sturm," (Carl Evers), and "Falstaff's song" (from Otto Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*) for which he substituted "In diesen heiligen Hallen" (*Die Zauberflöte*); and last not least Mr. Sims Reeves, who was encored in Mr. Howard Glover's exquisitely beautiful setting of Shelley's "I arise from dreams of thee," and in Rossini's "Gita in Gondola" (*soirées*), accepting the compliment in the first instance and courteously declining it in the last, both songs being given to perfection. Mr. Benedict accompanied the vocal music with masterly skill. Although this was the twenty-fourth concert, of the second season, St. James's Hall was crowded in every part. And yet some will insist that "the people" don't like good music.—*Ibid.*

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—By far the finest performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* that has been heard for a long time was given last week at Exeter Hall, before one of the most densely crowded audiences we remember. Indeed so great was the demand for places that the Society have found it advisable to announce a repetition of the oratorio, although this was intended to be the last of the season, and *Elijah* will consequently be heard again on Friday, the 25th instant. Lateley we had occasion to comment on its performance, by 3000 performers, at the Crystal Palace, when, owing to acoustic difficulties, impossible to overcome, much of the effect was lost. At Exeter Hall, however, it is a different thing; the 700 are quite sufficient (more than sufficient as far as the brass is concerned) to carry out the intentions of the composer, and every note is distinctly heard, not only of the vocal, but the instrumental parts, which is absolutely necessary to a proper understanding of the work. The principal soloists were Miss Parepa, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Miss Palmer, Mrs. F. Lucas, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Santley, and Patey.—*Ibid.*

**THE CHARITY SCHOOLS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.**—The entertainment given on Wednesday by the children of the Metropolitan Charity Schools, was partly in consequence of the Annual Meeting at St. Paul's Cathedral being prevented taking place this year on account of the repairs being made in the interior of the building, and partly because the friends of the children were desirous to give them a holiday, and repeat the festivals of 1858-9, which were found so eminently successful. No less than forty-six schools sent their juvenile choirs, and the whole force amounted to nearly 4000. Mr. G. W. Martin, to whose beat the children are familiar (and who has succeeded to the position vacated by Mr. Bates), conducted; Mr. James Coward presided at the organ; Mr. T. Harper was first trumpet; while, to strengthen the accompaniments (which some of the pieces in the programme required), there were a second trumpet, two horns, four trombones, and the gigantic drum played by Mr. Chipp. The following was the selection: "The Old Hundred Psalm": Chorus, "Lord of Heaven and Earth" (Haydn); Chorale, "Come sound his praise abroad" (G. W. Martin); Chant, "O sing unto the Lord"; Chorale, "Martin Luther's Hymn"; "Hosanna," for three trebles (G. W. Martin); "God and King of Jacob's nation" (Costa); Chorale, "God that madest earth and heaven" (T. B. Southgate); Psalm, "O praise ye the Lord"; Chorale from *St. Paul*, "Sleepers awake" (Mendelssohn); and "God save the Queen." The performance on the whole was most admirable, more especially in the unison pieces, in which the singers felt no timidity, and sang with their hearts as well as their voices. There were three encores, the Chorale, "Come, sound his praise abroad," the "Hosanna" for three trebles (both by Mr. Martin), and the Chorale from *St. Paul*, "Sleepers awake." At the end of the Concert, when the National Anthem had been sung, there was a tremendous demonstration on the part of the singers as well as the audience. First the audience clapped their hands sore, and then the children roared themselves hoarse, and then both joined issue and screamed and applauded in unison, until fairly wearied, the juveniles holding out the longest. At last the schools retired from the orchestra in military order, and were soon seen swarming over the terraces and walks, where the Upper Fountains were made to play for their gratification; and here we must leave them, having no doubt that they enjoyed themselves heartily, and went home happier than princes, potentates, or members of the House of Commons.—*Ibid.*

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# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 431.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 15.

## The Summer Shower.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

Before the stout harvesters falleth the grain,  
As when the strong storm-wind is reaping the plain  
And loiters the boy in the briery lane;  
But yonder aslant comes the silvery rain,  
Like a long line of spears, brightly burnished and tall.

Adown the white highway, like cavalry fleet,  
It dashes the dust with its numberless feet.  
Like a murmurless school, in their leafy retreat,  
The wild birds sit listening the drops round them beat;  
And the boy crouches close to the blackberry wall.

The swallows alone take the storm on its wing,  
And, taunting the tree sheltered laborers, sing,  
Like pebbles the rain breaks the face of the spring,  
While a bubble darts up from each widening ring;  
And the boy, in dismay, hears the loud shower fall.

But soon are the harvesters tossing the sheaves;  
The robin darts out from his hower of leaves;  
The wren peereth forth from the moss-covered eaves  
And the rain-spatter'd urchin now gladly perceives  
That the beautiful bow bendeth over them all.

## A Musical Sketch of the Days of '76.

Poptown, July 4, 1860.

[To JOHN S. DWIGHT, Esq.,—

Dear Sir,—On this sacred day—the anniversary of the birthday of our glorious and blessed nation—I am moved to send you a sketch appropriate to the occasion, which for reasons hereafter given has lain for some time in my desk, and which requires a word or two of introduction or preface.

One of the principal ornaments of the literary society of this place, where it has pleased Providence to cast my lines, as a dispenser of the Word and a fisher of men, is a young lady, first assistant in our high school—of great talents and virtues, and of the Methodist persuasion. Of the writers for the *Evening Budget*, which is read at the meeting of the "Social Lyceum," none is more sure to meet with profound attention, elicit hearty applause and be afterwards the subject of sincere commendation than she. Her name is Elizabeth Polky—but we all know her as Miss Lizzy Polky—indeed her pieces are signed "Lizzy." Formerly most of her communications were poetical, but during the past winter, she has neglected the poetic muse, giving us however an ample compensation in a series of tales and sketches founded upon incidents in the history of our glorious Republic.

True, in these she sometimes departs from the literal truth of history, but as you well observe in a recent number of your valuable journal, "it is understood that they are fancy pieces, and hence no one will look to them for biographical (historical) authority." Equally well do you say, "nor is literal truth of history always essential to that more inward moral truth, the truth of mind and character, which may be conveyed through an imaginary picture or tissue of incidents and conversations," wherein you have expressed my own opinion exactly.

I have for some time been desirous of aiding Miss Polky to find a publisher for a volume of these tales and sketches, but have been discouraged from taking any active steps by the ineffable stupidity of the publishers, as shown in their want of appreciation of the volume of sacred poetry, concerning which I wrote under date of Feb. 28, 1859. Can you credit the fact that not an application has been made to me for our manuscript hymns arranged from the great poets! Consequently the church is deprived of their

use, and deacon Malachi has sold his sorrel colt to a racing sinner on Long Island. (It is a gratifying circumstance to me that the nag has approved my judgment in horseflesh, by taking the cup at the last meeting on the Long Island course.)

However, my regard for Miss Polky and my earnest desire that her talents should be known to and appreciated by an enlightened public, induces me to swallow my own disappointment, and send you as a proof or sample of what she can do, a sketch read by her with unbounded applause in the *Evening Budget*, of Feb. 27th, for insertion in your paper. For my own part I consider it equal to any of those with which you have lately favored us, translated from the German, besides having the advantage of being national in subject, patriotic in spirit, and American in sentiment. In which Mr. Esel fully concurs.

In the hope, sir, that you will not refuse this sketch a place in your columns,

I remain with all respect your servant,

HABAKUK LOT,

Pastor at Poptown.]

## SCENE I.

In the uncommonly fine month of June, 1776, between five and six in the afternoon, a man might have been seen walking up and down the broad and beautiful lawn in front of a handsome but modest house, with a long and deep verandah. This lonely promenader walked on slowly, proudly and securely—at all events no danger was apparent—occasionally raising his eyes to drink in the glorious view of the broad and placid bosom of the Potomac, which lay before him, but mostly with his glance turned earthwards, and his hands crossed behind him. A wig, with a broad military cocked hat, partly concealed his thoughtful forehead. No one could have passed him by unmarked; the stamp of the extraordinary was visibly imprinted on his brow; the power of genius drew a glory around his bended head, his wig and his cocked hat. At times the proud look gave way to one of anxiety; but the strong, firm, steady martial tread belied the expression of his features—that is at these exceptional moments. At the upper end of his promenade, where, as he paced back and forth, he drew near the house, the little negroes would stop their fun and frolic, the old ones respectfully take off their remnants of hats, until the back of the master was again turned.

At this precise moment, the hearts of all America felt a most intense interest in this venerated apparition—which had become a solidity of bone and muscle, that might seem to render this term somewhat inappropriate. The Continental Congress, under the head of John Adams, who according to his rival Jefferson, was the Atlas of the Revolution, and to the great disappointment of Hancock, had a few days before elected this man to the awfully responsible station of commander in chief of the armies raised and to be raised for the great struggle with the mother country. And now Washington had come home once more to his beloved Mt. Vernon, to arrange his private affairs, before departing to Cambridge and Bos-

ton in Massachusetts, upon a mission, which was to detain him, he knew not how long—perhaps forever! This might be his last view of his glorious Potomac. Never more might he behold the sun sending his pointed rays from the heights of the Blue ridge ascend over hill and valley, forest and meadow and the river's bright bosom. He had "passed the ruby corn," as the village gamblers express it, when trusting their all to the chances of the red and white kernels of maize, and it was darkly hidden in the womb of the future, whether he was to be hung in chains and go down in history as the rebel, or was to return triumphant, and after ages place under his portrait the legend "Peter Patrie."

And now all his domestic arrangements were made. "On the morrow," said he to himself when

"envious streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder East,  
Night's candles are burnt out and jocund day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops,  
I must be gone."

What emotions swelled that manly breast, who can tell!

It was now near sunset, and as he again drew near the house he called his favorite servant Tom. "Tom," said he arousing himself with an effort from the thoughts which had oppressed him, and drawing himself up to his full, majestic height; "Tom, we must be early away to-morrow morning. Call the people from the fields. I would fain see them once more together, speak a few parting words, and give them my patriarchal blessing." In half an hour all were assembled upon the lawn, neatly dressed and faces shining with soap and water,—all, from the aged man, who now lived upon his master's bounty, whose only labor was the amusement of cultivating his own little garden, down to the boy who lay in the sun and played with his comrades the live long day; from old Joyce Heth resplendent in a bright bandanna turban—she who had nursed the master in infancy and now lived the imperious and haughty old mammy of the estate, down to the little black girl, who played baby with a corn-cob, on which some benevolent nigger had marked a face like his own with charcoal.

All were there.

I shall not undertake to describe the interview between Master and people; there are scenes in which the tender sentiments conquer the sterner qualities of the man; when the hero becomes a child again. Such scenes are sacred!

Tears flowed in the verandah where Madame Washington and the Custis children, with a few friends from neighboring plantations were assembled. Tears flowed on the lawn, where the people stood and heard the words of their beloved Master. Those words were few, but they came from the heart and went to the heart.

"And now," said he at last, "enjoy yourselves this last evening, and let me during these remaining hours be surrounded by none but happy faces." There was a joyous shout at these words, Harry the musician produced his fiddle, and with

that changeableness of temperament so characteristic of the negro, of children, indeed of all, who live without ease and anxiety for the morrow, in a moment every tear was dry, shouts of laughter arose on the soft evening air, and the light fantastic toe was tripping it in the mazes of the merry dance.

[I think this is a very happy passage.—H. L.]

But the joy rose still higher, when the Master snatching the instrument from Harry's hands, played as no other on the plantation could, one of the contra dances then *en vogue*; and reached its acme, when returning the fiddle to Harry, he seized the hand of his wife, and they too with friends and children stepped upon the lawn, and trod a measure to the sound of the music. But among these dances was more of sadness than hilarity. They felt it to be for the last time!

## SCENE II.

The scene changes to Cambridge, in autumn, where, at the same hour of the afternoon, the tall form which we saw pacing the lawn at Mt. Vernon, may be seen walking up and down that part of the Mt. Auburn road included between the Craigie and the Lowell places. He comes neither earlier nor later; always at the same hour, after dinner; neither heat nor rain causes him to accelerate his pace.

On the particular afternoon to which we now refer, he might have been seen often looking at his watch and timing his steps so as to be at the Craigie house, his head-quarters, at a particular moment. As he now drew near the gate, he looked keenly down the road towards the Colleges, with the expression of one who is expecting a visitor. Seeing no one he drew his watch again from the deep fob in his knee breeches, and glancing at it remarked "still two minutes to the time."

[A characteristic touch this, for Washington was remarkable for punctuality.—H. L.]

Even as he spoke a lame man came in sight turning the angle in the road a few rods below the Vassal place. He too had drawn his poor, old pinchbeck watch from the fob, and seeing that he had a minute or two to spare, relaxed his pace, but looking up and seeing the "venerated apparition" of the commander in chief, he hastened forward. As he approached, the General noted that, though a man in the prime of life, fate and fortune seemed to have used him hardly. Besides his lameness, one arm was nearly useless and one eye was forever darkened. His iron-buckled shoes were shabby; his stockings much darned; his knee breeches had cheap buckles, not mates, and were clearly the worse for long hard usage; the coat had become one of many colors; the wig had lost its curl, and the cocked hat upon it, (to quote the antique and horrible conceit of the great Jo,) was rather a specimen of hard-wear than of dry goods. And now he stood before the commander in chief with his hat in his hand, veneration and awe marking the expression of his one eye.

["Marking the expression"—a finely turned phrase!—H. L.]

"You are the man I expect at this hour?"

"Yes, your excellency."

"And your name is —?"

"William Billings, at your Excellency's service."

"Come in with me Mr. Billings, you are the man."

The tall form of the Generalissimo, accompanied by the halting steps of Billings, might now have been seen—perhaps was indeed—moving up the gravel walk shaded by those elms, then young, which a few years ago in their age became food for worms—as we also must in turn—entering the broad portal of the house, where Tom relieved his revered Master of his hat, cane and sword, up the broad stairs where the old clock stood ticking

"Never, forever—  
Forever, never,"

and so into the private room of the commander. Giving Tom orders to allow no intrusion upon him, upon any less occasion than an attack by the redcoats upon the American lines, he motioned the composer—for every reader must have recognized in this Billings, the great American contemporary of Mozart, Haydn, Gluck and Beethoven—who stood trembling with the excitement of a private interview with the godlike hero—to take a chair, who, not more by his position, than by the dignity and nobleness of his union, impressed every one with a sense of

"such divinity [as] doth hedge a king"—  
to be seated.

[How eloquent is this!—H. L.]

After a moment of pause the General began.

"I learn Mr. Billings that the army is indebted to you for both the words and the fiery music of that favorite canticle,

"Let tyrants' shake their iron rod  
And slavery clank her galling chains"—

"Me," interrupted Billings,—

"We fear them not, we trust in God!  
New England's God forever reigns!"

Yes, your Excellency, that is mine, both words and music and so is the new anthem. "By the rivers of Watertown, there we sat down, we wept when we remembered, thee oh, Boston!"

The grave features of the commander in chief relaxed into a smile at the composer's enthusiasm, and he continued:—

"It is recorded in history, Mr. Billings, that a great man once observed, 'another might make the laws of a people, if to him was left the composition of their songs and ballads.' In our day the laws have a greater relative importance, but the song has not lost its power. Your own patriotic hymns and anthems are doing a great work in keeping alive the right spirit."

Billings's eye gleamed and his face flushed with pleasure at this encomium from the great Virginian.

"I observed," continued the General, "during the campaigns of Frederick of Prussia, where I studied the art of war in my younger days—this sword was presented to me by him after the battle of Kunersdorf—how important an effect was produced upon the common soldiers, in raising their courage almost to enthusiasm, when the bands struck up their national Dessauer March, and the charge was sounded. We need something of the kind. For my own part, I think the best thing for our purpose would be a tune of a lively character and striking rhythm, which would serve both as a song for the men to sing and as a march for our fifes and drums—something like the "Malbrook" of the French. Now, speaking in confidence, uttering which words, he gave Billings a look that showed how dangerous it would be to trifle with this confidence, "I know the charms of music, and many a lonely

hour have I beguiled with the wild strains of my violin."

"Oh, God bless your excellency," cried Billings, "if our New England folks could only know that, they would love you as they now respect and venerate you!"

[Another touch of true nature! For may we not read Shakspeare thus and say,

"One touch of music, makes the whole world kin"—H. L.]

"No," said the great man with a half-suppressed sigh, "this must not be. In foreign lands none too high to love and study art. How often did King Frederick, spend an hour or two at head-quarters, after the day's march, with his Capellmeister in playing the flute. And how this raised him in the affections of men! But in our land it is different, and were it known that I am in my small way a musician, no one would believe that I am capable of aught else."

"Too true," said Billings sadly, "they call me a vagabond because I devote my life to art!"

"Mr. Billings," and a half indignant, half contemptuous look accompanied the General's words, "do you know the verses made by one of the British generals about us?"

"Yes indeed," replied Billings, indignation burning in his eye and cheeks, "and there is not a man in the army, who would not be glad to thrust them down the throat of the man, who made them at the point of his ramrod, especially one verse."

"And that is?"

"That about your Excellency,

'And there was Cap'n Washington  
With gentlefolks about him,  
They say he's grown so 'tarnal proud  
He will not ride without 'em.'"

"Ah the people are angry at this, are they?"

"Yes, your Excellency; it has been the common talk all through camp. True, I can't be any thing with my poor, battered body but a baggage wagon driver, but my music enables me to know everybody even if we whigs were not all one as good as another. And I can tell your Excellency, the men, if you would only lead them into Boston at the point of the bayonet, would show them that when 'Yankee Doodle' comes to town, John Bull will have to evacuate to 'Chevy Chase.'"

"Perhaps a time may come," said the General, smiling at this display of zeal, "meantime we can be preparing for such an event, and one preparation, Mr. Billings, is a tune to those words!"

"A tune to those words," cried Billings aghast—a tune to those words!"

"Certainly. They are written to burlesque and ridicule us. Many a man is impassible to all else, but the fear of ridicule, or the desire of revenge upon one who has made him a laughing-stock will carry him to the cannon's mouth. It is human nature, Mr. Billings.

"So it is," replied Billings, with that illumination of face, which shows the instant comprehension of a new and valuable idea, "you are a great man. I see, give the men a tune to which they can sing those words and they would march against all the redcoats in creation, if only to sing Yankee Doodle in their faces. By the hoky!" added he in his enthusiasm, forgetting in whose presence he was, and springing from his chair, "if we could beat the British twice on Breed's hill with nothing but duty before us, what couldn't

we do, if we at the same time were scoring the Yankee Doodle account on their hides."

And here, as well as his lame leg would allow, Billings marched across the chamber, his eye blazing like that of a hero. But catching a sight of the smile on the face of the General, he was recalled to himself, and blushing with confusion he again seated himself, quite out of countenance, at the lengths to which his zeal had carried him.

"Never mind, Mr. Billings, your zeal is as honorable to you as was that of Corporal Trim to him."

"And who was he, your Excellency?"

"A celebrated English soldier, though only a corporal. But to our business."

"What sort of a tune would your Excellency like?"

"I think," said the General, humming a lively strain, "that something of this kind would be appropriate."

Billings' quick ear caught it instantly, and begging to be excused a moment, he drew a piece of coarse music paper from his pocket and went to the window, where he stood a few minutes, looking out over plain and river to the range of hills then covered with forests, from Corey's in Brookline round to what is now Mt. Auburn, and all now lighted up by the slant rays of the setting sun.

And now he began to write. A moment more and that wondrous inspiration, which was, before a century had passed away, to be known through out Europe as the then national air of the then not existing United States of America, was noted down in the enlivening key of *si be mol*! Returning to his seat he sang a stanza or two in a full manly voice, of the well known

"Father and I went down to camp"

the Father of his country beating time and humming a passage occasionally.

"That is excellent, Mr. Billings," said the general, "you have caught my idea perfectly. I am greatly pleased with it, and only wish it was in my power to reward you adequately."

"Reward!" exclaimed Billings, half indignantly, "Yankee as I am I should spurn any other reward on such an occasion than the approbation of Your Excellency, and of my own conscience. Is it not my slight offering for the cause for which you offer and risk everything? No, God forbid!"

[I had the honor of suggesting this stroke to Miss Polky, for I thought none had done justice to the sweet singer of the days of seventy-six.—H. L.]

"And now, Mr. Billings, one thing more. Suppose a time should come, when we should meet the enemy in the field and victory should perch herself upon the pine trees of your New England banners, would not the first impulse of every true American heart be to give the glory to the higher power which guides and directs the affairs of men?"

"Yes, after your Excellency," said Billings.

"Mr. Billings," said the General, with some sternness, "I can allow no such remarks, I am but an instrument."

"True, though, any way," muttered Billings.

"Now, picture to yourself" continued the other, not noticing the interruption, "that moment. The enemy fly—the field is ours—and after the pursuit the army is drawn up into close

array, and the voices of the chaplains are heard giving thanks to the Most High. In foreign lands grand Te Deums are sung in honor of victories. We want a Te Deum, but one which is simple, yet noble and majestic, which all who can sing at all can execute, which shall be a universal popular melody, and go down to future generations wedded to the words of our long metre doxologies, such as,

"From all that dwell below the skies"

or

"Be thou, O God, exalted high."

I desire you to give wing to your imagination fancy yourself on the victorious field, and under such inspiration compose such a tune. Should you succeed to my satisfaction, of which I have no doubt, that shall be our Te Deum. Be in no hurry. Let the tune come from the heart and it will reach the heart."

After some minutes of silence Billings said, "But how to make these tunes known through all the army is the question."

"I have thought of that," replied the General, "You must select a few men from all the various regiments, who have good ears and voices, say to the number of a hundred, and having taught them, they in turn must be the teachers of others. Those whom you select shall be free from all other duty whenever you require their presence."

### SCENE III.

Day is just beginning to break, but a thick fog buries city, village, plain, river and harbor in impenetrable darkness. Silently the American troops are concentrating in large bodies, at the extremities of Boston and Charlestown Necks, of the Milldam and the Cambridges. [This is a rather strong anachronism, I must allow, since the bridges were not built until some years later. But as they are necessary to the finale, and Miss Polky is not writing history, I think we may let them stand.—H. L.] Putnam and Prescott, Ward and Heath, Dearborn and Hull, all are passing along the columns under their charge, encouraging their men and telling them to put their trust in Providence, and especially in their bayonets and in Washington. They remind them of Breed's hill; of Lexington and Concord; of the sufferings of the poor people of Boston; of the glorious hopes of the future if they now are strong and of good courage; of the Declaration of Independence, and the pledges given to support that document. The emulation of each division is excited to outdo the others. No man in the army, who cannot picture to himself the broad pastures and fields, which at that time crossed the western slopes of the hills at the foot of which, on the other side, the town of Boston was built, and who does not see with his mind's eye, the fortified top of Beacon Hill, and the British Cross and Lion floating in the breeze above it. To this point, every column must urge its way, and the glory will be to that division which shall cause that proud flag to stoop. In all silence the attacking columns are to advance, and not until the command is given are the fifes and drums to strike up their music; and an order has been given that at this command, the new tune to the British doggerel, now familiar to every man in the army, shall be the only one played.

And now all is ready. A rocket is seen on a distant hill in Roxbury, and a moment afterward the boom of cannon is heard from Dorchester heights, and a heavy ball crashes into the decks

of a British vessel of war in the harbor. This is the signal for the onset. In Boston all is in consternation. Before the redcoats can form in battle array, the American troops are pouring out of boats, which have been silently borne by the tide across the river, under cover of the fog, are rushing across the bridges, and carrying the forts and batteries of their enemies. There was no resisting the impetuous onset. A hundred fifes with their shrill voices were heard in all directions in the thickness of the darkness, playing the exciting melody of "Yankee Doodle," and keeping step to its inspiring strains, the sturdy farmers and mechanics of the American army rushed upon their foes like the veterans of the Prussian king.

Consternation seized the redcoats. They remembered Breed's hill, and fled for refuge to the town, in whose narrow streets they were brought by their officers to a stand. The crown of Beacon hill had carried and when the sun had dissipated the mists and the landbreeze had cleared away the smoke of the fight, Washington was already there, calmly surveying the scene. The British general had stationed himself upon the top of Fort Hill, and was examining the condition of affairs with a critical and gloomy eye. The cannon still boomed upon the heights of Dorchester and the position of the English fleet was evidently untenable. Howe and Burgoyne were in deep consultation. The two armies had rested from their fearful occupation and stood face to face, the Americans having the advantage of being above and looking down upon their enemies, the latter that of being defended by the buildings and streets of the town. To dislodge the enemy the American commander saw would involve the destruction of the town. To fight with the Americans the British generals saw would involve the destruction or the departure of their fleet, so securely had the New England men intrenched themselves upon the heights of Dorchester, whence every shot told upon the ships in the inner harbor.

"Burgoyne," said Howe, "this is a bad business! Your Yankee Doodles and Cap'n Washington have most decidedly come to town!"

"Yes, Howe, and in a way I never dreamed of; the rascals have made a tune to those words, and march to it like so many demons. It is what I call a decisive demon-stration."

"How can you be jesting and punning at such a moment," said Howe, sternly.

"I should rejoice with an exceeding great joy, if I knew what else under Heaven there is for me to do just at this moment," said Burgoyne, bitterly.

Howe wrote a few words and calling his aid de camp sent him with all the speed his horse could make, with the white flag in his hand, across the hollow to the height of Beacon, where Washington was deep in consultation with his chiefs as to the best steps now to be taken. The British army was in his power, but only as it seemed at the sacrifice of the town. On the other hand, how his raw and undisciplined troops, who, under cover of the fog and darkness, had surprised and driven the enemy into the streets of the town, would behave in such a conflict as would follow an attack upon the British troops in the light of the bright sun; this was a question of deep import and difficulty.

Howe's messenger now approached and presented a note addressed to "G. Washington, Esq."

The General instantly returned it. "Go tell your masters," said he, "this is no moment to insult a victorious general. I will permit one half hour of truce. If in that half hour a shot be fired, a dwelling be set on fire, we be to you."

The messenger, who had approached with a cavalier air, turned pale at the voice and manner in which the American spoke. He was awed before this Republican as an Englishman usually is only in the presence of a member of his royal family. Before the half hour had passed he came with quite another air and with due respect delivered the note now addressed to "His Excellency, General Washington, Commander-in-chief of the Forces of the United Colonies." The note contained an offer on the part of the British Generals to evacuate the town, immediately, without damage to person or property, providing they were allowed to do so unmolested and take all stores and munitions of war save those won by the American army in course of the morning; but declaring their determination in case these terms were not allowed to sell their lives as dearly as possible amid the ruins of Boston.

The offer was of course satisfactory to the American chiefs. The signal was given to the forts on Dorchester heights to suspend all firing; while on the British side the embarkation began immediately.

The sun set on that day upon an extraordinary scene. Ten thousand American troops stood, around the lone height on Boston Common, soon to bear the bronze statue of Washington on his noble charger, while from its top the venerable pastor of the Old South Church, so long used as riding school by the British cavalry (the church, not the Pastor) poured forth in chosen language, mostly from sacred writ, in prayer, their thanks for the victory of the day.

Then arose on the calm evening air from all that multitude in a mighty chorus

"From all that dwell below the skies"

to the grand strains composed since the interview at the Craigie house, in that grand and majestic key of *la*,—those strains, which so long as our country lasts, will be known in memory of Billings and his century of singers as the psalm tune of the Old Hundred!

LIZZY POLKY; of Poptown.

#### Madame Clara Novello.

(Continued from page 106.)

Madame Clara Novello made her theatrical debut at Padua, and chose the character of Semiramide for the occasion. Her success was complete, and this even increased as the experience she gained in her after engagements gave her greater familiarity with the special requirements of the stage. She appeared, in course of time, at Rome, Bologna, Fermo, Milan, and other places. Triumph walked in her footsteps, and the rich Italian language was almost exhausted in epithets of admiration, and taxed to the utmost of its sweetness to furnish poems in her praise. The Musical Antiquarian Society, established in London for the resuscitation of the works of early English composers, was at this time actively carrying on its operations, and, as a means to its end, collecting a library of works that might illustrate its purpose. It may or may not prove Mad. Novello's Italian popularity, to state, that her father contributed towards the accumulations of this institution a very extensive series of the laudatory verses addressed to his daughter, enjoining that, in case of the dissolution of the society, the entire collection should be transferred to the library of the British Museum, where the poems were accordingly deposited when the Mu-

sical Antiquarian was broken up, and where they will for all time be open to the examination of whomsoever may be interested in them.

The public performance in Paris of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, some ten years or more after the production of his last opera, gave a new impetus to the universal esteem of this composer, and added a fresh laurel to his evergreen crown. The work was immediately transplanted to London, and reproduced in every musical city in Europe. It was first heard in Italy, at a performance in Bologna, where Rossini then resided, who was consulted upon every arrangement for the occasion. Donizetti was the conductor, than whom no one then living could more completely identify himself with the true spirit of the composer; and, by Rossini's expressed stipulation, Mad. Novello was preferred above all the singers in Italy to sustain the soprano solo; and the grand vocal effects of the famous "Inflammatus" were thus first made known to the countrymen of the composer through the medium of her beautiful voice. When the *Stabat* was given in Florence a year afterwards, the same lady again, by the composer's desire, was engaged to fill the same part in the performance.

In Italy all theatrical engagements are effected by means of correspondents,—agents whose entire occupation is to negotiate the arrangements between the impressario and the composers, the singers, the players, and every other functionary of the operatic establishment, which holds so important a place in public consideration and exacts so large a share of government attention, that it may almost be regarded as one of the chief political institutions of the country. Through some mistake of the correspondenti—mistakes will happen, even in the transactions of the most trusted officials—Mad. Novello was engaged for the carnival season of 1842, at both Rome and Genoa, and the director of each theatre demanded the fulfilment of the scrittura. Universal as we may esteem the talent of the lady, the person of the prima donna was certainly not ubiquitous, and the possibility of her completing the two discrepant contracts was consequently non-existent. The Roman and Genoese manager had each the law in his favor—alas that jurisprudence should be so imprudent as to see a parity of right on each side of a dispute—but the impressario of the Papal States had more than the law, in having possession, which constitutes the nine points that supercede all the others. In the autumn season of 1841, Mad. Novello was the prima donna at Fermo, a city, as is well known to all familiar with Romagnian topography, that is located within the papal territory, and consequently under the jurisdiction of the Roman authorities. She could not quit the place without a passport, which document he of the opera house at Rome had the power to prevent her obtaining, and he thus held the lady in such firm possession as would effectively hinder her from appearing at the other theatre, if it did not compel her to sing at his own. The minister of police at Fermo, Count Gigliucci, communicated to the cantratrice the restraint imposed upon her by the Roman manager, whereof he, the count, was the unhappy instrument; and communicated, too, that he was under the sad necessity of placing the lady under arrest until she should have made arrangements satisfactory to the impressario, whose interests he protected. The courteous captor became in turn a captive, his captivity being effected by the personal charms of the fair prisoner whose person he held in durance, and he did not release her from her thralldom until she had vowed to bind herself to him for ever. Her hymeneal engagement, however, was not to interfere with the two theatrical concerts which then perplexed her, nor with subsequent professional duties to which she had already pledged herself; but it was to be discharged when she had freed herself, by fulfilment, from all the legal demands upon her talent at that time pending. The first of these was, of course, that which was the subject of the Romano-Genoese controversy, and was the immediate occasion, therefore, of her connection with her future husband. The said controversy was finally settled by arbitration, to the

following effect:—It is permitted to the flock of the pope to eat flesh and to hear operas for the entire period intervening between the Feast of the Nativity and the solemn term of Lent, and the carnival season of 1842 was thus to extend over twelve weeks, for six of which, dominion over the vocal and histrionic powers of the songstress was adjudicated to the manager of Rome, and for the other half moiety, the same advantage was ceded to him of Genoa.

One of the engagements that Mad. Novello had upon her hands was to Mr. Macready, who was then conducting Drury Lane theatre upon a principle of truly poetic purity, which has vainly been emulated by subsequent directors of dramatic taste in London. Mr. Serle, the actor and dramatist, and the husband of Mad. Novello's retired sister, was the chief confidant of all the arrangements of the great manager, and it was to his suggestion that the London public owed the opportunity Mr. Macready afforded them of witnessing the lady's talent in a capacity in which she had not yet appeared in her native country. Her debut on the stage in England was in the summer of 1842, and she chose Paccini's opera of *Saffo* for the display of her ability,—a work, however, which was far better fitted to exercise the refined classic taste of the director of the theatre in the arrangements of the *mise-en-scène*, than to place the artistic talent of the prima donna in an interesting light before the public. Her brother-in-law translated the libretto, and everything that could possibly be accomplished to give good effect to the performance was done; but nothing could render a weak opera of a weak composer an interesting work, and the error of judgment in choosing such a piece for her appearance was not a little injurious to our heroine's first impression on the London playgoers. In the repertory of Drury Lane theatre was Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, the production of which, with Mr. Stanfield's scenery and Mr. T. Cooke's instrumentation, was one of the most remarkable events of Mr. Macready's management—nay, of modern theatrical history. On the withdrawal of *Saffo*, Mad. Novello sang the chief character in this immortal work, and produced an effect in it which was impossible to her in the feeble music of the modern Italian composer.

She sang that year at our provincial music meetings; and then, without a formal farewell of the public, she retired from the field of her constantly fortunate efforts, and became the Countess Gigliucci. The historian may not pry into the incidents of her private life, and there occurs, therefore, a necessary hiatus in the current of our narrative, which cannot be resumed until the period when Mad. Novello returned to the exercise of her profession.—*London Musical World*.

(To be continued.)

#### Italian Conservatories.

(From Hogarth's Musical History.)

It may be interesting to give some account of these Seminaries called *Conservatories*, which have been frequently mentioned as having given musical education to the great Italian composers who filled Europe with their fame. There were schools of this description at Venice, Naples, Bologna, and other cities. The most remarkable were those of Venice, for girls, and those of Naples, for boys.

The *Conservatorio of Santa Maria di Loreto*, at Naples, was the most famous of the whole, and formed many of the greatest ornaments of the Neapolitan schools. Children were admitted into these Conservatories from the age of eight to twenty, and received instructions in composition, singing, and playing on various instruments, according to the bent of their genius or disposition. If the children did not show sufficient talent to afford a promise of excellence, they were dismissed to make room for others. Each conservatory had two principal masters, one of whom taught composition and the other singing; and these masters were frequently the most eminent men of the age; Leo and Durante, for example, having been masters in the *Conservatorio of Santa*



*Maria di Loretto.* There was also a master for each instrument. As the pupils were often very numerous, (the last named Seminary having generally contained two hundred) the method of instruction resembled a good deal that which is known by the name of the Lancasterian system. The master gave lessons to four or five of the most advanced scholars; each of these, again, gave lessons to as many more, and thus the lessons were propagated through the whole schools, and descended to the pupils of the lowest grade. These subordinate lessons were given under the general superintendence of the master who was thus enabled to see that they were given and received without negligence or impropriety. The pupils at stated times had public exercises, consisting of little oratorios, operas, and miscellaneous pieces of music, composed and executed by themselves. They also performed the musical service in the different churches; and the money gained in these various ways contributed to the revenues of the establishment. The pupils were dressed in uniform; and numbers of them not only studied, but practised in the same room. Dr. Burney, in his "*Musical Tour in Italy*," gives the following account of his visit, in 1779, to the Conservatorio of *Santo Onofrio*, at Naples, which presents a curious view of a mode of education, which, notwithstanding its unpromising aspect, formed a school of music possessing, in a supreme degree, those very qualities of elegance, delicacy, and refinement, which, at first sight, it might appear calculated to destroy. "This morning," says Burney, "I went to the Conservatorio of St. Onofrio, and visit all the rooms where the boys practise, sleep and eat. On the first flight of stairs was a trumpeter, screaming upon his instrument till he was ready to burst; on the second was a French horn, bellying in the same manner. In the common practising room there was a *Dutch Concert*, consisting of seven or eight harpsichords, more than as many violins, and several voices, all performing different things, and in different keys: other boys were writing in the same room; but, it being holiday time, many were absent who usually study and practise in this room. The jumbling them altogether in this manner may be convenient for the house, and may teach the boys to attend to their own parts with firmness, whatever else may be going forward at the same time. It may likewise give them force by obliging them to play loud, in order to hear themselves. But in the midst of such jargon and continued dissonance, it is wholly impossible to give any kind of polish or finish to their performance: hence the slovenly coarseness so remarkable in their public exhibitions, and the total want of taste, neatness, and expression in all these young musicians, till they have acquired these accomplishments elsewhere.

The beds, which are in the same room, serve for seats to the harpsichords and other instruments. Out of thirty or forty boys who were practising, I could discover but two playing the same piece; some of those who were practising on the violins, seemed to have a good deal of hand. The violincellos practise in another room, and the flutes, hautboys, and other wind instruments in a third, except the trumpets and horns, which are obliged to fag either on the stairs or on the top of the house. The only vacation in these schools, in the whole year, is in autumn, and that for a few days only. During the winter the boys rise two hours before it is light, from which time they continue their exercises, an hour and a half at dinner excepted, till eight o'clock at night; and this constant perseverance for a number of years, with genius and good teaching, must produce great musicians." There were three Conservatories for boys, at Naples. Those of Venice for girls, were four in number, and conducted upon a similar plan. They were maintained at the expense of the wealthy amateurs of the city. The girls, it is said, were strictly brought up, and generally remained in the school till their marriage. Strangers who visited these Conservatories, were struck with the singularity of young women, at their concerts, playing upon all kinds of instruments, even the

horn, the bassoon, and the double bass. Such was the state of these celebrated Italian schools, till the old state of things was put an end to by the power of Napoleon. During the decline of music which has since taken place in Italy, most of the Conservatories have disappeared, and those which still exist, have dwindled into comparative insignificance.

### Mozart—Child and Man.

(Continued from page 109.)

No. 108.

*Leopold Mozart to his wife.*

*Milan, September 21, 1771.*

To-day is to take place the first rehearsal, with orchestra, of M. Hasse's work, who is quite well, God be thanked. Next week will come the rehearsal of the serenade. Monday that of the recitatives; on the other days those of the choruses. Monday, Wolfgang will have quite finished. Manzuoli often comes to see us; Tibaldi almost every day at about eleven; he stays at table with us till one. Wolfgang composes during the whole time. All are extremely polite, and evince the greatest consideration for Wolfgang. We have not the slightest annoyance to complain of, for we have to do with good singers only and reasonable people. The serenade is, properly speaking, a little opera, and the opera itself is no longer, as regards the musical portion, for it is only prolonged by the two grand ballets, each of which lasts three-quarters of an hour.

Two days ago Italian comedy terminated its performances, because the theatre was wanted for the preparations to be commenced. These comedians are extremely good, especially in character pieces and in tragedy.

You tell me, in your previous letters, that many persons have gone mad in Salzburg. Now you inform me that many die of dysentery. This is very bad, for when people are seized by the head and by the — at the same time, the thing becomes dangerous. I must have carried away something myself from Salzburg, for I still frequently have vertigo. It is not astonishing, for when the air is infected one may easily catch something; that is why I asked you for some pills. I want to cure my head.

*P. S. from Wolfgang.*—As for me, God be thanked I am well. I cannot write to you at any length. First of all, I have nothing to say; next, my fingers ache with scribbling notes. I often whistle and call, but no one answers. Only two airs more and the serenade is finished. I have no longer any wish to return to Salzburg—I am afraid of going mad like the rest of them.

No. 109.

*The Same to the Same.*

*Milan, September 23, 1771.*

Our holidays and amusements have commenced. We are going out a-walking. To-day the first full rehearsal takes place. I can tell you beforehand for your solace, that I am in hopes Wolfgang's composition will have a great success. First of all because Manzuoli and all the singers, male and female, not only are in the highest degree satisfied with their pieces, but are still more anxious than we are to hear the serenade with all the accompaniments; next, because I know what he has written, and what effect it will produce, and because he is quite certain that he writes as well for the voice as he does for the orchestra. (We are quite well) Tell me always about the weather.

No. 110.

*The Same to the Same.*

*Milan, October 19, 1771.*

The serenade so astonishingly pleased the people on the 17th, that it has to be played again to-day. The Archduke has asked for two copies (besides the two copies made for the Emperor and the Archduke which we are having bound). Every one accosts us in the streets to congratulate Wolfgang. In short, I am sorry for it, but Wolfgang's serenade threw Hasse's opera into the shade to a degree impossible to describe.

Give thanks to God and pray for us.

No. 111.

*The Same to the Same.*

*Milan, October 26, 1771.*

The public were witnesses yesterday at the theatre of the enthusiasm of the Archduke and Archduchess who not only caused, by their applause, two airs in the serenade to be repeated, but during the serenade, and at the end, both leant out of their box towards Wolfgang in the orchestra, and betokened their approbation by crying out, "Bravissimo maestro!" and clapping their hands, an example which all the nobil-

ity and all the people imitated by applauding with all their might. If you want any dresses, have made what is necessary; neither you or Nanette should be without what is proper. You must do whatever is to be done. Don't take anything bad. It is false economy to buy inferior goods. Have a fine gown made for yourself for grand occasions, and the one you had at Vienna you can wear every day. No woolen stuff—it is not worth a curse.

*P. S. from Wolfgang.*—My work being finished, I have more time to write, but I have no news to tell you, unless it be that the numbers 35, 59, 60, 61 and 62 came out at the lottery, and thus if we had staked upon those numbers we should have won, but not having staked we have neither won nor lost, but made fun of the people. The two airs in the serenade asked for again were those of Manzuoli and Girelli.

No. 112.

*The Same to the Same.*

*Milan, November 24, 1771.*

M. Hasse and Wolfgang as well have been richly recompensed for their compositions. Besides what they touched in money, M. Hasse has received a snuff box, and Wolfgang a watch set in diamonds. We shall see each other again soon if it be God's will. It is very certain that the serenade has pleased everybody to a singular degree. But that the Archbishop will bethink him of Wolfgang when there is an appointment vacant is a point on which I have my doubts.

*P. S. from Wolfgang.*—Manzuoli, who, however, passed in people's eyes for the most reasonable of *castrati*, has committed in his old age an act of folly and of pride. It was agreed he was to have 500 *gigliati* for the opera; but as there was no mention made of the serenade in the *scrittura*, he demanded another 500 for this, consequently altogether 1000. The Court only gave him 700 and a handsome snuff-box (I should think that was enough). But he like a true castrato returned the 700 *gigliati* and the snuff-box, and departed without taking anything. I do not know what is likely to be the end of this history; a bad one I imagine.

*Brixen, December 11, 1771.*

We shall not arrive before Monday. Count Spaur, who is here, will not hear of any other proposal.

No. 113.

*The Same to the Same.\**

*Bozen, October 28, 1772.*

We were not able to start from Innsbruck before seven o'clock, because there was no mass before the six o'clock one at St. John's. From Innsbruck we went out driving as far as Hall to see the Ladies' Institute there, which was shown to us in detail by the Countess Lodson. Wolfgang played on the organ in the church there. Bozen is a melancholy place. But the pleasant disorder which is of the essence of all journeys has put my health in order. If, therefore, travelling be necessary to keep me in health, I shall try and get a place as courier, or at any rate as conductor of a diligence. Wolfgang is well; he is just now writing a quintor to while away the time.

*P. S. from Wolfgang.*—Here we are already at Bozen. Already? Only! I am hungry, I am thirsty, I am sleepy, I am lazy, but I am well. I hope you will keep your word.

No. 114.

*Wolfgang Mozart to his Mother.*

*Milan, November 7, 1772.*

Don't be alarmed at seeing my writing instead of the father's. He has not time to write, because we are at M. d'Ost's, and Baron Cristiani has come here, and these gentlemen have so much to gossip about that he cannot leave them. We arrived here on the 4th without mishap. There is not a word of truth in the rumor of a war in Italy, of which there is so much talk in Germany, any more than there is in that of the fortifications of the castle of Milan.

We embrace mother 1,000,000 times (I cannot get in any more O's here, and I prefer embracing my sister in person to doing so in fancy).

*P. S. from Mozart.*—We spent Wolfgang's fête day merrily at Ala, at the brothers Picili; we stopt also at Verona, and this is why we go to Milan so late, where we have already seen the opera buffa.

No. 115.

*The elder Mozart to his Wife.*

*Milan, November 14, 1772.*

After living tranquilly for several weeks at Milan

\* Mozart arrived at Salzburg at the end of December, 1771, and the following year composed another serenade, *Il Saggio di Scipione*, by Metastasio, to celebrate the election of the new Archbishop of Salzburg, Jerome, of the princely house of Colloredo and Nola, elected March 14, 1772. In October, 1772, father and son set out for Milan, where Mozart wrote the opera seria, *Lucio Silla*.

I am beginning to feel some symptoms of indisposition. I allow myself to get thinking of Salzburg, and without being conscious of it take a pleasure therein; when I come back to myself, I shake myself up, or endeavor to shake myself up and cast aside these reminiscences as I used to cast aside the evil thoughts with which the devil inspired me in my youth. There is no one here of our company but la Signora Saarti who plays the parts of the secondo uomo. Meanwhile Wolfgang has had enough to do, having had to write the choruses to the number of three, and to rewrite in part the recitatives which he had composed at Salzburg; for the poet had shown his manuscript to Metastasio, at Vienna, and he modified it, improved it, and added an entire scene to the second act. Lastly, Wolfgang has composed all the recitatives which were wanting in the Overture.

There is at Brescia a certain Count Lecchi, a capital violinist, and a great connoisseur and amateur of music, at whose house we promised to alight immediately on our return.

(To be continued.)

PHILADELPHIA.—*The Japanese Visit the Opera.*—At half past two o'clock in the afternoon, about twenty-five of the members of the Embassy, consisting of the officials and servants, visited the Academy of Music, to attend the *matinee*. The Embassadors were not present. Long before the hour for opening the doors of the Academy, a crowd gathered in front of the building, and in a few minutes after admission was gained, the parquet, first circle, and balcony, were filled with a well-dressed audience, a large portion being ladies. In the balcony, the centre rows of seats were reserved for the Japanese, and when they entered they had no difficulty in being accommodated, and were not compelled to bear the pressure of a crowd. A few were placed in one of the stage boxes but these did not stay after the first piece. Tommy was along, dressed in his best, but looking very downhearted, the result, it is whispered, of a strong attachment for a young lady in Washington. The three physicians of the Embassy were also present, and were conspicuous from the closely shaven head. Most of those present exhibited, with evident satisfaction, gloves purchased since their arrival in the country, and in approved fashionable style, they watched the ladies through opera glasses. The strangers glanced carelessly around the house, but did not seem astonished either at the magnificence of the building or the crowd of persons assembled to greet them. They have evidently schooled themselves to conceal their thoughts, and nothing can be gained by watching their countenances.

Soon after the entrance of the Japanese, the orchestra, numbering over 45 performers, opened with the grand overture to William Tell. To this the Japanese paid but little attention, but when the curtain rose on the second act of *Lucretia Borgia*, with Mlle. Parodi as *Lucretia*, every Mongolian who possessed an opera glass leveled it at the performers, and so watched them during the act, which was a short one, to the evident relief of the Japanese. Next, Buckstone's comedy of the *Rough Diamond* claimed their notice, and in this respect the acting was more pleasing to them than the singing. Many of the strangers conversed together, and seemed somewhat amused at the lady performers, while others smiled when the audience would applaud any "point" made in the course of the piece. All the performers played their best, and received considerable applause; but as nearly every body was watching the effect of the play upon the Japanese, and thus losing the run of the performance, the enthusiasm was not so general as our people are in the habit of showing. The choruses of the Mænnchor and Young Mænnchor were given without any show of appreciation on the part of the Japanese, but the inexhaustible egg-bag of Blitz excited the undivided attention of the strangers. Mlle. Parodi gave the *Star Spangled Banner* in glorious style, assisted by a full chorus of two hundred singers.

This part of the performance was well managed. As the curtain rose, the singers were seen grouped in the rear of Mlle. Parodi, and on one side stood an American sailor with the flag of Japan, while on the other stood a representative of Japan, with the American colors. The magic dance of two nations, by Mr. W. Wood, caused them some amusement. Mr. Wood first appeared as a Japanese, and after dancing a few minutes, suddenly wheeled, and presented the appearance of an American sailor. But the pantomime of *Vol-au-vent* did the business. Here was something they could understand nearly as well as the rest of the audience, and, although many of them endeavored to keep a straight face they gave it up after a few trials, and enjoyed themselves to their heart's content. One old fellow who sat like a statue through the whole afternoon, smiled once at the antics of Mr. Wood; but feeling the impropriety of

such undignified conduct, he held his fan to his face for concealment. They seem to have a quiet sort of enjoyment, for while several seemed convulsed with laughter, no sound of mirth could be heard two feet from them. After the performance, the party drove in open carriages to the hotel, no crowd following. And, by the way, we may state that a wrong impression has gone abroad that the Embassadors were insulted on Saturday. This is all a mistake. Along the route there were of course, some noisy demonstrations, but no word was spoken which, if understood, could have roused their pride.

MUSIC.—There is something very wonderful in music. Words are wonderful enough, but music is even more wonderful. It speaks to our thoughts as words do; it speaks straight to our hearts and spirits—to the very core and root of our souls. Music soothes us, stirs us up, it puts noble feelings into us; it melts us to tears, we know not how; it is a language by itself, just as perfect in its way as speech, as words; just as blessed. Music, I say, without words, is wonderful and blessed—one of God's best gifts to man. But in singing, you have both the wonders together—music and word. Singing speaks at once to the head and to the heart, to our understanding and to our feelings; and therefore, perhaps, the most beautiful way in which the reasonable soul of man can show itself (except, of course, doing right, which always is, and always will be, the most beautiful thing) is singing.—*Chas. Kingsley.*

MUSIC IN THE SOUTH SEAS.—Our Puritan ancestors used to pay their church rates in beans and cord wood, and the natives of the South Sea Islands now buy their concert tickets with bananas and pine-apples. We copy from the *New York Musical Review* the following poster and prices of admission of the Alleghenians, who are having a fine tour in the South Sea Islands. D. G. Waldron of this city is their business agent.

"By royal command of King Makea V. and the Rarotonga nobility, the Alleghenians will give a grand concert at the School-house this afternoon at four o'clock, January 19th, 1860. Prices of admission: Tickets to admit one, 1 hog, or 2 pigs, or 1 turkey, or 2 chickens, or 25 pine-apples, or 2 bunches bananas, or 5 large pumpkins, or 2 baskets oranges. Children, half price."

The profits also might be a novelty. The writer of a letter says:

In order to get at the amount of the receipts in dollars and cents, I have valued every thing at about New York retail prices:

79 hogs at \$5 each.....	\$395.00
93 turkeys at \$1 each.....	93.00
116 chickens at 38 cents.....	44.08
16,000 cocoa nuts at 12 cents each.....	1920.00
5,700 pine apples at 12 cents each.....	684.00
418 bunches bananas, averaging 75 to the bunch, making 31,350 bananas at 6 cents each.....	1881.00
600 pumpkins at 15 cents each.....	90.00
2,700 oranges at 2 cents each.....	54.00
limes, mats, fans, etc., about.....	25.00

Total, .....\$5,086.00

## Musical Correspondence.

CINCINNATI, JUNE 25.—We have been once more convinced of the beneficial influence that may be exerted by a person, animated by sincere love of Art, since Miss FANNY RAYMOND became an associate in the musical department of the Ohio Female College. We have attended several soirées and concerts at the College; and could not avoid remarking, with satisfaction and pleasure, the good effect produced by the efforts of this artist, already known by our readers through her charming poems and musical translations, and to whom the cultivation of the highest in music is a necessity of life.

How much courage and determination is required, to oppose successfully the Humbug that reigns supreme in most of our institutions, fostered by the double dealing of ignorant teachers.

Is it not a remarkable fact, that precisely where its good may be promoted in the most influential manner, the art of music is most degraded? Is not the task of awakening, in young and pliant minds, a love for the fair and noble in art, a glorious one?

But for this task, integrity, and a heart sensitively alive to the beautiful and true is required, to say nothing of the necessary knowledge.

"People are satisfied with things as they are," is reiterated again and again. And why? Because people know not better. Because the merchants and farmers who send their daughters to these institutions know nothing save that which is brought before them in such places: yet we have invariably found, that good music, even tolerably well performed, pleases a larger majority than bad music brought out in a similar manner. But supposing people will have "things as they are," it is no less the duty of those who are convinced that "things" are not as they should be, to strive boldly to obviate the evil, and, if patience and good-will are not wanting, success is sure to follow.

Miss Raymond, a cultivated vocalist, skilful pianist and well versed in the theory of music, saw, on her entrance into the Ohio Female College, where the breakers lay, and steered courageously towards the work of reform. Knowing that mere lesson giving is not sufficient to ensure a pupil's progress, Miss Raymond gained the assistance of some of our best artists, and thus, by means of musical evenings, considerably extended the horizon of her scholars.

The influence of such a spirit was perhaps most fully displayed in the music that illustrated the recent Commencement Exercises at the Ohio Female College, and which partly suggested the above remarks. To be sure, we had no overtures or fifty pianos; no Flower-queens. "Coronations of the Rose," or any of those displays, whose awkward attempts at attitudinizing, inappropriate fancy dresses, and bashful hints at scenery, are so admirably calculated to draw off the attention of pupils and audience from the wishy-washy music that usually accompanies them; neither had we any of — and Co.'s Music murdered for the Million, — but we had choruses and trios by Curschman, Donizetti, Bennett, songs by Haydn and Bishop, the piano compositions of Thalberg, Gottschalk, &c. What was the consequence? An artistic and harmonious effect about the whole affair; general and pleasant satisfaction; and favorable comparisons between past and present years.

TEMPO.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., JULY 4th.—In a recent number of your valuable issue, there appeared a very interesting tale of the invention of the Harmonica. Apropos, a highly accomplished and enthusiastic German pianist, C. E. Hering, of Saxe Gotha, visited us last Monday, and gave an evening performance, which drew a highly respectable audience, of course, not such who generally attend "Negro Minstrelsy exhibitions." The novelty and great feature of the evening was his performance on an instrument named the "Palmelodicon" said to be similar to that invented by Franklin, improved by Weber (not Carl Maria), and perfected by the concert-giver.

I will not attempt a description of this instrument, since Mr. Hering proposes to visit your city, where without doubt the lovers of music will patronize him. I heard him play on it (simply by friction with the tip of the fingers) a "song without words," and an impromptu of his own, *The last Rose of Summer*, and some other pieces. The different shades and gradations of tone emitted were perfect. Now it would resemble the flute, and again the soft diapason of the organ, swelling and dying away—now a sort of reedy tone, and soon after, strains very much like those of the violin: *sostenuto* passages with left hand accompaniment, perfect trillos, unisons, and chromatic progressions—these are all executed with taste, intensity of feeling, and an artistic finish, that equally produce wonder and delight. We have not had such a treat for a long time—indeed since the Draytons left here three weeks ago, nothing in the shape of good music has been given. In private, I learn

that the pianist Casseres and a few distinguished amateurs are engaged in rehearsing operatic works, &c. The appreciation of good pianoforte music is at a very low ebb here, for instance Hering played Listz's Transcription of Schubert's Ave Maria in a very creditable manner. They could not appreciate this, although the *motive* was well delivered, and the variations neatly performed. A few German operatives present showed their delight however, while the would-be *elite* stared and wondered "why those men make so much noise about nothing."

*Revenons a nos moutons.* The Palmelodicon is played on by very few persons, but I learn from good authority that only four persons have achieved any thing like success, Miss Davies, Herren Weber and Hierling and the present Herr Hering who is a gentleman and a thorough musician.

Yours, &c.,

A SUBSCRIBER.

## Whight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 7, 1860.

### L'Année Musicale.

On Revue Annuelle des Théâtres lyriques et des Concerts, des publications littéraires relatives à la musique et des événements remarquables appartenant à l'histoire de l'art musical, par P. Scudo. Première Année. Paris 1860.

M. Scudo in this book, the first volume of a projected series, has undertaken, after the manner of similar publications of a historical and scientific nature, to collect together the most notable events of the year in the musical world, in a convenient and permanent chronicle, which affords a good deal of pleasant reading to the musical amateur; as it is done in the graceful pleasant style peculiar to Scudo and cannot fail to be an interesting work to all concerned in any way with the matters of which it treats.

M. Scudo says in his preface, that "books treating especially of the musical art are very rare in France. This branch of literature so rich in England, Germany, and even in Italy, especially in the last century, has produced among us, with some rare exceptions, only works of no worth and not even of any great utility. A few didactic books, biographies filled with anecdotes, more *piquante* than instructive, interminable discussions on the theatre and dramatic music, on the preponderance of one school over another, of French opera over Italian; this is what in France makes up the literature of a profound and charming art, of the only universal language of the world. In an age like ours which looks for precision, desires to be well informed about everything, and demands to be speedily advised of everything interesting, there is not in Paris a single daily, weekly or monthly publication in which even the external facts relating to the musical art are arranged or treated in an intelligent and sufficiently impartial manner. You must go to public libraries, and turn over large volumes of general statistics, if you would ascertain the precise date of a performance that has electrified all Paris."

To fill this void M. Scudo has commenced this publication, which contains critiques of the works, that have been represented in the lyric theatres of Paris, notices of the artists and *virtuosi* who have attracted public attention, of important publications that deserve discussion and short accounts of singers, composers and writers on music who have deceased during the year.

And as all the civilized world is now so closely linked together, that the rest of it cannot be ignored, M. Scudo, never losing sight of the fact that Paris is the "hub of the universe" of Art, looks abroad at London, Naples, and even to far St. Petersburg, for material for his art-chronicle of the past year.

The result of his labors is a very readable book, which is especially interesting to us, from its notices here and there, of artists who have been among us, and now familiar to us and honored among us, even before possessing the prestige of an European reputation, such as the veteran Badiali.

We shall draw occasionally from the pages of this volume, for which we are indebted to Mr. Leypoldt, the agent of the publishers in Philadelphia.

### The Diarist Abroad.

BEETHOVEN AND PAER.

An old story is again on the tapis, this time with the honored name of Ferdinand Hiller, as authority, who heard it related by Paer himself. The substance of it is, that at a representation of Paer's "Leonore," Beethoven said to the composer in words to this effect, "The subject is so good I must compose it myself."

This might very well have been true of Paer's "Achilles," brought out at Vienna in 1801, but cannot possibly be true of the "Leonore." Paer must, in the course of years, have confounded the two in his memory.

Here are those stubborn things, the dates.

Paer called to Dresden as kapellmeister, 1803; produced his "Leonore" at Dresden, Oct. 3, 1804; Beethoven's "Fidelio" produced in Vienna, 1805; First performance of Paer's "Leonore" in Vienna, Feb. 8, 1809.

In answer to my request for some information as to his compositions, Richard Wüerst, of Berlin, gave me the following list:

- Op. 4. 2 Romances for violin and pianoforte.
- " 5. Trio for pianoforte, violin and violoncello
- " 7. 3 terzette; 2 soprano and alto with piano forte.
- " 11. Songs with pianoforte.
- " 12. 2 Romances for pianoforte and violin.
- " 13. 2 " " " "
- " 14. 3 Characteristic Pieces for pianoforte and violin.
- " 15. 4 Duets, soprano and alto with pianoforte.
- " 16. Song with pianoforte.
- " 17. 4 songs for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass.
- " 18. 6 songs with pianoforte.
- " 19. Duo. Pianoforte and violoncello.
- " 20. Songs with pianoforte.
- " 21. Prize symphony for orchestra in F major.
- " 22. Terzett; Soprano, alto, tenor, with pianoforte.
- " 23. 4 Two-part songs with pianoforte.
- " 24. 28th Psalm, for three-part female chorus, with solos and pianoforte.
- " 25. 2 Romances, pianoforte and violin.
- " 26. 3 Quartets for men's voices.
- " 27. Sacred piece for 4 part, chorus with solos and pianoforte.
- " 28. Aria di concerto per voce di contralto o mezzo-soprano, for orchestra, also pianoforte arrangement.
- " 29. 3 Songs for a low voice, with pianoforte.
- " 30. "Der Wassereck," a lyric cantate, solos, chorus, and orchestra, also pianoforte arrangement.
- " 31. 5 Songs for soprano, alto, tenor and bass.
- " 32. 2 Two-part songs with pianoforte.
- " 33. 3 String quartets.

The above are published. Besides these Wüerst has composed many works still in manuscript; among them a symphony and violin concerto, several times performed, and an opera, not yet known.

A. W. T.

### Musical Chit-Chat.

MARTHA S. P. STORY, the little three year old pianist, of whom our readers have seen some notice in our columns, has given the only concerts of the week. We do not know that she is another Mozart in her musical precocity, but have seen her, and heard her play in a manner that is certainly wonderful for a child of her age. A little fair-haired, blue-eyed child, three years old in November last, she stands at the piano with her chin on a level with the keys, and childlike plays on it if she is disposed, or at her good pleasure, crawls under it, and plays about the room. She performs a large number of tunes in correct time and harmony, never looking at her hands, but always around the room; sometimes going through her tune to the end, and sometimes jumbling it all together, as a little child repeats poetry. Her music is mostly simple psalm tunes and negro melodies, or Sunday school songs, such as take hold of a little child's ear, and her talent for rendering them so correctly is certainly quite remarkable, as is also her memory for retaining them. The person who exhibits her does it with discretion and good judgment, never in the least forcing her inclination. When she is tired she gets down from the stool and amuses herself and the audience in some other way till she is in humor to play again. She is well worth seeing, and children especially will be pleased with her pretty songs and her performance. The object of these public exhibitions of her talent is to obtain funds for her education.

ROTTERDAM.—Carl Formes has accepted an engagement here.

PESTH.—Director Salvi with his company will begin a series of Italian opera performances here, July 21st.

MILAN.—At the *Cannobiana* Theatre, Manzani's celebrated ode to Napoleon I.; "The fifth of May," is about to be brought out melodramatically, with soli and choruses; the music by one Herr Mazurezza.

RICHMOND.—The *Inquirer* of June 30, speaks as follows of our former townsman, N. D. Clapp, and of his success as a teacher:

The highly interesting exercises of "commencement week," at the Richmond Female Institute, were crowned on Wednesday by a brilliant musical soirée. The programme itself in the variety and choice of its selections from German, French, Italian and American music, evinced the catholic spirit and severe taste which preside over the musical department of this Institute. Prof. Clapp, the Principal of the department, (also well known as the excellent Organist of the First Presbyterian Church,) availing himself of his experience in other prominent institutions at the South, and of his unusual opportunities for familiarity with the best European methods and culture, has succeeded in raising the standard of musical education in conformity to the demands of an ever-improving public taste. It would have gratified the audience had he favored them with a touch of his own quality as an artist, but he evidently preferred to exhibit the proficiency of the pupils rather than that of their instructors.

It is not too much to say, that his pupils amply redeemed the promise of the programme. All the vocal pieces gave proof of careful training and patient study; and in several were displayed a facility of execution and powers of vocalization which would have elicited applause if they had been sung equally well by professional voices. The instrumental solos, duos, and concerted pieces, were played with a graceful ease, which suggested reserved power no less than assiduous practice. The choruses from different operas were rendered in a style at once spirited and correct. It was obvious that the performers might have delighted even a wider public than their relatives and friends who crowded the beautifully decorated hall of the Institute.

PARIS, MAY 31.—The last news respecting the Opera House is that the new building will be built upon the site occupied by the present house, and a square made in front of it and between it and the Boulevard. This will give the Boulevard, what it very much wants, a handsome garden, under whose trees loiterers may saunter the hottest hours away. The Passage des Panoramas and the adjacent houses

must be pulled down before this can happen. All the houses on the Place Dauphine, or to speak properly, all the houses west of the Prefecture of Police are to be razed, the landlords indemnified, and the land sold, in order to have this portion of Paris as splendid as possible; no house will be allowed to be built until after the Government approves the plan. All the buildings north of the French Comedy have been pulled down.

The Opera in New Orleans is over. The *Picayune*, June 1, says:

"Jerusalem" was substituted, Wednesday night, for the "Trovatore," on the occasion of the joint benefit of M<sup>me</sup>. Dalmont and M. Cabel.

M<sup>me</sup>. Pauline Colson took her leave of us last evening, appearing in her great character, *Uriel*, the demon, in "Les Amours du Diable." M<sup>me</sup>. Colson having performed here fifteen nights, according to the contract of Mr. Boudousquie with Messrs. Strakosch and Ullman, leaves, to-day, for New York, and resumes her position as one of the Academy troupe, her engagement with the managers extending to May, 1861. That over, we understand, it is her purpose to return to her native France.

This evening, that powerful and popular tenor, Philippe, will take a benefit, at the Opera House, filling his favorite rôle of *the Jew* in "The Jewess." A bumper, at parting, for Philippe! We are glad to find the report that he returns, next season, is confirmed.

The same journal, June 3, suggests:

What an admirable arrangement it would be for Mr. Boudousquie and Strakosch to make a full and complete interchange of companies, dividing our six months' operatic season into two equal parts; and giving us French opera from November till February, and Italian the other three months. Undoubtedly this would pay both parties to the arrangement handsomely. The two Parodi weeks we had here this season sufficiently demonstrated the popularity of Italian opera in New Orleans, and if it was so successful under such circumstances, what would it be if given by a full, well appointed, first rate opera troupe, at our beautiful Opera House! The New Yorkers, Bostonians and Philadelphians have no idea of French opera, and would hail with delight its production at their Academies of Music. Is not this point worth considering, Messieurs Impresarii?

## Music Abroad.

### Paris.

The management of the Théâtre Lyrique has done a useful and a graceful thing in bringing out Hérold's first operatic work, *Les Rosières*, an opera comique in three acts, produced at the Salle Feydeau in 1817. On its first production, this work achieved a decided success, and at once informed the world that a composer of the highest promise was born to France. It kept the stage until 1826, when *Marie*, a much ripper and more masterly work, threw it into the shade, whence it has never been rescued until now. *Les Rosières*, though much inferior to the composer's subsequent productions, exhibits in a considerable measure the fundamental characteristics of Hérold's style. It lacks the rich and brilliant instrumentation, and the startling modulations for which he was afterwards distinguished; but the grace and facility of his melodic inspirations, the elegance, piquancy, and neatness of his style are already clearly discernible. The libretto of this work, although old-fashioned is still amusing; and the plot has a merit also somewhat out of date—clearness and simplicity. The principal female part, Florette, is played by Mlle. Girard, whose easy, correct, and brilliant execution, keen intelligence and agreeable organ, allied to graceful and spirited acting, place her among the first lyrical artists of the French stage. The other prominent characters are filled by Mlle. Faivre, and MM. Fromant, Mécquier Delauney, and Gabriel. A little one-act opera, entitled *Les Valets de Gascoigne*, has been produced for the first time at this establishment with sufficient success. The composer is M. Dufresne. Mlle. Faivre, M. Girardot, M. Wartel, and M. Potel, are engaged in it.

M. Henry Wuille, the well-known clarionetist, one of the many distinguished artists whom poor Jullien introduced to fortune and to fame, has made his *début* in Paris at the concerts Musard, and has won from the public as well as from the critics, the amplest acknowledgment of his uncommon talents.

At the Opéra Comique, the bills still alternate with *L'Etoile du Nord*, *Le Roman d'Elvire* and *Rita*, and *Château Trompette* with *L'Habit de Mylord*. A new opera, by M. Paul Dupuch, *Gertrude*, is in rehearsal,

and will take its turn after *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge*, which is very soon to appear. The following artists will be engaged in this once most popular of Boieldieu's works—Rodolphe, M. Crosti; Roger, M. Warot; the Bailli, Lemaire; the Hermit, Barrielle; Rose d'Amour, Mlle. Marimon; Annette, Belia.

Before closing for the season the Théâtre Lyrique will produce a new operetta, the title of which has been changed since the first announcement from *Le Mariage aux Epées* to *Maitre Palma*. The music is by Mlle. Rivay, her first essay, and the book by Mad. Furpille and Gille. It is also expected that *La Madone*, by Lacombe will shortly be forthcoming. The manager has just engaged Mad. W. Kerlin Damoreau for next season.

The tenor Fraschini has just signed an engagement with the manager of the Opéra, at Madrid, for the ensuing season; and it is reported that Mad. Borghini-Mamo has contracted to appear at the Scala, in Milan, during the carnival season next year.

Roger has just returned from his provincial tour. He appeared last at Bordeaux, where he brought the season to a brilliant close. He is to proceed to Baden in August, where he is engaged, together with Mad. Miolan-Carvalho, to appear in a new opera, by Gounod.

### London.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The fifth performance on Monday brought the series to a termination. The programme included the overtures to *L'Clémence di Tito* and *Preciosa*, Beethoven's symphony in D, No. 2, Mendelssohn's concerto in D minor, and Spohr's dramatic concerto for violin and orchestra. In consequence of both Italian operas giving extra nights, Dr. Wylde was deprived of some of his regular "hands," and forced to look for recruits in all directions. Fortunately, good players in London are not scarce. To the execution of Beethoven's symphony, we have scarcely anything to award but praise, and the liberal applause which followed each movement proved that the audience was thoroughly satisfied. Herr Becker played the dramatic concerto—so great a favorite with Ernst, and introduced by that distinguished violinist on the occasion of his first performance in this country—in masterly style, and the applause at the end was uproarious. The grand concerto of Mendelssohn also was a triumph for Mr. John Barnett, who created a marked sensation. The last movement more particularly displayed the young pianist's execution and taste to equal advantage. The voice music was allotted to Miss Louisa Pyne, Mad. Lemmens Sherrington, and Herr Herrmanns, the new German bass, who made so great a hit the week previously at the Monday Popular Concerts. Herr Herrmanns introduced "Falstaff's song," from Otto Nicolai's *Merry wives of Windsor*, with the same success as before. He is an unquestionable acquisition to the concert-room. Miss Louisa Pyne sang a grand scena from Spohr's *Jessonda*, "Batti, batti," and a romance from Mr. Wallace's *Lurline*. The expressive manner in which she gave the air from *Don Giovanni* received the liveliest sympathy and won a hearty encore. Mad. Lemmens Sherrington gave an air from Weber's *Euryanthe* to perfection, but the audience were more pleased with Adolph Adams' "Ah! vous dirai-je mamma," which was redemanded. The hall was crowded in every part. Dr. Wylde may congratulate himself that the season has been one of the most successful in the annals of the New Philharmonic Society.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The fifth and last concert of the season was no less interesting than its predecessors, as will be seen by the subjoined programme:—

Overture, "Leonora".....	Beethoven.
Aria "Ach nur einmal noch in leben".....	Mozart.
Fifth Concerto, violin.....	Molique.
Recit. "E mi lasci così".....	Spohr.
Aria "Tu m'abandonni".....	"
Overture "Les deux Jourdées".....	Cherubini.
Symphony in A minor (Op. 68).....	Mendelssohn.
Recit. "Di ostili tende".....	Costa.
Aria "Dall'asilo della pace".....	"
Recit. "Kraft meines heiligen Amtes".....	Beilini.
Aria "Wenn Romeo den Sohn erschlagen".....	"
Overture, "Der Freyschütz".....	Weber.

THE LONDON GLEE AND MADRIGAL SOCIETY last week gave their hundredth performance with unabating vigor and success, and their present season will terminate positively this day. Their repertoire has consisted of above a hundred different pieces—glees, madrigals, catches, and old ballads—the most favorite of which have been included in the programmes of the recent performances. We looked forward with pleasure to the resumption of this society's pleasant entertainments next season, and hope to find Mr. Oliphant, whose literary illustrations have added so much to the success of the performances, provided with a fresh budget of information.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

I remember the spot where I was born.

C. Zeuner. 25

Jessie, or, On a bright morning in May.

J. H. McNaughton. 25

Both very charming songs, which will make many friends.

Not a minute to spare. Sacred song.

R. Topliff. 25

A valuable addition to the many taking sacred songs which this author has given to the Home circle for Sabbath Music, and among which at least one, "Ruth and Naomi" is familiar to every one.

The Ladies' opportunity. Comic Song.

C. Minasi. 25

Easy, pretty, and unobjectionable.

O that I had wings like a dove. Solo and Quartet.

P. T. Barker. 25

A piece well calculated for the opening of religious worship. Strongly recommended to Quartet Choirs, will please all.

O do not weep because the leaves must fade.

Macfarren. 25

A pleasing parlor-song.

### Instrumental Music.

Ancella Polka. Hermann S. Saroni. 25

Merry Chimes Polka. " 25

Good, spirited Polkas, easy enough to be read at sight by ordinary players.

Fly not yet, and The brown Irish Girl. Transcribed.

Brinley Richards. 40.

In Richards' elegant style, which, in this peculiarity, is unsurpassed by any contemporaneous writer.

Andante from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, arranged by

Hummel. 50

This has long been the favorite movement in this most generally admired Symphony of the great master and has never before been sold separately. The arrangement is considered the best. It is of moderate difficulty only.

The Fairies' Fete. J. L. Ensign. 35

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# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 432.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 16.

## Meyerbeer.

L'ANNE MUSICALE. P. SCUDO.

Meyerbeer is certainly one of the most curious and interesting figures presented by the history of Art. A man of the North, beloved fellow disciple of Weber, who created the German opera, born of a family favored alike by nature and fortune, Giacomo Meyerbeer had nothing to do but allow himself to live. Having two brothers, one a celebrated astronomer, the other a distinguished poet, Giacomo wished that his name too, should be inscribed upon the book of life. After having been a remarkable virtuoso on the piano, as were also Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, after having tried his powers in several dramatic compositions, in the language of his country, he was suddenly seized by an extreme love for Italian music, and breaking all bonds with the new school, which had aimed to lead away the musical genius of the German nation from the influence of the Italian masters which had triumphed since the *renaissance*, Meyerbeer went to the peninsula, and established again by his example the old fashioned pilgrimage of German musicians to the pure sources of melody; for it is well to know that the pilgrimage of the German composers began as far back as the last half of the sixteenth century. Praetorius, Henri Schütz (who was a pupil of the school of Venice), Keyser, and all the dramatic composers who preceded Handel, Hasse and Gluck, were admirers and imitators of the Italian school then reigning. It was at the close of the eighteenth century, after the death of Mozart and Haydn, that the old alliance of the two great musical schools of Europe, was suddenly broken. Beethoven, Weber, Schubert, Spohr, Mendelssohn and all the musicians who attached themselves more or less closely to the movement of renovation called the romantic, that is to say, national school, not only rejected the ancient teachings of the school which produced Palestrina, Carissimi, Scarlatti, Gabrieli, Marcello and Jomelli, but even any imitation of its original peculiarities and processes. The last manifestation of the German romantic school is that horde of iconoclasts who pretend to extirpate from music all idea of melody, and who speak with disdain of the works of *Monsieur Mozart!* and who have dubbed themselves musicians of the future, because the present age is not worthy to comprehend them.

Of keen intellect, a sagacious observer, endowed with an imagination at once ardent and under restraint, ambitious of glory, yet not in too great haste to conquer it, timid and anxious in details, audacious and profound in the conception of a general plan, Meyerbeer developed in Italy a complex genius in which an adroit imitation of Rossini is discreetly mingled with his own inspirations. Such is the character of his two best Italian operas, *Marguerite d'Anjou* and *Il Crociato*, which made him a reputation that much afflicted his illustrious fellow-pupil and friend, the

author of *Der Freyschütz* and *Oberon*. We may read in the correspondence of von Weber, the letter in which he deplors the fact that Meyerbeer should have plunged deeper and deeper into the imitation of foreign forms, and that the love of success should have stifled so fine an imagination. "Was hoffen wir alles von ihm!—O verfluchte Lust zu gefallen!" Nevertheless in the midst of all the applause and *viros* lavished upon him by the Italian public, so warm and extravagant in the demonstrations of its satisfaction, Meyerbeer meditated, (for he is always meditating) a transformation of his manner. *Der Freyschütz* which had been given at Berlin in 1821, was translated into French, and represented at the theatre de l'Orléon, at Paris, in 1824 with a success that has become European. Stimulated doubtless by this example, by that given by Gluck in 1774, which Spontini and Rossini had followed so brilliantly, Meyerbeer also conceived the idea of essaying his genius in a country which possesses indisputably the finest and richest dramatic literature of modern nations. *Robert le Diable* was brought out at the opera in November, 1831. In March, 1836, he gave the *Huguenots*, in 1849, the *Prophète*, and in 1854, *l'Etoile du Nord*. I shall not undertake to comment on these works, which are known all over the world and performed in all the theatres of Europe. At some future time, we shall have occasion to recur to these great scores, which are very differently rated by critics, but of which no one can deny the powerful effect upon the public. Germany, where the works of Meyerbeer are judged by artists and critics with a rigor that borders on injustice, Germany runs to the representations of *Robert le Diable*, the *Huguenots* and the *Prophet* with no less enthusiasm than the Parisian public. Upon what then depends the evident and indisputable popularity of the operas of Meyerbeer? On the vigor of the coloring, the warm passion that pervades them, on certain situations powerfully rendered, on the effect of combinations, on profound inspirations that take hold of the masses, whatever may be the legitimate reservations of the man of taste who prefers the beauty that touches the heart and charms the imagination to the truth that strikes and impresses itself upon the intellect. We can say of Meyerbeer, who devotes himself above everything, to the true expression of life, what the Latin poet, Propertius, has said of Lysippus, the Greek sculptor:

Gloria Lysippo est animosa effingere signa.

It is a fine spectacle to contemplate the varieties of genius presented by the history of art. Going back no further than our own century, and restricting the field of observation to the three nations that represent the æsthetic civilization of Europe, the Italians, the Germans and the French, we perceive two great changes wrought, the one by Beethoven in instrumental music, the other by Rossini in dramatic music. These two geniuses, as different from each other as are the

two nations whose aspirations and sentiments they express, proceed in the conception of their work as Nature proceeds: they imitate their predecessors, and as the poet says, "*sur des pensers nouveaux ils font des vers antiques*," for there are no lasting recollections in the intellectual world, any more than in the moral world, but those that rest upon some corner of the past. You cannot cite either a great philosopher, or a poet, or an artist, or even a real statesman whose original work is the result of an isolated force, of a purely individual activity. If it is incontestable that the first compositions of the author of the Pastoral Symphony reveal a more or less involuntary imitation of the style of Mozart, so neither does Rossini conceal the fact that he has been educated in the admiration of Haydn, Mozart and Cimarosa, whose essences he combines and mingles on his magic palette: but this has not prevented Beethoven from becoming the most vast, most profound and most original musical genius that has ever existed, or Rossini from being the most varied, most passionate and most brilliant dramatic composer of his epoch. Around Beethoven, who remains *unique*, has arisen in Germany a group of congenial geniuses such as Weber, Spohr, Schubert, and later Mendelssohn, who, deriving their inspiration from the same order of ideas and the same traditions, are no the less original for that, especially Weber, who first translated into the lyric drama the marvellous of the German poetry. In the train of Rossini, in the same way has been produced a family of brilliant disciples, of whom the most original of all is Bellini, who would have risen very high, had not death cut off before his time, this sweet singer of Sicily, who had known how to combine with his own yet youthful style, an imitation of the old masters, especially of Paisiello, and the manner of the great renovator of Italian opera.

While these two great revolutions in the musical art were in progress in Germany and Italy, France which comprehends and appreciates nothing but exclusively dramatic music, remained faithful to the double tradition of Gluck and Grétry. Spontini and Mehul are disciples and eloquent imitators of the creator of *Armida* and the two *Iphigenias*, while the influence of Grétry produced at the theatre of the *Opéra Comique*, a swarm of delicious and charming composers of whom M. Auber is the illustrious successor. On this vast theatre upon which Gluck, Piccini, Sacchini, Spontini, had come in succession to enlarge the domain of the lyric tragedy created by Lully and Rameau, submitting their differing genius to the severe taste of the French traditions, Rossini came also to write four great chefs d'œuvre, and terminates his glorious career, by the marvel called *William Tell*.

It might have been thought that all the grand combinations of dramatic music were exhausted, and that after Rossini and Weber, so profoundly different from each other, a new transformation of the lyric drama was impossible. But such

reasoning fails to take into account the inexhaustible fecundity of nature. Then was seen to appear a man patient, of profound genius, endowed at once with a powerful imagination and a rare delicacy of mind. German in origin and, by the sound musical education he had received, become a little Italian by sympathy and inclination, he is French by the logic of his eminently dramatic understanding. After several years of trials and doubts, of partial successes that give him some appreciation of his powers, he comes to Paris whither the diverse tendencies of his nature attract him, and reveals himself to the astonished world in a work *Robert le Diable*, which produced an immense excitement. The *Huguenots*, the *Prophète* and *l'Etoile du Nord* extend and fix his reputation. I know all that an exclusive and partial taste can say of the style, and often complicated manner of Meyerbeer. We have ourselves arrived at a complete understanding of his work, only through a strong desire of equity, believing, as Poussin says, that our appetites alone should not judge of the beauties of art, but our reason also. Because we are naturally inclined toward that family of delicate and harmonious geniuses, who purify reality by the ideal, and temper power by grace, the chaste, restrained and truly divine geniuses who are called Virgil, Raphael, Racine, Mozart, shall we fail to recognize the manly and robust geniuses, who rejoice in the expression of grandeur, in the painting of vigorous characters and complicated passions, like Michel Angelo, Shakespeare, Corneille and Beethoven?

Is not the first quality of a judge or a critic impartiality? I mean that impersonality that forgets for a moment its secret affections, its natural predilections, so as to see that only which is submitted to its judgment, and the better to comprehend the work and the artist that do not belong to the order of ideas and sentiments with which it easily sympathizes. What a poor spirit would that be, which, educated in the admiration of a Titian or an Andrea del Sarto, could not comprehend a Rembrandt, that mighty colorist who loves the contest of lights and shadows, great contrasts of *chiar' oscuro*, types more vigorous than noble, and scenes of *bourgeoise* life, whence he causes to spring a profound thought and a dramatic interest.

Such are likewise the qualities of the works and genius of Meyerbeer. He excels in rendering the contrasts of extreme situations, the *mêlée* and shock of diverse passions in a powerful whole, in creating vigorous types, such as Bertram, Marcel and Fidès, who engrave themselves on the imagination of all, whom no one can forget, and in filling his immense canvass with tumult, life and light. In what modern drama can be found a finer female character than that of Valentine in the *Huguenots*, or a more touching scene than the duo of the third act with Marcel? Does a more pathetic air exist than the *Grâce* in *Robert* or a tableau more poetic and novel than the act of the Nuns in the same great work? I say nothing of the fourth act of the *Huguenots*, one of the finest pages of dramatic music in existence; but the *divertissement* and grand scene in the church, of the *Prophète* as well as the military scene in *l'Etoile du Nord*, are these not the production of an imagination more supple and more various than it is supposed to be? Meyerbeer is reproached with being want-

ing in melody. Certainly he has not the melody of everybody, those commonplaces that travel through the streets, and which the old troubadours love to repeat to the accompaniment of their cracked guitars. A dramatic musician above all, Meyerbeer could say, with Gluck, to his critics, "If I have succeeded in pleasing the theatre, I have attained the end I had in view, and I assure you that it concerns me little that my music does not please in a concert or in a saloon," (Life of Gluck, by Auton Schmid, p. 426.) A great tactician, a colorist full of relief, Meyerbeer could also add these words which the author of *Armide* said to a friend; "you should know that music in its melodic part, possesses very few resources. It is impossible, by the mere succession of notes that form the character of melody to depict certain passions." This is what album composers and the makers of canzonets do not understand; but the public, that for thirty years has applauded the works of Meyerbeer, listens only to the emotion it experiences and leaves to journalists the smartness that they was to in denying the brightness of day, and the power of so great a master.

In an age of great revolutions, of universal renovation, in which politics, poetry, science and the arts have extended the horizon of life and enlarged the bounds of the universe, music and especially dramatic music, has also renewed its forms, vivified its colors, and multiplied the number of its characters. Between Weber and Rossini, who have a manner of proceeding so unlike, and whose immortal works express a world of ideas and sentiments so opposite, Meyerbeer has succeeded in creating for himself a profound and original personality. The opera of the *Pardon de Ploërmel* far superior to *l'Etoile du Nord*, is in our opinion of all his works the most simple, the most agreeable and the most freely melodious author of *Robert* and the *Huguenots*.

#### Russian Composers.

BORTNIANSKY.—GLINKA.

In Russia, as in all other European countries, the earliest music is the music of the Church, and the most ancient musical document in Russia is a canticle composed in honor of two Russian princes who were canonized in the eleventh century. The manuscript of this canticle was discovered not very long since in the monastery of St. Sergius, near Moscow, and Count Dmitri Tolstoi, who has published a highly interesting work on the subject of early Russian music, argues with reason that it must have been written in Russia, inasmuch as no one out of Russia would have taken any interest in the canonization of two Russian princes. In the course of time the music of the Russian Church, which had originally been borrowed from Byzantium, lost much of its oriental character; and towards the end of the seventeenth century, the adoption of the European scale, together with the imitation of Italian models, had so transformed it, that the Patriarch of Constantinople felt it necessary to send a choir to Moscow, with the view of restoring the ancient Greek chants, of which the tradition had been lost. But the Constantinople choir did not succeed in their mission, and, indeed, the Russian Church music needed a reform of a very different nature from that contemplated by the Patriarch and his vocalists. Without going back to the antiquated and unsuitable Greek style, it was highly desirable not to continue the imitation of the Italians, which involved a complete sacrifice of words to music; for, in addition to the natural differences between the Russian and Italian languages, it must be remembered that the service of the Roman Church is in verse, whereas that

of the Russian is in prose. Bortniansky was the first Russian composer who went seriously to work to harmonize and re-arrange the ancient and disorganized church music of his country. "The times were out of joint;" but it was not Bortniansky, it was Lvoff, the composer of the Russian national hymn, who was "born to set them right," and who in his twelve volumes of church-music, has adapted the ancient chants to the rhythm of the Russian words, so that they are now pronounced correctly, in the order in which they occur in the service, and without repetition. Bortniansky, however, after his return from Italy where he spent eleven years, wrote for the Russian Church the first music that it possesses; among other things a Mass in three parts, and forty-five Psalms, in four and in eight parts. During his residence in Italy, Bortniansky appears to have composed operas, symphonies, sonatas, but no music of a strictly religious character; this, however, was the style in which he excelled and to which he exclusively devoted himself after his appointment as Director of the Imperial Choir, an office in which he was preceded by Sallieri. Many who do not know the name of Bortniansky, are, nevertheless, familiar with some of his compositions, which have been adopted by the Roman church, and may be heard in the churches of Paris, and, for all we know to the contrary, in those of Italy.

The name of Michael Glinka is not new to the constant and scrupulous readers of the *Musical World*. About a year ago we published an article from the pen of a highly esteemed contributor, on seventeen of his (Glinka's, not our contributor's) songs, being either detached compositions, or selections from the operas of *Rossian* and *Loodmila* and *Tizne za Tzarya*. We also printed, a few months since, an article on the strange fortunes of the said *Rossian* and *Loodmila*, of which the end was, that the scenery, costumes, score, and orchestral parts of the work were burned in the fire that destroyed the Tsirk theatre last year. The charming trio by Glinka, performed at Prince Galitzin's concert, is from *Tizne za Tzarya*, or *Life for the Tzar*—an opera founded on the story of the peasant Ivan Soussannin, who when Michael, the first of the Romanoffs, was being pursued by the Poles (at that time the oppressors, not the oppressed, of Russia), misled the invaders, so that the Czar was able to escape, and refused, though put to the torture, to inform them of the route the Czar had taken.—*Musical World*.

#### Fétis on Beethoven.

As a specimen of the care with which M. Fétis has set about the task of remodelling his great work, *La Biographie Universelle des Musiciens*, by incorporating with the new edition everything that struck him as worth appropriating, we may cite (*inter alia*) the paragraph relating to Beethoven's celibacy, and the causes generally assigned for that self-imposed privation on the part of the illustrious composer. In the first edition the matter is disposed of in a few brief sentences: "Beethoven"—it informs us—"never married; M. de Seyfried even asserts that he was never known to have had any tender attachment. The author of the present *Biography*, nevertheless, remembers being told by Joseph Woelfl (the pianist and composer—once a pupil of Beethoven's), of a certain lady to whose house Beethoven used frequently to go in his youth, and to whom he was very much attached, though he never confessed it. He appeared stung with jealousy whenever compliments were addressed by any other persons to the object of his attachment. In such cases the pianoforte was the depository of his thoughts, and was made to reflect the storm that raged within him. A single look from the lady, however, accompanied by a few kind words, brought back tranquility to his heart, and caused sweet melodies to succeed the harsh discords of his impetuous and passionate soul."

In the second edition, this paragraph is enriched with a quantity of new and valuable matter. Dr. Wegeler, the friend of Beethoven's

childhood and youth, never recollected him without some attachment, and generally one which exercised a great influence on his thoughts and actions. (*Beethoven war nie ohne Liebe, und meistens von ihr im hohem Grade ergriffen.*) Schindler, "*Ami di Beethoven*," also his Boswell and biographer, not only admits this assertion to be correct, but furnishes confirmatory details of considerable interest. The objects of Beethoven's regard were always, it would seem, persons of high rank, a circumstance accounted for by the nobleness of his disposition, and his frequent intercourse with the upper classes of society. His love, however, was always Platonic; the heart and the imagination were chiefly concerned the senses playing but a subordinate part in the drama. For several years, Beethoven was attached to Mlle. Julie de Guicciardi, who afterwards married the Count de Yallenberg, and to whom he dedicated his sonata in C sharp minor, (the well-known *Mondscheins*, or "Moonlight sonata.") Some letters written in the summer of 1806, from a watering-place in Hungary, whither the great composer had repaired in the hopes of finding a remedy for his deafness, and published in Schindler's *Biography*, tend to show that in this instance, at least, Beethoven's love was reciprocated. Schindler mentions also an *affaire de cœur* between Beethoven and the Countess Marie d'Erklady, to whom he dedicated the grand trios in E flat and D, Op. 70. Ferdinand Ries, too—Beethoven's favorite pupil, and who lived with him for a long time on the most intimate terms—says, that his master's love-fits were seldom of very long duration, and that the most lasting evidence of constancy he could cite did not outlive *seven months!* Beethoven's passion for Mlle. de Guicciardi, nevertheless—with deference to Ries and Wegeler—retained its hold on him for years. These additions to the chapter of love in Beethoven's "Life" greatly enhance its value. M. Fétis touches on the subject of Beethoven's friendships, about which the first edition of the *Biographie Universelle* was altogether silent. The illustrious musician seems to have been no less sensible to friendship than to love, but was so extremely sensitive, even on the most trifling points, that his self-esteem was easily wounded, and he would quarrel with his best friends. His brothers, who frequently disturbed his tranquility, and were the cause of his greatest annoyances, took delight in poisoning his mind with doubts about those for whom he entertained the sincerest affection, in order themselves to sway him the more completely to their purposes. Beethoven used to listen too readily to their insinuations, and instead of demanding a frank explanation, would sulk and repel by his coolness those against whom he fancied he had grounds of complaint. If, however, any one succeeded in persuading him of his error, he at once hastened to confess he had done wrong, implore forgiveness, and make every atonement in his power, with cheerfulness and alacrity. Although exceedingly attached to the friends of his youth, years sometimes elapsed without his even thinking of them.

One of his letters to M. Wegeler, the companion of his infancy, involves a confession that he had not written to that intimate friend even once during the space of seven years. Although almost as intimate with Schenck, the first who explained to him the defects of his musical education, he would appear to have forgotten his mentor altogether, when, one day, walking on the *Boulevards* at Vienna, he met Schenck, of whom he had lost sight for nearly twenty years. Mad with joy at once more meeting so old and true a friend, who for aught he knew might have been already in the grave, Beethoven dragged him into a neighboring wine-shop (at the sign of the *Hunter's Horn*), and, calling for wine, with a gushing outburst of feeling, as of youth, the generally taciturn and abstracted artist abandoned himself to uncontrollable gaiety, and narrated, in uninterrupted succession, an almost endless series of stories and anecdotes. After an hour thus spent in mutual unconstrained expansion, Schenck and Beethoven separated, never to meet again. This took place in 1824, in less than three years

after which period the great "tone-poet" had ceased to exist.

The chapters on love and friendship are followed by one devoted to Beethoven's family relations. The characteristic anecdotes follow—of which, by the way, M. Fétis has made a most discreet and appropriate selection; and finally, we have a chronological catalogue of Beethoven's works, followed by an examination of the biographies, essays, appreciations, and other writings on the subject. If the rest of the new edition of *La Biographie Universelle des Musiciens* be on a par with the article "Beethoven," it will be no less a book of inestimable value than of unexampled labor and research.—*Musical World*.

### Beethoven.

BY THEODOR HAGEN.

In July, 1805, Cherubini arrived with his wife in Vienna, in order to write for the theater *an der Wien* a new opera, *Fäniska*, which was performed for the first time in February, 1806. The Cherubinis were of course well received by Beethoven, who held the composer of the *Water-Carrier* in great esteem, which was never very warmly reciprocated, and which led some people to the strange assertion, that Beethoven, in his opera *Fidelio*, had taken the Italian's music for a model. It was in November, 1805, that the last-named opera made its appearance. The circumstances were not favorable. Although the female parts were well received, the male ones were so much the worse, the tenor having no voice, and the basso a very rough one, and no method. Besides, the nobility had left their residences, and among the masses a fear of the French soldiery prevailed, so that the audience at the performance of *Fidelio* consisted mostly of French officers. The opera was given three nights in succession, and the performance resumed only in March, 1806, under the title *Leonore*, and with some changes, as, for instance, the contraction into two, instead of the former three acts; also the introduction of a new aria, by *Pizarro* in C, because the singer of this part had resolutely refused to sing the old one in B flat. Further, a duo in C, between *Leonore* and *Marcelline*, with obligato violin and violoncello accompaniment, as well as a conic trio between *Rocco*, *Marcelline*, and *Jacquino* were left out. Once more, on April the tenth, it was given, and then left to the dust in the library of the theatre, where it remained until 1814, when it was again performed for the benefit of three subordinate officials at the Imperial Opera-House. At this time, at Beethoven's own instigation, several alterations had been made. We quote his own words, written to Friedrich Treitschke, artistic manager of the theatre: "The history of this opera is the most troublesome in the world. With most of it I am dissatisfied, and there is hardly a piece where I have not made attempts to lessen somewhat that dissatisfaction."

The performance was to take place May 23d; on the day before was to be the chief rehearsal, but the new overture in E was not yet written. The orchestra was ordered to rehearse this overture on the morning of the performance. Beethoven did not arrive. After a long delay, Treitschke took a carriage to fetch him, but he found him still in bed, in a profound sleep. At his side was a goblet with wine and biscuit in it; the sheets of the overture were strewn over the bed and on the floor. A candle, burnt out, showed that he had been at work till late in the night. The impossibility of finishing the work was at once settled, and instead of the new overture, the one to *Prometheus* was played.

In the evening Beethoven conducted, with conductor Umlant behind his back, to make right what the master's inability to hear made wrong. The applause was great, and increased with every performance. The seventh, on July 18th, was given for the benefit of Beethoven himself. It was on this occasion, that *Rocco's* air, "Gold is a fine thing," was performed for the first time, and the great aria of *Leonore* in E, with the three horns obligato, appeared in an altered state, in which it has since remained.

It must be mentioned here, that the artists engaged to sing in this opera at that time performed their task admirably. Mad. Milder Hauptmann, one of the greatest dramatic singers Germany ever had, sang *Leonore*; Michael Vogel, *Pizarro*, and Weinmüller, *Rocco*. Even the Italian Radochi, whose German was still worse than Vienna German generally is, in the tenor part of *Florestan* was entirely acceptable in voice, method, and figure. Unfortunately, soon after the successful resuming of *Fidelio*, Mad. Milder Hauptmann left Vienna in consequence of an engagement for life at the Royal Opera in Berlin, and the possibility of giving the opera to any satisfaction, became impossible. It was at least eight years before it could be again performed. It may be just as well to mention here a remark in Beethoven's own hand-writing, which was found amongst his papers: "The opera *Fidelio*, written anew, and improved in 1814, from March till May 15th."

### Prince Galitzin.

Prince Galitzin advertises a "Russian Concert" for the 20th at St. James's Hall, and amateurs of music are asking one another who this Prince Galitzin is, and what this Russian Concert is to be that he proposes to give for the benefit of Garibaldi, and at which the Prince himself is to conduct. Some even go so far as to ask how it is that a Russian nobleman in such a position as Prince Galitzin occupies, ventures to get up an entertainment in honor of a man whom the despotic party in Austria and Russia regard as a rebel and a revolutionist of the worst kind. The late Czar would not precisely have smiled on a Russian prince who had announced a concert for the benefit of Garibaldi; but though the Garibaldi of 1860 is still the Garibaldi of 1848, the Emperor Alexander is not the Emperor Nicholas, nor is the Russia of the present day to be judged of by the Russia of the past reign.

As for the Prince Galitzin, who is to make his appearance on Wednesday at St. James's Hall, he is the son of Prince Nicolas Galitzin, to whom Beethoven dedicated three of his last quartets, and under whom Prince George (he of St. James's Hall) served against us and our *quondam* allies in the Crimean war. Prince George Galitzin has an estate at Tamboff, and has long paid especial attention to the musical education of his peasants. He himself teaches the children to sing, and admits those who have attained a certain proficiency into a choir which he has spent eighteen years in forming, and which includes every range of voice from the highest sopranos to lower basses, by at least half an octave than are met with in this country or in Italy. These picked chorists—of whom, when we heard them four years ago at Moscow there were as many as eighty, of all sizes and ages—are excellent musicians, and read any part music at sight. That they have a good knowledge of harmony may be inferred from the fact, that they will sing any chord of four notes in any key on the chord being named, and without hearing it struck. This was shown at the time of the coronation of the Emperor Alexander, in Prince Galitzin's house at Moscow, where the Tamboff choir sang various sacred compositions by Mozart, Bortniansky, &c., and afterwards underwent a sort of examination in the presence of Oulibicheff, Jossa, the *chef d'orchestre* of the Théâtre Français, Durand, the organist of the Pantheon, Lablache, Tagliafico, and a number of other musicians and amateurs. A variety of chords were named, all of which were satisfactorily given by the singers. The service of the Russian Church is sung without accompaniment, and Prince Galitzin's singers, who are, above all, singers of sacred music, are in the habit of performing without the aid of any instrument. Several times at the conclusion of a long piece the Prince verified the final chord at the piano, when it appeared that, contrary to all precedent, the voices had not fallen even the eighth part of a note.

Another remarkable thing in the performance of these Tamboff singers, is the manner in which, in certain compositions, they do, or rather do *not*, take their breath. Thus, they will chant the creed or the Lord's Prayer from beginning to end without stopping to breathe even for an instant. Such at least is the effect upon the audience; but as the Galitzin chorists live, like the rest of us, by inhalation, we imagine the Prince must have arranged some system by which they take their breath in sections, say ten at a time, so that out of the eighty, seventy only are continually singing.

The advertisements do not set forth explicitly that Prince Galitzin has brought his chorists with him

to London; but we know that it was his intention to do so, and if he has left them behind, all we can say is, that he had better telegraph for them to Tamboff without delay.—*London Musical World*.

### The Organ.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Then swelled the organ: up through choir and nave  
The music trembled with an inward thrill  
Of bliss at its own grandeur; waves on waves  
In flood of mellow thunder rose, until  
The hushed air shivered with the throb it gave;  
Then, pausing for a moment, it stood still,  
And sank and rose again to burst in spray  
That wandered into silence far away.

Deeper and deeper shudders shook the air,  
As the huge base kept gathering heavily,  
Like thunder when it rouses in its lair,  
And with its hoarse growl shakes the low-hung sky,  
It grew up like a darkness everywhere  
Filling the vast cathedral;—suddenly  
From the dense mass a boy's treble broke  
Like lightning, and the full-toned choir awoke.

Through gorgeous windows shone the sun afloat,  
Brimming the church with gold and purple mist,  
Meet atmosphere to bosom that rich chant,  
Where fifty voices in one strand did twist  
Their vari-colored tones, and left no want  
To the delighted soul, which sank abysed  
In the warm music cloud, while far below  
The organ heaved its surges to and fro.

### Popular Music of the Olden Time.\*

(From the Quarterly Review.)

(Continued from page 106.)

During the early part of the civil commotions in the time of Charles I., the ballad-writers, who, distinguished from the literary poets, continued to exist in full vigor, were apparently on the side of the Parliament. They found a good unpopular figure ready made to their hands in the person of Archbishop Laud, and pandered to the rabble by squibbing that obnoxious prelate; but when an ordinance went forth not only for the suppression of stage-plays but also for seizing upon all ballad-mongers, the poets of the people found that they had sided with the wrong party. Chief on the list of royal rhymesters is Martin Parker, whose song "The king shall enjoy his own again" became a kind of party anthem among the Cavaliers, and whose name was so famous among his enemies that ballad-writers in general were stigmatized as Martin Parker's society, and perhaps formed an actual corporation.

Ritson, who considered Parker a "Grub-street scribbler," cannot help styling the "King shall enjoy his own again," the "most famous and popular air ever heard of in this country." The tune to which the words are written was already popular as "Marry me, quoth the bonny lass," but there is no doubt that he first gave it general celebrity by his poem, to which many verses were afterwards added, in order to suit the circumstances of the party. Wildrake, the typical cavalier in Sir Walter Scott's *Woodstock*, has this party effusion ever on the tip of his tongue, and for nearly a century it is identified with the cause of the Stuarts. In the days of Charles I., is sustained the courage of the Cavaliers; on the restoration of Charles II., it celebrated their triumph; after the revolution of 1688, it kept alive the enthusiasm of the Jacobites. The Anti-Stuart song, which rivalled the Cavalier lyric in popularity, was the famous "Lilliburlero," which with words directed against the Irish papists, first became significant about 1688, and was afterwards whistled into immortality by Sterne's Uncle Toby.

The line of demarcation that so distinctly separated the cultivated from the uncultivated lover of music, was to a great measure obliterated on the restoration of Charles II. Professors of the science now essayed to please the many as well as the few; the learned tuneless counterpoint which was the pride of an earlier day fell into disuse, and melody began to assert a supremacy over more scientific combinations. The gittern, now called the "guitar," encroached upon the domain of the more unwieldy lute, and the six-stringed viol yielded to the violin, which had hitherto been almost exclusively employed in accompaniment to dancing. This exchange of the viol for the violin denoted a change in the character of the music performed. As Mr. Chappell says:—

"The reason why viols had been preferred to violins, tenors, and violoncellos for chamber music was simply this: until the reign of Charles II., the music played was in close counter-

point of limited compass for each instrument, and in from three to six parts, every visitor being expected to take a part, and generally at sight. The frets of the viols secured the stopping in tune, which one indifferent ear in the party might otherwise have marred."

Viols, it may be remarked, were not all of the same size. A set, or "chest," as it was termed, contained instruments of five or six different dimensions to suit different registers.

The lighter instrument, as we shall presently find, gained its ascendancy through the introduction of French taste; but the stringed instrument played with a bow,—and which, without distinction of size or register, we may generally term a fiddle,—is of native British growth. The Anglo-Saxons called it a fithle (with the soft "th" represented by the obsolete *ö*), and the Normans, suppressing the middle consonants altogether, reduced the word to "fiele," the obvious parent of "viol." But why talk of Normans, when we have the following lines by an Italian poet, Venantius, who, towards the end of the sixth century, thus addressed Loup, Duke of Champagne?—

"Romanæque lyra plaudet tibi, Barbarus harpa,  
Græcus Achillæa, chrotta Britannia canat."

The "chrotta" was the "crowd" or primitive fiddle, the name of which is so familiar to the readers of Hudibras, and it differed from the modern instrument by the absence of a neck. An aperture was made so as to admit the left hand of the player through the back and enable him to form the notes by the pressure of the strings upon the finger-board.

The very circumstance that the violin had previously been associated with dancing, would seem to have been a recommendation with Charles II., who, according to Roger North, loved no music but that of the dancing kind, and put down all advocates for the fugal style of composition, with the unanswerable question, "Have I not ears?" A band of twenty-four violins (including tenors and basses), who merrily accompanied his meals, and even enlivened his devotions in the Chapel Royal, originally suggested the comic song, "Four-and-twenty fiddlers all of a row," that has lasted down to the present day. These innovations were deemed offensive by gentlemen of the old school, and the sober Evelyn was greatly shocked, when, in December, 1662, at the conclusion of the sermon, "instead of the ancient gravo and solemn wind-music accompanying the organ, was introduced a concert of twenty-four violins, between every pause, after the French fantastical light way; better suiting a tavern or play-house than a church." Unfortunately, too, the predilection of a king for French fiddlers formed part of his anti-national tendency, and was carried to such an extent, that John Banister, who had been leader of the twenty-four, was dismissed for saying, on his return from Paris, that the English violins were better than the French. Nor was this sacrifice of national feeling a tribute to superior accomplishment in the foreigner. France was the country least celebrated in Europe as the birth-place of musicians; and, while English gentlemen were not deemed properly educated unless they could play difficult music at sight, the twenty-four professional musicians who recreated the "Grand Monarque," and where the model on which Charles II. fashioned his own band, were not able to play anything they had not especially studied. But the French tickled the ears of the royal voluptuary by their dance-tunes, which the old contrapuntal "fantasies," as they were called, did not; and there was the end of all controversy.

A taste for the vocal music of Italy is, however, much older than the Restoration, and recitative, which is notoriously of Italian origin, was found indispensable in the Court Masques that were given during the reign of James I. and Charles I. As early as 1653, Henry Lawes, the friend of Milton and Waller, and the representative of native genius, was roused to an indignant protest, which with small variations has been repeated down to the present day.

"Wise men," says Lawes, "have observed our nation so giddy that whatsoever is native, be it ever so excellent, must lose its taste, because themselves have lost theirs. For my part, I profess (and such as know me can bear witness), I desire to render every man his due, whether stranger or native; and without depressing the honor of other countries, I may say our own nation hath had, and yet hath, as able musicians as any in Europe. I confess the Italian language may have some advantage by being better smoothed and vowelled for music, which I found by many songs which I set to Italian words, and our English seems a little overlogged with consonants, but that's much the composer's fault, who, by judicious setting and right turning the words, may make it smooth enough. This present generation is so sated with what is native that nothing takes their ear but what's sung in a language they understand as little as they do the music."

The same Henry Lawes, with Matthew Lock and Captain Henry Cook, composed the music to Davenant's *Sirge of Rhodes*, the story of which was told in recitative, and which was an opera in the strictest sense of the word. The work was performed in a room at the Earl of Rutland's house, in Aldersgate,

in the year 1656, and preceded by thirteen years the establishment of opera in France. Indeed, Louis XIV. himself gave acknowledged precedence to the English, when in 1669 he granted to the Sieur Perrin the patent (afterwards withdrawn) for the establishment of an academy for the cultivation of public theatrical singing (*pour chanter en public des pièces de Théâtre*), as practised in Italy, Germany, and England. People who love to remark that tragedy was first introduced into France by Cardinal Richelieu may take pleasure in observing that the first English opera was licensed by Cromwell. To the fact that the performance took place in a room may be attributed this extraordinary liberality, of which we find traces among the religionists of the present day. The families, who hold theatres in abhorrence, yet patronize the most worldly and frivolous "entertainments" given in halls and galleries.

To the suppression of the theatres by the Puritans, and to the dispersions of musicians generally during the Civil Wars, may be traced the origin of public concerts. Having no other means of earning a subsistence, the musicians betook themselves to the taverns, which now became the sole places where music could be heard, and were much frequented on that account. However, a law like that which had formerly annihilated the minstrels of the ancient school, was now put in force against these hapless enterers for public amusement. By an Act passed in 1656-7 against "vagrants, and wandering, idle, dissolute persons" (our legislators always added insult to injury when dealing with music and the drama), it was ordered that "if any person or persons, commonly called fiddlers or minstrels, shall at any time after the first of July be taken playing, fiddling, and making music in any inn, alehouse, or tavern, or shall be taken performing themselves or desiring or enticing any person or persons to hear them play, or make music in any of the places aforesaid, they shall be treated as rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars. The poor wretches were not only forbidden to make music, but they might not ask to be heard; and the frequenters of taverns no longer amused by others were driven to their own vocal resources, which, thanks to their education, were not small. Part-songs, catches, and canons thus become the order of the day, and the proficiency of our forefathers in singing at sight is attested by the fact that there was seldom any difficulty in finding the requisite number of voices. On the restoration of Charles II., the obstacles to the development of professional talent were removed, but, nevertheless, the vocal performances of amateurs continued in full vigor. In the very first place of entertainment at which music was regularly played—a place situated (according to North) in a lane behind St. Paul's—shopkeepers and freemen were wont to sing in concert, mellowing their voices with ale and tobacco. The next experiment, which was made in Whitefriars, was of a more professional nature, the engaged "talent" being so excessively modest, that they were inclosed in a box, surrounded by curtains that rendered them invisible. The patrons of art paid an entrance fee, and ordered what refreshment they pleased. Here we have the exact prototype of the Canterbury Halls of the present day, save that the shamefacedness of the musicians has had no modern imitators.

The vocal music sung by the amateurs who frequented taverns in the time of Charles II. was usually taken from the now scarce collection of rounds and catches published by John Playford. A similar collection of rounds and catches had been published by Ravenscroft in the time of James I., but it was not till after the Restoration that the practice of writing catches became prevalent among great composers.

(To be continued.)

### The Nine O'clock Bell.

It is a beautiful custom which prevails in many towns and villages in New England,—this ringing of the church bells at the good, wholesome hour of nine o'clock in the evening. It is an observance, too, sanctioned by time-honored usage,—handed down to us by our puritan fathers,—redolent of antiquity, and of those good old days when people went to rest betimes, slept soundly and sweetly upon hard beds, and arose with the sun, or the larks, if you please.

There is to us something inexpressibly pleasant in this ringing of the bells at nine o'clock, and we never pass a night in a strange village, but we feel more at home in it—more tranquil and fitted for repose, if we chance to hear at the usual time some faithful sentiment in a neighboring steeple, sending forth its evening chime. There is more than we think in the power of early associations. We never forget the mellow tones of the church bell which graced the belfry of the village church in our native hamlet. Its cadences will ever and anon sound in our ears all our lives

\* A Collection of Ancient Songs, Ballads, and Dance Tunes illustrative of the National Music of England. By W. CHAPPELL, F. R. S. A.



long, though many dreary miles of land or sea make a gulf between us and our early home.

Who has not some particular bell in his memory, which to his boyish eyes seemed the largest bell upon earth? What an interest it had in his eyes! How he watched with eagerness for its ringing, and with what a feeling of curiosity, mingled with awe, he mounted, for the first time, the rickety staircase, wound his way up through the unfurnished garret, and stood face to face with the object of his admiration; or looked down from the dizzy height upon mother earth far below, and the blue hills in the distance, standing up like armed sentinels against the sky. What a variety of cadences the old bell possessed! On gala-days it rang a merry peal, and the child's heart leaped for joy. On the Sabbath its tones were more solemn and majestic, according well with the solemnity of the day and seeming to say to all within the sound of its voice, "this is none other than the house of prayer, the very gate of heaven;" but when it tolled the knell of a departed soul, the tones were sad and mournful, dying away upon the air with a tremulous sound, like a mourner's sob.

We have read that the travellers in foreign lands with the broad ocean rolling between them and home, have sometimes awakened at night, and seemed to hear the church bells ringing in their homes beyond the sea, and so real did it seem to them, that it was difficult to dispel the illusion, if such it be. May it not be possible that in certain peculiar states of the mind,—that wonderful creation of a divine hand,—the faculties become so acute, so intensified, the delicate nerves of sensation so enhanced in power, that time and space are annihilated, and we are borne on the wings of the wind as it were, very near our home and friends. It was not all an illusion when the heroine of that most delightful novel—Jane Eyre—seemed to hear the voice of Rochester calling to her in the darkness. Who has not in his own experience known instances similar to this, of those who heard voices in the night-watches, and gained strength and courage thereby.

"Perched God's right hand in that darkness,  
And were lifted up and strengthened."

One need not go to the city for sweet-toned, musical bells. In many of the rural villages of the north country, we may hear as rich, full tones,—as harmonious cadences as ever fell upon the listening air of evening from cathedral dome or lofty church-spire. It is after all, the associations, the memories awakened, that render the tones of even a diminutive bell more majestic and soul-moving than organ music to our ears.

We recollect one bell in an obscure country village whose mellow tones will live forever in our heart. In the clear evenings of mid-summer, as the shadows deepened along the landscape and the stars peeped out one by one "in the infinite meadows of heaven," its clear, silvery tones might be heard echoing among the hills, proclaiming the hour of nine o'clock, and saying not inaudibly, to all the dwellers round about, "The night cometh; sleep on now and take your rest, for all is well!" It is impossible to describe the tranquillizing influence its tones exerted—the happy recollections it awakened in the hearts of those who nightly listened to its welcome music. At such a time, under the clear sky of a mid-summer night,

"The friendships old and the early loves  
Come back with a Sabbath sound as of doves  
In quiet neighborhoods."

Let us cherish with a feeling akin to veneration anything that tends to occasionally separate us from the busy toil and strife of life's battle,—soothe and calm our troubled spirits, and fit us for repose! Long may it be before the time-hallowed customs die out in New England which sets the church bells a ringing at the good hour of nine o'clock, for with it would vanish one of the most valued associations of childhood.

"We may build more splendid habitations,  
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures, but we cannot  
Buy with gold the old associations."

—Worcester Daily Spy.

## Music Abroad.

### Paris.

The Government is expending a great deal of money on the Grand Opera. The opera "Semiramis," in which the two sisters Marchisio are to make their appearance, will be gotten up in a style of magnificence such as has never been seen before, even here, where we have witnessed more than one folly in the way of operatic decoration. All books, all medals, all engravings, all drawings on Babylon have been consulted and analyzed, and Mons. Flan-

drin, who visited these countries on a mission given by the Government, has been appointed inspector of the scene painters. Consequently we shall have as faithful a representation of Babylon as it is possible to obtain. The scenery of the first act represents Babylon as it was in 1916 B. C., that is, in all its splendor—a splendor by the side of which Martin's most extravagant pictures and Piranesi's most extravagant architectural dreams seem tame and commonplace and dwarfed. Another decoration, which is not less poetical and not less immense than the scenery of the first act, is a representation of the hanging gardens of Babylon. The decoration of the third act represents a crypt which seems of infinite extent, and which the scene painters have attempted to make as gloomy and terrible as possible—this is the burial-place of the Assyrian Kings. Ninus's tomb will likewise produce a great effect. Ninus's ghost will appear at the summit of a gigantic staircase reaching heaven, and lighted by the most fantastic fires of modern pyrotechny. The costumes will be accurate and of unheard of splendor. The recitatives added to the score are by M. Carafa. Strange to say, it has been impossible to find a complete score of the opera. When Rossini composed it there was no such thing as musical engraving in Italy. The copyist of the theatre copied the scores for other theatres, and usually made a great deal more money by copying the scores than the composer made by writing them—as is still the case in the United States, where copyists get a great deal more from copying plays than the author dreams of receiving. The copies of opera scores made by those mechanics of ink were extremely incorrect and generally very incomplete: as most theatres had very small orchestras they usually purchased only the score of the instruments found in their orchestra. The quartet of stringed instruments was always complete, and more attentively copied than the rest, which was copied as God please. Rossini recently told one of his friends that the Italian opera here had not, and consequently never played, the opera as he wrote it. The Grand Opera has made every possible research to procure a correct score; its agents have examined the libraries of the best Italian opera houses, and the score it has obtained is believed to be nearly perfect. Galli, a famous singer in his day, "created" the leading masculine part; he was so much overcome by emotion that he sang constantly in too high a key: he was conscious of it, but he could not avoid it. Rossini was on the stage; but when the curtain fell Galli dared not go near him; Rossini saw his embarrassment, and running up to him with open arms, exclaimed: "Veni porco! give us a hug! you've sung magnificently false this evening!" The first allegro of the overture is a master piece overflowing with gaiety, youth, fire and joy. Rossini has taken the *motivo* of this allegro for the funeral march he has composed for his interment! His idea is, he is in the coffin, but sensible; he recalls his brilliant youth, he takes the most admired work of that period of his life, he veils it with crape, and turns it into a dead march, as if he'd make his youth weep for his death. This funeral march is of a power, a grandeur, a sadness which cannot be expressed; the auditor seems to hear all the great operas, the composer's immortal daughters, clad in thick black and wailing their father's departure from life. The idea seems at first of indecent levity; but when it is explained doesn't it appear poetical, and beautiful, and appropriate? Great embarrassment was felt about the music for the dancing, as there was none in the original score, and Rossini would not write any now, and as the Grand Opera was averse from interpolating any music foreign to the original score. However, by dint of patient researches the score of a cantata was found written by Rossini for his first wife, M<sup>lle</sup>. Colbrand, in 1818, to celebrate the return of the Bourbons to Naples. This cantata was composed of dances and songs. The sisters of Marchisio are said to be women of most extraordinary talents; they command at rehearsals the applause of the orchestra and their comrades. Mons. Meyerbeer, however, does not think them equal to singing his long promised *L'Africain*, which he offered to M<sup>lle</sup>. Cruvelli. Speaking of her, I may mention her husband, Baron Vigier, bought the other day "Garibaldi's House" at Nice for \$26,000. Garibaldi always inhabited this house when he visited his birth place. It is on the Boulevard de l'Imperatrice.—*Corr. of the New Orleans Picayune.*

M. Wicart, the Belgian tenor, whose re-engagement at the Grand Opera I announced in my last, made his appearance last Friday as Arnold in *Guillaume Tell*. A great deal of curiosity was felt, to ascertain whether this artist had indeed made all the progress attributed to him since his first appearance in Paris. The result has proved in excess of what ever was anticipated, and so decided was his success

that the strongest desire is expressed that he should in future make Paris his artistic home. His voice is of considerable extent, powerful, and especially clear and telling in the upper notes. In the celebrated air, "Asile héréditaire," followed by the *stretta*, "Amis, secondez ma vaillance," which is the trying piece of the part, and the one which would decide the character of his success, Wicart was enthusiastically applauded and several times re-called. He is to appear again in the same opera, and then twice as Raoul in the *Huguenots*; his engagement being only for four nights. I understand that the report of the commissioners appointed to make enquiries as to the most suitable locality for the new Opera House has been sent in, and that the decision is in favor of the site on the Boulevard des Capucines. The commission consisted of the following personages, M. Chaix d'Estance, chairman; M. Cristie, architect; and MM. Cornudet, Eugène Scribe, Varin, L. Véron, and Denière. Herold's maiden triumph at the Opéra Comique, *Les Rosières*, just revived, as I mentioned last week for the first time since 1826, is still running and meets with increased success every night. It is admirably executed, every part being well filled.—*London Musical World*, June 23.

BERLIN.—A very intelligent friend of mine, who holds an important post at the Court of Berlin, and of whose musical knowledge—amateur as he is—I am decidedly jealous, gives me some account of the operatic doings in that city. Marschner's opera of *The Templar and the Jewess* has just been revived. This is decidedly the most popular work of the composer, but on its first appearance it had to struggle against the influence of two such redoubtable rivals as Weber and Spohr, and consequently it was never appreciated at its just value. Marschner has now had his revenge, and has compelled the public to acknowledge the dramatic power which characterizes many of the pieces in this opera, the gracefulness of its melody and the richness of its instrumentation. Mad. Koester played the part of Rebecca and added fresh lustre to her reputation. Kreutzer's opera of *A Night at Granada* has been played at Kroll's establishment with great success. *Stradella* (Flotow's) is still attracting crowded audiences, and is being played both at the Frederick William Theatre and at Kroll's. The duo between the two brigands and the hymn to the Virgin are regularly honored with an encore whenever they are heard. It is the success of *Martha* over again. This is encouraging to Mr. Gye, who is to bring out *Stradella* during the present season. By the way, it is said here that he (Mr. Gye) has engaged Graziani for two seasons, 1861 and 1862, at the rate of 10,000*fr.* a month; you will better come at the truth of this than I.—*Ibid.*

VIENNA.—But to return to my German correspondent's budget of news. The Italian opera at Vienna closes on the 28th of the month, and next season the *Pardon de Ploërmel* will be produced, with Mad. Frassini as Dinorah.—*Ibid.*

MUNICH.—The *Pardon* has been played at Munich with M<sup>lle</sup>. Schazbach as the heroine. Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis* is announced here, and M<sup>lle</sup>. Stoeger is to sing the principal part. The Oratorio Society of Munich have brought their season to a close. Bach's Christmas *Cantata* and fragments of Handel's *Susannah* were given at the last performance. At Trieste, Mad. Amelia Jackson had just made her debut in *Robert le Diable* as Isabella, and obtained a legitimate success.—*Ibid.*

### London.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The programme of Monday evening's concert (the fifth and last but one of the season) was as follows:—

Sinfonia in E flat, No. 5.....	Mozart
Song—"The Quail," Mr. Tennant.....	Beethoven
Concerto in A minor, pianoforte, Herr Ritter.....	Hummel
Aria—"Vedrai carino," Mad. Borghi-Mamo.....	Mozart
Overture—"Isles of Fingal".....	Mendelssohn
Sinfonia in A, No. 7.....	Beethoven
Recit. and Aria—"Ah, come rapida," Mad. Borghi-Mamo.....	Meyerbeer
Concertino, violoncello, M. Paque.....	G. Goldmann
Overture—"Prometheus".....	Beethoven
Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D.	

—*Ibid.*

PRINCE GEORGE GALITZIN'S CONCERT.—This concert, of the holder and object of which we have already given some account, took place on Wednesday afternoon in St. James's Hall. Though its announcement did not, as we expected it would have done, fill the hall to overflowing, yet the audience was large, and many distinguished persons were present. Prince Galitzin, on presenting himself in the orchestra in the capacity of conductor of the concert, was received with loud and prolonged acclamations. He is a man of a striking aspect; tall, stout, and portly,

with a handsome and noble countenance, and an air of great dignity. He conducted the performances with the skill of a practised musician, wielding his baton of command with remarkable grace, and beating the measure with very great clearness and precision. Altogether, this high-born stranger did not disappoint the expectations of those who were led by his illustrious name—which is a household word among musical amateurs—to look at him with curiosity and interest. The concert consisted wholly of Russian music, unknown in this country, but calculated to give a high idea of the state of the art in the far North. Several of the pieces were composed by Prince Galitzin, and showed him to be—not a mere amateur, but a thorough artist, possessed of original genius and great technical acquirements. A chorus "Santa Maria," which opened the concert was a piece of ecclesiastical harmony equally remarkable for purity of style and grandeur of effect. There was, too, a charming Romance with an "obligato" accompaniment for the violoncello, sung by Mad. Sainton-Dolby, and accompanied by M. René Douay, which enchanted the audience; and there was lastly a waltz for the orchestra, which, in vigor, brilliancy, and masterly treatment, reminded us of the best things of poor Jullien. In short, this illustrious amateur showed himself a master of every style of music. Besides these compositions of Prince Galitzin, there were several superb choral pieces of Bortniansky, a composer whose renown has reached this country, and whose music ought to be better known among us; and there were two specimens of Glinka, a famous dramatic composer of the day; one, a beautiful trio from a Russian opera, sung by Miss Louisa Pyne, Signor Mongini, and Mr. Patey; and the other a mazurka, played with remarkable grace and brilliancy by Miss Arabella Goddard, who was enthusiastically called upon to repeat it, but contented herself by gracefully acknowledging the compliment. Though the concert consisted of modern compositions, they were, for the most part, strongly marked with the Russian national character, a circumstance which enhanced their interest. The performances were received with the greatest enthusiasm; most of them, indeed, were encored, and at the conclusion Prince Galitzin retired from the orchestra amidst thunders of applause from all parts of the hall.—*Ibid.*

**HERR STRAUSS AT THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.**—The first appearance at these concerts of a violinist with such legitimate claims to notice as Herr Strauss (from Frankfort) must not be passed over without a line to record that it was eminently and deservedly successful. All genuine amateurs are acquainted with the Tenth Quartet of Beethoven, and know that it is one of the most difficult to play, no less than one of the most profound and poetical, of the seventeen master-pieces which the greatest of instrumental composers has bequeathed to the world of art. In this piece (which had already twice been led with great ability by M. Wieniawski at the Monday Popular Concerts) Herr Strauss made his *coup d'essai* before an audience become critical through the force of admirable examples, and so by no means easy to conciliate. Herr Strauss, however, in the first part of the first movement had done enough to satisfy all present that he was no mere flashy pretender, but, on the contrary, an artist of the foremost rank; while all the rest, up to the final variation of the theme of the concluding movement, was to match. Thus the Frankfort violinist was not "plucked," but passed his examination triumphantly. The decision was not just, Herr Strauss being not merely all that report had given out in his favor, but something more. Besides the Tenth Quartet, he played the Romance (No. 2), accompanied by Mr. Benedict on the piano-forte, and the Quartet in D major, the finest of the early set of six, numbered Op. 18, and the one which in certain places (instance the *minuetto* and *trio*) exercised an undoubted influence upon Mendelssohn.—*Times.*

**THEODORE RITTER AT THE PHILHARMONIC.**—The solo instrumentalists were Herr Ritter, a pianist quite new to this country, and M. Paque, the well-known violoncellist. The former was triumphantly successful, as he well deserved to be. The numerous disappointments we have experienced of late years with respect to "distinguished foreign pianists," whose visits to our shores were heralded by magnificent "puffs preliminary," each player being set down for the nonce as the greatest of the great, rendered us, we must own, somewhat special about the merits of Herr Ritter. We were thus surprised no less than delighted to find in this new performer a consummate master of his instrument—a pianist whose executancy presents a combination of manual agility with purity and elegance of style which not one player in a thousand attains to. Herr Ritter possesses, too, in its highest perfection, that gift of nature, a beautiful and sympathetic "touch." He

handles his piano as though he loved it, and the piano seems to return his affection. The piece selected by Herr Ritter for his *debut* at the Philharmonic was Hummel's fine and far too rarely heard concerto in A minor. Herr Ritter could not have chosen more wisely. Nothing more thoroughly "pianistic" than this work exists; and perhaps there is none in which so much effect may be made in a natural and orthodox way by a legitimate pianist. We do not mean to say that Hummel's concerto in A minor is not "difficult" to play, for it demands graces of style and expression which none but a great artist can supply; but the florid passages, truly brilliant though they be, are all what is termed "grateful"—that is, they lie well under the fingers, and repay with interest whatever labor they may have exacted from the player. Herr Ritter was enthusiastically applauded, and recalled twice after his masterly performance.—*Morning Post.*

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 14, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—WEBER'S Opera, *Der Freyschütz* piano-forte arrangement, continued.

### The Philharmonic Problem.

We yield the place of honor, with pleasure this week to the following communication from Mr. Ryan, the President of the Philharmonic Society, that his views upon this question may have as conspicuous display before our readers as have the remarks that have elicited this reply. We need not say, we trust, that nothing is further from the intentions and spirit of the "Journal of Music," than to misrepresent or prejudice the intentions or plans of this Society. The comments that have been made in our columns were such as were suggested by such information as had been vouchsafed to us of the constitution of the Society, and explanation has been already made as to those points in which we were misinformed or uninformed. Neither need this "Journal" say, that its best wishes and most earnest efforts, will always be cheerfully given to aid this endeavor of the new Society, to attain the desired success, or that whatever difference of opinion there may be as to what is the *best* plan, we shall not be behind hand in our exertions to forward the success of that which, for the time being, is adopted as such.

JOHN S. DWIGHT, ESQ.,—*Dear Sir:*—I have read with much interest your articles on the "Philharmonic problem," and as all music-lovers, and especially professional musicians, must regard it as a matter of great importance, I hope you will allow me the favor of expressing in your paper my views on the same subject, in order that the same readers may be able to judge after hearing both sides of the question; and though my views differ essentially from yours, yet I believe that we have an equal interest in the firm establishment of such a Society among us.

Before entering on the question at large, allow me to say a word in defence, not as President of the Philharmonic Society, but simply as a member. I admit your having made the *amende honorable* to our Society, for giving in your paper as articles in our constitution, matter that was not in the constitution, or thought of being introduced into it. Yet there is one more article which in your mind is an objectionable feature; namely that the Society is composed of orchestral performers only, and that none others can be members. I will simply say that the article relating to this matter reads thus, "The Society shall consist of sufficient professors of music to constitute a good orchestra." Now we do not mean by that, that such as play violins, flutes, clarinets,

trumpets and the like, only can be members. No such idea runs through our constitution. It is sufficient that they be professors of music, good artists and serviceable ones to be admitted. For instance, we need piano players often as a portion of the full orchestra; and such artists would be all the more welcome, if they were as serviceable as our friends, Messrs. Timm and Scharfenberg of the New York Philharmonic Society, excellent pianists and most respectable in their double capacity in the Society, as big drum and cymbal beaters. Therefore if there are any of the "leading artists" of Boston who are willing to sacrifice themselves and work as hard for the cause as we shall, they have but to express a wish to become members of the Society, and there is little doubt of their election. Now who will be these "leading artists?" To say that we have always worked hard for the advancement of the cause of music in Boston, is no idle boast, if our friends will but remember the "Musical Fund Society." That society gave concerts for about five or six seasons, with an indefinite number of rehearsals, both private and public, without, I was going to add, the members receiving one cent. But I forgot; we one year received nine dollars, another year twenty-five dollars,—and that was the entire remuneration from those concerts for the five or six seasons that we were in active existence. We associated ourselves purely for art's sake, thinking that "we had a claim on the sympathy of those that value art, and that support would naturally flow in from all sides." We were mistaken, and I fear we will never see the day when "generous material support will never be wanting," though there were real friends then; they are still our friends, but for a city the size of Boston, we must respectfully say, that they are few in number. The public at large, upon whom the "material support" of large concerts really rests, deserted our standard in the hour of need, and went over to the enemy, the "Germania." That was proper in one sense, and was to be expected; theirs was a superior organization; but, on the other hand, does it prove that artists have only to show to the public the sincerity of their efforts, to receive every sympathy and large reward?

Notwithstanding all we have hitherto done for the cause, you still have no faith in our artistic intentions, and you plainly express it in your articles on the subject, that we as a body only care to increase our wages, by creating opportunities so to do. The "twelve dollar article" naturally gave rise to this in your mind. Now you have already, I concede, given the reason for the existence of such an article in the constitution, as it has been explained to you, viz., "to prevent the Government engaging in rash enterprises." So far, so good. In that sense, such a clause was imperative. But I will give still another reason why we ought as men and citizens, as well as artists to guard for the future, against laboring without remuneration, for none of us are in such a position that this absurdity can be expected of us, and yet I will aver Mr. Dwight, that the heart and kernel of our plan was not simply to make money.

You say "good symphony concerts are to the musician, what the White Mountains are to the painters." Precisely so! and yet can our brother painters afford to go to the mountains, spend their time in making sketches, studies, working them up into pictures of grace and beauty, and then return home to give them away to the picture loving public? By no means. They go to the mountains with the express intention of improving themselves in their art, of making the very best pictures their talents will allow them, with the equally express intention of *selling* them to the highest bidder. Yet they, none the less work for the true cause of art, as much as mortal man can, who must, to support life, have bread and butter. Now can any one censure them for all this? I think not. In fact, this matter of

working for the progress of art, or any other good cause, and at the same time looking for a proper remuneration, *can not be separated*. It cannot I repeat be lost sight of, any more than we may expect the minister who preaches the gospel of Christ not to look for *his* wages, or the lawyer or doctor for their fees.

Why then can you expect a number of individuals to form themselves into a society, for the purpose of either educating or gratifying a large public, by the means of concerts, any more than you can expect an individual to give either matinees or soirees to a select number, for the same purpose without proper remuneration, though it may be considered ever so improving to the artists themselves? No example can be found of artists, (that is, all those who live by their art,) doing what you would have us do, because the nature and relations of men toward each other, are such, that it cannot be expected. It is perhaps unnecessary to illustrate this, as we all know what it means, especially when the butcher and baker send in their little bills. And now to come to the question itself—"Twelve dollars." Can any man say it is too much when he considers it as payment for a concert and four rehearsals; or in other words, for one evening and four afternoons. Given too at a season and the only one when the musician must make his harvest, and when his time is valuable? It is true we hope to realize more than that sum, but it is like "hoping against hope." Any one who knows the real labor attending the getting up of large concerts will immediately see that many of us will dearly earn our pay, before a single rehearsal or concert is held, yet will we work none the less for that, and shall still feel that our motives are as conscientious as those of any class of men in the performance of their duties. If we do not receive the support we expect, we will only hope at present that the fault cannot be laid at our doors.

We have formed a society according to the best plan, as we think, that the nature of institutions around us admits, and time only can prove whether we are correct or not in our opinion. And we stepped forward too in the cause, at a moment when there was every reason to suppose none others would.

You have objections to a Philharmonic Society composed of, and managed exclusively by professional artists. Our experience, and that of others in various cities, leads us to avoid, "councils of advice." No society is safely established that is composed of two (if not more) elements. I may here say, that it was the intention of our society, when the proper moment came, to invite to meet us all the most active music lovers in the city; to read to them our constitution, unfold our plans, and ask for their active coöperation and support, reserving to ourselves the immediate guidance of the whole working affairs of the society, because advice from non-professionals is not at all times practical, for the simple reason that every one knows his own business best. Concert giving, either exclusively or partly so, has been the business of some of us for many years, and consequently we may be supposed to have felt and watched the public pulse with great carefulness.

In my desire to defend our professional brethren from the very unfavorable opinion which you entertain of their intentions, I fear that I have already exceeded the length of a modest article, without at all touching on what I deem to be the most important feature of a Philharmonic Society, viz., the character of its programmes—now upon that the whole thing hinges—Ergo, the programme is "*the kernel*," it may be bitter and it may be sweet. Whatever kind of programme our Society will offer to its subscribers cannot here or at present be stated. But I will venture to say that we certainly shall make our selections with as careful weighing, and considering of the general circumstances, and the materials with which we have to work with, as any one can wish

for. Bearing in mind even, that we have not a musical public such as may be found in London, Paris, Leipzig or Berlin to play for, neither have we an orchestra such as may there be found. For Boston is a small city yet, and though called the Athens of America is too poor to support a complete orchestra. On your part we could have wished Mr. Dwight, that you had allowed our scheme to go before the public on the strength of such reputation as we may have as individuals or collectively, instead of prejudging our intentions in a manner which, were we strangers in Boston, would have been of positive injury. But as we are not in that position Mr. Dwight, we do not fear that we have lost any ground, and I should not have felt the necessity of making so long a story now of this matter, if your readers were not numbered by thousands throughout the country, and not in a position to rightly judge us at a distance. Our Boston friends with whom we daily mingle, know us as we are, and what we strive to accomplish, but to those at a distance, many of whom are friends, self-respect required this effort at our hands; in order to not be mis-judged.

I cannot conclude, Mr. Dwight, without acknowledging the great interest you have ever shown in the cause of music in Boston, yet hoping you will believe there are others as purely actuated as yourself, among whom humbly hopes to be remembered, yours very truly,

THOMAS RYAN.

## Musical Correspondence.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, ST. JOSEPH'S CO., IA. — On the afternoon of June 26, in compliance with the kind invitation of the Lady Superior, I found myself at the gate of St. Mary's Academy and an unexpected scene of beauty was here presented before me. The numerous buildings at St. Mary's almost hidden in verdure is a sight indeed refreshing to a denizen of the town.

I alighted from the carriage, and sauntered slowly along the path winding with the St. Joseph's River. The spacious grounds forming an area of many acres, certainly could not be surpassed in natural endowments and the artistic ornaments, exhibit on the part of the proprietors, a wise appreciation of the effect of physical surroundings upon the minds of youth. The St. Joseph's River whose swift current and shaded banks are a guaranty of health, twines like a protecting arm about the spot and glances up through the green boughs all along the south side of the premises. Rustic seats are arranged under the huge trees, and beautiful summer-houses dot the grounds over like charmed islands in an enchanted lake. The Exhibition Hall, the Academy, and the Novitiate of the Sisters of the Holy Cross stand parallel to each other, and glancing through the foliage they form a picture indescribably interesting. The first vacant arbor that I found chanced to be the lovely little greenhouse erected for the children of the Holy Angels, a confraternity established in the Academy, placing the members under the special guardianship of these invisible benefactors. The idea is, to say the least, strikingly poetical. A little farther on is the House of Loretto. This unique little Chapel is built exactly after the design of the house said to be the birthplace of the Virgin Mother of our Savior, and the residence of our Lord during the years of seclusion from the world. This "storied Fane" was built by the "Children of Mary," another Society composed of the young ladies of St. Mary's.

After passing through the Academy building, and admiring the neatness and simple elegance of the apartments, before repairing to the Exhibition Hall, I paused to observe the fancy work of the young ladies, and in the fine vases and baskets of flowers, I found that nature herself had well nigh been rivaled by the adroit fingers that had formed these beautiful bouquets. The painting and embroidery evinced equal taste and skill, and spoke well for the tuition of St. Mary's in the ornamental branches.

But the great treat of the day, the Annual Exhibition, was now about to commence, therefore I took my seat immediately, in the Hall, which was already

full to overflowing. A fair orchestra of five beautiful young girls opened the entertainment by playing a fine entrance march, arranged for the occasion; Miss Mary Walker, of Elizabethtown, Penn., touching skilfully the chords of the grand double action harp at the right hand of the stage, while her little sister Anna swept the strings of another harp on the opposite side; Miss J. Aurentz, of Pittsburg, Penn., Miss Virginia Spittler, and Miss Mary Schwalm presiding gracefully at the fine pianos just in front of the platform.

It is rarely that one enjoys music of so high an order accompanied by a scene so exquisitely artistic as the one that greeted us at this moment. From a door behind the centre of the stage, the entire school, attired in white, appeared before the audience. In a fairy like procession they entered, making a graceful inclination to the assembly as they passed to their seats in time to the spirited music. All were impressed with the beautiful deportment of the young ladies, and a spontaneous murmur of admiration burst from the audience present.

When the young ladies were seated, the Overture to Zampa, by Herold, was performed upon the piano. After which, the pupils of the first Vocal Class sang with touching expression the grand Chorus by Lamhillotte, "O Cor Amoris Victimæ." The young ladies of St. Mary's truly are possessed of beautiful voices, and their instructors may well be proud of their execution.

Then followed a highly entertaining and instructive play, entitled, *Filiola*; after which followed the deservedly popular and beautiful vocal quartette, *Music in the Air*. This was performed by those talented young ladies, the Misses Walker, and Miss J. Aurentz. This ethereal and heavenly musical composition, is well adapted to the voices of these young ladies and the effect of its performance upon the audience was thrilling in the extreme. A vocal duet, with guitar accompaniment, succeeded, by the Misses Daly, of Chicago, Ill. The younger of these young ladies possesses a voice of remarkable vigor and compass, and is certainly a fine singer. Here followed a Cantata, alike beautiful in conception and execution. The Queen of the Graces descends upon earth to bestow the gifts of Faith, Hope and Charity. At the close of the Recitative a touching tableau is formed by these impersonated virtues, kneeling at the feet of their queen, and crowned by her as worthy to rule the hearts of men. After this came the distribution of premiums to the junior department of the school, kindling the light in bright eyes, and making young pulses throb joyously. The Misses Walker again sang one of their sweet songs; the "Merry Minstrels" followed by one of Glover's vocal duets, "We glide on the lake," and by the sparkling and lively chorus: "The Water Lilies."

The second part of the exhibition opened with the Overture of Mozart's celebrated "Il Nozze di Figaro," an instrumental trio, by Miss Mary Walker, Miss Mary Dennis, and Miss Josephine Aurentz. The Misses Coyle, of Peoria, Ill, now sang the exquisite duet, "*Cara Lisa*," and their charming voices will be long treasured as among the many choice remembrances of St. Mary's. This Institution has already sent out many successful music teachers, and it has been proposed to form as a distinct feature, a normal musical department, and judging from the skill displayed upon this occasion, such an enterprise could scarcely fail of eminent success.

After the Compositions followed the famous and favorite Concert Fantasia of Strakosch, "Yankee Doodle and Variations," by Miss Mary Walker, and Strakosch himself would have admired the skill of the youthful performer. The "Coronation Chorus," from Weber, was then sung, and Miss Ellen Flynn, amid the acclamation of all, received the Crown of Honor equal with Miss Healy who, I have learned since writing the above, has passed from the scenes of earth forever. The Valedictory then followed by Miss Mary Dennis, and was read with touching effect, and did honor to the mind and heart of the fair young graduate. The late hour deprived us of an interesting portion of the entertainment, as the distribution of premiums to the pupils of the Manual Labor School, and to the School of Deaf Mutes, as also a Pantomime Play by these silent aliens from the blissful world of sound, was on this account deferred. The Chorus Farewell to St. Mary's was now sung by the entire school and they all passed from the stage in the beautiful order with which they had entered.

The large company were now ushered into the dining hall, where a sumptuous repast was served us by the gentle Sisters of Holy Cross, and with sincere regret that a day so delightful had so soon passed away I bade adieu to this lovely spot. A VISITOR.

## Musical Intelligence.

MANCHESTER.—The triumphant success achieved by the revival of Gluck's *Orfeo* at the Théâtre Lyrique in Paris last winter, suggested to Mr. Charles Hallé the production of another master-piece of the illustrious and too-forgotten composer, at the Gentlemen's Concerts in Manchester. Mr. Hallé had many *chefs-d'œuvre* to select from. He chose *Iphigenia in Tauris*, one of Gluck's latest dramatic works, and unquestionably one of his grandest. *Iphigenia in Tauris* was written expressly for the Grand Opéra of Paris, and was produced in 1779. The subject forms a sequel to the opera *Iphigenia in Aulis*, written to an adaptation of Racine's tragedy of that name, and brought out a year or two after Gluck had declared his new dramatic style in *Orfeo* and *Alceste*. *Iphigenia in Tauris* was not at first eminently successful; it grew, however, upon the Parisian public, and was held in high estimation for many years.

Certainly nothing was left undone by Mr. Charles Hallé on Wednesday night to recommend *Iphigenia in Tauris* to the hearers. An admirable band and chorus were engaged, and the principal parts of *Iphigenia*, *Pyllades*, and *Orestes*, were sustained by Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Santley, with Miss Susanna Cole and Miss Theresa Jeffreys as *Diana* and the *Priestess*.

It is stated in the English papers that a difficulty has been raised at St. Petersburg about the reception of Lady Crampton, wife of the British Ambassador at that Court. The objection is that before her marriage she was simply Miss Victoria Balfe, an opera singer. The Russians are aghast at the idea of a singer having precedence of the ladies of the whole foreign *corps diplomatique*, together with the *entree* to the palace. They cannot see how the daughter of a musical composer, the leader of the orchestra of the Opera House, (herself a public singer, moreover,) can worthily represent the Majesty of England! They say "it is true a noble Earl married an actress, Miss Farren; the late Earl of Essex, Miss Stephens, the singer; the late Duke of St. Albans, an actress Miss Foote; the late Earl of Craven, an actress, Miss Brunton, &c., but none of these noblemen were Ambassadors or other representatives of British Sovereigns."

Madame Grisi has just lost her youngest and favorite daughter, a beautiful child of four years of age. The family had been passing the summer at Fulham, where the child was taken suddenly ill. She was removed to Brighton, but died in a few days. Signor Mario and Madame Grisi returned to London deeply afflicted, but the parents were both compelled to sing in the "Hugonots" two days after the funeral of their babe.

Mr. M. W. Balfe had arrived in London from St. Petersburg and Dantzic, accompanied by his two daughters, Mrs. Bereus and Lady Crampton.

At the last public performance, given in the Conservatorium of Leipzig, on the 23d ult., the two daughters of the English composer, John Barnett, carried away all the honors, both for their performances on the piano and their singing.

"So Mario and Mongina take subscriptions for the Sicilian Revolutionists," observed Lord Palmerston to Mr. Punch the other evening. "Just so," replied the gentleman, "and there's twenty pounds to begin with." "Eh! how do you mean?" asked Pam. "Why, my dear Lord, there are two tenners."

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Shortly after 5 o'clock on Friday afternoon, June 29th, the rafters which had been elevated on the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, preparatory to putting on the roof, were blown down by a sudden gust of wind, with a crash resembling a heavy discharge of artillery, resulting in serious if not fatal accidents to several of the workmen. One of the original founders and largest stockholders was present at the time, and was severely hurt by the falling of the timbers. A singular circumstance connected with the accident is in relation to a horse, which was employed on the ground floor in turning a drum-windlass for hoisting timbers to the roof. The falling timbers and bricks completely crushed the windlass, and actually cut the halter and stripped the harness from the horse's back, yet, strange as it may appear, without injuring the old animal in the least. He stood perfectly unconcerned until taken out some time afterward. The damage done to the building is estimated at from \$10,000 to \$15,000. Its completion will be delayed for about a month, in consequence of this accident. The disaster created the most intense excitement, and thousands of persons

assembled in the vicinity within half an hour after the crash was heard.

"The Patti" has been singing a great many "farowells" in the west. At McVicker's theatre, in Chicago, there have been some interesting operatic performances, in which la bella Adelina has been assisted by her sister, Mme. Strakosch, Brignoli, the fine tenor, and Junca, the grand basso. Patti was announced to make her "positively last" and "only" farewell appearance in Chicago, in that great wigwam wherein the Republican Convention lately met. In alluding to this, one of the Chicago critics exclaims, "Think of Patti—the petite, pretty, fascinating pet of Irving Place opera-goers—singing to a crowd of Western roughs at two shillings a head, in a barn! And that, while the managers of London and Paris where Miss Patti has been engaged, are so anxiously waiting for her!" A writer in one of the journals of Chicago, who seems to know what he is talking about, reviews in detail the personnel of this troupe, and thus speaks of our old favorite, Junca:

For one that has seen and heard everything, he is good in every respect. A perfect musician, he is natural in his acting and singing. I may say with truth that he is the only one of the troupe that knows well how to behave on the stage. Respecting the public, he does all he can to give satisfaction, and does not appear at all as if he was always thinking "it is good enough for these Western people." How many times has Paris overcrowded the theatre when he was singing with Mad. Colson and the charming Miss Noel, I recollect "Si J'étais Roi," an opera, which Adam wrote partly for him. Junca is a perfect artist, and deserves the praise of every connoisseur. He gives the world a fair specimen of that French gallantry which regulates all his doings.

—N. O. Picayune.

Tamberlik was rather coldly received in Madrid, lately, until he bethought him of his *do in petto*, ("ut de poitrine," which drew forth enraptured plaudits from his audience, and secured his triumph. Musiani will have to C sharp after his laurels.—*Ibid*.

BOSTON THEATRE.—We are gratified to learn that the Boston Theatre will be managed the ensuing season by Mr. THOMAS BARRY as the representative of the proprietors. We trust that this beautiful house may be raised from the position to which it has fallen, and again take its place as the theatre of Boston.

ORGAN CONCERTS AT CHICAGO.—Miss Sarah Tillinghast—daughter of Mr. William Tillinghast, well known to our citizens formerly as a teacher of music in the public schools and in private families—recently gave two classical organ concerts in St. Paul's Church, Chicago, which are highly spoken of by the press of that city. She was assisted by several amateur vocalists. The Press and Tribune says of Miss Tillinghast's performances:

"The highest compliment that can be paid to a musical performer is a rapt attention on the part of the audience. The ordinary Sunday duties of an organist require less of manual dexterity and pedalling skill than of judgment and taste. But such compositions as Miss T. set down for herself on the programme, require the combination of all those qualities in a high degree. The manner in which she employed the vast resources of the noble instrument in St. Paul's Church, showed most conclusively that she possessed that combination of qualities."

We believe Miss Tillinghast is the regular organist of St. Paul's Church. Her father is engaged in the public schools of Chicago.—*Rochester Democrat*.

A MUSICAL SKETCH of the days of '76. Stella, the pleasant correspondent of the Worcester Palladium, in her last letter, speaks as follows of the story by the "Diarist" in our last number:

"Dwight's Journal of Music, contained, last week, a clever satire upon a class of writers with whom we have little patience, and who write what are called 'musical' stories and sketches; and who, under pretence of illustrating the life of some great composer, interweave truth and fiction so artfully that only the most assiduous student of facts perceives their absurdity. No name is too sacred to escape the sacrilege of their meddling pens, for none has oftener figured as the hero of these tinsel stories than Beethoven himself. In earlier years, in happy ignorance of the fact that all is not truth that is written as truth, we wondered how the great composers, men whose genius had bequeathed such music to the world, Mozart, Beethoven, &c., could stoop to the enacting of the scenes of which these writers—some of them only too able, had made them the unhonored heroes. A weak sentimentality pervades most productions of this sort which repels experienced readers, but which imposes upon the credulity of the less wary. We hope Lizzy Polky's 'Musical Sketch of the Days of '76,' will be a death-blow to this species of literature."

## Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE  
LATEST MUSIC.  
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

That well remembered strain. Ballad. W. R. Morris. 25

A very pleasing parlor song. Easy.

Sweet Annie Fay. Song. Carl Haus. 35  
Composed for the rich contralto voice of Mrs. Kempton (formerly Miss Jenny Twitchell) by whom it has been sung in public at various times with the most unequivocal success.

I love to sing. E. L. Hime. 25

Fully equal to this composer's favorite song: "I wandered by the brookside."

The wandering stars. Duet. Stephen Glover. 40

The lily and the rose. Duet. " " 40

Glover's pen is still as graceful as ever. Each new duet seems to surpass its predecessors in freshness, charm of melody, and all those qualities which ensure popularity. This is particularly the case with the above new duets.

The home that I left long ago. Ballad. C. W. Glover. 25

Good bye! a long good bye. Charles Salaman. 25  
Late popular Songs of favorite English authors.

Instrumental Music.

Fairy Polka. G. W. Stratton. 25

Victoria and Clara Mazurkas. A. Shide. 25

La Joyeuse Galopade. F. Hübler. 25

New and also dance-music for the parlor or social ball-room.

Tommy's delight. Polka. Geo. Danekin. 25

Japanese Polka. Charles D'Albert. 35

The first of these pieces was played for the first time at the President's Reception, Washington, where the Japanese were among the guests, to the great delight of Tommy, which distinguished individual expressed his admiration of the tune in the strongest terms. The second is in D'Albert's most popular style.

The dream of the wanderer. Romance. Brinley Richards. 35

A pretty, sentimental little Nocturne, not difficult.

Warblings at eve. Four hands. Brinley Richards. 30  
An effective arrangement of this truly beautiful piece, by the author himself.

Fenilles d'Album. Two Impromptus. Mayer. 25

Very clever. In the style of some of Stephen Heller's minor pieces.

Books.

BERBIQUIER'S METHOD FOR THE LUTE. To which are added Drouet's Twenty-Four Studies in all the Keys. 2,50

This is a course of lessons of real, practical ability; one which is prepared, not merely for the object of getting up a book, but with the far higher aim of furnishing to all who wish to acquire a good knowledge of the use of the Flute a means of doing so in a thorough, masterly manner. The book has been successfully employed by the best teachers in Europe, and to beginners, as well as to those who, having some acquaintance with the Flute, wish to obtain a better knowledge of it, we recommend this Method as one of unusual excellence, and one that cannot fail to give them entire satisfaction.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 433.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 17.

## The Musician of Augsburg.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Many years ago there lived in the city of Augsburg a musician by the name of Niesser, who, besides a wonderful skill in musical performance, possessed also a great reputation in the manufacture of every then known instrument. He was at the same time a musical composer, and although none of his compositions are extant now yet old chronicles inform us that the fame of this accomplishment, as well as that of his others, had spread through the whole of Germany. Several other circumstances augmented his renown:—he possessed, besides much wealth, which, as was whispered, had not been acquired in the most righteous manner, a daughter, the only heiress to his riches, whose beauty and innocence alone would have been a sufficient dowry.

Esther was as much admired for the sweetness of her smile, the beauty of her blue eyes, and her many good deeds, as the old Niesser was envied on account of his wealth, reputed for the excellency of his stringed instruments, and despised for his few good deeds. The old gentleman, in spite of his opulence and the consequence, acquired therefrom, in spite of his musical celebrity, was very sad. Esther, his only daughter, the only representative of a long line of musical ancestors, could not distinguish one note from another, and a melancholy foreboding crept upon him, that to the talent which he esteemed as much as his riches, he would leave no heir. But as Esther had at last grown up to a blooming maiden, he consoled himself with the thought that, if he could not be father, he might at least become grandfather to a progeny of musicians. With the view of accomplishing this, he resolved to give his daughter, with a dowry of two hundred thousand florins, to him who would compose the best *Sonata* and play the principal part therein. This determination he caused publicly to be announced and appointed also a certain day for the competition, vowing, with a sacred oath, that he would keep his promise even if the devil himself should compose and play the *Sonata*. This, as some said, was spoken in jest; yet it would nevertheless have been better for Niesser if he had not said it at all. One thing, however, is certain: he was a wicked old man, who had no great veneration for religion. Scarcely did the old musician's determination become known in Augsburg, than the whole town got into a ferment. Many who never before had ventured to raise their eyes so high, now considered themselves wooers for the hand of the beautiful Esther. Then, besides her charms and those of her father's florins, artistic glory came in question, and where this was wanting, vanity took the place. In short, there was not a musician in Augsburg who did not feel himself called upon to compete for the beautiful prize.

In the morning, at midday, and in the evening, yes, even through the whole night, did the streets re-echo with melodious and discordant sounds.

*Sonatas* sounded forth from every window, and nothing was spoken of but the approaching competition and its results. A fever for music had taken hold of all grades; the best airs were learned by heart and played and sung in every house, the sentinels at the city gates hummed *Sonatas*, while marching up and down: merchants in their stores sang favorite pieces; customers who stepped in forgot what they wished to buy, joined and kept singing *Duets* with the salesmen across the counter; some even hinted that they had caught priests singing *Allegrettos* when coming from the confessional; and upon the last leaf of a bishop's sermon, two measures of a *Presto* were found.

During this general mania, there was one not infected with the common excitement. It was Francis Goertlinger, a youth who, although possessing the best heart and the most beautiful form in all Suabia, had equally as little musical talent as Esther.

Francis loved the maiden, and she would rather hear her name whispered by him in sweet, endearing accents, than all the *Sonatas* ever composed between the Rhine and Vistula. Niesser's resolution was therefore alike hopeless to both the lovers.

At last the evening preceding the decisive day was at hand, and Francis had not yet taken one step towards the attainment of his wishes, and how could it have been possible? Never had he composed a single measure of music, and the playing of one solitary air upon the Spinnet exhausted the whole of his talent. Late in the evening he left his habitation and sauntered through the streets. The shops were already closed, and the streets empty: from a few windows a light yet shed its rays, and the strains of some instrument in preparation for the (to him) sad occasion, broke jarringly on his feelings. Sometimes he stood listening, and was then enabled to see the countenance of the musician, radiant with joy in expectation of a certain triumph. Proceeding on his road in a rather contemplative mood and not taking much notice of the streets through which he passed, he found himself at last in a quarter of the town which, although he had been his whole life in Augsburg, he believed he had never seen before. Marvelling, he proceeded on when suddenly it appeared to him as if a strain of music, from time to time interrupting the murmuring of the river before him, melted away in the distance; breathlessly he stood and listened, and again he was sure that some wonderful melody greeted his ear. At last a solitary, far distant light convinced him that all the inhabitants of this quarter had not gone to rest, and that another watchful musician pressed the night to his aid, in order to be a worthy competitor on the following day. Francis continued his walk, wrapt, if possible, in a more melancholy mood from this conclusion. The nearer, however, he approached the light, the more forcibly there broke upon him a strain of such sweet and heavenly sounds, that in spite of his little musical talent, he could not resist their charming influence and the desire to find out whence they came or who the performer was. Quickly and noiselessly he reached the casement, through which, by the sounds emerging from it, he was sure to obtain a view of the virtuoso; raising himself to his utmost height, he was enabled to look into the interior, and there he saw what appeared to him to be a low arched chamber, in the centre of which was seated an old man, with a manuscript before him, luring from an instrument the like of which Francis had never seen before, those sounds powerfully had so attracted him. The performer's back was turned towards the window, yet an old looking glass on the opposite wall revealed to the listener the image of the old man's features. It was a countenance never to be forgotten; such unspeakable sweetness and goodness were impressed upon it, that the youth doubted whether it could belong to an inhabitant of this earth. The mysterious stranger played with wonderful dexterity, ceasing now and then evidently for the purpose of altering something in his notes, which the manuscript appeared to contain, and uttering his satisfaction at the change of melody thus produced, in a language entirely unknown to Francis. At first the youth could scarcely govern his rage at the thought of this little shrivelled old man venturing, as he supposed, to appear as one of Esther's wooers, but his anger gradually vanished,

the longer his attention was chained by the beauty and strangeness of the music, and no longer able to repress his satisfaction at the conclusion of a brilliant passage, he broke out into loud and boisterous applause in evidence of his admiration. The stranger now perceiving that he was not without a listener at his nocturnal performance, immediately opened the door, and, much to the surprise of the young man said: "Good evening, Francis, come in and take a seat. Tell me how *Sonata* pleases you, and whether you think it worthy of gaining Niesser's daughter?" There was in these rather provoking words something so heart-winning that Goertlinger felt no enmity, but accepted the old man's invitation, seated himself, and listened with attention to the again resumed performance. After having concluded the last strain of it, the virtuoso once more asked him how he liked the *Sonata*. "Oh!" exclaimed Francis, "would I were capable of composing one only half as beautiful." "Listen to me," replied the stranger; "old Niesser has taken an oath that he would give his daughter to him who would compose the best *Sonata*, and, he impiously added even if invented and played by the devil himself. These were not spoken unlistened to; the night winds carried them on their black pinions, whispered them through the silent woods, and bore them to those evil genii who have their home in the dark valley. With mocking laughter they accepted the challenge, and their kindred spirits shouted their satisfaction through the silent midnight, from the depths of a hundred caverns and mountains. But the good angels also heard the old man's oath, and though not pitying the blasphemer, yet they had compassion on sweet Esther and her lover. Take this roll of music, and with it proceed to-morrow to Niesser's house; a stranger accompanied by two others will arrive and sue for the beautiful prize, producing a *Sonata* like the one in this roll, not possessing, however, its peculiar power; wait for a favorable opportunity when he plays it, and substitute these notes for his." The old man, after having finished these strange instructions, took Goertlinger's hand and conducted him by some unknown road to the city gates, where he left him.

The young man's mind was perplexed with the curious manner in which he had received the *Sonata*, and filled with plans, expectations, hopes and fears for the coming day. In spite of the old man's assurances, he could not conceive how he, himself so composer, should by the changing of the *Sonatas*, reach the goal of his wishes. Thus ruminating, he arrived at his habitation, went to bed and fell asleep, whilst Esther's blue eyes and the music which the unknown had executed, were alternately the subject of his dreams. The next evening Niesser's mansion was opened for the competition, and as the final hour arrived, musicians from all parts of the city were seen by the curious rabble to hurry towards the house.

Francis Goertlinger also took his music, and near the appointed hour stood at the door of the building which contained his dearest treasure, pitted by many, to whom his love for Esther and his ignorance of music was no secret. Stepping into the large saloon, he found it already filled with musicians and musical amateurs, which last had also been invited. Niesser himself as judge was seated upon a chair at the upper end of the apartment, and beside him stood Esther, ornamented and dressed in her best apparel, like a sacrifice ready for the altar. When Goertlinger pressed through the crowd, a smile spread over the faces of all present, they being perfectly well aware of Francis's inability to comply with the conditions. Niesser also smiled, but Esther looked wonderingly at her lover, a silent tear stealing

down her cheek at the thought of their hopeless fate.

The competitors were now instructed to give in the names, and it was also resolved that each one's turn of advancing his claims, should be decided by lot. The last one of those who stepped forward, and to whom all involuntarily gave place, was a stranger, calling himself *Lived*. No one knew from whence he came, and so repulsive were his features, so piercing his eye, that even Esther's father whispered to her his wish that this man's *Sonata* might not be the best.

Everything being ready, old Niesser arose from his chair, and signifying his desire for the contest to begin, exclaimed with a loud voice: "I swear to give my daughter here, with a dowry of two hundred thousand florins, in marriage to him who shall produce the best *Sonata*, and play the principal part therein." "And will you keep your oath?" said the stranger, stepping immediately before the old man. "I shall keep it," said the musician of Augsburg, "were the *Sonata* even composed and executed by the evil one himself." A great silence prevailed throughout the assembly, when, at these blasphemous words, only a distant mocking laugh was heard; every one shuddered, the stranger alone smiled. It fell to his lot to play first, and seating himself, he opened his music, whilst two others, whom none had noticed before, placed themselves by his side, with instruments ready, waiting for the signal to begin. It was given, and as they raised their heads to look at the notes, every one present perceived that their faces resembled each other in every particular. A general awe crept over the assembly, none spoke, but all, as if by previous understanding, precipitately left the apartment, and flew in terror from the house. No one remained behind, except the three, who, without being at all disturbed, had commenced to play, and Francis, who had not forgotten the instructions of his nocturnal companion. Esther's father also sat in his chair, beholding the awful scene and remembering his unholy oath; he endeavored to rise, but some invisible force kept him in his seat.

It was now near midnight; Francis stood by the side of the terrible visitors, and when they were not far from the conclusion of their *Sonata*, he suddenly tore away their music and substituted his. Then a dark, ghastly change came over the faces of the three musicians, and a distant howl, as of disappointment, was heard. The tapers were extinguished, and darkness of night enveloped all. Upon returning to consciousness from the stupor occasioned by this sudden occurrence, Francis perceived, by the light of the moon which poured her mild rays through the casement, the old man who had given him the *Sonata* standing near him. At a sign from him, the youth raised the still insensible Esther in his arms, and following his good genius, left the unhallowed house, which gradually vanished beneath the earth.

It is needless to say that the lovers were soon after married.

Years passed: children and grandchildren mourned over their graves. On the spot where Niesser's house stood, a new one has been erected, but the three unknown musicians still play their *Sonata*, the sounds of which are heard at midnight echoing from the depths of the earth. The old man also remains in his chair, still endeavoring to rise, but is condemned to preside for ever over the concert of his unhallowed guests.

Thus ends the legend of the Musician of Augsburg.

#### Russian Composers.

The modern Russian composers write a great deal more vocal than instrumental music. Their songs are very beautiful, and the best of them have a decided national character. Several Russian airs have been appropriated by German composers, who have had German words written to them; for instance, the "Red Sarafan" (the first of the melodies played so admirably by Wieniawski) and the "Troika," called in German "Die blaue Augen." Count Vielgorski's, or Wielhorski's, "Buiwala," which, though an original melody, has all the national characteristics, has

been made the subject of a *fantasia* by Vieuxtemps. Every one knows the magnificent national hymn by Lvoff, the Director of the Imperial Choir, who has also written numbers of more familiar strains, and who has even supplied the gipsy companies of Moscow with some of their most popular airs.

Varmaloff, one of the most graceful romance-writers of the day, has also composed or arranged music for the gipsies; and one of their favorite melodies, of which the burden is well-known in England, and which is also introduced in the ballet music of the Spanish dancers (itself full of gipsy characteristics) is signed by Glinka, who, however, can only have harmonized it, for the tune belongs certainly to the gipsies themselves. Various other Russian composers have written for the gipsy troops; and it appears to us that the modern Russian music may be divided into (1) melodies in the style of the old national airs, and (2) melodies founded on, or imitated from, the traditional airs of the gipsies, such as Alabieff's "Nightingale," "He loves me no more," and a dialogue-song, of which the name escapes us, but in which a young man makes all sorts of desperate promises and professions of love to a young girl who laughs at him and rejects him, because, in her character of gipsy, she values nothing so much as her own liberty. Both styles appear quaint to foreign ears; but the former is distinguished by great simplicity and sadness, the latter by wildness and passion, and by a certain oriental character. Naturally in some of the songs of the present day there is a union of the two styles; and, as in all European countries, a certain number of airs are published which are imitated more or less from the Italian. But in spite of the influence of the Italian Opera, and of the numerous Italian composers who have visited the country and written for its stage; in spite too of the number of German musical professors who have settled in St. Petersburg and Moscow, the Russians have certainly a national school of music, as can be shown, not only from their songs, but from the operas of Glinka and Verstovsky.

Of Glinka we need not speak again at present, but as the name of Verstovsky will be new to the great majority of our readers, we may mention that he is the director of the Moscow Opera, the composer of a great many songs (several of which are written for the gipsies), and of the music of two serious dramatic works, "*Askoldova Mogila*" (The Tomb of Askold), and "*Gramoboi*." "*Askoldova Mogila*" is not, and cannot be, esteemed by the Russians in a scientific point of view. The overture is miserably poor; there are no concerted pieces of any importance, nor is there even an attempt in either of the acts at a regularly constructed *finale*. By a musician, then, "*Askoldova Mogila*" would be at once set aside, that is to say, if judged only by the merits of its composer; but at the same time much of the music is interesting to a foreigner, because it is really national instead of being imitated from the Italian. As the composers for the gipsy troops write music in the gipsy style, so Verstovsky, in treating a national subject, has given a national coloring to his melodies, even if he has not in a direct manner laid old Russian airs under contribution, which he sometimes appears to have done. There is a tune in *polacca* measure for the hero which is quite in the style of those sung by the boatmen on the Volga (it must be remembered that *polacca* or *polonaise* is a misnomer, as that particular form of melody, like the mazurka, is in special favor with all the Slavonian nations), and the *prima donna* has an "Air with Chorus" which is also strikingly national. A large proportion of the melodies in this opera are in a minor key, as are by far the greater part of the old national airs; and the opera also abounds in airs with choral refrains or responses, which is another characteristic of the Russian popular music, whether sung by the peasants, the gipsies, or the Cossack companies. "*Askoldova Mogila*," then, is essentially a popular work, and we can understand that the *habitués* of the Italian Opera and of the St. Petersburg Philharmonic Concerts have no great opinion of it,

though we repeat that it is full of interest for a foreigner.

We cannot take leave of *Askoldova Mogila* without calling attention to a strange account given of it by Baron Haxthausen in his valuable work on Russia. This learned economist has the eccentricity to state that it reminded him of *La Sonnambula* and *Der Freyschütz*. We should have thought that if it recalled one of these operas it could not very well have suggested the other, for there are no points of resemblance between the two. Nor can we understand how the music of Verstovsky could remind any one either of Bellini or of Weber. Verstovsky's last opera of *Gramoboi* would doubtless appear to Baron Haxthausen a veritable *Der Freyschütz*, for it is founded on a legend (which forms the subject of one of Joukovsky's poems), and involves the sale of a soul to the evil one. The action, as in *Askoldova Mogila*, takes place at Kieff, and the sins of Ruric the Norman again appear. This piece, which was produced in Moscow in 1857, had no success as an opera, and attracted only as a spectacle.

Some of the very finest Russian music, however (as those of our readers who were present at Prince Galitzin's concert will readily believe), is that which is executed by the Russian chorus-singers, of which there are numerous companies, organized under Government direction or by private individuals. All the works of Bortniansky and Lvoff are admirably sung by the Imperial Choir at St. Petersburg, which numbers one hundred and ten of the finest voices imaginable, the basses and tenors being especially remarkable. The most celebrated choirs at Moscow are those of Philaret the metropolitan, and of Prince Galitzin (not the Prince Galitzin of Tamboff, and of St. James's Hall), who has built one of the most beautiful chapels in the city. At the monastery of the Don, a few versts from Moscow, there is also an admirable choir, but composed only of men (and not of men and boys as elsewhere). In addition to the churches, each regiment has its choir, as well as the principal charitable and educational establishments; indeed, it would be difficult to hear choral music more perfectly executed than at the Foundling Hospital of Moscow.—*London Musical World*, June 30,

#### Chinese and Japanese Music.

The musical scale of the Chinese consists of only five notes instead of seven, and their music is not written on five lines like ours but in perpendicular columns, like the characters in their books. The elevations or depression of tones is indicated by distinctive names. They have no semi-tones, and hence arises a tedious monotony of sound. There is said to be a resemblance between the Chinese melodies and the ancient Scottish airs. If this be so, Scotch music in the days of Ossian must have been much ruder than it has ever yet been represented, for of all unearthly sounds Chinese singing is the most unearthly. There is no noise like it. Those who have attended a genuine Chinese theatrical performance have had a specimen of how the men acquit themselves in song; but Chinese music can only be heard to perfection by strolling through the narrow streets of a Chinese town. Men, women and children all strain their voices to the utmost squeaking falsetto. The singers are usually accompanied by the viola, and sometimes by the pig-skin drum likewise. One's tympanum throbs and thrums as though a dozen fairies were beating upon it. Yet the Chinese have their Jenny Linds, Grisis and Sontags; their Lablaches and Tamburinis. They have infant phenomena, too, who, if they keep their lungs whole until arriving at mature age, certainly deserve the name. You are frequently called upon to admire what in any other place than a Chinese town you would suppose to be an imitation of the piteous complaint of a pig jammed under a gate; being all the time in a state of nervous excitement lest the warbler should break a blood-vessel in your presence.

Unlike our private singers at home, the Chinese need no pressing to "favor" a company with a song. On the contrary, the performances are generally voluntary, and the performers never give the excuse of cough or cold. In truth, a slight cold is rather an improvement upon their style. The willingness with which they entertain you in this respect is only equalled by the evident vanity of the singers, or the exulting pride of the bystanders of

celestial origin. "That booty?" one will ask, and others, "How you likee dat?" "What you tinker dat?" "Merjean side can sing so booty?" To all of which it must be your invariable rule to give the expected answers, or you will immediately find yourself involved in a discussion in which you are sure to have the worst, for the odds are too strong against you. \* \* \*

Small square tables of lacquered ware, about a foot and a half in height and six inches square, were placed on the right side of the Japanese; these supported cups of tea, sweetmeats, cakes, and small lacquered bowls of rice and fruit. Four married ladies sat together on one side, and near them an old gentleman; opposite sat a young Japanese officer and two young ladies, one about seventeen years of age, the other about twenty; the latter were very pretty. We little dreamed of seeing such beauties in this retired spot; their skins clear and white as that of a Circassian, with a healthy blush on their cheeks, which required not the assistance of the rouge-box; finely arched brows, over bright black eyes, which grew brighter when the owners became animated, and were shadowed by long curling eyelashes; noses small but straight, one bordering on aquiline; small well cut lips, surrounded by even rows of teeth of pearly lustre. Their jet black hair was brushed from the sides and back of the head, and fastened in a knot on the top of the head, by a fillet of pale pink silk. The elder was the handsomer of the two, and the chief object of attraction to the young officer; as he frequently gave us an opportunity of observing, by placing an arm round her waist and looking lovingly into her eyes. There was gracefulness in all her attitudes, especially when she took up a guitar at the request of her lover and played a few airs for us; but the music was rather monotonous and without harmony; at least our dull ears could not detect any. She accompanied herself in a song, in a falsetto tone; a species of whine, not altogether so discordant as that of the Chinese, yet merely bearable from its strangeness. The sister now joined in a duet, one endeavoring to outshriek the other. Our elder hosts were in raptures with the performance, and they wondered at our stolidity; but our ears had been accustomed to the music of Grist and Mario, and could not endure even the finest of Japanese singers. Finding the ladies so obliging, we prevailed upon one to play while the other danced. The performance was peculiar; she went round the apartment, as in a slow waltz, making graceful passes with her hands, and humming an air to herself, smiling most agreeably, and bowing toward us as she went round. They were attired in richly embroidered silk; a loose tunic with wide sleeve was fastened round the waist by a broad sash of pale pink; a fan was passed through this, and, supporting the back of each lady was a tricornered flat board, covered with parti-colored silk. The married ladies were attired in robes of a fabric resembling cashmere, and of a sombre lavender color. After tea they introduced pipes and some light wine.

### The Part-Songs of Germany.

These part-songs are too little known in England as one of the most national and not least engaging features in modern German music. It is forty years since Zelter and his friend Flemming founded at Berlin a congregation of staid elderly men, who met once a month to a good supper, and to diversify the pleasures of the table by singing four-part songs, principally composed by themselves. The number was 40, and for the larger portion of it composed of amateurs or men in office. It was an original statute that no one was eligible as a member who was not a composer, a poet, or a singer. During his lifetime Zelter was their president and principal composer; and in no branch of art did his peculiar talent evidence itself so brightly as in these convivial effusions, where humor, raciness, a masterly employment of the limited material at his disposal, and a fine sense of the poetry he took in hand, distinguished him among his contemporaries. Goethe used to give his songs to be composed by Zelter; and many of them were sung at the Berlin "Liedertafel" before they were printed or known elsewhere. Fleming also contributed some fair musical compositions,—that to Horace's ode, "Integer vitæ," amongst others.

It was in the year 1815, or thereabouts, that Berger, or Klein, and a younger generation of musicians, founded a young "Liedertafel" society, on the same principle, and for the same number of members. Friedrich Foster wrote some very pretty songs for it. Hoffman, the novel writer and *kapellmeister*, made it one scene of his strange and extravagant existence; and left behind him there an immortal comic song—"Turkische Musik," the words by Friedrich Foster. In general, a gay and more spirited tone pervaded

this younger society than belonged to their classical seniors. It was the practice of both bodies to invite guests on holiday occasions; and by the younger part-singers ladies were admitted twice a year. Nothing could be sprightlier or pleasanter, a little extra noise allowed for, than these latter meetings. They were not long in spreading it far and wide. The good suppers became of less integral consequence; original compositions were not always attainable; but in every town it was natural to collect the younger men of all classes, for the purpose of singing together. A regular system of organization, of division and subdivision, has arranged itself. The town societies in combination form provincial assemblies, where many hundreds come together. In the north of Germany the large class of young men who are either schoolmasters or organists in the towns and villages, or are educated as such at the normal societies of their own, and periodical celebrations.

The provincial festivals of these societies are held in the good time of the year, so that open air performances are practicable. A fine site, too, is a thing always chosen. Not very long before my Harz ramble, the Liedertafeln societies of that district had been holding a congress at Blakenburg. These Liedertafeln societies take part in other celebrations not their own. When Schiller's statue was inaugurated in Stuttgart, the singing bodies of all the towns in the towns in the district round about poured in through the gates of the town, one after the other, each with its banners and its music, till the separate chords, to speak fancifully, united in a grand chorus in the market-place. And while there exists a well trained army of volunteer choristers ready to be called into action on all occasions—it need not be pointed out how different it is in quality to the body of subordinates at once semi-professional and untaught, at whose mercy lies so much of the best music ever to be heard in England—I should say, *did lie*; for part-singing is now flourishing with us like the bean-tree in the fairy tale.

It is needless, again, to remark how the works which make a whole great people vocal, must have a value and an interest in more aspects than one. To offer an instance or two likely to be familiar to the English—Music has nothing nobler in her stores than the battle-songs in which the harmonies of Weber and the burning words of Körner are united. We sit by our firesides, it is true, and know not the sound of an enemy's cavalry in the streets, nor the booming of an enemy's cannon without our gates; and hence are touched only faintly by the spell of the soul within them; but it is impossible coldly to listen to the masculine chords and bold modulations of "Lützow's Wild Chace," and the "Sword Song," and the "Husarenlied." Again, we have taken home to ourselves and half nationalized "*Am Rhein*," among our "Black eyed Susans," and "Rule Britannia's," because of its spirit and beauty; though we cannot fail save dramatically, and by going out of ourselves as well as from home, the joviality and mirth of those who dwell in wine-land, or the kindling of such a spirit as moved the army of Liberators on their return from victory, when within sight of Ehrenbreitstein, to burst out with one consent into that noble melody which was heard, with little ceasing for two days and nights while the band was passing over the river.—*N. Y. Musical World.*

### Popular Music of the Olden Time.

(From the Quarterly Review.)

(Continued from page 124.)

It is a similar circumstance, that the anti-national propensities of Charles II. brought into fashion the kind of music that had constantly been appreciated by the masses—the music of the old ballads and songs. That notorious dislike of all compositions to which he could not beat time, and consequently of the tuneless counterpoint that had found such high favor with his predecessors, led him to appreciate the common English airs, to which the poets of the people had written their words, as well as the dance-music imported from France. The man who was destined to turn the predilection of the monarch to good account, by bringing to the notice of the court those national melodies which had been despised by the scholastic composers, was the once famed Tom D'Urfey, who, having delighted the "merry monarch" with a now-forgotten comedy, called the "Plotting Sisters," became one of his chief favorites. The earlier English poets, with their hatred for ballad-writers, had avoided all metres that could be sung to common tunes, but D'Urfey, acutely perceiving the royal taste, pursued a course diametrically opposite, writing songs that would either fit the existing ballad-tunes, or enable the musicians to adopt a similar style of composition. Thus the line of demarcation that had so long served the music of

the higher classes from that of the multitude was to a great extent obliterated, and the popular song was once more in fashion. Unfortunately for the durability of lyric poetry, fortunately for composers, honest Tom has had few successors; and it is to the fact that Scottish poets worked on his principle, whereas English rhymesters preferred new music, that Mr. Chappell attributes the incomparably greater popularity of the former. "Dibdin's sea-songs," he says, "are already fading from memory, because he composed music to them, instead of writing to airs which had stood the test of time."

On the other hand, the Scotch not only sang D'Urfey's songs, but composed new words to his tunes, and this brings us to an especial theory of Mr. Chappell's, that many of the times commonly called Scotch are really of southern origin. The collections that he has examined show a strange mixture, the third volume of Allan Ramsay's "Tea-table Miscellany," for instance, containing English songs exclusively, and the fourth a combination of English and Scotch, though the notification that these were all "Scots songs" still appeared on the title-page, to the great inconvenience of northern antiquaries, who are thus liable to praise English music, when they intend to praise Scotch. That Dr. Beattie was in this unfortunate position and communicated his error to Mrs. Siddons is thus shown by Mr. Chappell:—

"She loves music, and is fond of Scotch tunes, many of which I played to her on the violoncello. One of these, *She rose and let me in*, which you know is a favorite of mine, made the tears start from her eyes: 'Go on,' said she, 'and you will soon have your revenge;' meaning that I should draw as many tears from her as she had drawn from me by her acting. (*Life of James Beattie, LL. D.*, by Sir W. Forbes, II. 139.) Dr. Beattie was evidently not aware that both the music and words of *She rose and let me in* are English (the words being by Tom D'Urfey and the music by Farmer). Again, in one of his Essays,—'I do not find that any foreigner has ever caught the true spirit of Scottish music;' and he illustrates his remark by the story of Geminiani's having blotted quires of paper in the attempt to write a second part to the tune of *The Broom of Cowdenknows*. This air is, to say the least, of very questionable origin. The evidence of its being Scotch rests upon the English ballad of *The Broom of Cowdenknows*, for in other ballads to the same air it is not so described; and Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, quotes 'O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,' as a 'country tune.' The frequent misapplication of the term 'Scotch' in English songs and ballads, has been remarked by nearly every writer on Scottish music, and this air is not upon the incomplete scale which is commonly called Scotch. I am strongly persuaded that it is one of those ballads which, like *The gullant Grahams*, and many others, became popular in Scotland because the subject was Scotch. *The Broom of Cowdenknows* is in the metre of, and evidently suggested by, the older ballad of *New Broom on Hill*. A copy of the original *Broom on Hill* may even yet be discovered, or at least an earlier copy of the tune, and thus set the question at rest."

This part of the history we rather indicate than dilate upon, leaving Mr. Chappell to contend with the northern lion as well as he may, and prove that it roars an' it were any English nightingale. The professed imitation of the Scottish dialect in popular English songs seems to have begun with the mission of the Duke of York (afterwards James II.) to Scotland, when the northern phraseology was eagerly adopted by the royalists.

After the reign of Queen Anne, political songs were the only kind of poetry that found general favor, but in the time of George II. the old tunes were once more brought into vogue with those ballad-operas, of which the "Beggars' Opera" was the first and the most durable. For six consecutive years scarcely any other kind of drama was produced on the stage, and even for the booths in Bartholomew Fair new operas were written.

With respect to the characteristics and worth of the popular English airs that survived so many social and political changes, and have sometimes acquired new vitality from their connexion with some event of importance, we may confidently say, that the most careless reader of music cannot glance over the airs collected by Mr. Chappell without arriving at the conclusion, not only that these tunes are eminent for those qualities which strongly affect the emotions of the multitude, but also that they have peculiarities of their own which distinguish them from the songs of other nations, in spite of the bold assertion of unpatriotic archæologists that the English are without a national music.

The characteristic airs of England are divided by Mr. Chappell into four classes, which he thus describes:—

"The first and largest division consists of airs of a smooth and flowing character—expressive, tender, and sometimes plaintive, but generally cheerful rather than sad. These are the ditties, the real pastorals, which are so often mentioned by our early writers, and in which our poets so constantly expressed their delight. The second comprises airs which breathe a frank and manly spirit, often expanding into rough jollity. Such were many of the songs of men when not addressed to the fair. The third consists of the airs to historical and other very long ballads, some of which airs have probably descended to us from the minstrels. They are invariably of simple construction, usually plaintive, and the last three notes often fall gradually to the key-note at the end. One peculiar feature of

these airs is the long interval between each phrase, so well-calculated for recitation, and for recovering the breath in the lengthy stories to which they were united. They were rarely, if ever, used for dancing; indeed, they were not well suited to the purpose, and therein differed from the carols, and from the ditties, which were usually danced to and sung. Ditties, when accelerated in time to fit them for dancing, would fall under the denomination of carols. In the fourth class may be comprised the numerous hornpipes, jigs, rounds, and bagpipe-tunes. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when villagers assembled every holiday, and on Sunday evenings after prayers to dance upon the green, every parish of moderate population had its piper. "The constable ought not to break his staff and forsake the watch for one roaring night," says Ben Jonson, "nor the piper of the parish to put up his pipes for one rakish Sunday." "It was not unusual, I believe," says Mr. Surtees, "to amuse laborers on bounty days with music; a piper generally attended on highway days." He quotes the following entry in the parish registers of Gateshead, under the year 1683:—"To workmen, for making the streets even, at the King's coming, 18s. 4d.; and paid the piper for playing to the members of the highways five several days, 8s. 4d." Milton, in his speech upon unlicensed printing, says, "The villagers also must have their visitors, to enquire what lectures the bagpipe and the rebec reads, even to the balladry, and the gammuth of every municipal fiddler, for these are the countryman's Arcadia, and his Monte Mayors."

Various, and doubtless to a great extent unfathomable, are the causes that produce that fitness of an air to a national humor, which is expressed by the term popularity. The songs introduced in the lighter French vanderbilts, and sung by actors who are not professedly vocalists, seem utterly meaningless and trivial to the English ear, whether cultivated or not; yet they must appeal to some sentiment in the French people, or they would not be repeated year after year, with fresh words written on the occasion of every revival. Of the vitality of certain English tunes we had a striking instance in the "Beggars' Opera," which is almost a thesaurus of national melody, and we have more modern proofs in the burlesque entertainments produced at our theatres during the holiday seasons, and consequently exhibiting the union of airs composed before the memory of man with words hastily scribbled down by the young poetasters of the day. Tunes go on for centuries, words become stale in a twelvemonth. Martin Parker by his Cavalier verses gave indeed a new popularity to the old melody; but we question whether a single reader would now be moved by the words of "The King shall enjoy his own again," whereas the tune would be found as soul-stirring as ever if associated with some new national event. Nor can we reasonably doubt that the lively air of *Lillibulero* had a great effect in giving currency to the rubbish with which it was associated about the time of the Revolution.

Impossible as it may be to trace all the causes of popularity in music, some influence may be safely ascribed to the character of the instruments in use among the people. The airs of Spain—the land of guitars—are generally destitute of sustained notes; the songs of the Swiss mountaineer are suggestive of the mountain-horn. Armed with the fact that the instruments in use among the English from the earliest times were the harp, the fiddle (including the crowd), and the pipe, with or without the bag, the curious may, if they please, endeavor to find the traces of these instruments in the abundant specimens of English melody collected by Mr. W. Chappell. These are upwards of four hundred in number, and it can be proved that at least two hundred were in vogue before the time of the Commonwealth. We can scarcely over-estimate the industry and zeal shown by Mr. Chappell in his valuable and interesting work. He has produced not an essay, not a history, not a music-book, but something that combines the nature of all these at once. The order of the work is chronological; every tune is printed with a bass accompaniment by the accomplished musician, Mr. G. A. Macfarren; its vicissitudes are described, the words that belong to it are given entire or in part, and everything that can be found in the way of historical fact or contemporary allusion is brought to bear upon its illustration. The portions of the work to which we have referred are merely the introductions to the several sections. The main body of the book consists of a mass of erudition, no less copious than well digested, that can only be appreciated by a careful perusal.

Late as it comes, Mr. Chappell's work is the only one of its kind. Years have elapsed since the superficial Dr. Burney directed his energies to the depreciation of English music, and the exaltation of everything foreign. The task of vindicating the musical character of our countrymen, by whatever expedient zeal could suggest and erudition supply, was reserved for Mr. Chappell—an archæologist of the middle of the nineteenth century. His delightful volumes are a perfect treasure to every person who loves an English tune or an English song, as well as to all who take an interest in tracing an important department of popular literature, or the changes of national tastes and customs.

### Mozart—Child and Man.

(Continued from page 117.)

No. 116.

*The Same to the Same.*

Milan, November 21, 1772.

We are, heaven be thanked, as well and lively as fishes in water; for during the last week it has rained frightfully. To-day is the anniversary of our marriage. It is now, if I mistake not, five-and-twenty years ago since we had the happy idea of getting married, to say nothing of the years we thought about it beforehand; good things require time.

The "primo uomo" M. Rauzzini has arrived. The work goes on increasing. We shall have also our little comedies to go through, as is justly expected when theatrical affairs are in question; but such things are mere trifles. The figs which Wolfgang carried away with him from Salzburg were as miraculous as the loaves and fishes in the Gospel; they have lasted until now.

Yes! yes! we have a mighty deal to do; when we are not working there are still all sorts of arrangements to see to.

P. S. from Wolfgang.—I thank you, dear sister, you know for what I cannot write to M. de Heffner. If you see him make him read these lines; I beg him to remain content therewith for the present.

I bear no grudge against that rare friend for not having answered me. As soon as he has more time, he will find a time, no doubt, although I doubt, to answer me punctually.

No. 117.

*The Same to the Same.*

Milan, December 5, 1772.

My bad pen does not prevent our being in good health. Yesterday only did the De Amicis arrive. The poor tenor, Cardoni, has fallen so sick that he cannot come. They have sent for some one to take his place to Turin and to Bologna. He must be not only a good singer, but a good actor, with an imposing appearance, to represent with honor the character of Sylla. These are the two principal causes which have retarded the composition of the opera. Now it will proceed at a sound pace.

P. S. from Wolfgang.—Fourteen pieces more to do, and I shall have finished. It is true that the duo and the trio may count for four pieces. Can't possibly write you at any length, for I know nothing—first reason; second reason, I don't know what I am writing, my head is so full of the opera; I am in danger of sending you an air instead of words. I have learned a new game here which is called *Mercante in fieri*. We will play it as soon as I come back. I have also learned of a lady a new tongue which is easy to speak, difficult to write, but useful nevertheless. But it is a little—childish, although excellent for Salzburg. My compliments to our pretty Nandl and to our canary, for those two creatures and yourself form the most innocent part of the household. Your chapel master Fischietti will, no doubt, soon begin working at his *opera buffa*—that is to say in Germany, at his foolish opera.

(To be continued.)

### The Origin of "Hail Columbia."

In the "Recollections of Washington," just published, occurs the following anecdote:

The song of Hail Columbia, adapted in measure to the President's March, was written by Joseph Hopkinson, of Philadelphia, 1798. At that time war with France was expected, and a patriotic feeling pervaded the community. Mr. Fox, a young singer and actor, called upon Mr. Hopkinson one morning and said, "To-morrow evening has been appointed for my benefit at the theatre. Not a single box has been taken, and I fear there will be a thin house. If you will write me some patriotic verses on the tune of the President's March, I feel sure of a full house. Several people about the theatre have attempted it, but they have come to the conclusion that it cannot be done. Yet I think you may succeed." Mr. Hopkinson retired to his study, wrote the first verse and chorus, and submitted them to Mrs. Hopkinson, who sang them to a harpsichord accompaniment. The time and the words harmonized. The song was soon finished, and that evening the young actor received it. The next morning the placards announced that Mr. Fox would give a new patriotic song. The house was crowded—the song was sung—the audience was delighted—eight times it was called for and repeated, and when sung the ninth time the whole audience stood up and joined in the chorus. Night after night "Hail Columbia" was applauded in the theatre; and in a few days it was the universal song of the boys in our streets. Such was the origin of our national song "Hail Columbia."

### A Royal Artist.

William II., King of Holland, is by instinct a musician, and composes very remarkable melodies. At Wiesbaden, where he is just now, he possesses an elegant villa, and if not the actual ruler there, lives at least like a prince. He has a strong partiality for the place, because in its magnificent woods and mountains he finds his happiest inspirations. He is fond of going about the country alone on horseback; occasionally, however, he travels in a little droschky, where, with his head thrown back, attending the flitting clouds and the smoke of his regalia, he gives himself to his musical studies, and in this way composes, as the case may be, sylvan, amorous, or impassioned melodies. Inspired with the ideas natural to an earnest votary of revery and solitude, this artist king no doubt often imprecates the high position which confines him to his native dykes and prevents his going over distant seas to unexplored countries. Those who have heard his music, describe it as full of soul and modulation, capable of powerful sympathy and of communicating strong emotion. He arranges it for himself, quite often extemporaneously, but never takes the trouble to write out the tunes, which of course would be lost when once sung, were it not for a precensor who, passionately fond of his sovereign's music, always stenographs it.

This singular faculty of the king of the Netherlands is all the more surprising in that he is really inexperienced, possessing but very little skill, being ignorant of the rules of composition, and even of musical terms. A walk, a hunt, anything emotional, in fact, inspires him, and then he commences by uttering the words, which he sings to himself, and which, though simple and unmeasured, shape the sentiment of the music. He then calls the precensor and makes him sit down at the piano; but, instead of telling him in what octave he wishes to be accompanied, he tries the instrument himself and says to his attendant: "Hold! accompany me from this side of the board—no, wait! from that side, then this way. Ah! it is this, that, and the other." He then sings the written words, which are sometimes in French, sometimes in Italian, and at other times in Dutch. When the air is sung, he repeats it, and, in so doing, occasionally corrects it. Then, when he has completed it, he says to his companion, "Well, my dear sir, how do you like that?" "Ah, sire," he responds "it is admirable, magnificent. You have never done better. But it is singular. I know not how you do it; for this does not resemble music, and still it pleases. When the chorister is highly delighted, the king makes grimaces; when he merely approves, his majesty smiles and rubs his hands."

### Music Abroad.

London.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Orphéonist Festival commenced on the 25th of June, and was continued on the 26th and 28th. The "Orphéon" is an amateur choral association of some standing in France. Its central head is established in Paris, with branches extending into all the departments of the country. It is stated that there are now 800 societies, and more than 30,000 members, and there is hardly a commercial or manufacturing town in France that has not some "Société Musicale" in union with it. This association is evidently on a much larger scale than any existing in England, for though we have choral societies by the thousand, including almost every village in the country, there is no connection between them. The Orphéonistes combine charity with music, and during the last five years they have handed over a large sum of money to various charitable institutions. In this respect it is easy to see the advantage that might be derived from combination. No doubt there are innumerable charities forwarded and assisted by the efforts of musicians in England, but a combined society extending throughout the country would have considerable power in collecting charitable contributions. The anniversaries of the Orphéonistes have been events of national importance, and have always excited immense interest in Paris and in the larger towns of France. The 3000 singers who made their appearance at the Crystal Palace are selections from these various societies, and are composed, we are told, of the commercial classes—shopkeepers, clerks, artisans, and others; indeed, it was evident from their general appearance that the artisans were in considerable force, which proves how much the study of music is extending in France.

The programme on Monday commenced with "God save the Queen," sung in very intelligible English; the harmonies, it is true, were much altered, and not for the better, but the good-will with



which the National Anthem was sung made up for any defects in the execution. The next piece performed was a hymn, "Veni Creator," by Besozzi, and very correctly and smoothly it was sung; other slow and solemn music was included in the day's performance, and though well sung there was nothing distinctive about the style. It was, however, in the characteristic French music that the great effect was produced. The striking beauty of the *piano* passages, the distinct enunciation of the words, and the neat and crisp execution of the quick passages, were exceedingly good. There is no great power in the *forte* passages, not like the depth of sound produced, for instance, by a few hundred of our North-country chorus singers, but there is a smoothness and precision which is extremely pleasant. We may also add that there is a certain amount of trick, that is decidedly effective; we allude particularly to a chorus called "La Re traite," in which the sound of drums, imitated by the voices, is first heard in the distance, then a chorus advancing and subsequently receding into distance, so as to become almost inaudible. This was remarkably good, and without speaking of it as fine chorus singing, it would be well worth imitating. Another excellent chorus was "France! France!" composed especially for this festival by Ambrose Thomas. The spirit and vivacity with which this patriotic song was given produced an immense effect. Several others of the same class, which we have not space to mention, were equally good.

The programme each day was varied, and the performance gave universal satisfaction. At the conclusion of the music the audience rose *en masse*, and with waving of hats, and every demonstration of good feeling, called vociferously for the French National Melody, whereupon "Partant pour La Syrie" was given with hearty good-will by the singers. The band of the Guides, who have accompanied the Orphéonistes, and who performed at the Crystal Palace each day, were in London in the year 1855, when they delighted every one with their music. It is indeed a perfect band, their wonderful precision and neatness of execution are above all praise, and the subdued smooth quality of tone produced from so many brass instruments is perfectly wonderful. Their solo performers, also, are remarkably fine, and, taken as a whole, we have no regimental band in this country to equal them. There are reports (and we are sorry to say, that they are not without foundation) that the treatment of our musical neighbors was not such as they were entitled to expect upon their first arrival, but we trust that the hearty welcome given them by the public, and the enthusiasm displayed, will prove to them that the English public, at any rate, have not been to blame, and that they will return to France with a favorable impression of their reception in this country.

The Orphéonistes were invited by the Sacred Harmonic Society to a concert at Exeter Hall, on Friday evening. The performance consisted of selections from several oratorios, the choruses being chiefly of a loud character. Miss Parepa, Madame Sainton Dolby, and Mr. Sims Reeves were the solo singers. Our foreign neighbors were also invited on Thursday, by Mr. Leslie's Choir, to hear a performance of glees, part-songs, &c., in St. Martin's Hall.—*Musical Times*, July 1.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—The first performance for eleven years of Cimarosa's best known, if not best, opera, *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, which took place on Saturday, was a decided success; far greater, indeed, than we anticipated from the rather unfavorable reception it met with in 1849, when revived both at Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera. The little favor a work once so popular obtained then was the more unaccountable, as the cast at both theatres was extremely attractive; that at the elder house comprising the names of Mesdames P'arodi, Giuliani, and Albani, Signors Calzolari, Lablache and F. Lablache; at the new house, Mesdames Persiani, Grisi, and Angri, Signors Mario, Tamburini, and Tagliafico. The opera, nevertheless, ran but a few nights at either place, and may be said thenceforward to have been entirely shelved, as no attempt has been made to reproduce it since. The principal cause of its revival at Her Majesty's Theatre is doubtless to exhibit Signor Ciampi in one of those parts in which he had earned his continental reputation. The character of Geronimo is beyond the grasp of ordinary artists; and, indeed, no singer since Lablache, excepting Tamburini, had attempted it at all. Signor Ciampi created a highly favorable impression in his new essay, proving himself an artist of rare intelligence and rare endowments. His comedy is a very happy combination of art and instinct; his humor is natural and entirely his own, so that originality may be added to his other qualifications. His make-up of the character is extremely

skillful, and throughout the entire performance he never forgets that he is personating an old man. If we miss the oily humor of Lablache, which seemed to ooze out at every pore, or the consummate tact of Tamburini, which threw an intense reality about every thing he did, we must remember that Signor Ciampi is at an age when it is impossible, even by the aid of the highest genius, that art could reach maturity. Signor Ciampi is twenty-one years old, at which age, we have no doubt, both Lablache and Tamburini were serving their apprenticeship to singing and acting. Nevertheless, estimating the new buffo's performance irrespective of all such considerations, we must allow it to have very great merit. The audience, indeed, seemed strongly of our opinion, since they applauded Signor Ciampi to the echo in every scene. With so powerful and splendid an organ we shall look by-and-bye for finer vocal results. Signor Ciampi, in singing, should adhere more to the notes, and speak less. The frequent use of the *parlante*, however agreeable to Italian ears, is not liked by English audiences, more especially in good music. With this exception we can praise the new Geronimo's singing unreservedly. He possesses the true instinct for time and rhythm, and in that respect invariably satisfies the most scrupulous ear, and is always just in his intonation.—*Musical World*, June 30.

**ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.**—The performance of Gluck's *Orfeo e Eurydice*, on Wednesday evening, which had furnished a topic of conversation to musicians for weeks previously, did not attract a large attendance of the general public. Nevertheless, almost every connoisseur in London was present, and excitement and curiosity were carried to an unusually high pitch. It had been announced that *Orfeo e Eurydice* would be "illustrated by costume, scenery, and decoration," whence, naturally, it was inferred that Gluck's great lyric work would not be presented in a dramatic form, but as a pictorial concert entertainment. It turned out, however, that the announcement was supererogatory, since *Orfeo* was given as an opera proper, with all the accessories of stage effect and action. The advertisements, therefore, intimated more than was required. The director was determined that the old German master should not suffer for want of attention. The cast of the principal personages were perhaps as strong as it could be made in the present time. Mad. Caillag sustained the part of Orpheus, Mad. Penco that of Eurydice, Mad. Miolan-Carvalho that of the Happy Shade (*L'Ombra Felice*) and Mad. Nantier-Didiée, *L'Amore*. Nearly the entire weight of the performance falls upon *Orfeo*, who is rarely absent from the scene. Mad. Caillag, however, to her other estimable qualities, adds that of great sustaining power, which enables her to go through the longest and most exciting opera unfatigued. In such a part as *Orfeo* this is absolutely requisite, and without it the best powers, natural and acquired, would be of little avail. Mad. Caillag, as she had already demonstrated in *Fidèle*, possesses amazing energy, and has the finest tragic instincts. Her intensity and passion in Beethoven's heroine could hardly be surpassed, and these qualifications were again exhibited in Gluck's opera. Her greatest effects were produced in the grand *bravura*, "La speme in son ritorno," and in the scene with Eurydice, in which, after his wife is a second time snatched from him by death, just as he had recovered her from Hades—a scene of wondrous beauty, somewhat spun out, notwithstanding—Orpheus sings the well-known air, "Che farò senza Eurydice." On both occasions Mad. Caillag proved herself no less a consummate vocalist than *tragedienne*, and was overwhelmed with applause. We might cite many other points in her performance, but the above suffices to indicate in what estimation we hold Mad. Caillag, and what were the feelings entertained by the public of her very rare merits.

The other characters, comparatively subordinate, were most ably supported. Mad. Penco's Eurydice was thoroughly artistic. Even her death was remarkable for the natural manner in which it was accomplished. Her vocal displays were restricted to the long (somewhat too long) duet with Orpheus, when Eurydice issues with him from the infernal regions, of which she made the most. Mad. Carvalho gave the single air of The Happy Shade, "Questa prato sempre ameno"—a pastoral of infinite beauty—with great charm of voice; and Mad. Nantier-Didiée, by her singing, dress, and manner, gave due effect to the impersonation of the God Cupid, who, in the end, is the means of rendering the lovers happy, whereby the author of the *libretto* is at odds with Heathen Mythology.

The scenery, more especially the view of Elysium, is very beautiful. The ballet of the Happy Shades was received with unbounded applause. Of a very different character is that of the Furies in the opening

of the second act; which, if not so attractive, is far more vigorous and picturesque.

On Thursday, the first performance of *Norma* this season, and the last appearance but one of Mad. Grisi in the part she has made so peculiarly her own, with the additional attraction of the second act of *Fra Diavolo*, drew together one of the most crowded and fashionable audiences ever assembled in this theatre. Every part of the house was filled to overflowing, and scores of "La Diva's" admirers were disappointed in not being able to procure even standing room. The Queen and suite occupied the royal box, and the whole performances elicited a series of "ovations," for, evidently affected by the brilliancy of the audience and their enthusiastic reception of her, Mad. Grisi exerted herself with even more than her wonted fire, and "barring" the natural vocal deficiencies, the entire personation of the erring Druidess was one of the most effective we ever witnessed, even in the palmiest days of the great queen of Italian song.

The *Prophète*, long expected, is at last promised, and Signor Tamberlik is announced to make his first appearance this year as Jean of Leyden.—*Ibid.*

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—The great attendance a month ago at the performance of *Elijah*, induced the announcement of a repetition, which took place on Friday the 22d inst., and demands a word or two on account of some new features. The severe illness of Miss Parepa prevented her appearance; and Mad. Rudersdorff sang the principal soprano in a manner that leaves room for little but approbation. She has the requisite dramatic capability; and this can be said of but few of her contemporaries. Her "Hear ye, Israel," was an unimpeachable performance. Mr. Santley's singing of the Prophet decidedly gains upon us. It was always sung well; never with sufficient histrionic effect. It is in the latter qualification that the improvement is visible. Mr. Patey should remember that when he joins in quartet with such artists as Mads. Rudersdorff and Sainton-Dolby, and Mr. Sims Reeves, it is unpardonable to attempt to gain notice by singing too loudly. Among the numerous audience were numbers of the chiefs of the Orphéonistes, who were much delighted with the performance; and, with the characteristic impressionability of their race, were raised to rapturous wonder at Mr. Sims Reeves' marvellous singing of "Then shall the righteous," and were greatly moved at Mad. Sainton's "O rest in the Lord," which is the climax of pathetic expression.—*Ibid.*

**EXETER HALL.**—A performance or prize-glee, madrigals, and part-songs, by Mr. W. G. Martin, was given on Thursday the 21st, under the direction of the composer, the gentleman who so honorably officiated in the conductor's desk at the two recent juvenile choral exhibitions at the Crystal Palace. The chorus, we believe, was formed of Mr. Martin's classes, and numbered about one thousand voices. To vary the part-music, Mr. Sims Reeves sang "Adelaide," and a new song by Mr. Balfe, "I love you;" and Miss Arabella Goddard played two popular *morceaux*—Ascher's fantasia on airs from *Diurnah*, and Thalberg's "Last Rose of Summer." Mr. Sims Reeves created a perfect *furor* in Mr. Balfe's new song, which was encored with thunders of applause. We have not for a long while heard a more charming song than "I love you," and never heard more exquisite singing than that of Mr. Reeves. How the great tenor sings "Adelaide," and how Miss Arabella Goddard accompanies him on the piano-forte we need not say. The fair pianist created the accustomed sensation in both her pieces; the Irish *fantasia* exciting the audience to absolute enthusiasm, which compelled Miss Goddard to return to the platform and bow, although she declined (as usual) to repeat the performance. The execution of the glees, madrigals, and part-songs was for the most part excellent; of some, indeed, deserving of the highest praise. We may mention the part-song "The Evening Star," ditto "Our Saxon Fathers," both encored; prize-glee, "Mock Twilight," for eight male voices, and part-song, "The Hemlock Tree." These were all admirably sung, and elicited loud applause. In the prize-glee, "The Merry Month of June," for soli and chorus, the voices were occasionally unsteady and not always in tune. The exceptions were, however, rare, and the general performance must be pronounced excellent. The attendance was immense.—*Ibid.*

**FLORENCE, APRIL 27.**—Ten days has Victor Emanuel sojourned in Florence and environs, and it is yet three days more before he leaves for Bologna. Ten days have we prostrated ourselves at the altar of pleasure, undergoing every manner of discomfort for a glimpse of each fete and a sight at the King. The royal entrée into the city, the fireworks upon the Arno, the illumination, opera, balls, races, Corso,

have well nigh turned the heads of most people, especially those of the petty merchants who close their shops, positively refusing to satisfy customers, depriving themselves of a living for the sake of indulging in enthusiastic shrieks in behalf of their new monarch. My last experience in festivity was at a late concert given in his Majesty's honor in the great Hall of Palazzo Vecchio. A description of it will serve to illustrate the tenor of all the fetes. When told that he was "down" for an Accademia, our honest King resolutely declared that he could not and would not attend it, that he detested music, save the cannon's, and it was madness to suppose it possible for him to undergo such torture. "But you must," was the inexorable reply, "the people expect you and they cannot be disappointed." "Well, if I must, I must," sighed anti-musical Victor Emanuel, "but let the concert be very short," and it was short. At noon, the world-renowned Cinque Cento saloon, animated by at least two thousand persons, (the majority of whom were gaily dressed ladies,) festooned with garlands of natural flowers, beautiful, gigantic bouquets in every corner and Savoy crosses in red and white camellias starting out from the walls, created impressive effect upon all present, every moment adding to suppressed enthusiasm, which burst forth most gently but most rapturously as the hero of Palestro and suite entered, amid the clanging of much abhorred instruments. "Long live the first soldier of Italy," shouted a voice from afar. "Evviva!" one and all responded, ladies furiously tossing their handkerchiefs. Quickly walking up the aisle, the King seated himself immediately in front of orchestra and chorus. By his side sat his cousin, Prince Carignano, Lord Lieutenant of Tuscany; behind him stood Ricasoli, the man to whom Tuscany owes her redemption—Gen. Fanti and many deputies of the Italian Parliament, all of whom had been invited to attend Victor Emmanuel in his tour through the new provinces. What a hideous looking man for a King! is the first exclamation; but after all, though he be short and very stout, with an undeniable pug nose, rolling, unquiet gray eyes, hair cropped as short as any Zouave's, and a moustache as upturned as his nose, that looks as if the sheared hair of the top of his head had been grafted on to the small shoots growing above his upper lip; although nostro re has a very red complexion, and is not an Apollo nor a scholar, nor in appearance a gentleman, yet there is a great deal of determination and daring in his face—a something which prevents his being considered a fearfully ugly man. His organization is essentially that of a soldier. He possesses all the fiery valor necessary to inspire the admiration of his army and the confidence of his subjects.

How every eye took note of every gesture made by Victor Emmanuel, entirely overlooking tall, genteel, amiable Prince Carignano, who was the observed of all observers until the King's advent:

"So doth the greater glory dim the less  
A substitute shines brightly as a King.  
Until a King be by; and then his state  
Empties itself as doth an inland brook  
Into the main of waters. Music? Hark!"

and such music! It was supposed to be a symbolical cantata after the manner of those used in the XIV. century to celebrate national feasts. If so, let us thank Heaven that we did not live in that age; for of all ridiculous, incomprehensible symbols, this cantata is their chef d'œuvre. The librettist, Fioretti, acquaints us with the startling intelligence that the Prologue takes place in Heaven, while the action lies in Florence: we are introduced to various spirits elect who in some inexplicable way glorify the Cross of Savoy and Victor Emanuel as early as the XIV. century. The music by Mabellini, a very ambitious composer who is said to have written some good works, though I very much doubt it, is quite as pretentious and unmeaning as Fioretti's poetry. The whole concert did not occupy more than half an hour; but even then it was too long, as Barbieri Mini, the prima donna, a fearfully ugly woman, and once a great singer, is at present passée. The other executants were worse. Of course the orchestra was fine, but everything failed to overpower the King, whose prisms it was sounding. His eyes wandered everywhere but in the direction of the prima donna; he talked to cousin Carignano, moved uneasily in his chair, thumbed the programme until we all rose at the finale, which reads thus:

"Long live King Victor! Mid waving of banners,  
The drums' rattapans and the trumpets huge clangors,  
The dark race of Latin repeat his great fame;  
Behold our new Queen in fair Italy's dame!  
To whisper his name through this land of the South  
Is the signal of union—'war' breathes from each mouth—  
Fear seizes the tyrant and stranger as we sing,  
Long, long live our valiant, magnanimous King!"

There was something really inspiring in this shout of everything and everybody, and the simultaneous

flutter of a hundred little flags. Victor Emanuel's countenance lighted up; whether it was at the sound of kettle drums and war trumpets, or at thought of his agony being at an end, I know not. He seemed very much pleased, and left us as he came, amid rapturous applause.—*Corr. of New Orleans Picayune.*

In Zwickau, the birthplace of ROBERT SCHUMANN, they have lately celebrated the fiftieth birthday of the lamented master. The celebration consisted of the inauguration of a medallion-portrait of Schumann, modelled by *Rietschel*, and put up above the portal of the family mansion. There were two concerts, at which only compositions of Schumann were performed. Dr. E. KLITZSCH conducted. The programme included the first Symphony (B flat), Requiem for Mignon, the Quintet for piano and strings, the first string quartet, the first trio for piano and strings, the Andante and Variations for two pianos, and various songs and minor pieces. Among those present were noticeable FERD. DAVID, GRUTZMACHER, TH. KIRCHNER, LISZT, R. POHL, BRENDL, HARTEL and others.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 21, 1860.

### Organ for St. Paul's Cathedral Church, Louisville, Ky.

Our enterprising friends, Messrs. Simmons & Willcox, have just completed a fine organ for this church, which we had the pleasure of hearing one afternoon this week to the best advantage, under the skilful hands of Mr. Willcox. It is a work in every way creditable to the builders, and the Church cannot but be well pleased that it should have entrusted the commission to their hands. The diapasons are round, of rich, pure tone and full volume. The swell, it will be observed, runs through the full compass of the organ, and is of unusual power, not lacking, either, in the softer stops, that as solos, tickle the ears of most congregations. Among the finest stops is the "German Gamba," which is a fine specimen of this most beautiful and effective stop. Like a reed sound, or rather, of a string tone, yet not a reed stop, it is one of the most fascinating and charming of all the so-called fancy stops, and is constructed with entire success by these accomplished builders. The "Flûte Harmonique," also, is an admirably toned stop, giving great brilliancy to the general effect, or serving a valuable purpose as a solo. And so we might go on enumerating many beauties, would space allow us; we give below the contents of this instrument, of which Mr. E. Gunther will be the organist, who is well known as an accomplished artist, every way competent to do it justice.

There are Three Manuals extending from C, 8ft. to g8—56 notes.

Compass of Pedal, from C1 to d—27 notes.

#### THE GREAT MANUAL

Contains the following Stops and Pipes, viz.:

1. Contra Diapason.....	16 ft.....	56 pipes.
2. Open Diapason.....	8 ".....	56 "
3. Stop'd Diapason.....	8 ".....	56 "
4. Hohl Flûte.....	8 ".....	56 "
5. Viola da Gamba.....	8 ".....	56 "
6. Quint.....	5 1-3 ft.....	56 "
7. Octave.....	4 ft.....	56 "
8. Flûte Harmonique.....	4 ".....	56 "
9. Twelfth.....	2 2-3 ft.....	56 "
10. Fifteenth.....	2 ft.....	56 "
11. Mixture.....	8 rank.....	168 "
12. Trumpet.....	8 ft.....	56 "

#### THE SWELL MANUAL

Contains the following Stops and Pipes, viz.:

1. Bourdon.....	16 ft.....	56 pipes.
2. Open Diapason.....	8 ".....	56 "
3. Stop'd Diapason.....	8 ".....	56 "
4. Dulciana.....	8 ft.....	44 "
5. Viol d'Amour.....	8 ".....	56 "

6. Vox Angelica.....	8 ".....	44 "
7. Octave.....	4 ".....	56 "
8. Violin.....	4 ".....	56 "
9. Mixture.....	3 rank.....	168 "
10. Contra Trumpet.....	16 ft.....	44 "
11. Trumpet.....	8 ".....	56 "
12. Oboe.....	8 ".....	56 "
13. Fagotto.....	8 ".....	56 "

#### THE CHOIR MANUAL

Contains the following Pipes and Stops, viz.:

1. Solfina.....	16 ft.....	56 "
2. Dulciana.....	8 ".....	56 "
3. Bourdon.....	8 ".....	56 "
4. Gemshorn.....	4 ".....	56 "
5. Flûte d'Amour.....	4 ".....	56 "
6. Flageolette.....	2 ".....	56 "
7. Corno di Bassetto.....	8 ".....	56 "

#### THE PEDAL

Contains the following Stops and Pipes, viz.:

1. Open Bass.....	16 ft.....	27 pipes.
2. Dulciana Bass.....	16 ".....	27 "
3. Violoncello Bass.....	8 ".....	27 "

#### MECHANICAL REGISTERS.

1. Coupler—Great and Swell.
2. " Choir and Swell.
3. " Pedal and Great.
4. " Pedal and Choir.
5. " Pedal and Swell.
6. Swell Tremblant.
7. Bellows Signal.
8. Pedal Check.
9. Great and Choir Coupler.

The case of the Organ is made in Gothic style, is 17 feet wide, 26 feet high, and 12 feet deep.

Translated for this Journal.

### Clippings from the German Papers.

Spohr, in his autobiography, of which the first instalments have just appeared in print, tells the following amusing story of Clementi. The time is his (Spohr's) first excursion to St. Petersburg, about the year 1800. Says Spohr:

"There were then many anecdotes afloat with regard to the singular avarice of the rich Clementi, which in later years, when I met him again in London, had increased considerably. It was reported that Field was kept very close by his master, and had to undergo many hardships for the privilege of enjoying his instructions. I had myself a taste of the real Italian mode of economizing, which Clementi lived up to, for one day I found teacher and pupil, with tucked up sleeves, at the washtub, cleansing their stockings and linen. My entrance did not disturb them at all. Clementi advised me to do the same, as not only the price charged at St. Petersburg for washing was very high, but that they had a way of doing it, which would wear the clothes out very quick."

How poorly Beethoven was appreciated by musical notabilities in Berlin, even as late as the year 1803, Spohr tells us in the following anecdote:

"I delivered my letters of recommendation, and soon received invitations to musical parties. First I played in the palace of Prince Radziwill, himself an excellent performer on the violoncello and a talented composer. I met there Bernard Romberg, Möser, Leidler, Semmler, and other distinguished artists. Romberg, then in his prime, played one of his quartets with violoncello obligato. I had not heard him before, and was charmed with his playing. When, after this, I was asked to play, I thought that nothing could be more appropriate to offer to such artists and connoisseurs than one of my favorite quartets of Beethoven (opus 18) with which I had so often delighted my Brunswick audiences. I was soon aware, however, as before in Leipsic, that my

choice had been an unfortunate one, for the musicians in Berlin knew as little of these quartets as the musicians in Leipsic, and could neither play nor appreciate them. After I had finished they complimented my playing, but spoke very deprecatingly of the composition, which I had chosen. Romberg asked me directly: 'Pray tell me, dear Spohr, how you can play such eccentric stuff?'"

It is very amusing, as well as instructive to read, at the present day, the criticisms which great works called forth at the time of their first appearance. A Berlin paper, in 1809, which then enjoyed considerable reputation, wrote thus of Beethoven's great Overture to *Leonore* (the third):

"All connoisseurs and musical persons agree, that another piece of music so incoherent, disagreeable, confused, ear-irritating has not yet been written. The most cutting modulations follow each other. The harmony is really horrible. A few small ideas, which take away all semblance of grandeur, for instance, a Posthorn Solo, intended, we presume, to indicate the arrival of the governor, finish the disagreeable, stupifying impression of the whole." This very Overture is now acknowledged as one of the sublimest works of Beethoven! *Schicht*, a renowned composer of church-music and musical director at the Thomas church in Leipsic used to call Beethoven literally a "musical pig," but changed his opinion when he heard *Fidelio* performed. *Zelter*, the illustrious friend of *Goethe*, says in one of his letters to the poet: "There are two young composers, *Cherubini* and *Beethoven*, who are not without talent, but they have got into wrong roads." When Beethoven had published his first works, a Vienna musical paper advised him to stick to the career of a piano-virtuoso, as he had not the least talent for musical composition. The "*Cecilia*," a Mayence musical gazette, edited by Fink, said of Beethoven's third symphony, the *Eroica*: "It is the production of a madman; and its composer is perfectly ripe for a lunatic asylum."

### Musical Chit-Chat.

CAMBRIDGE.—The Inauguration of the new President of Harvard College, C. C. Felton, L.L.D., took place on Thursday of this week. The music of the occasion was the grand Choral by Martin Luther; "A strong castle is our Lord," a "Domino salvum fac," by Mozart, and Jackson's *To Deum in F.*, which were well sung by a large choir of male voices made up from the present and recent members of the College choir and members of the *Harvard Musical Association*. The musical part of the services were under the direction of Mr. L. P. Homer, the instructor of Music in the University; Mr. John H. Willcox presiding at the organ, a poor instrument in the most skilful of hands.

The annual Commencement exercises at the Academy of the sisters of Notre Dame, Roxbury, were held on Thursday, the 12th inst. The attendance was quite large, and the entertainment was one of great excellence throughout. The musical portion of it merits particular mention at our hands. The pupils have evidently been subjected to the most rigid musical discipline, and the system of constant surveillance kept up with unflinching severity. The result is a rare perfection of drill. This was most noticeable in the pieces for two, three, and four pianos, in which no teacher took any part whatever, but which, nevertheless were played with a sweetness and uniformity in time and expression, as if Zerrahn's bâton had been in sight all the time. The first Piano

part had, in most cases, been allotted to Miss Doniphan, who acquitted herself of her difficult task to everybody's satisfaction. The musical part of the programme consisted of the *Gazza Lndra* Overture for six performers on three pianos; the Coronation Duet, (Herz) for two performers on two pianos, which won the heartiest applause; the first grand concertante Quartet for four players on four pianos, by Czerny, the best piece on the list; and Dresel's effective arrangement of Weber's Invitation to the Waltz, for four players on two instruments.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—It was our privilege to be present, on Sunday, June 24th, at the new chapel, corner of Clinton and Court streets, to hear the farewell sermon of Rev. Samuel Longfellow, brother of the distinguished American poet. Mr. Longfellow alluded, in expressive terms, to his past connection with the church, and enunciated in a very distinct manner, the outlines of the doctrines he had aimed to set forth. While his doctrines may be cavilled at by many, the devotion and single-heartedness of the man can hardly be questioned; and his *bijou* of a chapel and its service are a complete model by themselves. The part that music plays in the internal arrangements of the new chapel, are worthy of all praise and imitation by Protestant churches. Here we found the choir and organ in their proper places, though it be but an old idea newly inaugurated in this country. Certainly the questionable plan of putting the choir and organ at such a distance from the preacher, as that he, in common with all the congregation, shall be listeners and critics, instead of singers and worshippers, is fast dying out; and the example set at the new chapel in Brooklyn is doing much toward convincing that "City of Churches" that music, as well as religion, will not suffer by this beautiful and truly effective reform.—*N. Y. Musical World*.

OPERA.—The word Opera, used to express a drama sung instead of spoken, is a special use of a common word. It means simply Work. When music was first joined to the drama as an integral part of the performance, the piece was simply called a tragedy or comedy; but, by-and-by, as the music became more and more the speciality of the performance, terms were chosen to express more clearly the nature of the work. They were all works, and thus the term *Opera* was chosen, with a word following to describe it. *Opera regia, comica, tragica, scenica, sacra*, &c., were the terms used, and if it was also musical, the words *per musica* were added. By-and-by these became shortened into *opera musicale*; and finally *opera* alone was used to designate a musical work, and the primitive terms, *tragedia* and *comedia* retained for purely dramatic compositions. Though the word has no special reference to music, and is equally applicable to a poem or a painting, it has received a special signification by long habit, and expresses, in one word, the lyric drama.—*Musical Times*.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Mr. Gilmore's band of instrumental musicians inaugurated the fourth season of their pleasant Promenade Concerts on Saturday evening, July 7, in a highly successful manner. The band is in excellent condition, giving evidence of careful training on the part of their accomplished leader, and of diligent practice among themselves. The improvement they have made since last year is manifest to the most careless listener, and the energy and industry, of which their increased excellence is the happy result, is most creditable. The selection of music for performance at these concerts is generally very judicious. Mr. Gilmore remembers, as he ought, that people want nothing heavy in hot weather. Light books, light clothes, light wines and light music always find a ready market from July until September. Nothing should be permitted to change so laudable a taste.

We hope these concerts will meet with that success to which they are entitled, for there can be no pleasanter way of passing an evening under cover than in listening to enlivening music, and meeting pleasant people. Mr. Gilmore desires that the public should gather about him and enjoy themselves, but we are pleased to learn that it is his intention to frown

upon the slightest demonstrations of rowdyism of any kind. Before the season closes the band is to be augmented by the addition of reed instruments. Concerts are given on Wednesday and Saturday evenings, and on Saturday afternoon.—*Ibid*.

THE DRAMA.—At the annual meeting of the Boston Theatre Corporation, on the 9th inst., the old board of directors, consisting of Messrs. John S. Tyler, A. H. Fiske, John E. Lodge, E. C. Bates, Gardner Brewer, W. W. Tucker and Thomas W. Pierce, was re-elected. The theatre, we are rejoiced to learn, will once again be under the exclusive management of Mr. THOMAS BARRY, whose record as actor, manager and man, through a long series of years passed in the service of the public, will bear the most critical scrutiny. His experience, ability and taste have been often and successfully tested, and the fact that he is at the head of a dramatic establishment is a sufficient guaranty that it will prove worthy the liberal patronage of a cultivated community. Mr. Barry has already made arrangements for a period of thirty weeks, and we look forward with interest to the commencement of his dramatic season, which we feel sure will go far to make up for the lamentable theatrical entertainments of the season just closed.—*Ibid*.

MUSIC COMMITTEES IN CHURCHES.—One reason for the difficulty which churches meet with in their music, is the fact that it is intrusted to the hands of incompetent committees. We do not know why it is, but the music committee of a church almost invariably contains one man who cannot tell "Old Hundred" from "Yankee Doodle." If a parish can find a man who is utterly stupid and stolid—a man who has no music in his soul and none anywhere else,—they will be sure to put him upon the singing committee. There is nothing which assees feel themselves so competent to manage as church music. Such men and such committees are always disgusting singers, making trouble in choirs, introducing the most senseless changes, and raising a row generally. The best singers in a congregation make always the best and the only competent singing committees, and the further the number on such a committee is raised above one, the worst for all concerned.—*Springfield Republican*.

THE SONTAG VERSION.—The admirable and much regretted Sontag substituted a phrase at the close of the Masked Trio in *Don Giovanni*, in the place of Mozart's. Her example was soon followed, and all the singers of Europe adopted in this place Mme. Sontag's invention.

One day at a rehearsal in London, a celebrated leader hearing this bold innovation at the close of the trio, stopped the orchestra, and addressing the prima donna, said: "Well, madam, what does this mean? Have you forgotten your part?"

"No sir; I am singing the Sontag version."

"Ah! very well! but allow me to take the liberty of saying, that though you may prefer the Sontag version to the Mozart version, the latter is the only one we have anything to do with here."—*H. Berlin*.

THE FLAGEOLET WORSHIPPER.—There was an excellent musician, who was so entirely enamored of the flageolet, which he managed finely, that he was forever playing it, though the instrument had no part in the score. He doubled with the flute, or the oboe, or the clarinet; he would have doubled the bass-viol rather than remain silent. One of his brother musicians ventured to say, that it was strange he should allow himself to play in a Beethoven symphony. "You mechanize my instrument," said he, "and pretend to despise it!" Fools! If Beethoven had heard me, his works would be full of flageolet solos, and he would have made his fortune. But he never heard me; and he died in a hospital.—*H. Berlin*.

Spohr was one day met in the street on his way to the opera, where he had to conduct the opera in honor of the birthday of the Elector. He was clothed in a heavy winter mantle, although the weather-glass stood eighty degrees above zero. "Are you sick?" asked the man who met him. "No," replied Spohr, throwing back his mantle and showing his breast covered with orders, "I am only ashamed to go thus through the streets."

**SAN FRANCISCO.**—An opera company, made up of Mr. Escott, Mr. Squires, Mr. Leach and others have been singing here in English opera, and have given "Lucia," "La Traviata," "The Rose of Castille" and "Ernani." They have met with good success and crowded houses, as we learn from the *San Francisco Herald*.

**SIGNORA GUERRABELLA.**—This young American lady has been making a great *furor* in Italy as a dramatic singer. The Italian papers and private letters give most enthusiastic accounts of her reception at Turin, Milan, etc. Signor Guerrabella was not originally intended for the stage. She is an only child, and it was only by insistence on her part that her parents consented to let her make a more extended use of the gifts with which nature had endowed her. She is thoroughly devoted to her profession; and, although only two years have elapsed since she began her career, she has sung in some of the best Italian theatres with unqualified success. At Bergamo, during the carnival, her appearance in Pacini's opera, "*Stella di Napoli*," caused immense excitement, the audience testifying their delight by calling the favorite over and over again before the curtain. A correspondent tells us of an adventure which happened to La Guerrabella after the ovation at Bergamo. On returning to Milan, she was engaged, as the contract showed, at the chief theatre in Trieste. On her arrival at Venice, to embark for Trieste, in the evening, Signora Guerrabella was accosted at the railroad by the secretary of the director, who expressed his regret that they could not secure the theatre at Trieste, and begged that she would open the opera at Venice. The lady immediately saw through the ruse, and positively refused. The secretary offered her any terms, and told her that if she would consent, the Governor of Venice, Count Toggenburg, would come and ratify any proposition she chose to make. The signora persisted in her refusal. The secretary followed her to the hotel. After re-perusing her contract, to be certain she had made no mistake, she laid it by her side, and the Secretary then seized it and tore it up. Next morning La Guerrabella returned to Milan. On her arrival, Count Correr, President of the Committee of Venetian Emigration, and Count Meroner called to thank her in the name of the Committee for her noble and courageous conduct. The resolution by the Italians not to support opera in the kingdom of Venice, was an expression of national grief for the situation of the unhappy Venetians; hence the sympathy of the Milanese, hence the desire of the official to force attendance by means of a powerful attraction. Thus the young *cantatrice* found herself suddenly looked upon not only as an operatic but a political star. She was offered a diploma as citizen of Venice; congratulations poured in from all sides, and her reception that night at the theatre was a triumph. As her fame has spread, engagements have poured in, and some of the most profitable proposals come from Constantinople.—*Horne Journal*.

**THE MYSTERY OF EDITING.**—The world at large do not understand the mysteries of a newspaper; and, as in a watch, the hands, that are seen, are but the passive instruments of the spring, which is never seen, so, in a newspaper, the most worthy causes of its prosperity are often least observed or known. Who suspects the benefit which a paper derives from the enterprise, the vigilance, and the watchful fidelity of the publisher? Who pauses to think how much of the pleasure of reading is derived from the skill and care of the printer? We feel the blemishes of printing, if they exist, but seldom observe the excellences.

We eat a hearty dinner, but do not think of the farmer that raised the materials thereof, or the cook that prepared them with infinite pains and skill. But a cook of vegetables, meat, pastries, and infinite *bouillons*, has a paradisaical office in comparison with an editor! Before him pass in review all the exchange newspapers. He is to know all their contents, to mark for other eyes, the matters that require attention. His scissors are to be alert, and clip with incessant industry all the little items that together form so large an interest in the news department. He passes in review, each week, every State in the Union, through the newspaper lens; he looks across the ocean and sees strange lands, and following the sun, he searches all round the world for material. It will require but one second's time for the readers to take in what two hours' research produced. By him are read the manuscripts that swarm the office like flies in July. It is his frown that dooms them. It is his hand that condenses a whole page into a line. It is his discreet sternness that restricts senti-

mental obituaries, that gives young poets a twig on which to sit and sing their first lay.

And the power behind the throne, in newspapers as in higher places, is sometimes as important as the throne itself. Correspondents, occasional or regular, stand in awe at that silent power which has the last chance at an article, and may send it forth in glory or in humility. And, in short, as the body depends upon a good digestion, so the health of a paper depends upon that vigorous digestion which goes on by means of the editor.

Ought they not to be honored? And since little fame attends them, they should at least have their creature comforts multiplied. From that dark and dismal den in which they have so long had purgatorial residence, they are at length translated!—*Henry Ward Beecher*.

**MYSTERIOUS MUSIC.**—The mystic music sometimes heard at the mouth of the Pascagoula river, on a still night, is one of the wonders of our coast. It is not confined, however, to the Pascagoula river, but has often been heard at other places. At the mouth of the Bayou Coq del Inde and other inlets opening into the Gulf along the coast of our own country, the curious listener, lying idle in his boat, with lifted oars, when every other sound is hushed, may sometimes hear its strains coming apparently from beneath the waters, like soft notes of distant *Æolian* harp.

We have always supposed that this phenomenon, whatever its origin might be, natural or supernatural, was peculiar to our own coast. It appears, however, from Sir Emerson Tennant's recent work on Ceylon, something very like it is known at Battialloa, in that island, and it is attributed to rather less poetical and mysterious origin—that it is a peculiar species of shell-fish. They are said to be heard at night, and most distinctly when the moon is nearest the full.—*Mobile Herald*.

**THE FLIGHT OF SOUND.**—M. Montigny, in a note addressed to the Academy of Belgium, questions the rate at which sound travels laid down in the books. He states that in a storm in September last, he, while at a distance of three miles from where the lightning struck, could count but two seconds between the lightning and the thunder. Had the rate of travel of the sound been no more than 1,100 feet per second, as is generally supposed, there would have been an interval of fifteen seconds. Another gentleman, situated at nearly a similar distance in another direction from the place struck by the lightning, could perceive no greater interval than M. Montigny. Many other facts are noted by M. Montigny, all tending to prove that the rate at which the sound of thunder travels, is much greater than 1,100 feet per second. In the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science of 1858, it was shown that the sound of a cannon travels faster than the sound of the human voice.

**EXPERIMENTS ON THE QUALITY OF SOUND.**—M. Scott is the originator of a very ingenious apparatus, by means of which some interesting experiments have been made in reference to the different qualities of sound, and the cause of such difference. The apparatus consists of a tube spreading out widely at one extremity like a trumpet, and closed at the other end by a thin, stretched membrane, to the middle of which is attached a very light pencil. The tube concentrates the sounds which enter by its base, and the vibrations of the membrane thus produced are written by the pencil upon a paper coated with lampblack, which is uniformly placed under the pencil by clock-work. The traces thus produced may be copied and preserved—magnified, if necessary—by photography. When the common accord is sounded on different instruments, the figures formed are very different both in form and dimensions, according as wind instruments, stringed instruments, or the human voice are used. The same differences are seen when the record of singing is compared with that of unmusical noises. M. Scott establishes this curious fact, that the series of vibrations formed by the sound of an instrument or voice is more regular, even, and consequently more nearly isochronous, in proportion as it is more pure and agreeable to the ear. In shrill cries and harsh sounds of instruments, the waves of condensation are irregular, unequal, and not isochronous.

**THE SINGING OF CHILDREN.**—There is something exceedingly thrilling in the voices of children singing. Though their music be unskillful, yet it finds its way to the heart with wonderful celerity. Voices of cherubs are they, for they breathe of paradise; clear, liquid tones that flow from pure lips and innocent hearts, like the sweetest notes of a flute, or the falling of water from a fountain!—*Longfellow*.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Moonlight beams are shining, love. Song and Chorus. J. P. Ordway. 25

A new melody by the author of so many pretty and widely known airs. It is pretty enough to outshine many a former song of this composer which made its mark at the time.

I love thee far more dearly. (L'amo a m'é piu cara.) Romanza from Bellini's "*I Capuleti*." 25

A most charming song whose melody every one will recognize as one long familiar by a host of piano-arrangements, easy and difficult. It is as striking and singable as "*Vaga luna*" (Katy Darling) and must quickly become a favorite song.

The Brook. Song. Dolores. 25

My Mary. Endersohn. 25

So long as my darling loves me. M. W. Balfe. 24

Three excellent new songs of English authors.

The Union. National Song. J. M. Deems. 25

Good, stirring words, and an energetic air. Could be made very serviceable at the present day.

My Eulalie. Song. G. W. Stratton. 25

Cora Lane. Ballad. Mark van Winkle. 25

Songs for young singers, easy and taking.

#### Instrumental Music.

Fair Emily. Polka de Salon. L. G. Caseres. 25

The author will be recollected in this vicinity as a clever pianist. This polka shows a fair talent for composition. It is a well written and effective piece.

Good Templars Grand March. G. A. Ingraham. 25

Rifeman's March. C. D'Albert. 30

Both good and spirited marches of medium difficulty.

Idylle. Op. 7. Fritz Spindler. 30

There is hardly one of the younger German composers so much in vogue at present as Fritz Spindler. He writes for great and small players with the same felicitous grace and fluency. The above is one of his loveliest inspirations, which deserves the heartiest recommendation.

Tyrolese Medley. C. Grobe. 50

The best of the Tyrolese mountain-songs have been made familiar here by the Rainer, Steyermarker, and other troupes, and will be gladly welcomed in Grobe's tasty pianoforte arrangements.

#### Books.

**THE YOUNG FOLKS' GLEE BOOK.** Consisting of nearly one hundred copyright Songs and Duets never before harmonized; and the choicest gems from the German and Italian. The whole arranged in a familiar style for the use of Singing Classes, Glee Clubs and the Social Circle. By Charles Jarvis. 1.00

Special attention is solicited to the general features of this work, as possessing universal attractions. The copyright songs, duets, &c., comprise the best pieces of the leading publishers, inserted here by permission and contained in no other book. Of the gems of German and Italian song, nothing need be said, as their beauties are universally known and admired; and their arrangement and collection in this form can not fail to be duly appreciated by every lover of a highly refined and classic style of music. Attention has been directed to the choice of words, and they will, in each case, be found elevated in sentiment and adapted to the great mass of the people.

**MUSIC BY MAIL.**—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 434.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 18.

## A Musical Instrument.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

What was he doing, the great god Pan,  
Down in the reeds by the river?  
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,  
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,  
And breaking the golden lilies afloat  
With the dragon-fly on the river?

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,  
From the deep cool bed of the river.  
The limpid water turbidly ran,  
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,  
And the dragon-fly had fled away,  
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,  
While turbidly flowed the river,  
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,  
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,  
Till there was not a sign of a leaf, indeed,  
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,  
(How tall it stood in the river!)  
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,  
Steadily from the outside ring,  
Then notched the poor dry, empty thing,  
In holes as he sate by the river.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan,  
(Laughed while he sate by the river!)  
"The only way, since gods began  
To make sweet music, they could succeed."  
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,  
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan,  
Piercing sweet by the river!  
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!  
The sun on the hill forgot to die,  
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly  
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,  
To laugh, as he sits by the river,  
Making a poet out of a man.  
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain —  
For the reed that grows nevermore again  
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

## Reissiger.

Charles Theophilus Reissiger, Kapellmeister of the king of Saxony, died at Dresden, November 7th, 1859. He was born at Betzig, near Rittenberg, January 31, 1798, and being the son of a musician was early initiated into the principles of music. He was sent in 1818 to the University of Leipsic, where he devoted himself for some time to the study of theology, which in Germany is the basis of all literary and liberal education. Assisted by generous friends, Reissiger, who was poor, took up with ardor the study of composition under the direction of one Schicht, who was a benefactor to him, and in 1821 went to Vienna, where he composed his first opera, which was never performed. In 1822, Reissiger left Vienna to go to Munich, to receive the instructions of the celebrated composer, Winter, author of the opera so well known in Germany, "the

Interrupted Sacrifice." After having attained much success by the composition of an overture upon a theme of five notes given him by Winter, Reissiger left for Leipsic and Berlin, where the King of Prussia charmed by his talents, assisted him in making a journey to Italy. Reissiger came to Paris in 1824, and resided there during a year. He went to Italy, visited Milan, Bologna, Florence, Rome and Naples, and then returned to Berlin at the close of 1825, where he was charged with preparing the plan of a Conservatory of Music, which was proposed in the capital of Prussia. In the month of October, 1826, Reissiger was appointed director of music to the King of Saxony, in the place of Marschner who had been called to Hanover, which post Reissiger occupied until his death, at the age of sixty-one.

Reissiger was a composer more prolific than original. He has written five or six operas that has met with success, such as the *Felsenmühle* (the Mill of the Rocks) and especially *Turandot*, very popular at Dresden, a great number of masses and motets, and much instrumental music. Facile as an imitator, especially of Weber and of many other masters, Reissiger produced incessantly, and gave to the engraver all that fell from his pen. He is the author of that pretty waltz known every where under the lying title *la dernière Pensée de Weber*. Reissiger himself has claimed in the public journals the paternity of this happy inspiration. "*La dernière Pensée de Weber*" says Reissiger in a letter to a M. Charles Bansi, was composed by me in 1822, and sent the same year to a music publisher at Leipsic, who had it engraved at the end of my trio, Op. 26. I have played it often in public at Leipsic, and always with great success. I have communicated it to Weber, who was charmed with it and often played it. The waltz was published at Paris by a speculator under a title which has made it popular."

## MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS IN PARIS.

Among the interesting and profitable publications of the music trade of Paris in the year 1859, should be mentioned, especially the score of the *Pardon de Ploërmel* of Meyerbeer, published by Brandus, of which more than three thousand copies, (for voice with piano accompaniment) it is said have been sold. Gounod's *Faust*, edited by M. Choudens, is, after this new work of Meyerbeer, the best thing in the music trade of Paris. A success, and a durable success, not the result of a happy *mise en scène* only, is necessary in order that the publication of a dramatic composition can be a good speculation for a publisher, and nothing is rarer in our time than an opera that survives its first season.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

## The Singing Soul.

### A LEGEND OF NORMANDY.

At the foot of one of the hills which bound the parish of Corneuil, there stood, a long time

ago, a little cottage, nearly hidden by the trees which surrounded it. In this cottage dwelt a poor widow, to whom Heaven, during a life the length of which she counted by sorrows, had granted one sole source of great joy. This was Martha, her daughter, a maiden so lovely that nothing more charming could be imagined. She was cheerful and lively, and all who beheld her, beautiful as God had made her, would have longed to take her in their arms, had they not feared at the same time to destroy the lovely vision by so doing. Those who met her, few enough they were, to be sure, retained her image in their hearts, like that of a saint from heaven.

But the simple, humble maiden had, beside the charm of her beauty, still another gift, which was known only to herself, her mother, and the solitude around their dwelling. This was a voice so clear, so sweet, and of such compass, that no second one like it could have been found in the whole world. In the evening, after having performed her homely household duties, the good child would take her needlework, seat herself by the little lamp, and sing such beautiful and holy strains that the angels in heaven could not but rejoice at them. At such times her mother would sit motionless for hours, dropping her work, and listening to the melodies which swelled forth in endless interwinings, and surpassed each other wondrously.

"Sing, my child," the old woman would say, "as long as thou dost sing thou wilt be virtuous and therefore happy."

Alas, poor woman, she was mistaken!

Martha reached her seventeenth year, but she was too poor to marry. True, the youths of the neighboring village admired her beauty, but they would not venture to choose for the companion of their life of labor so tender a blossom, which the first storm would have withered.

One day her mother had gone from home. Martha had placed her wooden stool in the shadow of the trees before the cottage, and sat down there to spin. The air was soft and balmy, as it mostly was in May, and while the girl gladly breathed the fragrance of the flowers, she sang her sweetest lays. With every verse the power of her voice increased, and its compass seemed incredible.

But how great was her surprise, when she suddenly saw herself surrounded by glittering knights who, attracted by the lovely sounds, were now devouring the poor girl with their gaze. Martha's surprise soon changed to alarm, as she recognized among the listeners the Count of Corneuil, her own master, who was known as one of the most terrible and hardhearted knights in the country.

Awed by him, his companions preserved a timid silence, but he cast upon the poor songstress a glance which made her tremble. She sang no more on that day. In the evening, when her mother returned, she inquired why she was silent.

"Dear mother," said she, with a tender embrace, "I am afraid!"

She would not, however, tell her mother the cause of her fear, in order not to alarm her, but it would have been better if she had done so, for the next morning, at the same hour, two liveried servants came to summon her to the castle.

"My gracious lord," she cried with tears, as she saw the Count approaching her, "save me, protect me!"

"Thou art in a safe place here, my charming nightingale, and I willingly take thee under my protection." In saying this, he beckoned to the servants, and they liberated the maiden; but when she looked around, the drawbridge was raised.

"Be kind, gracious Sir, send me back to my mother!"

"Willingly, my gentle dove, but on one condition."

"No, no!" cried she, for she guessed his meaning.

She remained a prisoner. She was confined in a turret chamber, like a bird in its cage. At night the Count approached the door of her cell, full of evil desires. He thought to triumph over the weak girl who had no defence beside her prayers; but suddenly he remained rooted to the spot, and listened immovably to the entrancing strains in which his victim sent up her supplications to the Madonna. At last, as if the pious tones had laid the evil spirit which possessed him, he crept away, without having the courage to approach her. When Martha had finished her prayer, she opened the window, and saw, by the bright moonlight, an old woman standing on the edge of the moat which surrounded the castle, and stretching out her arms towards her.

"Mother!" she cried, and her heart was full of sorrow.

And so it was the next day, and every day for several months. As often as the wicked knight would have approached the maiden, her pure and touching song drove away the evil desire of his heart. But one evening the old woman was missing from the site of the moat, and from that time grief consumed the heart of the good Martha. She faded visibly; the weaker her body grew, the more entrancing grew her song, and when her outward form had dwindled to a mere shadow, her voice had reached the highest perfection.

Meanwhile, her master, too, had grown better and purer under the influence of her singing; his love for the beautiful maiden had turned into reverence for her angelic voice, and he no longer denied her anything but complete liberty, because he could not live without her song.

One morning she was so weak that the Count did not venture to refuse her request that she might carry a garland to her mother's grave. She went, and after visiting the grave she entered the church, where service was being held. She mingled with the peasants, and joined in their hymns.

But by a strange miracle her voice had such a mighty effect upon the assembled people, that all were silent, and suffered the pious maiden to sing on alone. The last sound left her lips just as the priest elevated the host. Praying she sunk upon her knees, and when those around her tried to lift her up, she was dead.

But her soul has not yet deserted that region, for often, at midnight, glorious strains are heard in the church at Corneuil, and those who hear

them, say; "That is the soul of Martha, the singer of the turret-chamber." M. A. R.

### Early Development of Musical Genius.

Music, in its highest degree of endowment, produces effects in the human character, of which the least that can be said is, that they are as worthy of being studied as any other class of mental phenomena. One of the most remarkable circumstances attending the gift in its loftiest forms, is the absolute impossibility of repressing it. Even during childhood, it is quite in vain, in most instances, to attempt to impose upon it the least control. In spite of the injunctions, the vigilance, the tyranny of masters and parents, the "unprisoned soul" of the musician seems always to find some means of escape; and even when debarred from the use of musical instruments, it is ten to one but in the end he is discovered ensconced in some quiet corner, tuning his horse shoes, or, should he be so fortunate as to secure so great a prize, like Eulenstein, eliciting new and unknown powers of harmony from the iron tongue of a Jew's harp. Some curious examples of the extent to which this ruling passion has been carried, occasionally occur. Dr. Arne (except Purcell, perhaps our greatest English composer) was bred a lawyer, and as such articulated to an attorney; but his musical propensities, which showed themselves at a very early age, soon engrossed his mind to the exclusion of everything else. He used not unfrequently to avail himself of the privilege of a servant, by borrowing a livery and going to the upper gallery of the opera house, at that time appropriated to domestics. It is also said that he used to hide a spinet in his room, upon which, after muffling the strings with a handkerchief, he practised during the night: for had his father known what was going forward, he probably would have thrown both him and it out of the window. The latter, however, never appears to have come to a knowledge of those proceedings, and his son, instead of studying law, was devoting himself entirely to the cultivation of the spinet, the violin, and musical composition, until one day, after he had served out his time, when he happened to call at the house of a gentleman in the neighborhood, who was engaged with a musical party, when being ushered into the room, to his utter surprise and horror he discovered his son in the act of playing the first fiddle; from which period the old gentleman began to think it most prudent to give up the contest, and soon after allowed him to receive regular instructions.

Handel, too, was similarly situated. His father, who was a physician at Halle, in Saxony, destined him for the profession of the law, and with this view was so determined to check his early inclination towards music, that he excluded from his house all musical society; nor would he permit music or musical instruments to be ever heard within its walls. The child, however, notwithstanding his parent's precautions, found means to hear somebody play on the harpsichord; and the delight which he felt having prompted him to endeavor to gain an opportunity of practising what he had heard, he contrived, through a servant, to procure a small clavichord or spinet, which he secreted in a garret, and to which he repaired every night after the family had gone to rest, and intuitively, without extraneous aid, learned to extract from it its powers of harmony as well as melody. Upon this subject, Mr. Hogarth, in his popular History of Music, has the following sensible observation:—A childish love for music or painting, even when accompanied with an aptitude to learn a something of these arts, is not, in one case out of a hundred, or rather a thousand, conjoined with that degree of genius, without which it would be a vain and idle pursuit. In the general case, therefore, it is wise to check such propensities where they appear likely to divert or incapacitate the mind from greater pursuits. But, on the other hand, the judgment of a parent of a gifted child ought to be shown by his discerning the genuine talent as soon as it manifests itself, and then bestowing it on every care and culture."

A tale exactly similar is told of Handel's great contemporary John Sebastian Bach, a man of equally stupendous genius, and whose works at the present day are looked up to with the same veneration with which we regard those of the former. He was born at Eisenach in 1685, and when ten years old (his father being dead) was left to the care of his elder brother, an organist, from whom he received his first instructions; but the talent of the pupil so completely outran the slow current of the master's ideas, that pieces of greater difficulty were perpetually in demand, and as often refused. Among other things, young Bach set his heart upon a book containing pieces for the clavichord, by the most celebrated composers of the day, but the use of it was pointedly refused. It was in vain, however, to repress the youthful ardor of the composer. The book lay in a cupboard, the door of which was of lattice work; and as the interstices were large enough to admit his little hand, he soon saw that by rolling it up, he could withdraw and replace it at pleasure; and having found his way thither during the night, he set about copying it, and, having no candle, he could only work by moonlight! In six months, however, his task was completed; but just as he was on the point of reaping the harvest of his toils, his brother unluckily found out the circumstance, and by an act of the most contemptible cruelty, took the book from him; and it was not till after his brother's death, which took place some time afterwards, that he recovered it.

The extraordinary proficiency acquired in this art more than in any other, at an age before the intellectual powers are fully expanded, may be regarded as one of the most interesting results of this early and enthusiastic devotion to music. We can easily imagine a child acquiring considerable powers of execution upon a pianoforte—an instrument which demands no great effort of physical strength, and even pouring forth a rich vein of natural melody; but how excellence in composition, in the combination of the powers of harmony and instrumentation—a process which in adults is usually arrived at after much labor, regular training, and long study of the best models and means of producing effect—how such knowledge and skill can ever exist in a child, is indeed extraordinary; still there can be no doubt of the fact. The genius of a Mozart appears and confounds all abstract speculations. When scarcely eight years of age, this incomparable artist, while in Paris on his way to Great Britain, had composed several sonatas for the harpsichord, with violin accompaniments, which were set in a masterly and finished style. Shortly afterwards, when in London, he wrote his first symphony and a set of sonatas, dedicated to the queen. Daines Barrington, speaking of him at this time, says that he appeared to have a thorough knowledge of the fundamental rules of composition, as on giving him a melody, he immediately wrote an excellent bass to it. This he had been in the custom of doing several years previously; and the minuets and little movements which he composed from the age of four till seven, are said to have possessed a consistency of thought and a symmetry of design which were perfectly surprising. Mr. Barrington observes that at the above period, namely, when Mozart was eight years old, his skill in extemporaneous modulation, making smooth and effective transitions from one key to another, was wonderful; that he executed these musical difficulties occasionally with a handkerchief over the keys, and that, with all these displays of genius, his general deportment was entirely that of a child. While he was playing to Mr. Barrington, his favorite cat came into the room, upon which he immediately left the instrument to play with it, and could not be brought back for some time; after which he had hardly resumed his performance, when he started off again, and began running about the room with a stick between his legs for a horse! At twelve years of age he wrote his first opera, "La Finta Semplice," the score of which contained seven hundred and fifty-eight pages; but though approved by Hasse and Metastasio, in consequence of a cabal among the performers it was never

represented. He wrote also at the same age a mass, Offertorium, &c., the performance of which he conducted himself. The precocity of Handel, though not quite so striking, was nearly so. At nine years of age he composed some motets of such merit that they were adopted in the service of the church; and about the same age, Purcell, when a singing boy, produced several anthems so beautiful that they have been preserved, and are still sung in our cathedrals. "To beings like these," Mr. Hogarth observes, "music seems to have no rules. What others consider the most profound and learned combinations, are with them the dictates of imagination and feeling, as much as the simplest strains of melody."

Mozart's early passion for arithmetic is well known, and to the last, though extremely improvident in his affairs, he was very fond of figures, and singularly clever in making calculations. Storace, a contemporary and kindred genius, who died in his thirty-third year, and whose English operas are among the few of the last century which still continue to hold their place on our stage, had the same extraordinary turn for calculation. We are not aware whether this can be shown to be a usual concomitant of musical genius, but, if it can, the coincidence might lead to much curious metaphysical inquiry. Certain it is that there exists a connection between that almost intuitive perception of the relation of numbers with which some individuals are gifted, and that faculty of the mind which applies itself to the intervals of the musical scale, the distribution of the chords, their effect separately and in combination, and the adjustment of the different parts of a score. It is by no means improbable, that, owing to some such subtlety of perception, Mozart was enabled to work off an infinitely greater variety and multitude of compositions, in every branch of the art, before he had reached his thirty-sixth year, in which he was cut off, than has ever been produced by any composer within the same space of time, and with a degree of minute scientific accuracy which has disarmed all criticism, and defied the most searching examination.

Nevertheless there is seldom anything wonderful which is not exaggerated, and many absurd stories have been circulated in regard to these efforts; among others, that the overture to Don Giovanni was composed during the night preceding its first performance. This piece was certainly written down in one night, but it cannot be said to have been composed in that short space of time. The facts are as follows:—He had put off the writing till eleven o'clock of the night before the intended performance, after he had spent the day in the fatiguing business of the rehearsal. His wife sat by him to keep him awake. "He wrote," says Mr. Hogarth, "while she ransacked her memory for the fairy tales of her youth, and all the humorous and amusing stories she could think of. As long as she kept him laughing, till the tears ran down his cheeks, he got on rapidly; but if she was silent for a moment, he dropped asleep. Seeing at last that he could hold out no longer, she persuaded him to lie down for a couple of hours. At five in the morning she awoke him, and at seven when the copyists appeared, the score was completed. Mozart was not in the habit of composing with the pen in his hand: his practice was not merely to form in his mind a sketch or outline of a piece of music, but to work it well and complete in all parts; and it was not till this was done that he committed this to paper, which he did with rapidity, even when surrounded by his friends, and joining in their conversation. There can be no doubt that the overture to Don Giovanni existed fully in his mind when he sat down to write it the night before its performance; and even then, his producing with such rapidity a score for so many instruments, so rich in harmony and contrivance, indicates a strength of conception and a power of memory altogether wonderful." In truth, Mozart's whole life would seem to have consisted of little more than a succession of musical reveries. He was very absent, and in answering questions, appeared to be always thinking about something else. Even in the morning when he

washed his hands, he never stood still, but used to walk up and down the room. At dinner, also, he was apparently lost in meditation, and not in the least aware of what he did. During all this time the mental process was constantly going on; and he himself, in a letter to a friend gives, the following interesting explanation of his habits of composition.

"When once I become possessed of an idea, and have begun to work upon it, it expands, becomes methodized and defined, and the whole piece stands almost finished and complete in my mind, so that I can survey it, like a fine picture or a beautiful statue, at a glance. Nor do I hear in my imagination the parts successively, but I hear them, as it were, all at once; the delight which this gives me I cannot express. All this inventing, this producing, takes place in a pleasing lively dream, but the actual hearing of the whole is, after all, the greatest enjoyment. What has been thus produced, I do not easily forget; and this is perhaps the most precious gift for which I have to be thankful. When I proceed to write down my ideas, I take out of the bag of my memory, if I may use the expression, what has previously been collected in the way I have mentioned. For this reason, the committing to paper is done quickly enough, for every thing, as I said before, is already finished, and rarely differs on paper from what it was in my imagination."

Apart from his musical triumphs, the personal character of Mozart is deeply interesting. From his earliest childhood, it seemed to be his perpetual endeavor to conciliate the affections of those around him; in truth, he could not bear to be otherwise than loved. The gentlest, the most docile and obedient of children, even the fatigues of a whole day's performance would never prevent him from continuing to play or practise, if his father desired it. When scarcely more than an infant, we are told that every night, before going to bed, he used to sing a little air which he had composed on purpose, his father having placed him standing in a chair, and singing the second to him: he was then, but not till then, laid in bed perfectly contented and happy. Throughout the whole of his career, he seemed to live much more for the sake of others than for himself. His great object at the outset was to relieve the necessities of his parents afterwards his generosity towards his professional brethren, and the impositions practised by the designing on his open and unsuspecting nature, brought on difficulties. And, finally, those exertions so infinitely beyond his strength, which, in the ardor of his affection for his wife and children, and in order to save them from impending destitution, he was prompted to use, destroyed his health, and hurried him to an untimely grave.

Mozart was extremely pious. In a letter written in his youth from Augsburg, he says, "I pray every day that I may do honor to myself and to Germany—that I may earn money and be able to relieve you from your present distressed state. When shall we meet again and live happily together?" It is not difficult to identify these sentiments with the author of the sublimest and most expressive piece of devotional music which the genius of man has ever consecrated to his Maker. Haydn also was remarkable for his deep sense of religion. "When I was engaged, in composing the Creation," he used to say, "I felt myself so penetrated with religious feeling, that before I sat down to write I earnestly prayed to God that he would enable me to praise him worthily." It is related also of Handel, that he used to express the great delight which he felt in setting to music the most sublime passages of Holy Writ, and the habitual study of the Scriptures had a strong influence upon his sentiments and conduct.—*Chambers' Journal*.

### The Definition and Description of the Organ.

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF ITS MECHANISM.

The Organ is a wind instrument, with a key-board, the sounds of which are fixed, but capable of being sustained at the will of the player, especially consecrated to the service of the Church.

This definition makes the organ liable to all that may be expected of it by the laws both of art and religion.

On first looking at its case exteriorly, we are struck more especially with three things; with the immense size of its pipes in front, which we take to be the most powerful in the instrument, though they are, on the contrary, the least so; with the key-boards, which, though we should hardly have thought it perhaps, were we to put down the keys, would at once give utterance to those great pipes; and with a quantity of knobs or handles, which stand out from the case of the organ on two sides of the key-board, and carrying, each of them, the name of some instrument, such as the flute, the viol da gamba, the trumpet, and the like. But nothing of all this acts or speaks alone, for in order to this various parts of the organ must be joined together, and all these various parts do not at once meet the eye.

The organ has no voice, but by means of the wind inhaled by the bellows, and these are placed as near the main body of the instrument as possible, in order that they may send the wind the more directly into the pipes which rest upon it. Herein we may compare the instrument to a man, who would not be able to make himself understood without inhaling the air, which, after it has been equally distributed throughout his lungs, is driven out by them again through the vocal passages. The bellows, with its feeders, is as much the chest to the organ as the lungs are to the human frame. Put in motion by the blower, they fill themselves one after the other, and are emptied into a common channel placed near their extremity, and this is called the main wind trunk.

From this main channel other wind trunks branch off, as branches from the same common root, and carry the source of its sound into all parts of the instrument, as the branches of the tree carry the sap, or rather, as we have taken the human frame for our analogy, these smaller wind trunks are as the arteries, which, by means of the heaven-sprung system of the circulation, carry on the blood, which is pumped forth by the heart, throughout the whole of the body. The wind thus conveyed by one or many channels, gathers itself together and is compressed in a sort of chest or large hollow table, on which the pipes of the organ are placed, and is called the *sound-board*. The interior of the sound-board is but little less complicated than the vocal organ of the human body. It is from them that the compressed air has to escape by the pallets, and so to be transformed into distinct and varied sounds in the hundreds of pipes which bristle on the surface of the sound-board. This wind box, this transformer of the compressed air into sound, is, as it were, the centre of all the mechanical parts of the instrument, which are necessary for the production of sound; the place where they all meet together, and to which they all tend, and hence, perhaps, its name of sound-board. Here it is that we find out if the bellows are weak or strong, if the hand of the organist touches the keys with or without effect, if the pallets on being opened cause an harmonious sound, or merely a disagreeable cyphering, and thus the sound-board becomes the centre of all that is good or bad in the organ; it is, to continue our analogy taken from the human frame, as the heart, to which all the system of the circulation of the blood flows as to a centre; and as the throat, from whence proceeds the word, expressive of the inward soul.

But how is this mechanical contrivance, this magic air-transformer, to be itself made to act, for though we should fill all the sound-boards imaginable with wind, this alone would not be sufficient to create a sound, still less an harmonious sound. The instrument just turned out from the hands of the builder, and supplied with wind by the action of the bellows, is still only a dumb instrument. The mysterious power of giving speech to the organ is to be found in the organist, who after a preliminary operation, of which we will speak presently, places his hands upon the clavier or key-board, the true *key* to his mysterious power, as its Latin root *clavis* indicates, and it is then only that the instrument ceases to be dumb, and sings in accents of joy or sadness according to the genius of the man, of whom it may be said to be both slave and master.

Three things then concur for making the organ speak; a bellows, which may be called the starting point; the pipes, which are placed upon the sound-board, and may be called the end; and thirdly, the hands of the organist, which may be called the means, for it is to them that all the mechanism of the organ from the clavier to the sound-board is subject, and it is by their means that the passages for the air, which supplies the pipes, are opened or shut as the organist pleases.

†Note of Translator.—This refers to the more common way of making organ bellows in France, which is more old-fashioned than the English way.

Since the most interesting details of all this mechanism meet in the sound-board, as in a centre, we will briefly analyze its form and action. In doing this, we do not intend to give a formal list of its many component parts, but simply to give such a general account of them as may be sufficient for our present purpose. In building, especially, we want to see a great deal, to know but little.

The sound-board then, as we have already said, may be described as a long, square-cornered chest, six or eight inches in depth, the upper-board of which is pierced with as many holes as there are pipes to be placed in order, as an harmonious forest of trees, upon its surface. All the pipes which emit the same quality of tone are planted together in a straight line in the same row, and each row of pipes of the same quality of tone is called a stop. The hole in the foot of each pipe is in communication with the interior of the sound-board, but is separated from the wind by two obstacles, viz., a register and a pallet.

The register is a rule of wood, placed within the sound-board, exactly under the feet of the pipes, and sliding horizontally backwards and forwards, in a groove, as completely air-tight as it is smooth and even. This rule, so-called because it rules or directs the action of the wind, is itself pierced with holes exactly corresponding with those in the upper-board of the sound-board for the feet of the pipes, in such way that, as the rule is moved, the holes in the feet of the pipes and those of the rules are perpendicular or set the one to the other. When they are perpendicular to one another, the ruler, far from being an obstacle to the entrance of the wind into the pipes, is, on the contrary, its conductor, for then the foot of the pipes, by which the wind enters, is in immediate communication with the interior of the sound-board.

We will suppose, then, that the organist wishes to make that quality of sound or that stop which represents the trumpet heard throughout the extent of the key-board. Before putting his hands on the key-board, he places it on one of those knobs, which stand out from the case of the organ, which serve as places for inscribing the names of the registers, and, in this instance, he places it on that one of them which is labelled trumpet, and draws it out. No sooner has he done so than the wind before shut up within the sound-board, so far as this obstacle is concerned, is at once enabled to be in direct communication with the pipes of the quality of tone required, and the preliminary operation is thus far completed. The organist repeats this action for all the registers of which he intends to compose his orchestra. Thus, if he wishes it to be composed of a bourdon and flauto, as well as the trumpet, he draws the knobs which answers to those registers, he pushes in one of the three, and so of the rest.

But the second obstacle has still to be removed; the pallet must be made to open. The pallet may be described as a little door on a spring, occupying a lower region in the sound-board, a region which may be very properly called that of storms, inasmuch as a certain amount of force is required to overcome the resistance of the wind which rushes headlong from the action of the bellows into the space opened by the gaping of the pallet, and called a groove. The pallet is connected with the key by means of a tracker, which is sometimes of very considerable length, but however far removed the pallet may be from the key-board by the tracker, it is affected by the slightest action on the key, and that with greater rapidity according to the greater perfection of the mechanism.

There are as many pallets as grooves, as many pallets and grooves as keys, and often more pallets and grooves than keys for the bass notes, which being composed of larger pipes, require more wind, and consequently more openings by which to inhale it.

The bellows then being filled, and the registers drawn, as many notes will speak on the sound-board as there are keys put down by the fingers of the organist, for the wind must then of necessity pass from the sound-board to the pipes of which the registers and pallets are open, and is thus transformed, or becomes sonorous in accordance with a law of acoustics, which we shall have to consider later on. . . . Hence, before touching the key-board, the organist must always draw the registers, for if he did not do so, the keys would no doubt open a passage for the wind, but this wind would only strike against the roof formed by that part of the sound-board which is full of registers, without being able to transform itself into vibrating columns of air in the bodies of the pipes.

But in an instrument so vast as an organ, there is but one sound-board and but one key-board. The organ has but one soul, it is true, but this one soul animates several bodies. There are, in consequence, as many key-boards as there are principal separat-

parts in an organ, but experience and the requirements of art have for the most part limited them to three or four at most.

Often an organ limited in extent from want of means or space, has but one principal part, but one body; when this is not the case, and it has more than one such part, that part which is the most largely developed and speaks the loudest, is called the *great-organ*. Immediately below this, as regards its power and volume of sound, is placed the *choir-organ*; while the *swell-organ* takes up an intermediate position between these two principal parts, and is destined to give effect to those phrases of music which require a more delicate and special handling, and for which the choir-organ supplies the proper accompaniment. Last of all comes the *echo-organ*,\* emitting veiled and smothered sounds, as its name implies, though it must be confessed it does so more in name than reality.

These different parts of the organ may be all enclosed within the case, including the choir-organ, though this is very commonly placed in a case apart by itself, and brought in front of the great organ, so as, in appearance, to form an organ in miniature. It was so placed, almost without exception, in the older organs. All the keyboards, not excepting that of the choir, are placed in steps one above another, the first and lowest that of the choir, next above this that of the great organ, above this again that of the swell, and at the top of all that of the echo-organ.

We have said nothing as yet of a key-board which is placed on the floor at the feet of the organist, and forms quite a peculiar feature in his art. This is the pedal-organ, the keys of which are long and short like those of the manual, and have under their control a special sound-board of their own, which carries the pipes which emit the gravest sounds of the instrument. Without the pedal the concert of the organ is incomplete; with it the organist is possessed of a powerful foundation bass, but such that he may even raise it to the dignity of a solo instrument, by causing it to take a special and independent part of its own, a part, however, which should be always more or less grave and dignified in its character, enriched with passages of energy and rapidity according to the skill of the organist.

Seated then in front of these different key-boards, between the organ and the altar, the organist may be compared to the helmsman placed between the rudder and the masts of the ship, attentive alike to the signals of the captain and the motions of the waves. In his case it is the mighty flood of the peoples' song that the organist sustains with the majesty of his chords, while his signals come to him from the sanctuary, the ceremonies of which he follows, and by means of a mirror placed obliquely, he may even turn his back on the altar, and as in the ancient organs, see all that is done there as it were before his face, and join his intention with that of the priest who offers the divine mysteries.—*London Musical World*, June 30.

\*Note of Translator.—This last is not found in English organs as at present constructed. In its place is found now either a *solo*, or what Mr. Hill has called a *combination-organ* in the Birmingham Town Hall Organ.

### The Rain Concert.

Millions of tiny drops

Are falling all around;

They're dancing on the house-tops,

They're hiding in the ground.

They are fairy-like musicians,

With anything for keys,

Beating tune upon the windows,

Keeping time upon the trees.

A light and airy treble

They play upon the stream,

And the melody enchants us

Like the music of a dream.

A deeper bass is sounding

When they're dropping into caves;

With a tenor from the zephyrs,

And an alto from the waves.

O, 'tis a stream of music,

And Robin "don't intrude,"

If, when the rain is weary,

He drops an interlude.

It seems as if the warbling

Of the birds in all the bowers,

Had been gathered into rain drops

And was coming down in showers.

### The Grand Opera at Paris.

WHO PAYS FOR IT?

The Grand Opera, since its foundation by Louis XIV., has constantly been—except during the reign of Louis Philippe and the ephemeral Republic of February—a strictly governmental establishment, founded and sustained to advance national musical genius, and, perhaps it should be added, to attract and retain strangers in Paris. Louis XVIII. is reported to have said to one of his courtiers who remonstrated with him on the enormous amount of money annually expended on the Opera, "Do you think that the receipts of the Opera are taken in at the door? No, they are received at the frontier." The royal remark was just, for it is these intellectual appeals which allure the roving traveller, who, after "doing" a score or so of cathedrals and museums, is but too glad of a decent excuse for retiring from sight-seeing and closing his "Murray" forever. But accustomed to our paltry appropriation bills, it is rather difficult to suppress a stare, when we learn that this decoy duck requires annually sums varying from a hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars above the receipts at the door. Even after we are told that there is an orchestra of eighty performers, some seventy choristers, eighty dancers, seventy machinists, and we know not how many supernumeraries, all living on the opera-house treasury, it is hard to avoid resorting to the use of the pedagogue's safety-valve, and relieving our astonishment with a deep-fetched "Prodigious!" The keeping of a white elephant is a trifle by the side of the alimony of this svien.

All this, however, is the business of the tax-payers on the other side of the ocean, and is of no more concern to us than the tortures of the man who roasts hours, salamander like, in a red-hot oven, or of the beast tamer mangled by his pet lion or darling tiger. We may have our private opinion on the matter, but so long as the eleemosynary hat is not obraded into our face,—play, opera! roast, mountebank! bleed, tamer!

#### THE CLAUQUEUR.

Those enthusiastic Herculeses who sit under the chandelier, and occupy the best places in the pit, rough as their dresses may be, (they always are attired as for popular storms) stand very well with their bankers, and have their stockbroker and "rentes." Although Addison immortalized "a large black man whom nobody knows," but who "is commonly known by the name of the Trunkmaker in the upper gallery," "claqueurs," or applauders, are unknown in our theatres. They are conspicuous and important in all the Paris theatres, and especially at the Grand Opera. The fly of the fable was not more self-sufficient at the coach's journey-end, than are these lousy commendators when a new opera by Rossini or Meyerbeer commands the applause of the crowded house. They strut and swell, "Heavens! what a triumph 'we' had yesterday!" And they look down with inexpressible contempt on all persons who purchase, and are not "paid" their seats; the world, if they may be believed, would be waxing towards the devoutly-wished millennium, when the sword should be turned into the ploughshare, and the lion and lamb lie down together, if "those blackguards who buy tickets" were to run out to extinction with the Dodo and the Maltese poodle, or to disappear with the lost tribes and the lost Pleiad.

These "claqueurs" are terrible fellows. No needy gazetteer or Scotch freebooter ever loved heavier black-mail than these chartered applauders. No one connected with the opera is exempt from their begging-box. The most brilliant "star" of the lyrical and terpsichorean horizon never rises without assuring them of the tenacity of her memory by some valuable consideration. No trembling candidate for choreographic or musical honors adventures on the maiden "pas" or quaver without propitiating their kind favor by a roll of bank-notes, thickening according to a well-established sliding scale with the new comer's ambition. No actor whose talents linger painfully near the verge of mediocrity, ever sees the end of his engagement at hand, without appealing to their good taste by arguments as irresistible and as weighty as he can rake and scrape together from old stockings, savings-banks and usurers, to give him those zealous, hearty, repeated rounds of applause which managers mistake for fame. The authors of new works,—the Scribes, Rossinis, and Meyerbeers,—themselves paid tribute to these gods of success.

These discounters of the public applause weigh rather heavily upon the manager, it being the custom to give them a hundred pit-tickets the night of first performances, forty or fifty when the opera has sustained slight success, and twenty when the most popular opera is performed,—no small usury, for the price of pit-tickets is never less than a dollar! They are well organized into ten divisions, each command-



ed by a lieutenant, who sees that the signals given by the chief are faithfully obeyed. The chief, of course has the lion's share of the profits, which generally ranges from six to eight thousand dollars a year. In deed, he is the only person the manager knows, and the subalterns hold their seats entirely at his good pleasure. None but the lieutenants receive pecuniary rewards. The others are presumed to be remunerated by the pleasure they receive in hearing fine music and seeing long dances and short petticoats gratuitously.

#### BEHIND THE SCENES.

We shall not describe the performance of an opera or a ballet; our object is to initiate the reader into the mysteries of the Grand Opera—to carry him behind the scenes, into the green room, up to the loft, down to the cellar, and to exhibit the physiology of fabric and inhabitants.

Knock at this door, leading from the opera-house to the stage, and show this bit of paper, your "open sesame" to the stage, else you could not pass that threshold; for sillon as are the porter's manners, official claws are concealed beneath such softness, which is indeed the oft-vaunted "suaviter in modo, fortiter in re," and unless one has an especial "laissez-passer" or is enrolled on the book he holds in his hands, and which contains the list of the favored mortals entitled to ingress, egress, and regress from, in and to, the stage of the Grand Opera, he had better go his way—"there's no use knocking at that door."

Were you ever behind the curtain? Then don't go, if you have never been. Don't tearwig actors and newspaper editors for an initiation into those mysteries of canvass and paint, spangles and paste, rouge and pomatum, if you would retain one jot or iota of romantic delusion, the least vestige of youth, secure from the attrition of those terrible bronze effacers, the "bills payable," "protests," "due-bills" and "account-current" of life, which seize us at the threshold of existence. Shun the "slips" as you avert your eyes from the skeleton of the beauty, last night danced with, and loved to-day, as you would shun the shambles where bees enter on the first stages of the process which gives us noble sirloins, as you would shun the compost heap which paints on the tulip its most gorgeous colors.

#### THE STAGE.

The stage of the Grand Opera is not unlike some vast ship leaving port, whose "confusion worse confounded" has not been reduced to order. Ropes, blocks, hatches, broken canvass, unwieldy scenes, keel-long grooves, balance-weights, lamp-racks, curtains, clouds, gothic cathedrals, public squares, grove of trees, broad oceans, bed-chambers, light houses, palaces, cloisters, cemeteries lie or stand jumbled up together in "most admired disorder," which is heightened by screams, orders, counter-orders, "ayes-ayes," from upper, nether and surrounding voices. Here men sweep (what a cloud of dust they manage to raise!) and water the stage floor; scene inspectors cry and push to keep the stage clear, and bellow their eternal "take-care," to warn actors and the curious of impending dangers; singers and songstresses in costume, trill and quaver, to be ready for the "call;" dancing girls are bounding about in every direction, practising their steps; firemen, with sponges, or wet blankets, or buckets of water, are standing everywhere, to wage war on fire, if that terrible mar-all should show its least sinister glance; and machinists are running, like sailors, up and down the ropes. There's a fellow making thunder by beating a suspended bass-drum, and there's another burning licopode powder, to imitate lightning, while, hard by, a party is tossing rapidly large plates of sheet iron on each other, to represent the striking of the bolt, and their neighbors are whirling watchmen's rattles, with wonderful energy, to persuade the audience that a terrible "fusillade" is going on in the streets.

#### THE SINGING GREEN-ROOM.

It is not so much the stage as the "green-rooms" of the Grand Opera which the astute pleasure-seeker tries to attain. There are two green-rooms, the singing and the dancing, both popular, but the dancing green-room is incredibly so, "why," we shall, perhaps, enable the reader to understand. Very thin partitions divide the feminine corps of singers and dancers, but they are separated from each other by a different physiology, a different constitution, we had almost said, a different conformation. This difference is visible even in their respective green-rooms. The singing green-room, which occupies the old "salon" of the Hotel Choiseul, is decorated with the universal white and gold, the alpha and omega of French architects, and is of aristocratic spaciousness. A piano stands in the centre, surrounded on every side by benches. It is used as the audience-chamber, where actors and choristers give touches of their quality when they seek an engagement.

#### THE REHEARSALS FOR OPERA.

There it is the actors and choruses study the scores of new operas. At the first rehearsals the composer himself presides at the piano and points out the time of the part-pieces to the singing-masters and artists. And here the leading actors study separately with the composer the airs, duets, trios, they have to sing. When one act has been mastered, the quatuor rehearsals commence under the supervision of the leader of the orchestra, where all of the stringed instruments successively execute the score. And as soon as the whole work,—words and score,—is known by the chorus and actors, the general rehearsals of the orchestra begin. All the singers rehearse sitting. During these three or four rehearsals (they rarely exceed this number) the mistakes of the copyists are corrected, and the whole of this arduous, severe, and long labor (six months at least are required to perfect the studies of a grand opera,) is ended by new quatuor rehearsals (with a piano to accompany the recitative) with the scenery, and at last by rehearsals with full orchestra, lights, scenery, and costume. The singing green-room is a place of study. It is consequently calm and tranquil. The songstresses are obliged to pay a constant attention. They are never seen extravagantly dressed, nor full of noisy coquetry. Most of them go to the theatre in over-shoes and with umbrellas under their arms, and are proverbial for their punctuality and zeal. Some of them are married and live modestly; some of them are excellent musicians, and eke out their scanty pay by giving music-lessons; and those who "love" do love, and do not make their heart a pretext for amassing money by illicit means.

#### William W. Story and his Cleopatra.

The last number of the *Dublin University Magazine*, in an article entitled "American Imaginings," gives us so generous and glowing a tribute to the genius of our countryman, WILLIAM W. STORY, that we are tempted to copy it for the gratification of his many friends who know him, and for the benefit of the many who do not. In mentioning Hawthorne's *Marble Faun*, the writer in question says:

He has a chapter in his first volume entitled *Cleopatra*; in his preface he has righteously restored what there be styles, in simple preface prose, this "magnificent statue," to its real, living, flesh, and blood designer, William Story. The fitness of the epithet is such that we who are ready to vouch for that fitness, doubt not, for our part, that Mr. Hawthorne weighed before he penned, the very word "magnificent." We who know the statue and the designer well, know, not only that the "obiter dictum" of Mr. Hawthorne's preface may be allowed, but that Mr. Story's *Cleopatra*, in her actual marble, may bravely stand the test between herself and her counterpart in the romance. We cite her, not to confirm or controvert, in this place, our writer's aesthetic appreciation, but rather as an excuse for entering her modeler's studio, thence to illustrate and enlarge our remarks upon the strange promise which the training of American realism is making to the ideal, in plastic no less than in poetic and other fictive art. Rebel at home against American monotony, the American artist will not, even in Rome, wear the shackles of conventionalism. Fee there, among his earlier efforts, a wolf, which is not the savage nurse of *Romulus*, but the familiar terror of our nursery days, eyeing Red Ridinghood herself—hungry, scarcely glistened over with dewdrops of flattery. Then there is *Hero*, still in girlish form, lifting a torch, which shows an agony in the sweet eyes of the watcher, whose dainty naked feet are set upon the sand of that cruel Hellestone. Draped severely, in the close bodice and skirt of a German maiden, lifelike in the play of her delicate fingers, plucking the divining-flower of lovers, ghost-like in the pendive droop of her eyelids and the slim outline of her shadowy frame, Faust's injured *Marguerite* stands innocent as yet. Heavy fall the mallet strokes on chisels, searching out the tawny terrors of the Egyptian's panther-beauty from the marble block:—that is the *Cleopatra*, whom our author has shown to you. Now push open the little swinging door that guards the inner studio. You shall almost start and draw back your foot before the towering height and passionate energy of her who lifts one hand to heaven for help, and in the other grasps a scimitar. She is no Greek; you see it by one glance at the bold arch under which quiver nostrils breathing vengeance. Clytemnestra prayed not so when *Agamemnon* was to strike. She is no Roman either. *Lucretia* looked not up, but down along the sword, shame blending with savage indignation before she buried it hilt-deep in the breast a Tarquin's touch had soiled. The widow of *Mannaseh* knows nor Clytemnestra's willing nor *Lucretia*'s forced ignominy. Hebrew *Judith* looks up and prays before her woman's arm deals the dread execution—how upon the tyrant, drunk with wine, and lust, and blood. Now this William Story, to whom a few short years in Italy have furnished time to master so much of that hard craft which teaches artist-fingers to give substance to the visions of an artist brain; this William Story, "whom," his countrymen is not too bold to say, "his country and the world will not long fail to appreciate"—he is not only a graceful poet and literary critic—such accomplishments are helps, not hindrances, to development of an artistic power—but he is, in all sober seriousness, a New England barrister! An only son, he inherits from his father more than a mere name illustrious in the annals of jurisprudence. If his early successful career at the bar be no fallacious token, the fascination of the artist power and life has robbed the American bench of a second *Justice Story*. He fills up still a portion of his laborious life with editing the judgments and decisions of his honored father's admirable legal science. His is, beyond a doubt, a mind and temper in that revolt of which the critic speaks; but mark the significant circumstance. True to an English origin, true to the United States: man's political tradition, the disloyalty of such a rebel is loyal, after all—loyal in the word's truest sense—never lawless, even in full rebellion. Is

not this symptomatic? May not this be the complex characteristic of a whole order of imaginative, ideal, poetical, artistic minds, wherewith it may be designed that America shall yet enrich most bountifully the life-blood of the nations? Unless a man have a very narrow, bigoted nationalism in his soul—a prejudice, not a patriotism—must he not wish it may be so? The least attractive of American peculiarities are often justly said to be exaggerations of our own; and, beholding them, we may righteously take no little of their shame to our own selves. Shall we not, then, righteously count it as an honor and a joy to us if, out of what are some of our own intellectual and mental deficiencies, we shall see spring up, in spite of, nay, almost in virtue of, repression and discouragement, bolder, grander, fuller, more varied, developments of æsthetic taste and power?

#### Reception to William Vincent Wallace.

A very agreeable ovation was tendered to this estimable gentleman and composer, at the music rooms of Wm. Hall & Son, Broadway, on the evening of July 11th. A pleasant gathering of artists, critics, and connoisseurs were present to welcome Mr. Wallace. Selections of choruses from "Lurline" were sung by members of Mendelssohn Union and others with excellent effect. Mrs. Cooper, Miss Hawley, Messrs. Geary and Werneke sang the incidental solos connected therewith in a most creditable manner. Mrs. Mozart gave the Troubadour song, which was encored. Mrs. Brinkerhoff sang the "Spell" from "Lurline," and "Scenes that are Brightest," from "Maritana." Mad. Bouchelle sang Wallace's "Cradle Song." Mr. Millard was warmly applauded in a tenor song, likewise Mr. Simpson. Mr. Massett sang one of his own compositions, "You'll remember Me." The accompanist, Messrs. Bergé and Schmidt, lent their effective aid. There was but one feeling in regard to the music of "Lurline"—it was pronounced to be Mr. Wallace's most popular opera. A handsome collation was provided to which the guests did ample justice. Capt. Vine Hall, of the Great Eastern, who had been present, was called for, but had left the company a short time previous. Mr. James Hall responded for him, and made some interesting remarks in regard to Mr. Wallace's career in this country since his first visit, which was some twenty years ago, when music was less appreciated than at present. Want of space prevents our giving Mr. Hall's sentiments at length, but we cannot forbear placing before our readers this pretty toast to "Lurline"—

There is one who appears to have been forgotten on this occasion; yet her praises are on every tongue. It is a lady, whose sweet voice has, during the last few months, charmed many thousands, from the Prince to the peasant, and whose song is echoed from the throats of many a fair warbler over the whole world of music.

Meyerbeer kept his "Prophet" caged for years, yet Wallace, whose gallantry has been the theme of many a song, with cruelty more refined, kept "Lurline," a water nymph of surpassing beauty, whose soul was song, chained in darkness for ten long years. Even now his unrelenting hand holds in bondage the fair maid of Zurich and the chaste and lovely—the person's daughter falsely accused as the Amberwitch.

Let us hope that justice may be speedily done this fair daughter of his genius—Lurline.

Mr. Wallace, with considerable emotion, thanked those present and absent for the many kind expressions of regard he had ever received in this country; and which he expected to leave again in a few days, to be absent for some time; his passage being already taken in the *Persia* for Europe—his wife and family remaining with us. Mr. Wallace has our best wishes for his health and success.—*N. Y. Musical World*.

## Musical Correspondence.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 20, 1860.

J. S. DWIGHT, Esq. — To you in Boston, that "best of all places to emigrate from," as Daniel Webster said of New Hampshire, and yet the place of all others dear to the exiled Bostonian's heart, to you, I say, in the name of the former Athenians now in our far western city, I declare that "we still live." That fact may not possess any great amount of value to you, but to us, it is one of great interest. Now we are always delighted to hear any news from Boston and know that some Bostonians are glad to hear from us, which leads us to like to inflict long letters on them at times. I some time since wrote you about some sport which we had occasionally, but wrote but little about music, in a serious strain. That you may know upon what and whom we have to rely, permit me to give you a list of some of our prominent musicians. And first comes to my mind, our old friend Trenckle, who is esteemed by all, and holds already a very high rank as a musician. It

would be hard to say that he is the best musician amongst us, but none stands higher. His very genial gentlemanly manner has made him many warm friends. It is needless to speak to Bostonians of his excellencies, for who know him better?

Before the arrival of Trenckle, Herold was regarded as the best musician here. Most certainly he is a thorough master of his art, and as a conductor ranks at the head. He is at present conducting a German society called the "Cecilia Club," which is now rehearsing "Elijah." His excellencies are many.

Mr. Geo. F. Pettinos is considered to possess the finest pianoforte touch of any of our musicians. He is also a thorough musician and having been here for a number of years, has hosts of friends, by whom he is highly esteemed. He is originally from Philadelphia.

Mr. Charles Stadtfeldt is quite a young man, but has shown much talent. He has charge of a flourishing German Glee Club called the "Eintracht," which is formed after the style of the "Orpheus," and his drilling of them shows the musician. I have heard them sing many things in a manner that the "Orpheus" could not excel, which I esteem high praise. Among their number were many fine voices among which may be particularly mentioned that of Jacob Stadtfeldt, a brother to the above, who possesses one of the richest and most powerful baritone voices, to which it was ever my lot to listen, either on or off the stage, having a compass of nearly *three octaves*, and pure and sweet throughout the entire range. Were he to pay the attention to its cultivation that many would do, he might make a stir in the world.

Of Mr. Gustave A. Scott, I have spoken in a previous letter. As an accompanist he is very superior, and as a florid executant, he cannot be surpassed.

Young Rasché, who plays the organ at Trinity Church, where Mad. Biscaccianti sings, is considered to possess talent of a high order. This he certainly has, if we may judge from a "Te Deum" of his composition, which was sung at Trinity Church on Easter Sunday. Being very modest, he does not thrust himself forward, but true merit will make itself known.

Mr. Geo. F. Evans is the organist at Dr. Scott's, where is the finest organ in the city. He is a very talented fellow, and has most perfect control of his instrument. His style does not suit all, as he loves to make the organ show all of which it is capable, but of his talent there can be no question. As a pianist he is said to be equally fine, though of that I can say nothing, never having heard him in that capacity.

The lack of a good vocal teacher is much regretted here. Would a really excellent teacher come out, there is but little doubt that he or she would find abundance of employment. I wish we might notice the arrival of a good exponent of Bassini's system, which in my mind, is the finest ever yet brought before the public. These are but few, however, besides Bassini himself, that appreciate the system sufficiently to teach it properly. One young lady there is, in Boston, who, at the time I left, was succeeding finely with it. If she proves as fine a teacher as her friends believed her to be, California would offer a fine field for her to work in.

The Lucy Escott troupe are now here, comprising that enterprising lady herself, Misses Rosalie and Georgia Hodson, Messrs. Squires, De Haga, Leach, &c. They have rendered "Lucia," "Lucrezia Borgia," "Ernani," and "Traviata" in Italian; "Maritana," "Marriage of Figaro," "Enchantress," and "Rose of Castille" in English. They have not yet given us anything in German, though from the versatility already displayed we might almost expect it. Mrs. Escott and Squires have taken the city by storm by their excellent singing, and the lady has shown powers as an actress which have astonished

many who remembered her at home. De Haga has disappointed the majority. He sings terribly out of tune and his voice is much choked up. Leach has done finely, being very reliable and though most of the daily papers seem inclined to deprive him of his laurels, the audiences have appreciated him. He is an artist, and is always up to the mark.

We have also had *Chinese* opera, which certainly succeeded in creating a *sensation*. The *newsick* proved of such a *satisfying* kind, that one hearing was generally sufficient. A *little* went a *great* ways.

But enough for the present. We hope that it will not be many years before we may be able to produce as much music of the right kind, here, as in Boston. May that day soon come.

Since writing the above I have been informed that Mad. Biscaccianti joins the Opera troupe to-day. This will be an acquisition indeed. PHÆLIX.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 28, 1860.

### The Sixty-seventh Annual Festival of the Boston Public Schools.

We wish that we could daguerreotype for our readers, the beautiful scene presented in the Music Hall, on Tuesday last, at the Festival of our Boston Public Schools. Three years ago the City Government abandoned the old fashioned plan of *dining* the medal scholars in Faneuil Hall, and wisely substituted the musical ceremonies that have constituted the Festival of the children since that time.

The arrangements and decorations of the hall this year were generally the same as they were described by us in our account of the last year's festival. An immense stage had been raised from the permanent platform of the Music Hall, rising in a hexagonal form to the top of the doors of the upper balcony, and opening back to the organ screen where the statue of BEETHOVEN appeared to view, crowned and wreathed with bright flowers, and seeming to smile benignantly upon the scene. This stage was filled from top to bottom, from front to rear, by the children of the schools who were to take part in the singing, a perfect array of little singers, twelve hundred strong, bright, happy, smiling and well dressed, the girls all in white, and the darker dresses of the boys relieved and set off by the blue ribbons from which the medals were suspended. The orchestra occupied the centre of the stage between the conductor, CARL ZERRAHN and the organ. The balconies too were filled by the children and their friends, and every nook and corner of the hall and corridors was packed by those who had been fortunate enough to obtain tickets of admission. As soon as the vast audience was quietly seated, which occupied some time, in consequence of the difficulties experienced in effecting an entrance into the Hall, the exercises began.

#### ORDER OF EXERCISES.

1. Voluntary on the Organ, by J. O. D. Parker.
2. Prayer.
3. The Lord's Prayer: A Gregorian Chant, sung in unison by twelve hundred children of the Public Schools.
4. Addresses.
5. Choral. Winchester. To be sung by the children, with organ accompaniment.
6. Addresses.
7. Selected Piece. To be sung by the Girls' High and Normal School.
8. Choral. "Sleepers, Wake! A Voice is calling."—Mendelssohn. To be sung by the children, with organ and orchestral accompaniment.

9. Gloria, from the Twelfth Mass.—Mozart. With full orchestral accompaniment.

10. Address and Presentation of Bouquets to the Medal Scholars by the Mayor. During the presentation, music will be performed by the Germania Band.

11. The Old Hundred Psalm.

12. Benediction.

The speakers were introduced to the assembly by the Rev. J. C. Southbridge, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements in a short speech from which we present the following appropriate extracts:

But another art comes upon the stage to-day to contest the palm with eloquence—Music; the music of the human voice in the grand old chorals to which you will soon listen, the music of the organ, whose praises the poet Dryden has so eloquently sung, the music of this, perhaps as perfect orchestral accompaniment, as has ever appeared in public in this city, music is to make her appeal to you this afternoon. She comes with gentle winning grace to you at this hour, and while she would not depreciate her sister art, she modestly asks if she has not a place in your hearts. She tells you that

"From harmony, from heavenly harmony  
This universal frame began.  
From harmony to harmony  
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,  
The diapason closing full in man."

I know not but that she has too prejudiced an audience to which she makes her appeal. Who are these whose voices will shortly fill this vast space with melody. Though there will be a blending of these harmonious notes so perfect that it will seem as if, from this amphitheatre, there came but one gush of rich concordant sounds, yet the nice, the keenly delicate ear of father or mother will detect the well-known voice of son or daughter. As the thought, like a magnetic power goes all around this great throng, "those are the familiar tones of my child, heard at early morn, at noonday and at the twilight hour, heard in the merry song, heard amid the praises of the sanctuary of the Lord, heard when my own spirit is joyful, heard when it is sad," say, my [friends, will not music gain the victory over eloquence, and though oratory may make the birthday of our nation a glad municipal occasion, music, with her face all wreathed with beauteous smiles, will claim this festival as the glad municipal occasion, best honored, most beloved by the city where she has found so welcome a home,

And then how delightful all the associations connected with this Festival. Before you, in bronze, stands the statue of him who, by my honored friend and associate, Dr. Upham, was at our last Festival so well styled "the Great Master of harmony, presiding genius and High Priest of this Temple, standing never more appropriately than now, crowned and garlanded in the midst of this garden of fresh young life—the illustrious Ludwig Von Beethoven. We recall his boyish days, when impetuous and self-willed he would not submit to the demands of a tyrannical father. We think of him as we do of his great countryman Luther, escaping from the great discomforts of his home, and finding the wants of his nature met in the congenial family of the Von Brennings. We trace the early development of his musical genius to the time of his appointment at the age of 15 as organist in the chapel of the Elector of Cologne. We go with him to Vienna. We watch him as with the eccentricities of genius, he lives on year after year, gaining fame but not money, adoring his art, with the warm devotion of an enthusiast. We think of his want of sympathy with his more thrifty and worldly wise brothers. We think of his laconic sayings, and we stop to wonder whether it be true what he says "most people are moved to tears on hearing music, but these have not musicians' souls; true musicians are too *fiery* to weep." We feel for him as we feel for Milton when he could see no more the sweet light of heaven, that in the loss of the sense of hearing he had met with one of the severest trials that could befall a lover of music. But as in the case of the great poet, our sympathy becomes chastened, when we learn from his own pen that, though the visual organ had lost its power, there passed before the eye of his mind scenes of indescribable glory and beauty, so we rejoice that to the ear of the soul of Beethoven there were ever coming strains of marvellous melody; making the desolate chambers of his heart to resound with music such as might have been sung by angelic choirs. We can understand what must have been frightful to musical ears, though he was unaffected by it, how discordant were the notes which would come crashing from the piano, as all unconsciously to himself as rudely laid his left hand flat upon the keys, while with his right hand he was drawing forth the most exquisite music from the instrument,—and ca-

pecially how shocking it must be to hear him improvising on stringed instruments, which, owing to his deafness he could not tune. Though the knit brow and the shrugging shoulder must have told him how painful was the performance to his hearers, yet to his mind all was pure and harmonious. We follow the artist through his years of suffering and comparative poverty, down to that 26th of March, 1827, when, as it was most fitting for a man who had encountered so many of the tempests of life, he passed away during a severe hail storm, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

It may be well, moreover, to remind this audience that the music about to be sung by these twelve hundred chorister pupils, was the production of some of the greatest masters of the art of music. Luther, with his rough, honest Saxon face, will stand out before us, as this vast assembly joins in singing Old Hundred. When, too, the sharp, ringing forte, fortissimo notes of that fine old choral, "Sleepers, Wake! a Voice is calling," fall on our ear, we will remember Bartholdy Felix Mendelssohn, the wonderful composer and pianist, and when we listen to the sublime tones of the "Gloria," we will think of him, who ranks among the monarchs in the realms of music, Johann Chrysostomus Wolfgang Gottlieb Mozart.

The Right Reverend Thomas M. Clark, Bishop of R. I., then made a brief speech, and was followed by President Felton of Harvard University, from whose remarks we also quote.

I suppose I owe the invitation to be present on this beautiful and interesting occasion to my connection with the neighboring University. I thank you for recognizing that relation, and in giving me an opportunity to witness so delightful a spectacle. This hall is consecrated to music. There stands the statue of one of the greatest men who ever cultivated that noble art, the work of an illustrious American sculptor now no more. It is fitting that a festival of the schools should be held in such a place—in this beautiful hall consecrated to Harmony.

There is another reason which makes this a most appropriate place. Among the ancient Greeks—pardon me for recalling my old friends—music was not only a branch of general education, as it is with you, and in the judgment of the wisest men a most important branch on account of its mighty influence on the passions and the moral emotions, but it had a larger significance still, especially as used by Plato. It included in its meaning all that pertained to the culture of the muses; all that related to refinement, elegant letters, the fine arts. In Plato's conception, the musical man was the man whose moral and intellectual nature was developed in a well proportioned manner and in harmony with the world around him.

But after all, the warfare against Ignorance and Vice is as noble as any in which men can engage. In this contest, the city of Boston has always borne a foremost part. She has lavished her treasures won from the fields of commerce, in raising barriers against the invasion of those formidable enemies. The numerous schools which she has established, of every grade, from the Alphabet up to the Normal, the English High School and the Latin School, are her best securities. Her army of teachers are her best defenders.

What constitutes a State?  
Not high-raised battlements or labored mound,  
Thick wall or moated gate?  
Not cities fair, with spires and turrets crowned;  
No: men, high-minded men.

The object of our schools is to raise up a breed of men, high-minded men, such as old Alcæus, more than six centuries before Christ, described. Look to it, my young friends, that you do not disappoint the expectations we have a right to form after such labors and sacrifices as the city has borne in your behalf. Remember another saying of still more ancient wisdom, that the gods have placed labor before excellence, and that if you would attain the latter, in any position of life, you must comply with the inexorable condition laid down by the heavenly powers. If you would win, and keep what you have won, you must work for it. By work you make the best part of life, the life of the intellect, more intense, while you double your capacities without exhausting your energies.

Men talk of the shortness of life; and it is a most solemn and impressive thought that, in a few years more, we shall all be borne to the silent land. I know nothing so striking as the contrast between Pere la Chaise and the city of Paris, scarcely separated by the width of a street—the city of the dead by the city of the living; or Mount Auburn, with its beautiful woods, its hills, and vales, and lakes, and the silent multitudes that sleep in its sepulchres, contrasted with the busy, throbbing life of this city.

We are constantly passing from the city of the living to the city of the dead; but, while we abide here, it becomes us to waste no time in sloth or enervating indulgence.

Enchained by her heaven-bright hand,  
On a rough steep does Virtue stand,  
And he who hopes to win the goal,  
To manhood's height who would aspire—  
Must spurn each sensual, low desire.  
Must never falter, never tire.  
But on, with sweat-drops of the soul.

We prolong our life by filling our minds with new thoughts and precious truths. We prolong our life and enlarge our best enjoyments, by studying those literary works in which the most illustrious men of past ages will speak to us. We add to our acquaintance Homer and Æschylus, Plato and Aristotle, Cicero and Virgil and Horace, Dante and Tasso, Shakespeare and Milton. We may know them as intimately as if we had met them living in form in Ionia or Athens—in Rome, Florence or London. We lengthen out our days as it were, so as to include the ages in which they lived. My young friends, I hope you will all strive to be musical, not only in the sense of Beethoven, who looks down with such sweet gravity on this assembly—and well he may—but in the broader sense of Plato, by faithfully cultivating all your moral and intellectual power.

The speeches were judiciously brief and were attentively listened to.

The music was admirably given by the children. The Gregorian Chant was sung with the utmost perfection of time and perfect distinctness of enunciation. The second piece suffered at first from some misunderstanding, but after a false start, was given with a fine effect. Perhaps the most successful piece was the Chorale *Sleepers, Wake!* in which the vigorous boy voices told with wonderful effect and finely contrasted with the girls' more delicate tones. The closing note was finely sustained and made a very striking close. The chorus for female voices was very successful, and the *Gloria* so well sung that the audience would not be denied the repetition of it. Then came the distribution of the bouquets to the happy recipients, whose smiling faces as they crossed the stage, one by one, in front of the Mayor, who addressed them briefly and felicitously and took each by the hand, made not the least pleasing part of the Festival.

All then united in singing the Old Hundredth Psalm, after which the audience dispersed.

A serious drawback to the pleasure of this Festival was the bungling and shiftless arrangement, or rather want of any proper arrangements for the admission of the audience, and which the offered apology by no means explained. The audience was largely made up of ladies and children; the differently colored tickets entitled the holders to go to different parts of the Hall, and yet no indication was given at what door a certain ticket should be presented, and the crowd was ordered first in one direction and then in another, without any clear direction or assistance from any one in authority. Parties were thus separated from each other and from their escort, and much time that should have been given to enjoyment in the Hall, was, after a hot and alarming struggle, devoted to looking for lost friends and lost property. A few policemen or better, *marshals*, could have easily remedied or prevented this confusion. A longer time should be allowed for filling so large a Hall, and the plainest directions should be given as to the manner of entering it, with every courtesy and aid after entrance is effected. We hope to see these things better managed at a repetition of this Festival.

Aside from this, the occasion was entirely successful and delightful, and will be long remembered by those who took part in it, either as actors or spectators.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED. — L'Année Musicale, or Revue Annuelle des Theatres lyriques et des Concerts, &c., par P. Scudo: Paris, 1860. From F. Leyboldt, 1322 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, the publisher's agent.

The Adventures of James Capen Adams, Mountaineer and Grizzly Bear Hunter of California, by Theodore H. Hittell, illustrated. Boston, 1850. Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co. 378 pp.: 12mo.

### Musical Chit-Chat.

FREDERICK CITY, MD., July 23. — Mention was made in your paper several times of the performances of the blind negro boy "Tom," but I scarcely could give credence to them, until I was fully convinced by actual experience. "Tom" gave two concerts here last week, and an invitation being extended by his master to come upon the stage and play a duet with "Tom," in which he first would play the accompaniment and afterwards the melody, I accepted the invitation, and in both concerts was astonished to see with what correctness "Tom" would anticipate. He played both times the accompaniment perfectly when I repeated a part, and reproduced the melody to a wonderful degree of perfection.

He plays extracts from operas, which each would fill about eleven or twelve printed pages, and these with great expression. In the right hand he lacks power, but his scales are marvelously liquid and smooth, besides he has great execution in octaves, and an almost unerring certainty in skips, which extend beyond an octave.

His own compositions are all tending to — what we southerners call — plantation melodies, but even in these, as in his improvisations, there is a rich originality.

"Tom" does not know the name of a note, nor of a key on the piano, and his performance would do credit to a boy with good eyes with the advantage of a teacher from almost infancy, but how much more is due to a blind boy, reared in ignorance on a cotton plantation.

Though I would not have you believe that he is a Mozart, nor even an approach to him, yet could you hear him, you would be astonished, as I have been; although I doubt if you will have an opportunity in Boston, for "Tom" is a slave. I.

ANECDOTE OF ROSSINI.—A French paper states that a party of friends were recently assembled in the drawing room of Rossini, and were talking of the approaching production of "Semiramide" at the French Opera. Danton, junior, the witty caricaturist, began to rally the maestro. "Brave old Homer only nods now and then," said he, "but you, the Homer of music, sleep continually. You have no right to do so; for you are robbing the world of all the music you still have in your head and heart." "It is a good joke for you to complain, my dear Danton," replied Rossini, "everybody has a right to reproach me with my beloved idleness, you alone excepted. "Why so?" "Because you are as indolent as myself. I no longer write operas, it is true; but you make no caricatures either." "I could if I pleased." "I defy you." "If you defy me, I will make yours." "Do; and if you succeed, I will write an opera in return." "I take you at your word," said Danton, "so get ready to write your score. To-morrow you shall have your caricature." The next day the work was really finished, and Rossini showed it laughingly to his friends. The maestro is represented in the middle of a dish of macaroni which overflows on all sides. He is sleeping with folded arms, and pressing to his breast a lyro without strings. His slumbers are evidently occupied by harmonious dreams, and it is plain that he is singing sweet melodies to himself. A smile, at once benevolent and satirical, is playing about his lips. It is a caricature in which the characteristic features are so cleverly portrayed, that it is more like him than the best of portraits could be. It remains to be seen whether Danton will get Rossini's opera.

## Musical Intelligence.

The New York Musical World, formerly edited by R. S. Willis, Esq., and the New York Musical Review, have been united and will hereafter be published by Mason Brothers as the New York Musical Review and Musical World. We wish our contemporaries all success in the new enterprise.

MONTREAL.—The prospectus put forth by the management to produce a series of Italian Operas, was carried out last night by the appearance at the Theatre Royal, of a Company very far exceeding in lyrical talent any combination we have ever had in Montreal. The house, we were pleased to see, was crowded in all parts. The Dress Circle was filled with all the refined and fashionables of our city. The whole Opera (Ernani) was given with great spirit and excellent taste; were we to select that which pleased us most, it would be the chorus of Elvira and Ernani in the second Act. The score offers fine opportunities for a display of a clear, full-toned soprano, like Signora Ghioni's. At other times, where vigor and intensity were exhibited, she moved her hearers like a great orator. Signor Sbriglia, the tenor, has a fine fresh and sympathetic voice, and makes his mark with an appreciative audience. Hearty applause greeted the baritone, Signor Ardaouni, whose full rich voice brought down the applause of the house repeatedly. Signor Mirandola, the bass, did full justice to his role, his deep sonorous voice aiding wonderfully in carrying out the strength of the concerted music. His solo, in the beginning of the second act, was finely given. The choruses were the best we have ever heard, and admirable taste and precision was displayed by Signor Francia, the conductor of the troupe, aided by our own admirable *chef d'orchestre*, M. Vaillant, and a fine orchestra.—*Herald*, July 17.

The Florence correspondent of the New York Times writes as follows respecting a musical entertainment given in that city for the benefit of Sicily:

The most respectable native talent was gratuitously contributed to render the enterprise successful as an affair of art, and the large attendance and increased prices must have added a handsome sum to the fund. Our country, also, as usual, was prompt to respond to the call for coöperation. Miss Abby Fay, of Boston, one of the gifted young American ladies pursuing musical studies here, sang with applause a cavatina from Rossini's opera of "Semiramide." The evidence of talent already given by this singer inspires confidence that still larger success is in reserve for her in her most difficult art.

A decision of some importance, musically speaking, has just been made in Russia, the Emperor having ordered that the diapason of the French commission shall be adopted in the orchestras of the Imperial theatres from the first of September next. A sum of 45,000 francs was awarded as an indemnity to the artists for changing the instruments according to this decision.

It is announced by the Havana papers that the Tacon theatre will be under new management next season. Among the engagements are those of Mr. Gottschalk as *chef d'orchestre*, and Ferri the baritone.

The Cortesi company have engaged three of the Cuban theatres; while the Havana Tacon is said to be secured by an association of artists, whose names are not given.

STELLA, of the Worcester *Palladium*, says in her last letter:

Three resident musicians have formed in this city a "Beethoven Trio Club," and are studying the trios of Beethoven and other composers, with profit to themselves, and we hope, sometime it may prove, to the public as well. We recall with pleasure an attendance upon one of their rehearsals one of these bright summer mornings—just the time to listen, to a work so full of fresh, enlivening beauty as Mozart's Trio in G, which we heard with several of Beethoven's—including a very beautiful one in E flat. In the range of trio-music the greatest composers gave

utterance to some of their finest thoughts, and in their reading we trust our friends of the Club will find such treasures that they may be induced to lay them before the many friends of classical music in Worcester.

The fine young American cantatrice, Miss Hinckley, of Albany, New York, is said to have already made for herself quite a European reputation. She has sung with very great success in Amsterdam and many other cities. She is now at Bruxelles with the Merelli company, delighting the natives with her fresh American voice. Thence she goes to Durdon, Cologne, and Frankfurt. She has had an offer to sing at Berlin for the autumn and carnival. In fact she is engaged for over a year. A writer from over sea says: "I am delighted at her success for more than one reason; now she has to support partly, if not entirely, herself, mother and little brother. Her father died lately, leaving, I believe, very little property. It is truly a noble task for one so young as herself. Is it not?"

PHILADELPHIA.—It is settled at last—definitively—the Pavilion is erected. We are to have music at Fairmount Park, notwithstanding the objections repeatedly and persistently urged by Mr. Neal, of our city council. There are others of our city grandfathers, however, for whom the Heavenly Maid has not entirely lost her charms: her claims were allowed, the objections over-ruled, and—

Hark! through the shady avenues, and from over the shining Schuylkill bursts the glad *Marche Triumphale*.—Surely the music never sounded sweeter; and as the echoes of the melodies sing their way up through the silver maples and the great oak leaves, there seems to be a general rejoicing. The grave old statues that have gazed adown the green vistas these many years, look now more cheerful; the little marble boy (don't print it Faun, you thoughtless, novel-reading printer,) sitting under the sparkling spray of the fountain, peeps laughingly upwards as the drops dance around the green fringe beside him; and the giant pumps and piston-rods of the "wheel house," as they force the water to heights above, seem to have lost the old thundering roar, and the sound floats off with the mist and the music up the green hillside and away.

We can sit here under the shadows of the blossoming locust trees in time to come, and with our book beside us, read a passage now and then, and, listening to the music in the interval, while away the hours of summer in manner most delightful. O, the many pleasant hours at Fairmount Park, for those who know nothing of seaside or country sports. O, way-side joys and pedestrian rambles for the long hot months to come! Even the plodding laborer, enjoying the melodies, can rest beside the fountains, and feel

"On his heart the freshness of the scene  
Sprinkle its coldness, and from the dry dust  
Of weary life a moment lave it clean  
With Nature's baptism."

Yes, this is our Villa Doria, our Villa Reale, our Bois de Boulogne, our Fontainebleau—our Corso in the future, where we shall hold the Carnival, and throw bouquets and *confetti* to the gayest of the throng flashing here and there in the scarlet domino.

"Wer liebt nicht Wein, Weib, und Gesang,  
Er bleibt ein Narr sein Lebens lang."

Naughty Luther! Yet so sings the Manmanson.

Basle—is it? "Jephtha" in the minster? No. We are doing the German and not the Swiss festivals. And now that at Zwickau they will soon awaken a pleasant memory—a commemoration of Schumann; and from the garden of the Tuilleries the summer melodies arise; here, along the banks of the Wisahickon, this leafy month of June, you can listen to some grand old German music. All of the German "societies" are enjoying themselves "through the woods"—in their own peculiar way—as Germans only can.

Our city amusements are—what? Opera? No. Cortesi did not come, warble she could not—would not.

The Foyer is silent. No more

"Sly flirtations  
'Neath the light of the chandelier."

The sweet charmers are away or on the wing. No more Germania rehearsals. Carl Sents has experienced the feeling of *heimlich*, and is bound for the fatherland. Several members of what is known as "our Germania" are discoursing sweet music at Ephrata Springs, up among the mountains of Pennsylvania, whose grand outline looks even bluer and more beautiful in the distance.—*Corr. of N. Y. Musical World*.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Where's the harm of roaming. *R. Lacy.* 25  
Why should memory's iron finger. *H. Eikmeier.* 25  
Two pretty parlor songs of moderate difficulty.  
Quick arise, maiden mine. *J. Vessauer.* 25  
Popular concert song in England, where the best vocalists have frequently sung it.  
Winning the Gloves. *C. W. Glover.* 25  
Jemima took me down a peg. *H. Walker.* 25  
Humorous songs, both eminently pleasing.  
Spirit of light: Cavatina. *Langton Williams.* 40  
A somewhat elaborate song for a soprano voice, written in good solid style; and may be profitably used as a lesson piece.  
Circled round with Jasmin spray. (*Ständchen*.)  
*A. Fesca.* 25  
A beautiful German song, in the style of a serenade, by the composer of the "Wandervogel."

#### Instrumental Music.

- Operatic Favorites. *Franz Nava, each 30*  
1. La Traviata. 2. Linda.  
3. Il Trovatore. 4. Ernani.  
5. La Sonnambula. 6. Lucia.  
7. Rigoletto. 8. La Favorita.  
9. Martha. 10. Don Giovanni.  
11. Macbeth. 12. Les Huguenots.

A little more simple, and, upon the whole, perhaps a little more pleasing than Ford. Beyer's well-known easy Operatic arrangements. They are nothing but Potpourris, containing a string of the gems, without tedious variations or clumsy interludes.

#### Westrop's Pretty Airs for Little Fingers. Each 15

- Cheer, boys, cheer. Red, white, and blue.  
Katy Darling. Non piu mesta.  
Blue Bells of Scotland. In tears I pine.  
Lilly Dale. Brindisi in "Traviata."  
Am I not fondly. Rule Britannia.  
Bonnie Dundee. Trab, trab.  
Over the summer sea. Partant pour la Syrie.  
Katrinka Polka. National Schottisch.  
Alice Polka. I love thee, from "I Capuletti."  
It is better to laugh. Pop goes the weasel.  
Annie Laurie. Silver Lake Varsoviene.

This is a class of music which is invaluable to the teacher, as it is not only very easy but at the same time well written, which, as musicians well know, is a weighty consideration. Since Osborn's little pieces which have been used too long and too often to be very palatable now, nothing so practicable has been written, except perhaps a series of easy arrangements in Rondo form by Rimbaud.

#### Books.

BERTINI'S SELF-TEACHING CATECHISM of Music, for the Pianoforte, together with Ample Explanations of the Science as applicable to every Musical Instrument. 25

This is a new and popular hand-book by the author of the celebrated Method of Piano Instruction. It is comprehensive in its style, attractive, and adapted to the capacity of the great mass of learners. An examination of its pages will convince any one of its remarkable excellence, and its use will soon prove it to be indispensable both to teachers and scholars.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 435.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 19.

## A Sermon to Organ Grinders.

Come, ye grinders! rim and weary,  
Cease awhile your windy groans!  
Cease your wallings sharp and dreary,  
Listen to my dulcet tones!

Duo from La Favorita,  
Waltz profane call'd Prima Donna,  
Pray suspend, while I repeat a  
Few remarks in Virtue's honor.

Wearers of the velvet breeches!  
St. Cecilia's humblest flunkys!  
Don't you know the Scripture teaches  
That you should not wallop monkeys?  
Those who bring the pennies votive—  
Those who jump and frisk so sadly—  
Friends! pray what can be your motive  
When you treat the wretches badly?

Exiled monkey! ah! once floated  
All his days serene and silky;  
Once to forest love devoted,  
He asked why cocoa-nuts are milky?  
Then his heavier labors ending,  
Hopeless that great truth to know,  
By his tail his form suspending,  
Swung he swiftly to and fro.

Ended soon that season shiny—  
That investigation juicy;  
He must cross the billowy briny;  
He must dance the Long Mile Lucy;  
In his eyes the tears must glisten—  
Milk of life grown sour and curdy;  
And O, harder fate! must listen  
To the strains composed by Verdi.

Now my Topic Two producing;  
Very much I think you'd show  
Christian virtue by *vagabonding*.  
When you're asked, my friends, to go,  
Though with rapture Biddy swelling  
Drinks in Operatic joys,  
Those who own the cook and dwelling,  
May grow frantic at your noise.

Move like gentle grinders *presto*!  
Cut your stick *rapidamente*!  
Number Sixteen leave to rest! O  
Leave to rest, too, Number Twenty!  
Hearts will bless the good musician—  
Gratitude your art inspire,  
When they mark your transposition  
Up the street, two octaves higher.

Tuscans! If so dear your art is,  
You must either grind or die,  
Seek some lonesome vale, my hearties!  
There your cranks incessant ply!  
Shun the city's strong temptations!  
To some desert make your way!  
'Midst congenial desolations,  
Grind the death of Old Dog Tray.

One more word and I have done now;  
You may then resume your tunes:  
Really, breth'ren, there's no fun now  
In the way you freeze to spoons.  
O take heed if you love ranging;  
Lest you meet a lowlier lot,  
Sing-song into Sing-Sing changing,  
And your organ gone to pot!

—Vanity Fair.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## A Letter to the D—.

MY DEAR D.—In the halcyon days of simple childhood, when the youthful bosom beat high in sympathy with all that is great and good, it was one of my most signal enjoyments to gaze on, and follow, from street to street, the glorious cosmopolitan, perambulating drama of "Punch." Many and multiform were the endeavors of the eternal enemy of souls, to put an extinguisher on

the innocently erring hero of the piece; Punch was so very little; the D— was so big, so black.—what wonder, then that the heart strings of infancy and nursery-maidenhood should throb in silent rapture, when Punch, after receiving some tremendous thwack, intended for a "death-blow," meekly raising his red-night-capped head, like a rain-laden-lily after the storm, cried out, in a mild and melodious counter-tenor, "Here we are again?"

Yes, my dear D—, "here we are again;" to me the off-quoted language of the above-mentioned ancient mystery, "why wouldn't you have let us alone?"

By the ninth symphony I swear, your artillery is too heavy to bring out against such an uncommonly light-brigade as mine. Facts against fiction? (and even facts, you know, are sometimes factitious.) I have published certain volumes of "Musical Legends, Fantasias, and Sketches," written by me in moments of inspiration, when, seeing on what a very inharmonious axis the musical world revolves, I resolved to moisten it with a little oil, expressed from the flowers of my fancy. Lest hungry scholars should come to me for dates, I did not christen the book, "Musico-historical anecdotes and facts," as I might have done. The word *Mährchen*, as a half-Germanized D—, like yourself knew long ago, leaves a very broad margin to the imagination. I hope to be read by three classes of readers; non-musicians, half-musicians, and musicians par excellence. As to the first, what do they care about musical dates? I wished to excite their interest in music and musicians in the most agreeable way; if they felt any curiosity about my heroes and heroines,—good! they would probably get biographies or cyclopedias, to verify or falsify my statements, and thus be led on to better beings. For the second class,—musicasters,—*stelline della musica*,—I will privately confess to several mischievously premeditated arabesques, "set down in malice," expressly in behalf of dilettanti, who have not yet discovered their own ignorance. And the musicians born and made, fishes, whose element is music, historical, practical, and theoretical, such people know by heart, just as well as you or I, facts like this for instance; that Piccini did not arrive in Paris until some months after the time I have made him shake hands with Gluck behind the scenes of the royal opera; but would they blame me for this effective and highly original anachronism, not to speak of others, more daring and dazzling? Far from it, no more than they would think of criticizing my great imitator, Shakespeare, for putting good British oaths into the mouths of his Roman and Grecian heroes, occasionally. People who have musical history at their fingers' ends, understand and appreciate intentional anachronisms.

Schroeder was undoubtedly *not* Beethoven's first "Leonora." That is a very well known fact: but, in my opinion, she ought to have been; and was certainly born twenty years too late. She agreed with me, I do not doubt, when she

accepted the dedication to my second volume. All the world knows that Beethoven was a shortish, and by no means handsome fellow; nature, while framing two moulds, one of Belviderean beauty, and another of homelier cast, imprudently turned her head aside; at that moment, the soul of Beethoven, incautious as genius usually is, stumbled into the wrong case, while some fool, lucky enough to be close by at the time, got the one intended for B. Now, I, correcting the occasionally unjust dispensations of a mysterious Providence, gave to the "wonderful dreamer" a fine personnel, a giant form; this description my translator, otherwise tolerably correct, suppressed in toto, I regret to say.

You may one day commit the mistake of writing a book yourself, though, if the character Heine has given you be just, you are too much a man of the world to ink your fingers over "such stuff." Schindler, Ries, von Lenz, Oulibicheff, Marx, Fétis, Moscheles, Griepenkerl, Bettina, &c., ad infinitum, were pretty good in their way; possibly you think—there might be better. Perhaps so; perhaps not; but if you will make the blunder of a book, stick to facts. Don't let your imagination get the better of you, and pour itself out over the page in a gushing glow of molten gold and silver, (like mine); give us facts by wholesale; fire off your "grape shot" in its right place; tell us how much sugar the "venerated apparition" dissolved in his coffee on Sunday mornings; whether he liked Bretzel; what coat he wore when he first met Giulietta G.; whether he used Kathairon or Tricopherous to soften that lion's mane of his, or gave it up as incorrigible; and woe to you, if you diverge the hundredth part of a hair's breadth, from historical truth!

Most potent, grave, and reverend D—! remove your dear old American spectacles, when you review a German lady's "weak sentimentality." What she regards as childlike, a Yankee gentleman will probably translate—childish;—especially if he be addicted to "facts." There is a natural something connected with the expression of feeling and sentiment, that I am convinced only a native can understand. For example, I tried to appreciate some of what you evidently intended to be "points" in your Washington sketch (which I read with gratified attention, remembering the old adage "Parodies prove popularities"); would you believe it, they seemed to me far-fetched and flat, while they were no doubt overflowing with "American fun"?

Now, lastly, my dear D—. I have been faithful to the spirit, if not to the word of truth. Had I clothed in "facts," praises of "wiggle" voices without any medium register, over-reaching after effect, Welt-schmerz, future-music dreamery, be-pedalled pianoforte thumpery, "genial" nonsense talkery, ultra-classic pedantry, Verdi-opera screamery, or any of the thousand and one popular fallacies of the modern musical world, your heavy artillery might have been reasonably brought into requisition; but as I have

done none of these things, positively, my dear D—. I scarcely think it was worth your while to expend powder and shot on a "tom-tit" like, Your very, obedient and obliged servant,  
ELISE POLKO.

### Madame Clara Novello.

(Concluded from page 116.)

We all remember the political disturbances that convulsed Europe in 1848; we have all had more or less opportunity of personally observing how every class of society, from the crown to the foot—from kings and emperors and the Pope himself to lazzaroni and chartists—was affected by them. Art was not uninfluenced, nor those who minister to its progress, by these terrible social distractions, and Mad. Novello, like her co-laborer in the cause of beauty, Mad. Sontag experienced their effects to such an extent as induced her to retrace her steps from the honored retirement of the privacy in which she had been living to the equally honorable activity of her public career. She re-appeared in Italy, Germany, Spain, and England, renewing everywhere her former success, and refreshing the memory which had never faded of her former merit. Her powers were in every respect improved by the maturity which her few years of absence from her profession had wrought upon her physical and moral nature, and all Europe has acknowledged her voice to surpass every other in power, purity, and brightness.

Mad. Novello is now about to secede, for a second time, from the exercise of her artistic functions, and her retirement from the public will now be positively final, as the circumstances of the noble house of which marriage has made her a member, having withstood the shock of the most recent and greatest troubles in Italy, are no longer dependent on the vicissitudes of political fortune, and could even her affairs be again involved in the troubles of the time, she has bound herself under a heavy penalty never to sing again in public after her coming farewell.

Mad. Novello is best known in the south of Europe as a dramatic singer,—best in the north for her excellence in the concert-room,—best here, her native home, for her interpretation of the works of the great sacred masters; but, were it not for her all-surpassing reputation in this highest branch of her art, the admiration she has won in England alone on the stage and in the concert room would be sufficient to prove her one of the most distinguished vocalists that have ever sung our language. The speciality of English vocal music consists in our ballads, which require certain peculiarities in the singer, and these of a refined, poetical, and truly exalted character that have scarcely, if ever, been displayed by foreigners; our English pride, then, in our English songstress must not be unmindful of her interpretation of such ditties as "John Anderson," "Auld Robin Gray," "The beating of my own heart," which last she was the first person who sung.

To give due resplendency to the setting of this sun of song, a party comprising the most attractive and most various talent of the day is engaged to accompany her on her farewell tour, and serve as clouds to catch and reflect the golden glory of her brightness. We are fortunately able to enumerate the purposed partners of her last adieu, and we cannot more appropriately or more interestingly conclude this account of her career than by giving the names of those who are to share the lustre of its close.

The cloud of first importance may be regarded as an electric cloud, in respect of its overpowering force, and of the brilliancy and the rapidity which are equally associated with our ideas of it. We need but to name Herr Leopold de Meyer, the thunder-and-lightning characteristics of whose pianism have been proved and acknowledged throughout both hemispheres, to establish the verity of our metaphor. Albeit his thunder, though it astounds, never shocks us,—his lightning, though it dazzles, never consumes. An esteemed cotemporary,—whose fiat, whether it

condemn an emperor, approve a prizefighter, oppose a ministry, or applaud a pianist, is revered as an oracle no less at the antipodes than here,—has recently asserted the following judgment on this artist, "The instrumental selection comprised a grand *fantasia* for pianoforte alone, composed and performed by Herr Leopold de Meyer, pianist to the Emperor of Austria, and in his particular walk the most extraordinary 'manipulator' now before the public. This gentleman combines a force and vigor of hand which few have equalled with a delicate lightness of touch and liquid softness of tone that have never been surpassed. He brings these opposite qualities into play with marvellous address, blending or alternating them as the humor seizes him, and with such consistency that while the ear is always satisfied the taste is never offended. M. de Meyer's *fantasia*-playing, moreover—like his music—is quite as original as it is astonishing. He has a vein exclusively his own, and is indebted to no other source than that of his invention, whether for ideas or for the method of handling them. Making no pretence to be an exponent of what is conventionally termed the 'classical' school, he does not provoke criticism by an imperfect conception and execution of acknowledged masterpieces. He moves within the sphere most congenial to his artistic nature, and he does wisely, for in that sphere he stands aloof from competition. It is not intended by this to insinuate that M. de Meyer would fail if he ventured on higher and more intellectual ground; but at the same time, as sincere appreciators of his really exceptional talent, we should counsel him to leave the 'great masters' (and especially the 'old masters') to themselves; for, in order to ride comfortably over their domain, he would have to invent a new and peculiar bridle to retain his Pegasus within bounds." Herr Leopold de Meyer has not played in the English province since 1845, and thus, since his reputation has been constantly on the increase, his novelty will be no less an attraction throughout the tour than his talent.

A rain cloud of a chequered April in respect of its tears interwoven with smiles, may be considered the favorite interpreter of gaiety and pathos, Miss Eyles, who, when Mad. Novello had stamped success upon "The beating of my own heart" as a soprano song, sang it a third lower, as a contralto, and was encored in at every concert during a far-spread tour which lasted for ten weeks, and so universally proved her infallible power of pleasing the very various tastes that distinguish the different districts through which she passed.

We may regard as fleecy clouds the congregated members of the London Glee and Madrigal Union, each adding a share of beauty to the scene, and all combining in a general effect of harmonious softness; to wit, Miss J. Wells, a rising soprano, rising in esteem as much as in voice and in merit; Mr. Baxter, an alto, who does all that can be done to render his happily rare register of voice effective; Mr. W. Cummings, a tenor, who has been as successful in singing alone as in blending his voice with those of his companions; Mr. Lawler, a bass, whose broad declamatory style and fine sonorous voice have been too often heard to advantage at the concerts of our most important institutions to need any bush to recommend them; and Mr. Land, the organizer of the Union, who may therefore be regarded as the fatherland of the party,—whose sweetness of voice and mildness of manner prove him to be a Land flowing with milk and honey,—whose proverbial punctuality makes every one rejoice when he is a Land of promise,—who, were there a peerage of pianoforte accompanists, might well be created a Land lord,—whose merits make those who engage him well off when they become Land owners,—whose certainty is such that he nullifies the idea of the geological phenomenon of a Land slip, who bears so urbanely the blame due to others, that he may be not inaptly called a Land-scape of his friends,—whose ever-smiling aspect teaches us to regard him as a personification of the "Happy Land" celebrated in Dr. Rimbault's ballad,—and whom, having all these

qualifications, we may be well satisfied to regard as our own native Land.

It is high time, however, to descend from the clouds, and contemplate the stern reality of Mad. Novello's departure. The country folks will not entirely have the advantage of us Londoners in hearing the last of this favorite vocalist; for it appears that the swan song of her professional life will be uttered here in town, or at furthest at Sydenham, which, as has been proved at the Handel festivals, is accessible to tens of thousands at a time who wish to hear her. Let us hope, too, that before her last adieu, the Sacred Harmonic Society may have the benefit of her singing, at least once, in *Messiah*, in *Elijah*, and in Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*—the unique beauty of her voice is in no instance heard to such infinite advantage as in the brief solo that sublimely heralds the words and the musical subject of the great chorus in this last-named work, "The night is departing," and it is only if we can preserve in our memory the gleaming brightness with which she sings this phrase, that we shall be able to avoid supposing the watchman's warning is fulfilled in her retirement; "The morning will come, but the night will come also."—*London Musical World*, July 14.

### Madame Cinti-Damoreau to her Pupils in the Conservatoire.\*

It is to you, my dear pupils, that I have resolved to dedicate this method, the fruit of my studies and my experience, and in which I think I have set forth the best principles and the best examples of the art of singing. Adhere firmly to these principles, and endeavor to reproduce faithfully the examples; this, in a word, is the great thing in a good system of instruction.

If I speak to you of my studies, it is because at the very apogee of my artistic career, I never ceased to study; it is only to assiduous labor, and the firm resolve of effecting every day fresh progress, that we owe the inestimable honor of obtaining and preserving the favor of the public. In order to prove to you all that may be gained by this determined application to study, I at first entertained the idea of prefixing my biography to this book, but I was afraid it would be too long, and I shall restrict myself to describing only that part of my career which is connected with my *débuts* at the Théâtre-Italien, the Opéra, and the Opéra-Comique. You must bear in mind, therefore, that, while speaking of myself, I shall not cease to think of you.

I was scarcely thirteen when I was introduced to M. C. Henri Plantade, a clever, talented, kind-hearted man, whose memory is still cherished by all those who have loved or cultivated musical art in France during the last thirty years. M. Plantade was assiduous in giving me lessons, with all the care of an excellent musical professor and all the tenderness of a father. My voice, which gave promise of becoming flexible, but which did not then possess much strength, struck him as completely adapted to the Italian style. I studied, therefore, under him, only the old repertory, beginning with Durante's *Psalms*. My masters allowed me to sing scarcely three or four French airs; among these latter were the airs of *Montano et Stephanie*, and *Beniowski*, true models of a style that is at once simple, expressive, and graceful. I mention this to you, my dear pupils, in order that you may not suppose that you sing well only when you have succeeded in singing with ease what is difficult. It is not enough, recollect, merely to utter notes and execute passages more or less difficult; besides doing this, you must give them color, you must animate and accentuate them, and for this purpose an artist must be impressed with the words, and with the spirit of the piece or scene he has to sing. His physiognomy, also, must, so to speak, reveal to the hearer the subject and character of what is sung. Is it necessary for me to add that his articulation and pronunciation must be irreproachable? Listen to Pouchard, and you will perceive how much charming effect is gained by not allowing a syllable to be lost by the auditors.

It is far more difficult to sing in French than in Italian. This is very easily explained. We French do not allow ourselves to take breath in the middle of a word, to repeat a syllable, to sing *forte* when the situation suggests that we should sing *piano*; lastly, we must not sacrifice the words to the notes, but, on the contrary, we must sacrifice the notes to the words. By working incessantly, by devoting yourselves ex-

\*Preface to the *Méthode d'Artiste*, dedicated by Mad. Cinti-Damoreau to her pupils of the Paris Conservatory.

clusively to your art, you may succeed in identifying the former with the latter, and speaking in music.

Such is nearly all my method, my dear pupils. I worked always and constantly, listening to others and reasoning on what I heard.

When I had attained my fourteenth year, M. Plantade said to me, "My dear girl, you cannot now do without me. Mark my words: you possess taste; you will adopt what is good in some and reject what is bad in others." But do not suppose from this advice, that you are to imitate servilely the master or the model you select. You must, as I cannot too often repeat, explain to yourselves the means of success peculiar to the artist to whom you are listening, and clearly comprehend by what art he has acquired grace, by what secret he has been able to charm you. You thus avoid the shoal of parody, and advance rapidly on the road that leads to success.

Before I was fifteen, I made my *debut* at the *Italiens*, as Lilla, in *La cosa rara*, a character left open by the departure of Mad. Fodor. Thanks to my extreme youth, and, above all, to the advice of my dear master, my success was a genuine one. The day on which M. Plantade's unconditional approbation confirmed the applause of the public was the happiest day of my life. After my successful *debut*, I had many annoyances and prejudices to overcome. I was French; this was almost a crime at the *Théâtre-Italien*!

I was not discouraged. I learned, in a very short time, nearly fifteen or twenty parts; I understudied (sometimes in a day) the parts of all the *prime donne*; in the ardor of my zeal, and with my incessant application, I was ready for every score. This, my dear pupils, is the proper place to inform you that, should you intend to go on the stage, you must not be contented with studying the part in which you propose to appear; you must comprehend and fully master all the other parts. By this plan, you seize better the purpose of a work, while engaging in a practice more calculated than any other to render your character supple. My adoption of this system proved, one day, highly advantageous to me.

Mad. Catalani was to appear in an extraordinary performance at the *Opéra*. The grand rehearsal was already somewhat advanced, when it was remarked that the great vocalist had not arrived. At the moment the ritornello of her cavatina announced her entrance on the stage. Barilli, our stage-manager, taking my hand, boldly presented me to the orchestra, to sing in the place of our celebrated manageress. Though greatly agitated at first, I felt afterwards very happy, for the orchestra applauded me very much, and it was the first time such an honor had been paid me. When Mad. Catalani heard of what I had been bold enough, or, rather, what my devotion to art had prompted me to do, she thanked me by an embrace, for she was always kind.

A short time subsequently (I was then sixteen), Garcia entrusted me with a charming first-rate part in his opera, *Il Califfo di Bagdad*. Yarat, who then heard me (alas! I was too young ever to have heard him), said, I sang *insolently in tune* (*insolennement juste*). This is, I think, the only defect on which I have had to congratulate myself in the whole course of my life; contrast this defect, my dear pupils; there can be no charm if you do not sing in tune. This quality is not one, I am aware, that is easily acquired, but, by working assiduously at the intervals of all kinds, slowly, and with the assistance of a master, you may sometimes succeed in singing in tune, even when you have not naturally a feeling for it.

When Rossini arrived in France, I received the valuable advice of Bordogni, whose colleague I afterwards became at the *Conservatoire*, and whose good taste is proved by the charming exercises of vocalization he has given us.

A short time afterwards, an extraordinary performance afforded me an opportunity of appearing at the *Opéra*, in *Le Rossignol*. As I had never previously had a chance of singing in French before the public who treated me already so kindly, I was in a state of intense anxiety. It was, however, the very success which attended this attempt which made me resolve to remain on the grand stage of the *Opéra*, for which a new destiny seemed then about to open. But, before I separated from the *Théâtre-Italien*, which had become endeared to me for many reasons, I determined to subject myself to another ordeal, more serious than that of *Le Rossignol* could be. The Vicomte de la Rochefoucauld (then Duke de Doudeauville), whose name all artists should remember with gratitude, was, at that time, entrusted with the direction of the *Beaux Arts*. I asked his permission to play Amazily, in *Fernand Cortez*, a delicious part, entirely dependent on expression, and, apparently, quite opposed to the nature of the style I had cultivated up to that period. The part does not contain a single roulade; it was impossible to

succeed in it except by feeling and simplicity. This second bold attempt proved even more successful than the first. I became a member of the *Opéra*, therefore, exceedingly proud of having obtained the suffrage of so eminent a composer as Spontini, and of so dramatic a singer as Mad. Branchu, for whom he had composed this admirable part twenty years previously. Here begins the second, and not the least happy, period of my theatrical career.—*London Musical World*, July 7.

CINTI-DAMOREAU.

(To be continued.)

(From the Atlantic Monthly.)

### The Representative Art.

No art is worth anything that does not embody an idea,—that is not representative: otherwise, it is like a body without a soul, or the image of some divinity that never had existence. Art needs, indeed, to be individualized, to betray the characteristics of the artist, to be himself infused into his work; but more than this, it needs to typify, to illustrate the character of the age,—to be of a piece with other expressions of the sentiment that animates other men at the time. It must be one note in the concert, and that not discordant,—neither behind time nor ahead of it,—neither in the wrong key nor the other mode: you don't want Verdi in one of Beethoven's symphonies; you don't want Mozart in Rossini's operas. No art ever has lived that was not the genuine product of the era in which it appeared; no art ever can live that is not such a product: it may, perchance, have a temporary or a fictitious success, but it can neither really and truly exert an influence at the moment of its highest triumph, nor afterwards remain a power among men, unless it reflect the spirit of the epoch, unless it show the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.

All greatness consists in this: in being alive to what is going on around one; in living actually; in giving voice to the thought of humanity; in saying to one's fellows what they want to hear or need to hear at that moment; in being the concretion, the result, of the influences of the present world. In no other way can one affect the world than in embodying thus its ideas. You will see, in looking to history, that all great men have been a piece of their time; take them out and set them elsewhere, they will not fit so well; they were made for their day and generation. The literature which has left any mark, which has been worthy of the name, has always mirrored what was doing around it; not necessarily *daguerreotypy* the mere outside, but at least reflecting the inside,—the thoughts, if not the actions of men,—their feelings and sentiments, even if it treated of apparently far-off themes. You may discuss the Greek republics in the spirit of the modern one; you may sing idylls of King Arthur in the very mood of the nineteenth century. Art, too, will be seen always to have felt this necessity, to have submitted to this law. The great dramatists of Greece, like those of England, all flourished in a single period, blossomed in one soil; the sculptures of antiquity represented the classic spirit, and have never been equalled since, because they were the legitimate product of that classic spirit. You cannot have another Phidias till man again believes in Jupiter. The Gothic architecture, how meanly is it imitated now! What cathedrals built in this century rival those of Milan or Strasbourg or Notre Dame? Ah! there is no such Catholicism to inspire the builders; the very men who reared them would not be architects, if they lived to-day. And the Italian painters, the Angelos and Raphael's and Da Vinci's and Titians, who were geniuses of such universal power that they builded and carved and went on embassies and worked in mathematics only with less splendid success than they painted,—they painted because the age demanded it; they painted as the age demanded; they were religious, yet sensuous, like their nation; they felt the influence of the Italian sun and soil. Their faith and their history were compressed into The Last Judgement and the Cartoons; their passion as well as their power may be recognized in The Last Supper and The Venus of the Bath.

There is always a necessity for this expression of the character of the age. This spirit of our age, this mixed materialistic and imaginative spirit,—this that abroad prompts Russian and Italian wars, and at home discovers California mines,—that realizes gorgeous dreams of hidden gold, and Napoleonic ideas of almost universal sway,—that bridges Niagara, and underlays the sea with wire, and forgetful of the Titan fate, essays to penetrate clouds,—this spirit, so practical that those who choose to look on one side only of the shield can see only perjured monarchs trampling on deceived or decaying peoples, and back woodsmen hewing forests, and begrimed laborers setting up telegraph-poles or working at printing-presses

—this spirit also so full of imagination,—which has produced an outburst of music (that most intangible and subtle and imaginative of arts) such as the earth never heard before,—which is developing in the splendid, showy life, in the reviving taste for pagantry that some supposed extinct, in the hurried, crowded incidents that will fill up the historic page that treats of the nineteenth century,—this spirit is sure to get expression in art.

The American people, cosmopolitan, concrete, the union, the result rather of a union of so many nationalities, ought surely to do its share towards this expression. The American people surely represents the century,—has much of its spirit: is full of unrest; is eminently practical, but practical only in embodying poetical or lofty ideas; is demonstrative and excitable; resembles the French much and in many things,—the French, who are at the head of modern and European civilization,—who think and feel deeply, but do not keep their feelings hidden. The Americans, too, like expression: when they admire a Kossuth or a Jenny Lind, a patriot exile or a foreign singer, all the world is sure to know of their admiration; when they are delighted at some great achievement in science, like the laying of an Atlantic Cable, they demonstrate their delight. They make their successful generals Presidents; they give dinners to Morphy and banquets to Cyrus Field. They are thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the age. Therefore they are artistic.

How amazed some will be at the proposition, amazed that the age should be called an artistic one, amazed that Americans should be considered an artistic nation! Yet art is only the expression in outward and visible form of an inward and spiritual grace,—the sacrament of the imagination. Art is an incarnation in colors or stones or music or words of some subtle essence which requires the embodiment. We all have delicate fancies, lofty imaginings, profound sentiments; the artist expresses them for us. If, then, this age be one that requires expression for its ideas, that is practical, that insists on accomplishing its designs, on creating its children, on producing its results, it is an artistic age. For art works; a poet is a maker, according to the Greeks; and all artists are poets; they all produce; they all do; they all make. They do just what all the practical men of this practical age are doing, what even the Gradgrinds are doing: they embody ideas; they put thoughts into facts. A quiet, contemplative age is not an artistic one; art has ever flourished in stirring times: Grecian wars and Guelphic strife have been its fostering influences. An artist is very far from being an idle dreamer: he works as hard as the merchant or the mechanic,—works, too, physically as well as mentally, with his hand as well as his head.

This is all statement: let us have some facts; let us embody our ideas. Do you not call Meyerbeer, with his years of study and effort and application, a worker? Do you not call Verdi, who has produced thirty operas, a worker? Do you not imagine that Turner labored on his splendid pictures? Do you not know how Crawford toiled and spun away his nerves and brain? Have you not heard of the incessant and tremendous attention that for many months Church bestowed on the canvas that of late attracted the admiration of English critics and their Queen? Was Rachel idle? Have these artists not spent the substance of themselves as truly as any of your politicians or your soldiers or your traders? Can you not trace in them the same energy, the same effort, the same determination as in Louis Napoleon, as in Zachary Taylor, as in Stephen Girard? Are not they also representative?

And their works,—for by these shall ye know them,—do they reflect in nothing this fitful, uneasy, yet splendid intensity of to-day? Can you not read in the colors on Turner's canvas, can you not see in the rush of Church's Niagara, can you not hear in the strains of the *Traviata*, can you not perceive in the tones and looks of Ristori, just what you find in the successful men in other spheres of life? Rothschild's fortune speaks no more plainly than the Robert le Diable; George Sand's novels and Carlyle's histories tell the same story as Kossuth's eloquence and Garibaldi's deeds. The artists are as alive to-day as any in the world. For, again and again, art is not an outside thing; its professors, its lovers, are not placed outside the world; they are in it and of it as absolutely as the rest. You who think otherwise, remember that Verdi's name six months ago was the watchword of the Italian revolutionists; remember that certain operas are forbidden now to be played in Naples, lest they should arouse the countrymen of Masaniello; remember, if you did not know, how in New York, last June, all the singers in town offered their services for a benefit to the Italian cause, and all the *habitués*, late though the season was, crowded to their places to see an opera whose

attractiveness had been worn out and whose novelty was nearly gone. You who think that art is an interest unworthy of men who live in the world, that it is a thing apart, what say you to the French, the most actual, the most practical, the most worldly of peoples, and yet the fondest of art in all its phases,—the French, who remembered the statues in the Tuilleries amid the massacres of the First Revolution, and spared the architecture of antiquity when they bombarded the city of the Caesars?

Consider, too, the growing love for art in practical America; remark the crowds of newly rich who deck their houses with pictures and busts, even though they cannot always appreciate them: remember that nearly every prominent town in the country has its theatre; that the opera, the most refined luxury of European civilization, considered for long an affectation beyond every other, is relished here as decidedly as in Italy or France. In New York, Boston, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and New Orleans, there are buildings exclusively appropriated to this new form of art, this exotic, expensive amusement. These opera-houses, too, illustrate most aptly the progress of other arts. They are adorned with painting and gilding and carving; they are as sumptuous in accommodation as the palaces of European potentates; they are lighted with a brilliancy that Aladdin's garden never rivalled; they are thronged with crowds as gayly dressed as those that fill the saloons of Parisian belles; and the singers and actors who interpret the thoughts of mighty foreign masters are the same who delight the Emperor of the French when he pays a visit to the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. Orchestras of many instruments discourse most eloquent music, and involuted strains are criticized in learned style, in capitals thousands of miles from the seashore. And there is no appreciation of art in all this! there is no embodiment of the love of the age for material magnificence, there is no poetry incarnated into form, in this combination of splendors rivalling the opium-eater's visions! The Americans are a dull, stupid people, immersed in business; art has no effect upon them; it is despised among them; it can never prosper here!

(To be continued.)

Soon after his arrival in England, Jullien was engaged to play the flageolet at the mansion of one of the principal members of the English peerage. His lordship, supposing that Jullien did not understand English, approached the accompanist and said, in a low voice, "Tell the gentleman not to play anything too long—I do not like long pieces." The accompanist did not know what to do; but Jullien said to him, with a smile, "Stop when I stop, and close the book." Every one was silent and listened. Jullien played twenty bars and stopped. The accompanist did the same. The audience were in raptures; and his lordship, running up and pressing the artist's hand, said, "Ah, monsieur, the piece you have played is admirable; but it is too short—you must give us another." "With pleasure, my lord, but you must pay me double." His lordship consented enthusiastically. Quietly opening the music again, Jullien went on from the passage where he had left off, and concluded the piece amidst thunders of applause.

## Music Abroad.

### Paris.

The changes and embellishments of Paris continue with undiminished energy and celerity. The city is on the point of contracting a further debt of one hundred and fifty million of francs, to carry on the work of regeneration and improvement, which must, in a few years more, render the French capital the most magnificent city the world has ever seen. Whichever way the pedestrian turns, he meets on all sides, armies of laborers, tearing down the narrow and ill-constructed buildings of the past, or swarms of artisans, rearing commodious and elegant edifices, more in conformity with the requirements of the age. The project of the new Grand Opera House, which is to be one of the monuments of the reign of Napoleon III., seems not yet to be definitively settled. It was supposed that a fine site, on the boulevard, opposite the beautiful Rue de la Paix, had been chosen, but none of the plans submitted for the new building has been accepted, as yet, and it is said that the location may possibly be changed to some spot more eligible in point of space. This rumor has been denied by the official journal, but all the statements of the *Moniteur* during the past few years have hardly been of evangelical veracity, and people persist in believing that the Imperial Academy of Music is to afford a

golden occasion for speculation in real estate, in a quarter much nearer the Tuilleries than the site already named. Meantime, not the least of the new improvements is the demolition of several buildings on and adjacent to the corner of the Palais Royal, which is occupied by the Theatre Français. The space afforded by the removal of these buildings will clear the approaches to the Government Theatre, and aid the circulation in a part of the city which is always crowded, and stood vastly in need of this amelioration. The St. Honore front of the Palais Royal will now be freed of all incumbrances, and form an agreeable *vis à vis* to the extension of the Louvre on the other side of the broad square which separates the two palaces.—N. O. Picayune.

July 11.—Nothing of any commanding interest has occurred in the operatic world. At the Grand Opéra, *Les Huguenots* has been revived for M. Urcaut, the Belgian tenor of whom I wrote a short time since. He still maintains the favorable impression he created in *William Tell*, and people seem to think he will be permanently engaged. By the way, the "normal diapason" now established at the Grand Opéra does not work over well, and is especially obnoxious to the bass singers. The "Pif-paf," for instance, is, with the new pitch in some parts beyond the range of any but the most exceptional voices. The character of the music is also considerably modified by the change, and, in some instances, as for example, the air of the "Couvre Feu," loses not a little of its original color.

The manager of the Opéra-Comique has done a famous stroke of business for his establishment by the engagement of M. Roger, whose return to the scene of his early triumphs will no doubt be hailed with delight by the frequenters of this house. The round of characters he created here with such marked success, await his touch to revive with all their original freshness and charm, and after the Midsummer glories of the Grand Opéra, which some say he had better never have struggled for, he will glide calmly and gently into a sort of "latter spring." Mad. Faure (the wife of Faure now engaged at your Royal Italian Opera) and Mad. Ugalde are also re-engaged, but the presence of these ladies is too familiar, and their talents have been too exhaustively reconnoitred by the audiences of the Opéra-Comique, to cause the announcement to be received with much enthusiasm. Mad. Ugalde has already appeared in *Galathée*, and it is just to say that her reception was in the highest degree flattering. Mad. Faure will not make her *re-entrée* till next week, in Boieldieu's *Petit Chaperon Rouge*.

Among the small items of intelligence interesting to your musical readers, I may mention the engagement of M. Nilmann, the German tenor, for a short period at the Grand Opéra. He is engaged expressly to sing in the *Tannhäuser* of Richard Wagner. Mlle. Tedesco will return to the Opéra in September, and make her first appearance in *Le Prophète*. She is afterwards to play Olympia in *Herculanum*. I hear also that Meyerbeer is expected to arrive in Paris very shortly.

One or two letters which I have received from Italian correspondents enable me to furnish you with a few scraps of news as to what is going on at the principal theatres in the land of song. At Genoa there have been several performances for the benefit of the Fund in support of the Sicilian Insurrection. The last deserves especial notice as being signalized by the appearance of the celebrated Signor Tamburini. He sang the cavatina from *La Sonnambula*, the duo in *Il Barbiere*, and the air of *Maometto*. His reception was enthusiastic; the applause which greeted him being no less addressed to the patriotic Italian citizen than to the celebrated singer. His vocalization was marvellous, and took all by surprise, for the ear is no longer accustomed to such a deluge of trills and runs as was poured forth from the singer's throat with the most perfect ease. After the first effects of astonishment had subsided, bursts of applause followed one upon the other, and positively overwhelmed the last representative of the old florid school of Italian singing. Tamburini did not, however, exhaust the appreciative power of the audience, who in return awarded to Signor Agrone and to Signora Paroli, and to all the other artists and dilettanti, who contributed their services on the occasion, their due meed of applause. Signor Bottesini has been engaged at La Scala, in Milan, where he is to produce his opera *L'Assedio di Firenze*, and Mad. Fiorentini is engaged to play the principal part. The San Carlo, at Naples, is not in a very satisfactory condition. *I Foscari*, lately produced there with Guicciardi, met with a cool reception from the inferiority of the execution, and a few days after *Don Pasquale* encountered a complete *fiasco*.

The sisters Fenni have been giving a concert at Parma, where their admirable talents have been duly

appreciated. The programme for the autumnal season at the Opera of Bologna contains the names of the following artists:—Mesda. Borghi-Mamo and Luigia Gavetti-Regiani, and MM. Lodovico Graziani, Antonio Morelli, Mario Ghidi. M. Rota is the ballet master, and the principal *dansense* Mlle. Adeline Plunkett. Signor Beneventano, the baritone, is engaged for the approaching season at Trieste.

Mlle. Kenneth, whom your theatrical readers will better identify as the daughter of "little Kenneth," erst the proprietor of the well-known "little shop," at the corner of Bow Street, where many dramatic wits and theatrical stars were once wont to lounge and exchange the newest coinage of the mint of mirth and fancy, has just returned from a successful engagement in Spain, notably at Madrid, where she sang with Tamberlik, and at Barcelona. Mlle. Kenneth has been trained in the traditions of the old Italian school of grand opera; her vocalization is excellent, and she possesses the power of dramatic expression.

I hear from Pesth that the Italian Opera has commenced there. *Norma*, with Mlle. Lagrusa as the Druid priestess, has produced quite a sensation. This lady is described as remarkably beautiful, and as possessing a voice of pure and rich quality, with a sympathetic character quite thrilling in its effect. Her presence is noble and graceful, and exactly suited to the heroines of the lyrical drama; and both by her acting and broad grand style of vocalising, exercises an extraordinary power over her audience. How is it neither Paris nor London have hitherto had the benefit of this artist's vaunted ability? How has she escaped Lumley the pearl-fisher? did he dive not deep enough, or too deep?

The Imperial Theatre of St. Petersburg has secured Signor Graziani, the baritone, for two years, commencing next season. The contract was only signed last Thursday. Mad. Rita Bernardi Fabricca, the wife of the Maestro Fabricca, an admirable singer, and moreover a very pretty person, is also engaged at St. Petersburg, for the third time. She is now in London, having left Paris a short time since. Mlle. Lotti della Santa has just passed through Paris on her way back from London to her country house in the environs of Milan. There is some talk of Mad. Miolan-Carvalho taking an engagement at the Royal Lisbon Theatre. Signor Fabricca's visit to London gives some color to this rumor, as he is charged with organizing the operatic troupe for the San Carlos at Lisbon.

I have the melancholy intelligence to record of the death of the pianist and composer, Gorla. It is reported that he has not left any money behind him. This is strange, for it is known that large sums were made by his compositions. One publisher confessed to realizing 3000 francs a year by one piece alone, and his *nocturne* and *étude* in E flat produced a profit of 30,000 francs—that is to say, the publishers! Sic vos non vobis! oh luckless herd of scribblers, whether musical or literary.—*London Musical World*, July 14.

### London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Meyerbeer's grand opera, *Le Prophète*, was produced on Thursday night for the first time in the new theatre, with a splendor and magnificence that we believe has never yet been equalled. We must, for the present, be satisfied with announcing that Signor Tamberlik made his first appearance this season in the character of Jann of Leyden, that his singing was as much distinguished as formerly for correctness, vigor, and energy, and his impersonation of the mock prophet characterized by a manliness which invested the character of the impostor-prophet throughout with wonderfully sustained interest. "Tamberlik's John of Leyden"—says the *Morning Post*—"is well known to our public, who have long justly regarded it as one of his very greatest efforts; and never did he play the very arduous character more finely than on the present occasion. All the great 'points' of the part were 'taken,' as formerly, with an unquestionable appreciation of their merit; and the 'Ro del cielo,' in which the marvellous voice of Tamberlik, animated by truly heroic ecstacy, gives out those famous B and C naturals *di petto*, with a force which makes the 'vaulted roof rebound,' again created what the Italians would call a *fuore*, quelled only by the reappearance of the singer twice before the curtain at the end of the act to which the air in question forms the finale." Mlle. Csillag gives evidence of additional powers in every part she undertakes, and her delineation of Fides will place her in a higher position than she has yet occupied. To appear in a character which some of the most consummate singers of the day have stamped with their individuality, indicates no small ambition; but Mlle. Csillag has proved herself capable of grappling with the extraordinary difficulties of a very arduous task, and of



## Whight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 4, 1860.

## The "Philharmonic Problem" in St. Petersburg.

From the *Signale* of Leipsic, we extract some account of the way in which the Philharmonic Problem has been treated in St. Petersburg, feeling that it has not a few useful suggestions for us, here. There is one society it would seem, for all the branches of the musical art. How if all our local societies devoted to music were consolidated into one great, active, efficient body, uniting the resources, the zeal, the various talents of each; uniting their voices, the instruments, the libraries, the money, the professional talent, the business capacity, the enthusiasm and the general culture of the amateurs, and the higher special culture of the thorough artist? Is this altogether impracticable? Have we not the material for a great Musical Society among us, such as in this country, at least cannot be equalled? Might not some well considered plan be devised, which should bring all these elements together, and fuse them into one great and harmonious whole? But let us see how they do it in Russia.

Between the years 1840 and 1850 there was in St. Petersburg a Symphony Society, consisting entirely of amateurs, who, in playing and singing sought for a closer acquaintance with classical works. From various causes the meetings of this society were suspended in 1851, or rather postponed until favorable circumstances should make their revival possible. During the last years, by the exertions of the Count WIELHORSKY, RUBINSTEIN and others, members of the old society, the statutes were revived and the whole society remodelled. The name of the society is now: "RUSSIAN MUSICAL SOCIETY," and its object, the education and encouragement of national talent, the diffusion of musical culture by the best possible performances of works of all schools, all periods and all masters, more particularly of the classical school; the awarding of prizes for compositions of all kinds, to consist of gold and silver medals as well as money; to give beginners a chance to hear their compositions, and bring them before the public, to send young persons of musical talent abroad to perfect themselves in their art, at the expense of the society; the completion and enlarging of the library; subscription to all musical periodicals. Ordinary members, who pay fifteen roubles annually, have a free pass to the ten symphony concerts of the season, the right of using the library and reading-room, and of voting at the annual general public meeting. Regular members pay one hundred roubles per annum, have free admittances to all performances of the society, and a vote at the annual meetings. The directors, of whom there are five, serve for two years, after which two step out appointing their successors. There are five vice-directors chosen by the directors. Directors and vice-directors form the committee. All questions are decided by simple majority. There is, besides, a board of consultation, consisting of the best Russian resident musicians, which is to report on new compositions, award the prizes and assist the committee in fixing concert-programmes, &c. The society is to give annually ten grand symphony concerts, six soirées for chamber-music and two oratorio performances. Each concert must contain a piece from the pen of a Russian composer, and, if possible, a solo performance by a Russian artist. In the programmes, the year of the birth and death of the authors is mentioned. Words of vocal pieces are invariably given, translated into Russian, if sung in

grasping the salient characteristics of the most original and masterly creation of the lyric drama. Berta was carefully performed by Mlle. Corbari. Signor Tagliafico looked as if he had stepped out of a picture by Velasquez, and sang unexceptionably the music allotted to Count Oberthal; and the three Anabaptists were admirably represented by Signors Neri-Baraldi and Polonini, and M. Zelger. The scenery, costumes, and *mise-en-scène* are even more splendid and complete now than when the original production of *Le Prophète*, eleven years ago, was the town-talk of the season. From the Cuyper-like beauty of the opening view to the massive grandeur of the cathedral interior—cleverly taken at the junction of the south transept and the choir, thus giving the effect of unlimited extent—each scene was exquisite in itself, and gained an effect by the constant changes of the crowd of auxiliaries, who always—and as if by instinct, so thoroughly were they drilled—formed into harmoniously-balanced groupings. The skating scene, of course, was the main feature of the scenic display, and the "Quadrille des Patineurs" was so exceedingly well managed that it was enthusiastically encored. The dancing of Mad. Zina in the *pas de deux* was absolute perfection. We have no doubt that, placed on the stage with such profuse magnificence, *Le Prophète* will now, after its five years' banishment, be a great and continued success.—*Ibid.*

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—The experiments now being made at both Italian houses to resuscitate the neglected works of acknowledged masters, are commendable or likely to lead to good results, if not to great successes. In all probability we shall hear little more this year of *Orfeo e Eurydice*, performed three times at the Royal Italian Opera, or of *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, performed twice at Her Majesty's Theatre, both of which were worthily and carefully put upon the stage; but we must not therefore conclude that nothing has been accomplished. It is something at all events for composers of the present day to gain some notion of what sort of music is calculated to please the public for whom they intend writing, and by what means popularity may be most surely achieved. It is something, too, even for the informed, to be reminded how old composers, like Gluck and Cimarosa, wrote in the olden times, and to contrast their compositions with those of the present day. When *Oberon* was announced at Her Majesty's Theatre, we entertained serious doubts as to its success; nor were these doubts entirely removed when told that the cast would include the names of Titiens, Alboni, Mongini, Belart, Everardi, Gassier, and others; that the spectacle would be dazzling and transcendent; and that the music would be enriched by additions from *Euryanthe*, and accompanied recitatives by Mr. Jules Benedict, the accomplished musician, and favorite pupil and friend of Weber. We could not help thinking that there must have been some powerful cause for the failure of the opera on its first production. *Oberon* was first performed on the eleventh of April, 1826, when Weber was in the height of his popularity, and when the public, enraptured with their new favorite, would have been but too eager to take advantage of any opportunity afforded them of exhibiting their enthusiasm. The opera, nevertheless, ran but a few nights, and achieved a moderate success only. No doubt a good deal was owing to the absurdity and unfathomable purpose of the libretto, of which the author, Mr. Planché, one of the most elegant and correct of our dramatic writers, appears now to be thoroughly ashamed, since he acknowledges in his preface to the Italian version, that "nothing but the genius of Weber could have preserved it from total oblivion."

Upon Mr. Benedict devolved the onerous and, however agreeable, not very grateful task of writing the accompanied recitatives and making such additions as were considered necessary to the success of the opera. This gentleman, perhaps more than any other living musician, was the most thoroughly competent to enter into Weber's notions and supply what was found wanting in the score. We cannot help thinking, however, that the interpolation of pieces from *Euryanthe* was a grave mistake, and by no means called for, notwithstanding the brilliant manner in which it enabled Mlle. Titiens to wind up the performance. *Oberon* is, or is not, a *chef d'œuvre*. If it is, it was sacrilegious to meddle with it. If it is not, no excerpts from other works could make it so. Moreover, the public were desirous to hear *Oberon* in its integrity, and wanted nothing else—not even that Mlle. Titiens should be conciliated.

**ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.**—Here *Orfeo e Eurydice* has been repeated, after which *Lucresia Borgia* had been given with Grisi, Mario, Ronconi, and Didié. The *Prophète* was announced with Mad. Csilay, Mad. Corbari, and Tamberlik in the principal parts.

**PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.**—The last concert of the forty-eighth season—one of the most brilliant and successful since the Philharmonic Society was instituted—took place at the Hanover-Square Rooms on Monday evening, July 2, when the following selection was performed before a crowded assemblage of amateurs and professors of the musical art:

**PART I.**  
Sinfonia in D, Op. 7. . . . . Mozart.  
Recit. and Aria, "Tu m'abbandoni," Miss Louisa Pyne. . . . . Spohr.  
Concerto, pianoforte, in G minor, Miss Arabella Goddard. . . . . Dussek.  
Overture, "Nalades" . . . . . Sterndale Bennett.

**PART II.**  
Sinfonia in C minor, No. 5. . . . . Beethoven.  
Aria, "Quando lasciai la Normandia" (Robert le Diable), Miss Louisa Pyne. . . . . Meyerbeer.  
Overture, "Jubilee" . . . . . Weber.  
Conductor, Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D.

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.**—The Monday Popular Concerts, "The People's Philharmonic" as they have been not inaptly styled, came to a close on Monday night with a performance "for the benefit of the directors." It is well known that the managers of these entertainments are the Messrs. Chappell, who certainly need not be ashamed of the undertaking with which their names have for two years past been associated—for never was speculation, of which art was the medium, planned and carried out with more undeviating artistic worthiness. The first promise of the scheme has been verified to the letter; the public has been invariably dealt with in good faith, and it is now no more than the elucidation of a plain fact to state that an institution has been established, on the most legitimate principles and the firmest basis, alike honorable to its projectors and advantageous to those who support it. The programme of the final concert (the twenty-seventh of the second season), selected from the works of various masters, proved so attractive that St. James's Hall was hardly spacious enough to accommodate the crowd that besieged the doors. Those who take an interest in the musical progress of the masses (towards which poor Julien effected so much, and with such untiring zeal) may not be displeased to learn that nearly 1600 paid 1s. at the doors. On the other hand, the area stalls and the three-shilling galleries were crammed to suffocation. What sort of music these worthy people came to hear may be seen by the subjoined programme:

**PART I.**  
Quartet in C major, stringed instruments. . . . . Spohr.  
Song—"The Wanderer" . . . . . Schubert.  
Harpsichord lessons, pianoforte. . . . . Scarlatti.  
Heder Kreis, voice. . . . . Beethoven.  
Prelude, Sarabande, and Gavotte, violoncello. . . . . Bach.

**PART II.**  
Quartet, in E flat major, Op. 44, stringed instruments. . . . . Mendelssohn.  
Song—"Zuleika" . . . . . Meyerbeer.  
Suite de Pièces, in E major. . . . . Handel.  
Song—"Il Pensier" . . . . . Haydn.  
Song—"La Gita in Gondola" . . . . . Rossini.  
Duet, for two Pianofortes, in D major. . . . . Mozart.  
Conductor—Mr. Lindsay Sloper.

The players in the quartets were M. Sainton, Herr Goffrie, Mr. Doyle, and Signor Piatto, with whose respective merits our readers are well acquainted.

**BUCKINGHAM PALACE.**—A grand concert was given on Wednesday evening, June 27, by Her Majesty, to a select but illustrious party. The following was the programme: Aria, "Avvi un dio" (*Maria di Rohan*), Donizetti, Mad. de Paez; Fantasia, Flute (MS.), Koppitz, Herr Koppitz; Recit. and Aria, "Non più di fiori" (*La Clemenza di Tito*), Mozart, Mad. Kapp-Young; Air Hongrois, Violin, Ernst, Herr Becker; Air, "Vons pouvez soupier" (*Marco Spada*), Anber, Mlle. Artot; Fantaisie Originale, Pianoforte, L. De Meyer, M. Leopold De Meyer; Thema und Variationen, Proch, Mlle. Charlotte de Tiefensee. At the Pianoforte, Mr. W. G. Cousins. At the end of the performance, Her Majesty, after exchanging a gracious word with each of the other artists, conversed with Herr Leopold de Meyer for nearly a quarter of an hour, and requested him, the celebrated pianist, if not too fatigued, to play another piece, with which august "command" M. Leopold de Meyer complied, to the infinite delight of the whole assembly, among whom were the King of the Belgians and divers "Grand Dukes."

Letters from Havana say that Gottschalk, the pianist, has been dangerously ill, but that he is now convalescent, and that he is to make a professional tour through Central America and Venezuela. He will take charge of the orchestra of the Italian opera, next winter, at the Tacón Theater. The new impressarii, Raya & Co., are now in Paris, engaging artists for the season, which will commence in November.

a foreign language. A choral society is established as an integral part of the whole. The orchestra is selected and paid. Mad. NISSEN-SALOMAN, and Messrs. PICCOLI, LODI, and DUTSCH, are engaged to instruct young persons of limited means, who show talent for music, at the expense of the society. The society will try to establish an Academy of vocal music at Charkow. There are to be branch societies in the principal cities of the empire. Although the society professes to be national, new compositions of foreign artists, if approved of, are brought out at the regular concerts. Foreigners may also be engaged as performers.

The society has just finished its first year. Oratorio performances were not given. In the ten "Philharmonic" concerts, the following composition of Russian composers were brought out: Overtures "Russian and Ludmilla," Glinka, "Cholmsky," "Life of a Czar" by Glinka, Piano Concerto with orchestra by Rubinstein. Wallachian dance from the opera "Gromoboi" by Werstofsky, scherzo for orchestra by Kui, another scherzo by Moussorsky, overture "Demon" by Fittinghof, and songs by various composers. The rest of the programmes was made up from the great masters. Here are a few specimens of them.

## FIRST CONCERT.

Overture to the opera "Russian and Ludmilla".....Glinka  
Chorus from the oratorio "Jephtha".....Handel  
Concerto for pianoforte with orchestral accompaniment  
.....Rubinstein  
Finale from the opera "Loreley".....Mendelssohn  
Symphony No. 8.....Beethoven

## SECOND CONCERT.

Overture to Anacreon.....Cherubini  
Aria from the oratorio "Joseph".....Handel  
Tersetto for soprano, tenor and bass.....Dargomijsky  
Concerto for piano with orchestra.....Fr. Liszt  
Romances for piano.....Dargomijsky—Wielhorsky  
Symphony.....Fr. Schubert

## The Buffalo Sængerfest.

We devote a good deal of space this week to the account of the proceedings of the German singing societies at their great high festival held at Buffalo during the last week. The elements of enjoyment were various, and all, it would seem, were enjoyed to the full, and the example of our German fellow citizens is well worthy of adoption and imitation by our native population. But it does not seem to be in the nature or in accordance with the genius of our people to enjoy themselves in this way, or indeed, to enjoy themselves at all in any way that shall altogether throw aside the conventional restraints of a somewhat cold nature, the narrow bonds of an awkward formality, and fairly to relax and expand in the free and natural manner that characterizes the observances of the holidays of people of European birth and descent. What are our holidays, and how do we observe them? There is the Fourth of July, that marks the grandest epoch in modern political history, and — *what else?* And how do we celebrate this great anniversary? Fireworks, processions of military, processions of fire companies, and an everlasting flood of speeches of every kind. We can do nothing without a "Chief Marshal" and "Aids." We need, it would seem, some stiffness, some formality, to make us believe we are having a good time. We cannot put off, as do our German friends, "the old man" of business, of care and anxiety, and be, as it were, children; we seem to have no true love for Nature, for open air and green trees, and the sports and pleasures congenial to such scenes; we cannot unbend as they do, and become children in our enjoyments, but seem to sigh for the deep platoons of a well-or-

dered procession, guided and governed by blue-ribboned and batoned marshals. There must be some work in all our pleasures, and indeed, compared with the free and natural jollity of these German demonstrations, it seems like the "all work and no play" that makes Jack a dull boy. We can hardly spare the time to play at all, and when we do, it still savors a little of work, or at least reminds us of the solemn gambols of an elephant, so unused are we to the thing, such awkward playfellows have we become from long disuse of the playing powers. We are a solemn people, it is to be feared, and when we are brought together in multitudes, do not know exactly what to do with ourselves, save to listen to an oration. We are not so in our families, among ourselves, with a little circle of friends, but when we all get together, we insensibly stiffen into ranks and fall into line. The *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin* has some sensible remarks apropos to our subject. After discussing some drawbacks in the German character; it goes on to say:

"They love music, and the music too not only of the home circle but of huge choirs and bands, more than any other nation. Now music is a great harmonizer, and large bodies of people assembled for the cultivation of the art are out of mischief, and likely to be very well behaved. Here then is a great good obtained—the people are gathered into large assemblies away from all private, secret haunts of vice and wickedness; and the very thing that calls them together, unlike the bull-fight, the low theatre, the cock fight and the prize fight, is almost as promotive of harmony as religion. How much nobler a spectacle was that presented at Buffalo the other day, where the German singing societies assembled for an exhibition, than that at Farnborough, where such a crowd of Englishmen, out of even the higher ranks, came together to see the great fight. Every nation must have its excitements; how fortunate are the Germans then, in finding so much of what they want in that way in the *maennchor*.

But it is something underlying the love of music that brings them together in such large bodies to sing; for we see the same disposition to fraternize on a large scale "cropping out," as the geologists would say, in other directions. They must have their *resein* in every department of effort or amusement. What pleasanter sight can one see than that picture in the Dusseldorf Gallery in New York, which represents the Dusseldorf Society of artists out together for recreation and artistic materials? What a generous rivalry is fostered, where artists are thus intimately associated, instead of glowering at each other from their opposite attics.

Then there are the *Turner vereins*. Much is said about their infidelity, but too little about that fidelity they show to so many of the injunctions of nature. Not many of the higher class of Germans reach this country, or if they do, take part in the various social gatherings mentioned; therefore, we do not see the German nature in its highest aspects; yet one who thoughtfully enters a Turner's Hall, cannot but observe much to admire. There is the gymnasium, and the lecture hall, and the garden. Now, this last may be a rude affair, simply a set of rough board seats placed around small trees; and underneath, instead of turf and flowers, there may be only gravel; but when it is considered that the affair is got up mostly by poor mechanics, who love so much to come together nightly and take each other by the hand, that they will draw largely on their scanty resources to pay for the gardened—the place becomes beautiful before you."

But we refer to the chronicle of the doings of the Sængerfest at Buffalo. May we not sometime hope to see this gathering in Boston?

M. R. T. has our thanks for the admirable Maxims of Robert Schumann translated for the "Journal." They have already been *twice* inserted in our former volumes, or they would find a place at this time. They can hardly however be made too familiar to musical students.

## Musical Chit-Chat.

THE HARVARD GLEE CLUB gave a concert at Worcester during the regatta week. We find the following notice of it in the correspondence of the *Traveller*.

"The 'Harvard Glee Club' gave their much asked-for concert this evening, assisted by the 'Mendelssohn Quintette.' No weather could have been finer than that with which they were favored, the audience corresponded in brilliancy and size—upwards of a thousand people being present. The concert was given in the Mechanics' Hall, which is fully as large as the Tremont Temple, and the size of the hall prevented the 'Quintette,' in their earlier pieces, from being fully appreciated; but as the audience grew more quiet, they got to be well heard, and some of their performances were admirable and elicited great applause. Neither Mr. Schultze nor Mr. Meisel were present, however, Mr. Suck filling the place of the former gentleman very acceptably, and Mr. Coenen that of the latter in the same way. The 'Quintette Club' performed the overture to *Stradella*, a Scene and Aria from 'Le Pré aux Clercs,' and an Entree Act from "Robert." Mr. Fries also performed his famous solo on the 'Cello,' by Kummer, in which he imitates a banjo so curiously.

The Glee Club were, at first, evidently a little tried by the novelty of their situation, the hall being much larger than any they have been accustomed to, and a decided want of accuracy in time, and tune as well, was observable in the 'Cheerful Wanderer' of Mendelssohn, their first piece. After this, however, they steadily improved and were soon evidently free from embarrassment, acquitting themselves admirably and to the delight of the audience.

Mr. Howland of the Graduating Class sang the 'Penenti Nuni' from the Magic Flute, in superb style, overcoming the serious difficulties of the piece in a way that would have done credit to a veteran solo singer, and the 'Club' were never more successful than in their renderings of the 'Turkish Drinking Song' by Mendelssohn, and of Lenz's "Wanderer's Night Song." They were many times encored, and the enthusiasm which prevailed all through the evening, reached its climax at their rendition of the various College Songs—"Updee," "Integer," "Litoria," and others, all of which were given with the greatest spirit and sweetness."

The New York *Christian Inquirer*, in its account of the recent inauguration at Cambridge, speaks thus of the music of the day.

"We cannot omit mentioning the admirable character and the delightful effect of the singing by the Glee Club at the Inauguration. It was the only part of the exercises during which many wet eyes were seen, except, perhaps, during the President's tender and exquisite reference to young Wilkinson's character and loss. The Alumni dinner went off famously. Dr. Holmes presided to a charm, and unwittingly described himself under a pretended description of Mr. Winthrop. On the whole, Harvard never saw brighter days than those of the late Commencement week. May the dear old mother live a thousand years, and then another."

The New York correspondent of the *N. O. Picayune* writes as follows of Frezzolini:

The "Garibaldi Benefit" at the Academy of Music was a success, financially and artistically. The net proceeds amounted to about \$1,500, which, considering that "everybody is out of town," is as much

as could have reasonably been expected. The performance of the "Lucia," with Frezzolini, Musiani, and Ferri, in the leading parts, was all that could be desired. The great prima donna—"la reine du theatre" was most cordially received, and was called before the curtain at the end of every act. Her conception of the situations and the character of the heart-broken *Lucia* was thoroughly natural; while her rendering of every emotion was eminently artistic. Nothing could be finer or more satisfactory in action, intonation, costume and general effect. From the moment she enters the blushing garden, fragrant and dewy with "budding love," until she flies from her last scene, shattered and shivered with despair, all our sympathies cluster around that fair and beautiful victim of the love that fate forbids. The role of *Lucia* is exceedingly simple and very easily understood. It finds a ready interpreter in the hearts of all who have tasted the greatest of all sorrows—the sorrow of an overwhelming, involuntary, uncontrollable love. And who is there that has not, at some period of life, either in the freshness of spring, or the fullness of autumn, confessed himself a believer in that faith, "whose martyrs are the broken heart?"

Frezzolini, by her delicate organization and profound experience, is enabled to give utterance to every shade of sentiment, and to every tone of suffering. As *Lucia*, she loves with "a love that is more than love;" and her plaintive, prolonged cry for *Edgar*, so tearful and so tender, is a sound one can never cease to hear. It is like the melodious sigh of a lonely star bewailing the loss of some sister Pleiad. And yet there are ears, and even among our so-called critics, so long and so obtuse that the refined and subtle tones of Frezzolini cannot penetrate them! We commend all such obdurate "organs" to the special treatment of the celebrated aurist, Von Moschzisker. Such deaf and impenetrable critics as these may quite as well write their "musical notices" before the performance as after it, which was certainly the case with one of our leading musical journals, which highly compliments the singing of Mme. Colson, on the Garibaldi night, but who, in consequence of indisposition, did not sing at all! It is a disgrace to journalism, and an insult to the public, that such gross injustice should be permitted.

Did space allow I could say much in praise of Mme. Cortesi's *Lucretia*; and also of the admirable singing and acting of Musiani and Susini. With two such tenors as Musiani and Ernani, Brignoli will either have to change his terms or his manners. No artist for years, in New York, has feared competition less, or needed it more. He has had his own way in everything; and has become, as the French say, *un enfant gâté*. Ernani, who is engaged at the Academy for the next season, will be likely to "take the conceit out of him." On being invited to sing for the Garibaldi benefit, "the handsome tenor" refused, on the ground that he "could not compromise his family in Naples."

**OHIO STATE MUSICAL CONVENTION.**—A State Musical Convention will be held at Ashland, on the 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th of August, under the direction of Prof. B. F. Baker of Boston, Dr. Clara W. Beames, of New York, and W. H. Ingersoll of Ohio. The Convention follows immediately on the close of the summer session of the Ohio Normal Academy of Music at Ashland. Every singer in the State is invited, and it is to be hoped that a vast attendance will be secured.

The Normal Academy of Music, Genesee, N. Y., has entered upon its second annual term with the most flattering prospects.

**Principals.**—T. E. Perkins, Professor of Elemental and Vocal Training. S. J. Cook, Professor of Harmony, Psalmody, and Violinist. J. M. North, Assistant Tutor.

**Private Teachers.**—C. Bassini, Professor of Composition and Vocal Training. S. N. Pychowski,

Professor of Composition, Piano Forte and Organ. T. F. Seward, Professor of Organ and Melodeon.

Suitable buildings for its accommodation will probably be erected ere its third annual term shall commence—in the summer of 1861—so that all the necessary facilities for a thorough and finished musical education will be here enjoyed. The present statistics are as follows:

Prof. Perkins' and Cook's regular class pupils, fifty-five.

Prof. Bassini's private class pupils, forty five.

Prof. Pychowski's private class pupils, thirty.

Evidently Mendelssohn's music does not please every body, as will more fully appear by this notice from a Worcester paper.

"The singing was distinguished for precision and accuracy, and the pieces sung were of the best of the part-songs of Mendelssohn, which are unsurpassed in their way. This author is certainly original, though rather in the manner than in the matter. He seems studied and bears the marks of erasure and interlineation. Mozart, on the other hand, of whose genius there was presented one specimen, is spontaneous, new and perfect in the first conception. His elaboration is merely in details which are necessarily just what they are, and never could have been written otherwise or thought otherwise. The introduction of this divine master must have struck any musical sensibility as a recurrence to first principles after the somewhat labored strangeness of the others. Mozart's music sings and plays itself. It is of little consequence how it is rendered.

The voices were good, some of them excellent, but the manner of singing smacked too much of the baton. The time was too good, and the accent too monotonous. With many points of excellence there was something to criticize."

A friend of ours told us that once, when he was visiting Liszt, a fine gentleman from Boston was announced, and during the conversation the latter spoke with great contempt of Wagner (the new light) and his music. Liszt did not say anything, but went to the open piano and struck with grandeur the opening chords of the *Tannhäuser* overture; having played it through, he turned and quietly remarked, "The man who doesn't call that good music is a fool." It is the only reply which can be made to those who do not find that quintessence of things which we call Poetry in many passages of this work."—*Conway's Dial*.

The opera of "Les Rosieres," which the Théâtre Lyrique, in Paris, is going to mount, is unknown to our generation. It was first performed in 1817, and was the first opera by Herold, which had a great success. Its last performance took place in 1826.

## Musical Intelligence.

### The Sængerfest at Buffalo.

The great meeting of the various German singing clubs of the country took place at Buffalo during the last week. We glean from the papers of that city some accounts of the proceedings of the several days.

Yesterday morning opened the festival week of the North American Sængerbund. As our readers may be aware, this is an association of the German musical societies in the cities of the Northern States. Its principal object consists in the arrangement for a yearly convocation of the members of these societies and any song-union which chooses to attend the annual *Fest* may become a member of the *Bund* or confederacy. At present, we believe, twenty-five societies are thus allied. The Sængerfests, of which there have been eleven, the present being the twelfth, are designed, at once to heighten the standard of musical excellence, and to promote general good feeling and brotherhood, among the song-loving sons and daughters of "Vaterland."

St. James Hall is the headquarters of the Sængerbund and is decorated in a manner worthy of the occasion. Beautiful festoons of evergreens hang from

the roof and around the gallery appear the names of the twenty-four Societies of the Sængerbund. These are as follows:

Orpheus—Boston.  
Concordia—Preston, C. W.  
Wyandot Sængerbund—Upper Sandusky, O.  
Teutonia—New York.  
Mænnerchor—Columbus, O.  
Arion—New York.  
Teutonia—Alleghany City.  
Mænnerchor—West Cleveland.  
Harmonia—Detroit.  
Liedertafel—Buffalo.  
Sængerbund—Toledo.  
Mænnerchor—Rochester.  
Germania—Dunkirk.  
Frohinn—Pittsburg.  
Sængerbund—Buffalo.  
Eintracht—Newark.  
Liedertafel—Akron.  
Bruderbund—Tiffin, O.  
Liederkrans—New York.  
Mozart Quartette Verein—Sandusky.  
Mænnerchor—Philadelphia.  
Harmonia—Erie.  
Liederkrans—Syracuse.  
Gesangverein—Cleveland.

**THE RECEPTION CONCERT.**—This was the main feature of the day's festivities. The custom on these occasions is for the resident musicians to entertain their visitors by giving a Reception Concert, to open the ceremonies. In accordance with this musically hospitable idea, the United Societies of Buffalo gave at St. James's Hall, the first act of Von Weber's "Euryanthe," and Becker's "Gipsies." The Hall was crowded at an early hour, mostly with the visiting societies, among whom were many ladies whose gay dresses added largely to the beauty of the richly decorated hall. When the curtain rose, a charming scene was exhibited. Forty ladies, all in white, occupied the front of the stage, while behind them, rising in tiers, were some 75 gentlemen. The orchestra numbered 35 instruments, making a total of about 150 performers.

The overture to "Euryanthe" was charmingly given, the orchestra being remarkably well-balanced. The music of this opera, new to us, is of the Italian school, though of German authorship, and remarkably rich in pleasing melodies. But nothing ever given in Buffalo equalled the choruses. Some of these were remarkable in themselves as melodies, and they were rendered with a time like a drum beat, no drag, no hurrying, the orchestra and voices harmonizing to perfection, and all blending into one grand whole which realized our highest conception of what a chorus should be.

We have omitted to mention the fact that on the rising of the curtain, Prof. CARL ADAM made a Reception Speech. It was in German, and all we can say for it is that it was gracefully delivered, and from its frequent cheering we may conclude that its sentiments met the approval of the guests of Buffalo.

The first Concert was given in the Exchange Street Depot of the N. Y. Central Railroad, which was gratuitously furnished by the Company at a very considerable sacrifice of convenience. The building is 90 feet in width and 580 in length, and very lofty. Its numerous, yet easily guarded entrances, its coolness and comfort, the fact that the floor was on the level of the ground, and was therefore safe, made it perhaps the best room for such a purpose in the United States.

At the west end of the Depot were seats for the singers, consisting of fourteen ascending tiers, on which were placed more than 600 singers and an orchestra of 65 performers. In the centre of the platform was a dais, occupied by the Director, Prof. CARL ADAM, to whom was confided the mammoth task of governing and controlling the ocean of music which rolled in harmonies down the vast length of the building.

The following was the programme:

#### PART I.

- Overture to *Tannhäuser*.....Wagner.
1. Hymn, Chorus with Quartette.....Neithardt.  
The Quartette by the Mænnerchor, N. Y.
2. The Eighth Psalm, Chorus with Quartette.....Schnabel.  
The Quartette by the Gesangverein of Cleveland.
3. Goethe's last words, "Light, more light," Chorus with Quartette.....List.  
The Quartette by the Arion of New York.
4. Pilgrim's Chorus from *Tannhäuser*, Chorus with Quartette.....Wagner.

#### PART II.

- Overture to *Fidello*.
5. God, Fatherland, Love. Hymn. Chorus with Quartette.....Tschirch.  
The Quartette by the Teutonia Mænnerchor, N. Y.
6. Ode to the morning, Chorus with Quartette.....Kietz.  
The Quartette by the Orpheus of Boston.
7. Hunter's Song, Chorus.....Schumann.
8. The Midnight Revue of Napoleon Bonaparte, Chorus.....Till.

It was supposed that some 8 or 10,000 persons were present. From the dais the scene was magnificent. The distance from the rear was so great that

the crowd became an indistinguishable mass. Constant good order prevailed. Among the audience were thousands of ladies, and the only breach in the harmony of the night was a rush through the canvas which closed the east end, which was soon quelled by the active interference of the police under the personal supervision of Mayor ALBERGER, who was very efficient in preserving quiet.

In such a concert, multitude is the great feature. It drowned out every thing else, and noble as was the music, the sight of that grand gathering of humanity was the wonder of the night. We found that two-thirds down the room even the quartets were perfectly heard. At the rear, more more than 500 feet from the singers, these were mostly lost, though the choruses were full and effective even there. \* \* \*

It is something to have seen and heard all this, a good deal more to have done it. All Buffalo is proud of this splendid achievement of our Teutonic cousins, and honors the labor which has been expended upon it. Prof CARL ADAM, who has had the Musical Directorship throughout, has discharged his onerous duties with an intelligent skill which satisfies all interested. His labors have been very severe, but their triumphant termination must repay him for all. On the part of the Local Committee, everything has been done with a system and capacity for generalship worthy of high praise. It was a great task to prepare the concert and to carry it safely through without accident.

**THE PRIZE CONCERT.**—The Prize Concert was, to the artistic ear, the finest of all the musical entertainments of the week. The competition was for the splendid silver goblet, manufactured by JUNGLING, and recently exhibited at the store of BLODGETT & BRADFORD. Its weight is equal to one hundred dollars, and the ornamentation upon it is of the most exquisite and emblematic character. Only eleven of the Societies competed for it, those of Buffalo being excluded by locality, and many others not caring to test themselves besides such clubs as the Arion, Liederkranz or Orpheus. The audience in attendance was immense, and composed of as many of the elite of Buffalo as could find entrance, hundreds being unable to get in.

The first great excitement was produced by the New York Liederkranz, who were enthusiastically encored. The next piece, the beautiful and stirring "On the Neckar, on the Rhine," by the Teutonia, of Alleghany City, was also charmingly given and warmly encored. Then came the "Vineta," of the New York Arion—magnificently led by CARL ANSCHUTZ. We can hardly say too much of this pleasing yet difficult melody, or of the perfect blending of its harmony. There seemed to be but one soul and one thought in the Arions. The encore which followed was tremendous. They responded only to be called out again, but the second encore was declined.

Closely upon the heels of the Arions came the Orpheus, of Boston. Mr. KREISSMANN, their leader, has one of the purest and richest tenors to which we ever listened. In arranging his club he exhibited some management, packing them in close order, instead of strutting them in line across the stage. He thus secured a more perfect time and more careful harmony. The "Night-song" is a musical gem. The piano passages were given with wonderful delicacy and feeling, but there was a lack in the forte which perhaps lost them the prize. Among the American portion of the audience the Orpheus was perhaps the favorite, though it was conceded to be a close thing with the Arion. The Liederkranz, which received three votes from the committee, was better appreciated by the Germans than the Americans.

The Committee of Judges appointed to award the prize was composed of the following gentlemen: Messrs. SCHUBERT, of New York; MARX, of Detroit; ADAM, FEDERLANDER, BROWN and BLODGETT of Buffalo. The judges were required to decide individually, without consulting each other's opinions, and each present the name of the Society in whose favor he pronounced, written upon a slip of paper, immediately upon the termination of the concert. This was done, and the opinions were announced as follows:

In favor of the Arion Society, New York. .... 4  
" " Liederkranz Society, New York. .... 3

The announcement was received with applause and general satisfaction. We are inclined to fully endorse the decision, with a mental vote of thanks to the Orpheus. The strong vote for the Liederkranz is complimentary enough for them. But we should not omit to mention the Gesangverein of Cleveland, which under unfavorable circumstances, made an excellent impression on the audience.

A banquet, ball and pic-nic were among the pleasant features of this monster meeting. The pic-nic seems to have been unique in its character.

The Buffalo Courier says:

Not till then did our German friends begin to show us the gigantic scale upon which they do their merry-making on great occasions. The word "picnic" which with us suggests a quiet little gathering in the woods or fields, in which a few swings furnish the amusement, and a couple of hundred children, at most, the noise, gives no idea of the "doings" at Moffatt's Grove. To us it has nothing short of a national importance. We are not aware that ever before in this country has any nationality asserted itself in so strongly marked a manner as did the German in yesterday's pic-nic. It seemed really after a century in which the restraint of new world manners had been endured. In the exuberant joy of such a meeting, everything of the new world was forgotten, and everything of the old was revived under the maples of Moffatt's Grove, as completely as if the spot had been four thousand miles east of here, somewhere "on the Neckar or the Rhine." Germany—emigrated, modified, Americanized Germany—was its old self again and acted out all its old Teutonic pranks, just as if the Atlantic had never been crossed. We would like any one to show us in the annals of this country, another instance in which such a striking national phenomena has transpired. \* \*

We despair of giving any just idea of how things looked in the grove. Everybody to whom we spoke agreed that it was a sight to be seen once in a lifetime, and never to be described. The Bluffs, the beautiful little valley, the glades and meadows comprised in the grove, were strewn thick with the multitude. They gathered in groups, each group large enough to fill a large hall, at points where the various societies had made head-quarters, and around, the different dispensaries of lager beer and other good things. Everybody ate and drank and talked all at once, all the while. One or more of the splendid bands made the woods ring again, now on this side, now on that. A gun squad, with the "Lady Washington," added to the din, and at intervals the irrepressible song, with its strong, manly chorus, burst forth from throats that gurgled with that everlasting lager. Flags floated among the trees and in the air; crinolines on the swing, ditto ditto; a myriad of glasses clinked; uncounted pretzels and sandwiches and sausages disappeared; kegs of beer rolled in and beer kegs rolled out, toasts were given and responded to, and thus the Picnic began.

At the height of the festivities there was more demolition of lager, pretzels and rheinwein; more running to and fro in the wildest state of jubilant enthusiasm; more music by the hands; more singing and cheering; more firing; more clinking of glasses; more filling and emptying of lager drinking horns; in short, a grand, sweeping, universal, deluge of good feeling and animal spirits. The New Yorkers, who, according to an aged picnician, whom we overheard "sind der teufel," were foremost in inventing expression for the merriment. They dressed themselves up as mummers, in the most absurd costumes. They had a Japanese troupe with "little Tommy," a prominent character, and in the oddest of processions they marched through the grove to the extraordinary music of cornstalk flutes, making halts everywhere, and performing sundry side-splitting antics, to the infinite delight of the crowd. Others of the societies joined in the mummery; had mock music rehearsals, and wended in absurd state, amid the screaming multitude. For all the world the scene would remind one of Assumption Day in Paris or the Carnival at Rome. "Did you ever see anything like this?" inquired we of a venerable Teuton. "Ach, ja, in Deutschland!" quoth he. Certes, never in America was the match of the Sengerfest Picnic enacted.

And thus, till nearly sundown, the jubilation lasted; all the while, it must be said, without the first manifestation of anything but the broadest, kindest good feeling on the part of the Germans. The only attempt at a quarrel or threatening of a fight which we saw, originated among individuals speaking another tongue than the guttural Teutonic. Gradually, as we said before, the stream of vehicles turned city-wards, and the army of revellers, exhausted, but cheery and good-natured, went home. Surely the Picnic will forever live in their memories, as of all their lives,—

"The maddest, merriest day."  
In the evening there was a grand ball at St. James Hall.

Yesterday the crowd went down to Niagara Falls, on an excursion.

Last evening a large number of the singers, including members of the Rochester, Syracuse and New York Societies, came down from the Falls on the 8.30 train. Some of the strangers stopped over, while others went on. More were expected down on the 12.50 train. The great Sengerfest of 1860 is ended.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Slightly glide the gentle Zephyrs. Song. A. Bell. 25

A very pleasing little Song suitable for young amateurs.

Uncle Watty and Aunt Matty. Scotch Song. John Wilson. 25

A quaint, charming ballad which will give much pleasure to that large class of musical persons who hold the vocal gems of Caledonia in high esteem.

Great talkers do the least. N. J. Spörle. 25

Don't come teasing me, Sir. J. L. Hatton. 25

Two capital Songs. For the last one we predict a great popularity with the ladies.

O cor amoris victima. Lambillotte. 75

From this author's celebrated collection of original occasional pieces for the use of churches in Catholic churches, entitled the "Saluta." As far as it is known, this composition has been a great favorite with the singers. It should be added by every Catholic Organist or Choir-leader to his library.

I would not to earth recall thee. F. Romer. 25

A pretty, sentimental ballad, well written and effective.

### Instrumental Music.

Fountain Schottisch. J. B. Holmberg. 25

May Flower Polka. F. von Olker. 25

Snow Flake Schottisch. M. T. Summers. 25

Fair Dell Waltz. C. Meininger. 25

Apollo Polka. A. G. Pickens. 25

Marie Polka Mazurka. A. Cooke. 35

New Dance Music for the Drawing-room, of a pleasing and agreeable character.

Les Dames de Seville Waltzes. Four Hands. C. Schubert. 75

These Waltzes, long known in a solo-arrangement as one of the most taking sets, make a capital duet of very moderate difficulty.

Polonaise from Op. 42. Four hands. Beethoven. 40

A good teaching piece, as which it is known to most teachers. It is very pretty and taking, and not difficult.

Thrush Polka. H. Eikmeier. 25

Chiquito Polka. A. F. Little. 25

Pretty dance music, not difficult.

### Books.

THE MODERN SCHOOL FOR THE ORGAN. A New, Progressive and Practical Method. In Three Parts. By John Zundel. 3.00

Mr. Zundel's long experience not only as an Organist but as a successful teacher is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of this work and of its great utility. A slight examination even of its pages will convince any one of its rare adaptation to the wants of beginners, as also to advanced players. It embodies in plain language a great fund of practical information on points in organ playing of the utmost importance to all who would become thoroughly conversant with the capabilities of the instrument, but which are seldom so thoroughly treated and so masterly explained. This "Modern School" must become the Standard Method of Organ Study.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 436.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 20.

## The Diarist Abroad

UTILE ET DULCE.

On Monday—what was the date?—June 4th, I fell into a fit, and, though some weeks have passed, am hardly over it yet, to relieve your anxiety, a fit of enthusiasm. The great grandfather of Joseph Miller of facetious memory, once made a joke upon fit—*nihil fit*. I spare the infliction, for antiquated puns are nothing fit for a serious communication. As to the fit of enthusiasm, the way of it was this.

On that day I journeyed some hundred and forty English miles by railroad to Gratz, the capital of Steyermark or Styria. I had business, but such as cannot travel for pleasure, must get pleasure when they travel—must get the *dulce* when in pursuit of the *utile*. A good principle is this and one to be acted upon; so as I was to go to Gratz, I awaited a bright, beautiful morning, which promised a glorious day. The morning proved to be a thoroughly German one in this—it made its promise only to break it. You know the point of honor with us is truth—in Germany *'cuteness'*. A German coolly tells you to your face, "that is not true—you are lying," and only smiles if you tell him so. But call him a "stupid boy!" (*Dumme Junge!*) and blood only can wipe out the insult—as if God had not made each man brilliant or stupid, while it depends upon each man himself to be above the cowardice of lying! I., now professor in an American college, can tell you how when ten years ago, my face flushed up and my eyes sparkled with anger at being coolly told by the student Hendschel that I was lying—the latter turned to him all surprised with the enquiry, what T. was so excited about! So the morning promised everything fair, and two officials of the railroad of whom I enquired, assured me that the car in which I had taken my seat went through to Gratz.

We ran along the beautiful plain, with the fine range of hills—outposts of the Styrian Alps on the right—past Mödling, and Baden, and Wiener Neustadt and many another pleasant village and small city, until the hills and mountains began to appear upon the other side, and finally close in upon us. And so we came to Glocknitz, where the word of the officials and the promise of the morning proved equally truthful, for the car went no farther, and I must leave my seat and find another as I could, in the midst of a dense rain; so I was forced into a crowded car, where pipes and cigars vied with the locomotive in defiling the sweet air. Hence, during our progress as far as the next station, I must confess that I did not feel at peace with all mankind. What use had my early appearance at the station been to me, in getting a seat by the window, on the left side of the car, that I might really see, what I went out for to see? But here, in the deep and ever narrowing valley, I began to forget my little annoyances, for from this point, Puthenbach or some such name, the pass of the Semmering may

be said to begin. During the halt of the train I looked at the mountain across the valley, and wondered, whether that way, which passed along and up its side, with here and there a small house, and with the American telegraph accompanying it—whether that, rising upward at such an angle, and leading in nearly the opposite direction to that in which we had been moving—could by any possibility be a railroad whereon our train was to run! I could hardly believe it. Nothing hitherto in my experience warranted the supposition. We move onward again with slow but steady pace. The valley becomes narrower. We turn to the left, pass a lofty bridge, and our Behemoth moves up the ascent. In fifteen minutes I am looking down across the opening in the mountains upon Puthenbach far below. On and on, up and up, Behemoth gathering strength and laughing at his labor. On and on, up and up, Behemoth rushing over bridges and viaducts, and through tunnels, playing bo-peep with the mountain-peaks, which now hood themselves in mantles of mist and rain, and now rise in bald, bare, rugged pinnacles of rock, with here and there patches of evergreen, like the scattered locks on the head of old Time. Quick! during the moment, while we are passing the head of this mountain gorge, look away down a thousand feet below, upon that sweet little scene, now for the moment enlivened by a ray of the sun; upon the two rows of white cottages; the fields and gardens of deepest green; the road, dressed with limestone, and bordered with poplars, like a broad silver ribbon, edged with emeralds; the people reduced to pigmies. Behemoth sees them also, and, startling them with a shriek, plunges out of sight into a tunnel, whence he emerges with a "chah! ha! ha! ha!"—as the manner of the behemoths is.

No; I have not only never seen anything like this in railroad traveling, but nothing which gave me in my wildest dreams the conception of such a specimen of engineering.

And so we come to the station Semmering, where Behemoth stops to rest after his ascent of some two thousand feet from the plains below.

Again we wind along, pass through a tunnel, five minutes in the darkness, and then descend into the valley of the Murr, which opens into that of the Murr, the road running along the banks of those streams, giving us all the way scenery which, says red-bound John Murray "is most varied and charming, very picturesque and in places varied by old castles, churches and villages." Inclusive of the delays at the stations, a good half hour at the dining place, it is a ride of about nine hours—nine hours as full of enjoyment (had one only a companion of the right sort) as travelling can easily give. Here comes in a laugh, if you are disposed; for a very large, perhaps the greatest proportion of our countrymen, who leave Vienna for Italy via Trieste, leave in the evening train, crossing the pass of the Semmering in the darkness!

When the train at length emerged from the

mountains, and leaped out upon the plain, Gratz, bathed in sunlight, for we had left the rain-clouds behind, lay smiling and beautiful before us. But where to select our lodging? I was advised to go to the "Kaiserkrone," unless inclined to choose one of the more fashionable hotels, and thither upon leaving the omnibus at the market, I bent my steps. The impression made upon me by the inn, in a narrow street, and with the great passage and court lumbered with vehicles, was not the best; but the good, well-furnished room to which I was taken improved matters, and on going down into the neat, clean, fresh dining-room, there was a sight, which at once removed all doubt.

You must know that just at this time some sort of a religious merry making was coming off in Gratz, and among my fellow passengers, were divers parish priests, steady old goers, with broad hats and shiny boots drawn over their trowsers. Five of these venerable fathers sat at a long table in the corner drinking beer, taking snuff, calling each other "Du," chatting, laughing, and having a jolly time generally. This sight I held to be positive *prima facie* evidence of six several facts, to wit; viz:

First, the house was a respectable one.

Item 2, That it sold good beer.

" 3, That it sold good wine

" 4, That the food and cookery would prove good.

" 5, That the beds would be good, and

" 6, That the bills would be moderate.

Whereupon a feeling of great satisfaction arose in the breast of the mild individual, who had thus ratiocinated—which is a more high sounding word than reasoned—and therefore (?) to be used by all newspaper correspondents.

From the banks of the river Murr, two or three miles from the last of the mountain ranges, rises abruptly a huge mass of rock, more than seventy fathoms high say the books, and, judging from the time occupied in walking around it, extending perhaps an eighth of a mile along the water. At its foot and around it lies Gratz, with its five thousand to six thousand inhabitants.

After supper I ascended it. Time was when it was a strong fortification. It is now a pleasure ground of the Gratzers. Beautiful shady walks lead up its various sides, and a place for refreshment is to be found on its broad top. What enjoyment in the mere luxury of looking! The city below, with quaint old church towers, completely surrounding this, the Schlossberg; the beautiful plain and exquisitely swelling slopes of the hills, dotted all over with villas, cottages, farm houses and villages, as in an American view; the river winding down from the mountains and passing with a rushing sound through the city, and under the four bridges, two of them, like malefactors in old times, hung in chains; in the distance, range after range of hills, one behind another, until the view ends with the snowy peaks of the Styrian Alps. Those with whom I had previously conversed had given me no con-

ception of the beauty of the situation of Gratz, and the delight it afforded was all the greater in that it was not anticipated. No wonder that so large a number of pensioned generals and others, grown old in the military and civil services, should come here to spend their last years and their pensions!

I can but allude to the kindness with which I was received and treated during my few days stay, by the gentleman to whom I applied for aid in my researches; especially by that noble hearted man, whose right arm, thirty-three years ago, sustained the head of the dying Beethoven. What beautiful walks we took in the suburbs: what touching and pleasant reminiscences were related; and what quiet hours were those, when the whole family, even to the dear little grandchildren, sat in a humble "guesthouse" garden, enjoying nice coffee, fresh milk, and the light, pure, cool wines of the country. And the stranger was received as an old friend, and almost made to pledge his word again to visit them. Alas, and alack-a-day! will it ever be possible? Can the *utile* of another journey thither pay the expenses of the *dulce*?

### Richard Wagner.

(Translated from the French of Louis Lacombe by ANNA M. H. BREWSTER.)

Men of superior talent awaken lively sympathies and arouse profound antipathies. They are praised, hissed, applauded and hooted at. Enthusiasm and detraction walk beside them, fondling and whipping them by turns. While hope is showing them a future, and they are earnestly asking to give a living form to some new conception, quick-footed hatred entangles them, and they hear behind them the biting and harsh laugh of bitter sarcasm. Those of whom we speak however, do not allow themselves to be hindered by this vain noise. Conscience says—Go forth, and they go, without disturbing themselves about praise or blame, knowing very well, that death alone can consecrate them kings.

In the midst of their struggles and sufferings, they feel within them a strange strength, a firm faith. They listen attentively to a secret voice which says to them, "All rules have not been made known; all thoughts have not been spoken. Write, paint, sing; strike out light from your own forehead, flame from your own heart; posterity shall gather that light and that flame, and while doing you justice will bless you."

The true poet obeys this divine voice joyfully, and is happy in yielding himself to the chaste caprice of the muse when she comes smiling with love to kiss his brow. But why must he quit heaven for earth; give up his dream to reality; confide to the crowd his most hidden thoughts, his dearest feelings? Why must he see others crush the beautiful lily that he looked upon as immortal and immaculate?

Why? Because, it is from the bosom of the worker, from the heart of the "laborer of thought," to use a beautiful expression of Victor Hugo, that the spring from which numerous generations shall drink, ought to flow, and no one has a right to let this spring dry up, or make use of it only for selfish satisfaction or purely personal profit.

Each being, each thing does a useful work in its own place. The flower gives its juice or fragrance, the sun its rays; the earth its shades; the

sea lends its waves to different races, who visit each other to-day and to-morrow fraternize. The night sparkles with stars—those old guides of the traveller, placed in space by the hand of God. Humanity in fine mounts up to the Supreme Being, and the laborious hand of the thinker writes the history of the soul.

Man has a sacred duty to perform; and this consists in drawing from his intellectual or moral being, all that it can produce for the benefit of the present and the future. This difficult task may appear pleasant to some; and so it would be if the sculptor, the painter, the poet, and the musician above all, had only the ordinarily correct instincts of the people to deal with. But in civilized countries we find a battalion of critics, between the creator of a work and the public, who are not always disposed to receive innovators favorably.

Although like Voltaire they ask for the new, *n'en fit il plus au monde*, great care must be taken in presenting the new to them. Real individualities startle them, and the first impulse is to repulse them. We are from wishing to speak ill of our brethren of the press. Many among them have judgment, knowledge, sprightliness, grace, cleverness, wit, tact and loyalty. But how does it happen that once in a while they mingle with these noble and gracious qualities, partizanship, personal interest and malevolence? Do not prejudices, systems, comradeship, blind proselytism, and thoughtless enthusiasm by some chance play an important part in the contradictory judgments which come to us daily from the four cardinal points of journalism?

Regarding the works of others through our own *lorgnette*, without reflecting that passions and habit often take upon themselves the ordering of the glasses, each one of us is disposed to make of his own theories, or his own sensations an infallible and absolute law, by which the beautiful is to be judged. From this cause come those unheard of decisions, pitiless attacks against genius, incredible flatteries addressed to nonentities, whom their bad taste or partizanship would wish to elevate to the grandeur of colossals of art, and of whom time, which puts every thing in its proper place, makes ruins, or more properly speaking, rubbish—for ruins often possess majesty.

Notwithstanding this injustice, and these errors towards the living, whom he is called to judge, the critic exercises a considerable influence over the crowd, and it is not a rare thing to see really honest persons denying their impressions of the preceding evening, after having read their next morning's *feuilleton*. If the *feuilletonist* is one of reputation and authority, if he has really talent and cleverness he will certainly gain his cause, or that which he pleads, without the reader even perceiving that a change had been wrought in his opinions.

The public can only be guided by its instincts in its appreciation of Art, as all Art questions exact a special knowledge to be comprehended. Prove by A + B that the pleasure or weariness felt at seeing a certain play, looking at any one particular picture, or hearing an opera is all wrong and in bad taste, and we would wager much that the proof would be accepted immediately. The press has then in its hands a strength which it can for a little while at least make fatal to writers, artists and the public, by depreciating the beautiful and applauding the bad.

The instant a great genius appears for example, all the theories of the past are aimed against it, to prove that it ought to have presented itself in a well known way, that is to say that it should have renounced precisely that which constitutes its individuality. This individuality once established, they are eager to discuss it or to deny entirely its worth. To prove this we need not go back to Corneille, to whom were preferred, we know not how many tragic winters, famous in that day but now forgotten; nor to Racine, who according to Madame de Sevigné was to go out of fashion with coffee; to Molière so unworthily persecuted; to poor Rousseau; to Gluck, whose inspired songs did not possess sufficient melody; nor to Spontini who owed his Parisian applause to powerful protection; for we are able to cite striking examples of the unjust war the critics of our day have made against the most distinguished men.

Augustin Thierry wrote against Rossini's "Barber of Seville," an article, which out of respect to his memory we will refrain from quoting. The chief of our present literature, was for a long while a butt for the most violent attacks, and it was by fisticuffs that Ernani was judged in the parquette of the French Comedy. Ary Scheffer, Ingres, and Eugene Delacroix had to submit to criticisms which curiously resembled resentments. During twenty years Berlioz has been unacknowledged. Now Richard Wagner is rejected. Each one his turn.

Wagner was born at Leipzig, 22d May, 1813. Like Weber, this chief of the cotemporary German school, received an excellent education. We do not know who was his teacher of composition, but we do know that he made his first appearance as composer, at the age of nineteen, in a symphony written in 1832, while he was engaged in his philosophical studies at the University. This symphony which was an imitation of the first style of Beethoven, was performed by the Philharmonic Society at Leipzig, and obtained a flattering success for a *debutant*. Nevertheless that was not the vocation of the young master. He felt it, and the following year he wrote an opera called "The Fairies." In 1835 he composed and brought out the "Novice of Palermo."

The subject of the first opera, "The Fairies," was taken from a tale of Gozzi: the second was from Shakspeare's "Measure for Measure."—Wagner displayed in these two works, of which he was the author of both poetry and music, undeniable proofs of his double gifts as poet and musician. But in Germany as elsewhere one can go right straight into the alms-house with this double talent. However it is necessary to make a living. Richard Wagner accepted the place of leader of the orchestra at Magdebourg, where he remained from 1834 to 1836, when he repaired to Königsberg, where he filled the same office. In this last city, he married the principal actress of the theatre, and then went to Riga; tired of beating time, and wishing to put into execution his vast projects, he resigned his office and came to seek his fortune at Paris. For is not Paris the beloved dream of all who have faith in themselves, and believe in a future of fame? Fortified with a letter of recommendation from Meyerbeer to Maurice Schlesinger, Richard Wagner obtained from this celebrated editor,—imagine what? The favor of arranging movements from

favorite operas for the cornet & piston! It was enough to make him lose his senses.

After having put the future prophet to such a rude use, Mr. Schlesinger, an excellent man at bottom, and who had the rare merit of coming promptly to the aid of his compatriots, open to the poet philosopher the columns of the *Gazette et Revue Musicale*, of which he was then director. Wagner profited by it. He prepared several articles, among which were particularly noticed those entitled "A Visit to Beethoven," and an "Analysis of the Operas of Weber." Consecrating his days to the critic's pen, the courageous artist devoted his nights to his "Rienzi," a lyric opera in five acts, which he completed in the midst of the terrible anguish which inevitably assails the poor men who dare to sacrifice the interests of material life to the act of bringing into being an idea.

"Rienzi" was accepted at the Dresden Royal Theatre, thanks to the warm interest of Madame Schröder-Devrient, the admirable tragic singer, of whose friendly influence Wagner was still ignorant when he set out for the capital of Saxony to direct in person the rehearsals and performance of his opera. The success was immense, brilliant, unheard of. The enthusiastic king offered to Wagner the place of first chapel master, just made vacant by the death of Morlachi, Wagner recalling probably with terror his arrangements for the *cornet à piston*, accepted the brilliant propositions which were made to him. Henceforth without anxiety for his future support, he thought only of pursuing his labors.

In 1845 he finished his *Tannhäuser*, which was immediately put into the hands of the musicians for study. Every one looked for a triumph, but the universal expectation was disappointed. *Tannhäuser* now so popular beyond the Rhine, was received with a marked coldness. An entire week passed between the first and second representations. What a torment for the author! In order to comprehend the grievous anxiety which he endured during the eight long days of this interminable week, we should read the species of manifesto which precedes the text of the "Flying Dutchman" "*Tannhäuser*" and "*Lohengrin*."

*Lohengrin* was finished in 1847, but it was not brought out until some time after, it appears, because the author was obliged to seek a refuge in Switzerland, after the events of 1849; and up to the present time he has never been present at any of the representations of this opera. Sad and curious fate! To know that his work was applauded, triumphant and not be able to hear it! It is like having beautiful children that we love, near us, and being deprived of their sweet caresses! What a cruel ordeal!

Richard Wagner not being able to return to Germany, returned to Zurich, where he lived in absolute solitude, meditating in the heart of that rich Alpine nature, working in the presence of these almost inaccessible mountains, where the eagle finds a retreat, and the poet his inspirations.

We have never read the literary and æsthetic essays, nor the history of the opera and drama which he published in 1850 and 1851. Their appearance raised up new tempests, and was the signal of a fierce battle between the reformers of art and their opponents.

He composed in 1853, the poem of the Nibe-

lungen, a trilogy preceded by a prologue. The composition of this work which is not yet completed, was interrupted by a journey to London, whither he went in 1855, to direct the concerts of the Ancient Philharmonic Society. At last in 1857, he finished the poem of "Tristan and Isolde," the score of which is not yet completed.

The doctrines of Richard Wagner are but vaguely known in France. Truly it is difficult enough to render an account of them without having read his books. But a great many persons do not think this preparation necessary, and they strike first leaving the reason to come after.

Amongst us a witty saying goes faster in a dozen hours than an idea in ten years, and we meet every where, in the drawing-room and in the streets, this amiable gay coquettish young assassin, clever, mocking, fascinating, which is called a *hit*. Always clad in the last fashion, it is received with a smile, sent off with a laugh, and it is found charmingly useful in the highest degree, in flooring a new comer if not killing him.

The phrase or hit, consecrated to Mr. Wagner "Music of the Future," crossed the Rhine sometime ago. It has become the order of the day, enjoys a considerable credit, and all nervous composers large and small propagate it to the best of their ability, repeating it in the loudest and most intelligible voice, something like the Marquis in Molière's "Critique de l'École des Femmes," repeats his famous *Tarte à la crème*.

"Dorante.—'Well! what do you wish to say? Cream tart!'

"Marquis.—'Zounds! Cream tart! my lord.'

"Dorante.—'But what else?'

"Marquis.—'Cream tart!'

"Dorante.—'Tell us some of your reasons.'

"Marquis.—'Cream tart!'

"Uranie.—'But the thought ought to be explained it seems to me.'

"Marquis.—'Cream tart, madam.'

"Uranie.—'What do you fault with in it?'

"Marquis.—'I? Nothing. Cream tart.'"

In fact "Cream tart" is powerful, and the phrase "Music of the Future" has also merit; the one who made this "hit" should have supped with a good appetite on the day that the thought came to him. "Music of the Future" replies to every thing, like Harpagon's "*sans dot*."

We shall not explain in detail the origin of this phrase. We shall only say that it signified in the eyes of the inventor "*incompréhensible music*," but to the partisans of Wagner, who accepted it in ridicule of their adversaries, it reads "Music of which you are not a competent judge."

(To be continued.)

(From the Atlantic Monthly.)

### The Representative Art.

(Continued.)

The stage, indeed, in its various forms, seems more fully to manifest and illustrate the artistic influence among Americans than any other art. It often addresses those whom more refined solicitations might never reach. Those who would turn from Church's or Page's pictures with indifference are frequently attracted by the representations in a theatre. The pictures there are more alive, more real, more intense, and fascinate many unable to appreciate the recondite charms of the canvas. The grace of attitude, the splendid expression, the intellectual art of Ristori or Rachel may impress those who fail to discover the same merits in colder stone, in Crawford's marble or the statues of Palmer; and they may sometimes learn to relish even the delicate beauties of Shakespeare's text, from hearing it fitly declaimed, who would never spell out its meaning by themselves.

The drama is certainly superior to other arts while its reign lasts, because of its verities, its actuality. He must be dull of imagination, indeed, who cannot give himself up for a while to its illusions; he must be stupid who cannot open his senses to its delights or waken his intellect to receive its influences.

Neither can a taste for the stage be declared one which only the ignorant or vulgar share. Though away in the wilds of California a theatre was often erected next after a hotel, the second building in a town, and the strolling player would summon the miners by his trumpet when not one was in sight, and instantly a swarm peeped forth from the earth, like the armed men who sprang from the furrows that Cadmus ploughed,—though the wildest and rudest of Western cities and the wildest and rudest inhabitants of Western towns are quick to acknowledge the charms of the stage,—yet also the most highly cultured and the most intellectual Americans pay the same tribute to this art. We have all seen, within a few years, one of the most profound scholars and most prominent divines in the country proclaiming his approbation of the drama. We may find, to-day in any Eastern city, members of the liberal clergy at an opera, and sometimes at a play. The scholars and writers and artists and thinkers, as well as the people of leisure and of fashion, frequent places of amusement, not only for amusement, but to cultivate their tastes, to exercise their intellects, ay, and oftentimes to refine their hearts. The splendid homage paid in England not long ago to the drama, when the highest nobility and the first statesmen in the land were present at a banquet in honor of Charles Keen, is evidence enough that no puerile or uncultivated taste is this which relishes the theatre. Goethe presiding over the playhouse at Weimar, Euripides and Sophocles writing tragedies, the greatest genius of the English language acting in his own productions at the Globe Theatre, people like Siddons and Keen and Cushman and Macready illustrating this art with the resources of their fine intellects and great attainments,—surely these need scarcely be mentioned, to relieve the drama from the reproach that some would put upon it, of puerility.

New York is, perhaps, more of a representative city than any other in the land. It is an aggregation from all the other portions of the country; it is the result, the precipitate, of the whole. It has no distinctive, individual character of its own; it is a condensation of all the rest, a focus. Thither all the country goes at times. Restless, fitful, changing, yet still the same in its change; like the waves of the sea, that toss and roll and move away, and still the mighty mass is ever there. New York, in its various phases and developments, its crowded and cosmopolitan population, its out-door kaleidoscopic splendor, is indeed a representative of the entire country. It has not the purely literary life of Boston, nor so distinctly an intellectual character; it is not so stamped by the impress of older times as Philadelphia; but it has an outside garb significant of the inward nature. It is like the face of a great actor, splendid in expression, full of character, changing with a thousand changing emotions, but betraying a great soul beneath them all. New York is artistic just as America is artistic, just as the age is artistic: not, perhaps, in the loftiest or most refined sense, but in the sense that art is an expression, in tangible form, of ideas. New York is a great thought uttered. It is like those fruits or seeds which germinate by turning themselves inside out; the soul is on the outside, crusted all over it, but none the less soul for all that.

And New York illustrates this idea of the drama being the representative art of to-day. The theatre there, including the opera, is a great established fact,—as important nearly as it was in the palmiest days of the Athenian republic, or on the road to be of as much consequence as it is in Paris, the representative city of the world. Fifty thousand people nightly crowd twenty different theatres in New York. From the splendid halls where Grisi and Gazzaniga and La Borde and La Grange have by turns translated into sound the ideas of Meyerbeer and Bellini and Donizetti and Mozart to the little rooms where six-penny tickets procure lager-beer as well as music for the purchaser, the drama is worshipped. And this not only by New Yorkers: not only do those who lead the busy, excited life of the metropolis acquire a taste, as some might say, for a factitious excitement, but all strangers hasten to the theatres. The sober farmer, the citizens from plodding interior towns, the gay Southerners, accustomed almost exclusively to social amusements, the denizens of rival Bostons and Philadelphias, all frequent the opera and playhouses of New York. When the richer portion of its inhabitants have left the hot and sultry town, or, in mid-winter, are immersed in the more exclusive pleasures of fashionable life, even then the theatres are thronged; and in September or October you shall find all parts

of the country represented in their boxes and parquets—proving that this is not an exclusively metropolitan taste, that it is shared by the whole nation, that in this also New York is truly representative.

Boston typifies a peculiar phase of American life; it is the illustration, the exponent, of the cultivated side of our nationality; its thought, its action, its character are taken abroad as symbols of the national thought and action and character, in whatever relates to literature or art. The Professor said truly, Boston does really in some sort stand for the brain of America. Well the brain of America appreciates the stage. It is but a few months since the culture and distinction of Boston nightly crowded a small and inferior theatre, to witness the personations of the young genius who is destined at no distant day to rival the proudest names of the drama. The most brilliant successes Edwin Booth has yet achieved have been achieved in Boston; scholars and wits and poets and professors crowd the boxes when he plays; women of talent write poems in his praise and publish them in the "Atlantic Monthly"; professors of Harvard College send him congratulatory letters; artists paint and carve his intellectual beauty; and fashion follows in the wake of intellect, alike acknowledging his merits. Boston recognized those merits, too, when they were first presented to its appreciation; and now that they verge nearer upon maturity, her appreciation is quickened and her applause redoubled. It cannot be said that the taste or culture of the nation is indifferent to histrionic excellence, when absolute excellence is found.

No other art is yet on such a footing among us. Neither is this because of our partially developed civilization. It is equally so abroad; where the nations are oldest and best established in culture, there, too, a similar state of things exists. No school in painting, no style of sculpture, no kind of architecture has made such an impression on the age as its music, as its dramatic music, its opera. This speaks to all nations, in all languages. No writer, though he write like Tennyson, or Longfellow, or Lamartine, or Duvivier, can hope for such an audience as Verdi or Meyerbeer. No orator speaks to such crowds as Rossini; no Everett or Kossuth, or Gavazzi or Spurgeon, has so many listeners as Donizetti. For the stage is the art of to-day,—perhaps more especially, but still not exclusively, the operatic stage; the theatre in its various forms represents the feeling of the time so as Grecian and Gothic architecture and Italian painting have in their time done for their time,—so as no pictures, no architecture, no statuary can now do. Painting and statuary, when they do anything towards representing this age, incarnate the dramatic spirit; the literature that has most influence to-day is journalism,—the effective, present, actual, short-lived, dramatic newspaper, where all the actors speak for themselves: other literature has its listeners but it lags behind; other art has its appreciators, but it cannot keep pace with the march of armies, with the rush to California, with the swarm to Australia; there is no art on these outskirts but the dramatic. That travels with the advancing mass in every exodus; that went with Dr. Kane to the North Pole (he had private theatricals aboard the Resolute); that alone gave utterance immediately to the latest cry of humanity in the Italian War.

Neither can it be said that the theatre has no more consequence now than it has always enjoyed. At the time when Gothic architects and Italian painters expressed the meaning of their own ages, there was nothing like a real drama in existence, and the Roman theatre was never comparable with ours. The Greeks, indeed, had a stage which was an important element of their civilization, and which took the character of their time, giving and receiving influence; but their stage was essentially different from that of the moderns. Its success does not depend upon the individual performer; its pageantry was perhaps as splendid as what we now see; but the play of the countenance, that great intellectual opportunity offered an actor by our drama, was not known. In this see also a characteristic of the present age. Individuality is a distinctive peculiarity of the nineteenth century; it has been for centuries gradually becoming more possible; but every man now works his own way, acts himself more completely than ever before. Therefore appropriate is it that the drama should give importance to the individual, and allow a great actor to incarnate and illustrate in his own form and face feelings and passions that formerly were only hinted at; for remember that the Greek players usually wore masks, while there amphitheatres were so large that in any event the expression of the features was lost.

With this individuality, this opportunity for each to develop his own identity and intensity, the nineteenth century strangely combines another peculiarity, that of association. All these units, these atoms, so mar-

vellously distinct, are incorporated into one grand whole; though each be more, by and of himself, than ever before, yet the great power, the great motor, is the mass. The mass is made powerful by the aided importance given to each individual. And you may trace without conceit a state of things behind the scenes very similar to this in front of the footlights. In the theatre, also, the many works contribute to a grand result. The manager would be as powerless in his little empire, without important assistants, as a monarch without ministers and people. What makes the French army and the American so irresistible is the thought that each private is more than a machine, is an intellectual being, understands what his general wants, fights with his bayonet at Solferino or his musket at Monterey on his own account, yet subject to the same control. And the theatre, with all its actors and scene-painters and costumers and carpenters and musicians, is only an army on a different scale. The forces of the stage answer to the generals and colonels, the marshals and privates, all marching and working and fighting for the same end. Those splendid dramatic triumphs of Charles Kean were only illustrations of the readiness of the stage to adapt itself to the times, to seize hold of whatever is suggested by the outside world, to appropriate the discoveries of Lavoisier and the revelations of Science to its own uses,—illustrations, too, of the importance of the individual Kean, as well as of the crowd of clever subordinates.

That the theatre feels this reflex influence, that it appreciates all that is going on around it, that it is not asleep, that it is penetrated with the spirit of the century, whether that spirit be good or evil, the selection of plays now popular is another proof. In France, where the success of the histrionic art now culminates, a contemporaneous drama is now flourishing, the absolute society of the day is represented. That society has faults, and the stage mirrors them. "La Dame aux Camélias," "Les Filles de Marbre," "Le Demi-Monde" reflect exactly the peculiarities of the life they aim to imitate. And these very plays, whose influence is so often condemned, would never have had the popularity they have attained in nearly every city of the civilized world, had there not been Marguerite Gautiers and Traviatas outside of Paris as well as in it. Another attempt, perhaps not an entirely successful one, but still a significant attempt, has been made in this country to produce a contemporaneous drama. "Jessie Brown" and "The Poor of New York," and other plays directly daguerreotyping ordinary incidents, at any rate show that the drama is an art that responds instantly to the pulses of the time.

But it is not necessary for the stage to daguerreotype; it mirrors more truly when it embodies the spirit. And never before was there an age whose spirit was more theatrical, in the best sense of the term; full of outside expression, but also full of inside feeling; working, accomplishing, putting into actual form its ideas; incarnating its passions; intellectual, yet passionate; lofty in imagination, yet practical in exemplification; showy, but significantly showy, theatrical. An art, then, that is all this, surely expresses as no other art does or can the character of the nineteenth century,—surely is the representative art.

### The Lyric Drama.

(From Boston Musical Times.)

The difference of opinion pretty freely expressed regarding the merits and demerits of some of the *prime donne*, who have lately visited us, has suggested an inquiry as to what constitutes a first class artist, and what an opera really is. Some few are content with a performance which is purely musical, which gives evidence of musical culture and refinement alone; and they care but little whether this be accompanied with dramatic force or intelligence. Others insist that the dramatic spirit is the prominent point to be presented, and that the music is only the medium through which the spirit is made manifest. First music and then action, say the former. First action and then music, say the latter. The truth is, that the musical and dramatic requirements are both so imperative that no one is really a great artist, who is wanting in either. An opera is a drama sung instead of spoken, and if the spirit of the scene be not maintained in both the action which the words imply and in the words which the action accompanies, there results an incompleteness, an imperfectness, which does not satisfy the auditor. If the music only be thought of we can say this is a fine vocalist; if the action alone be well done, we can say this is a fine actor; but in neither case can we apply the name of finished lyric artist, where the performer is but half fitted to that position. No two people have precisely the same taste to gratify. Those specially affected by music, and music alone, are nat-

urally careless of the qualifications which go to make a perfect performance. They do not think or care whether the musical exhibition is accompanied by power and vitalized thought. They watch the school the method, the style of musical utterance, and are satisfied if these evince study and elegance. In fact, they look upon the dramatic element as something rather below the artist, and as the peculiarity of those who cannot sing. Others consider the music as the uttered expressions of the emotions of the character represented, and do not think that character well portrayed or assumed if the sentiments appropriate to the scene be not conveyed more or less truthfully by the performer. And between the two extremes of these various opinions floats the public appreciation of the performance.

Our own impression is that an opera is a drama sung. The words are written to convey the sentiments of the characters; the music is written to express the words, and the performance of that music is successful in proportion to the truthfulness, the faithfulness with which those emotions are conveyed. A person may sing divinely, without embodying in the least the spirit of the character assumed. This may be very good vocalization, but it is not lyric drama. An apothetic or an unintelligent manner is not confined to physical gesture; it pervades the whole performance. Performers may from time to time lash themselves into a superficial passion, may rush to the footlights at the close of a scene with uplifted arms, may drop their heads on some neighboring shoulder at intervals; but this may all be without the slightest real assumption of character or conscientious fidelity to its import. The *argumentum ad hominem* is the best, and we can cite instances to exemplify our position. Mme. Laborde sang sweetly. It was a joy to sit and drink in the sweetness of her fluent warbling. But it was all but painful to witness the inefficiency of her dramatic efforts. Brignoli sings elegantly and gracefully; but he has not the slightest idea of the portraiture of a character, and enacts prince and peasant in the same stereotyped way. Gazzaniga, who is not to be named in the same day with Laborde as a vocalist, is so powerfully dramatic as to thrill her hearers; and Stizelli, whose voice is not so sweet as Brignoli's, completely carries away his hearers by the force and vigor of his personations. And this vigor of true, lyric artists, is not confined to mere physical demonstrations any more than the apathy of others. It pervades everything. It gives the accent to every word; it gives the weight to every phrase; it vitalizes the scene and changes the mimicry of the stage into the reality of life. Some Europeans who reside among us, and who are apt to depreciate the intelligence which a considerable portion of our audiences possess, are clamorous for European customs and tastes and traditions. They say that in Paris, or in Florence, or in Naples, or somewhere, people don't care for action and think only of the music. Putting aside for a moment the fact that it is of no importance to us here what people think on the other side of the water we might adduce many instances which do not substantiate any such idea. Ronconi, the baritone, is a remarkable one, his notorious faulty intonation being entirely overlooked in the graphic intensity of his histrionic power. Grisi herself, has swayed the world quite as much by the majesty of her dramatic, as the finish of her vocal efforts.

We would by no means be thought to depreciate the importance of the highest musical culture. We only desire to prove that an opera house is not a mere concert room; that when a vocalist puts on a garb and utters certain words which appertain to a supposed character, he or she has got something more to do than stand, a gentleman or lady on the stage, paying every attention to the emission of vocal sounds, and no attention whatever to the sentiments they ought to express. This does not satisfy an American audience, educated to a nice appreciation of the best acting of the time. However delightfully a vocalist may sing, the music becomes simply fluent sound, when not animated with intelligent expression. Not simply musical expression alone, but intellectual expression, springing from the active, thoughtful mind. And it is very certain that if this intelligence be not present, the performer will fail to impress the intellects around. There is a two-fold enjoyment of vocal music; one which springs from a sensuous delight at sweet sounds, and another from the mental recognition of the intelligence or depth of feeling which shines through them. These are exhibited in an extended form in the impressions produced by an operatic performance. If the sweetness of sound or intelligence of expression be absent or neglected, the effect produced is unsatisfactory. Therefore is a great lyric artist, one who combines both musical and dramatic ability, and it is vain to attempt to force upon us as great, what is only clever talent,



cultivated in one direction only, and wanting in some of the fundamental qualifications of greatness.

We have heard and seen too much in this country to be any longer under the dictation of European minds. The cultivated amateurs of this country bring to bear upon their judgment of these things not only musical taste but a generally refined and educated intellect. The time has gone by when we must be supposed to accept as final the quoted opinion of Europe. Our preferences are as well founded as those of any other nation; with that nervous energy which characterizes the race we seize upon and explore a topic by the light of our generally diffused culture. Those who make music the sole study and occupation of their lives are unquestionably competent to judge of musical efforts; but they are not necessarily the best judges of dramatic power, nor necessarily appreciative of that profundity of expression or refinement of nature which are instinct in high-toned natures, and the absence or presence of which is discernible by kindred sympathies.

The artists who have achieved the greatest successes in this country are those who have evinced a combined musical and dramatic ability, and in practice as well as theory the energy of the actor added to culture of the vocalist is necessary to constitute a thorough lyric vocalist. CAROLUS.

### The Old Pitch-Pipe.

We wonder how the fathers of New England contrived to pitch their psalm-tunes, during that long interval when no musical instrument was tolerated in the sanctuary. Perhaps the tempest and the war-whoop confounded their idea of harmony, and the pitch of their tunes was as little cared for as the water-mark on the beach. It was enough that amid hardship and privation they could still keep the quaint old melodies treasured like holy memories in their hearts, and let them ring out in the wilderness, as the spirit moved, in glorious independence of those rules and forms they had grown tired of beyond the sea. Perhaps their few simple tunes were so uniformly the outpourings of the heart in song that they pitched themselves, and rose or fell with the ebb and flow of emotion, and only ceased when this had spent itself.

But in course of time they missed the chorister as well as pastor they had parted from at Leyden; and in spite of their prejudices, there were seasons, we doubt not, when even the winds and waves awakened yearnings in secret to hear again the old majestic organ tones, that they had foolishly surrendered to the "man of sin." They called no man master, but by and by the schoolmaster came, and close upon his heels followed the singing-master. But with all his resources it puzzled him to find the "pitch." The harps were left hanging on the willows, after their owners had escaped from captivity; and for an hundred years they hung there, tantalizing the Puritan chorister in his dubious search for the key-note. The best disciplined and developed voice is of itself inadequate to such an emergency, and it almost instinctively waits for some artificial help at the start. On occasions, where entire accuracy of pitch seems superfluous, and the rules of rhythm and harmony are suspended, some one ventures to start a tune, and the rest follow his lead, growing bolder and more confident after surmounting the opening stanza, until it becomes a matter of indifference how they started and where they alight. But our forefathers were evidently cured of their unworthy prejudice against any instrumental accompaniment in the sanctuary by this one difficulty of "getting the pitch." They had enough ups and downs, hems, twists and turns, without going through the process in maintaining a mere prejudice, "more honored in the breach than the observance."

So one Sabbath there was stealthily introduced into the singers' gallery a little box some six inches long, four wide, and one thick, furnished with a mouth-piece and slide, on which were registered the letters of the octave. The minister gave out the psalm and gravely resumed his seat. A solemn pause ensued, during which the chorister is busy inaugurating a new era for church music in New England. Having moved the slide to the proper letter, he tremblingly applies his lips to the mouth-piece, and toots forth the key-note. But this simple sound, we are told, had to be made cautiously, and the pitch to the other parts carefully found and dexterously handed round, to prevent detection and consequent reproof from the fathers for sounding an instrument in the church!

Ere long, however, the pitch-pipe won its way to favor, as it only tooted the key-note and invaded the sanctity of the meeting-house no further. By and by it ushered in the flute and viol to accompany the voice through the psalm, and the sensibilities of the

fathers survived even that shock. Following up the advantage, a big bass viol suddenly loomed up in the singers' gallery, casting almost as much of a shadow as a small organ. It threatened at first to throw the pulpit into the shade, and was watched suspiciously as some "infernal machine" of the adversary for sowing tares. But it did good service in more ways than one. It succeeded better than the tithing-man in stilling the boys in the gallery, as it twanged out those heavy rumbling vibrations. Now at length the foundations for the pitch of tunes were laid deep and broad, and that full, prolonged sounding of the key-note by instruments and voices gave assurance that this was strongly secured.

But instruments like players would get out of tune amid the distractions of the busy week. So when the Sabbath came round again old heads with their prejudices still unconquered shook dubiously while the tuning of instruments was in progress. That was rather an incongruous performance at the opening of service. It required unusual powers of abstraction for the worshipper to keep in a devout frame while the wind and stringed instruments yonder were trying to reconcile their differences. To the wayward imagination it would suggest the howling of the "hulls of Bushan" or the wailings of lost spirits, until the solemn invocation from the pulpit cut short those wails and groans, dispelled the illusion. Yet they were devout men in those days, who played the viol in accompaniment to the choir, and though they have since "hung up the fiddle and the bow," they will ever cherish pleasant memories of those Sabbath days and evenings in the singers' gallery.

To every son of Jubal it is pleasant to note how the current of public sentiment has been eddying back to the organ. The need of full harmony in instrumental accompaniment and the inconvenience and uncertainty attending the introduction of a diversity of instruments has created a demand for such as would enable a single player on the key-board to sustain each part that was sung. So something approximating to the organ has found a welcome in the humblest church; and voluntaries, preludes and interludes are expected as regularly as "psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs." Prejudices still have to be encountered, but far less bitter and uncompromising than a century ago. Real merit is sooner or later appreciated, and what is wrong is very apt like the scorpion to sting itself to death. The descendant of the Pilgrims is not yet won over to Rome as his fathers feared by that noble instrument they sacrificed to Romish prejudice, but often does his soul soar on the wings of those majestic harmonies far above all cumbrous rites and ceremonies "quite in the verge of Heaven."

What church or choir that has an organ would do without it now? Larks and nightingales sing always without an instrument, and so the voice may warble and soar free as the birds. But the most independent of voices must lean on some attendant instrument as its stay and staff, and mounts on those accompanying strains to its highest achievements. Even the Swedish nightingale, that sung because she could not help singing, was dependent on her orchestra; though at times each player stood still, listening in mute admiration to that marvelous voice so far transcending all human mechanism. Let others do as they will, we mean ever to cherish with filial reverence the memory of Jubal. Some one has pictured him as he sits in primitive attire surrounded by a group of youth that he is showing how to play on his first instrument, the shepherd's pipe. The faithful dog is watching the performance eagerly as the rest, and the flock has stopped its grazing at a little distance to catch those novel strains. How the "father of all such as handle the harp and organ" must rejoice as he sees how that first little group of votaries has spread itself, until, by and by, every church is likely to have some sort of organ, and every village its brass band.

Well, this venerable pitch-pipe never sent forth so prolonged a "toot" before; and we have taken liberties with it, that may have betrayed irreverence for its age. It has come down to us with the old key-note unimpaired, and it sounds the pitch as faithfully as it did four-score years ago. But we keep it, like the old-fashioned tunes, more in memory of the past, than for use in the present. W. E. B.

### The Statue of Flora in the Central Park.— Influence of Ideal Statuary.

(From the Crayon for August.)

Good intentions in respect to art matters generally obtain but little credence from us, preferring, as we do, to await their fulfilment before giving them currency. A rumor of one, however, comes to us that we are especially glad to chronicle, because it is of

pioneer value. We allude to the report that Mr. R. K. Haight intends to present his beautiful statue of "Flora," by Crawford, to the Central Park. We are rejoiced to hear of such a prospective gift to the public, because it is the first instance here of a purely ideal statue being set up before the people.

The "Flora" is quite different from the public works of art our people are familiar with. It is not a statue of a hero, ancient or modern, exhibiting the usual absurdities of conventional costume, nor is it a statue symbolical of personal or national vanity; it is a statue embodying a sentiment common to all mankind—the love of flowers—one which the lowest extreme of democracy can appreciate equally with the highest. The subject is treated so as to be perfectly intelligible to the least cultivated fancy, and therefore well adapted to a public thoroughfare. There are many good reasons why we should have ideal statues on our highways, and we shall give one or two of them. The "great unwashed" who throng our streets and rule them, and who will inevitably throng and rule in the trim paths and intricate rambles of the Central Park, in spite of wealth, propriety and the police, may respect ideal statues and sentiment, when they will not respect either law, persons or places, and what we wish to lay most stress on, democracy will respect ideal statues when it will injure and deface the statues of common heroes.

The democrat loves to exercise his judgment, even in regard to a monument. If the monument be erected in honor of a national individual, the democrat views it as an infringement on his rights. He regards it as a rival. Before an object of beauty, however, the attributes of which are not constitutionally defined by any legislator he knows of, he will resign his pretensions, and yield to a natural sentiment. Politicians, from Mark Antony down to these days, well know that the Democracy possesses, and is ruled by sentiments; we contend that the artist has an "equal right" with the politician to use it for public utility. We have no precedent on our own soil to appeal to, but since Terpander did with music allay a sedition in Sparta, we do not know why artists here should not have a chance to try similar æsthetic experiments is an equally seditious community.

This brings us to the local and specific reasons for wishing to see the "Flora" in the Central Park. We will not dwell on the universal love of woman, even by impolitic democrats, except to suggest that a marble female form, pure in fancy and material, may greatly assist in preserving order. A fine ideal statue like the "Flora" would, wherever it could be seen, be more effective in any given area than twenty policemen. We would have one visible in the Park at every turn, and placed in the Park solely on account of order. The noblest ideas of the past, the ideas which have ever exercised positive control over the masses, have ever been associated with female forms, as is easily recognized by studying the worship of Minerva by the noblest people of antiquity, and of the Madonna by the millions of the middle ages. If these references are not sufficient, we can refer to the statue of Joan of Arc, so patriotically revered by the French masses of the present day.

We are quite prepared for the vulgar exclamation of "idolatry!" In reply to this we would rather see noble ideas symbolized in the quiet forms of beauty on our highways than intellectually mauled and polluted by politicians in our national assemblies. If we could have more statues and fewer statutes, the people would be better governed than they are now. Intelligible ideal statues, embodying ideas hallowed by conscience, we are confident, will preserve common conditions of order in public places better than any law the sharpest legislator can devise. We do not believe that the sacred influence of art is yet impaired by "progress," nor its utility drowned in the sea of American intelligence. We repeat our desire to have the Flora in the Central Park, and hope Mr. Haight will convert his intention into a fixed fact. The act will immortalize him. Now is the time, too, to carry out good ideas, while the Central Park is in good hands. How long it will be so, who can tell?

The people of Calais and Eastport have just been enjoying a rare musical treat. Mrs. C. Varian Jaunce, a native of Eastport, who has been eight years pursuing musical studies in Italy, has given concerts with great success. She sang in Rome, before His Holiness the Pope, at his special request, and is destined to make a profound impression on the mind of the musical world in our chief cities. With a person and countenance of remarkable beauty, and entire naturalness of manner, accompanying a voice of perfect purity and great compass and power, together with a culture equal to that of Biscacianti, she carried all hearts by storm.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 11, 1860.

## Ball's Washington.

Music seems destined to undergo a temporary *estivation* during the dog days. Orchestras are disbanded, violins sleep in their green bags, and contra-bassi are laid up in ordinary. There are no concert posters at the street corners; serenades are unfrequent and lugubrious; even the learners have laid aside their dyspeptic flutes and moaning horns, and the neighboring attics are still. Miss Flora has left her piano for the beach, and listens now only to the music of the waves as they break upon

"the whispering, shelly shore."

Decidedly there is nothing for the musical journalist to do. Necessity, therefore, led us to look about for some congenial topic, and we were not long in finding one in the studio of our friend, THOMAS BALL. The colossal statue of WASHINGTON upon which he is engaged, required a room specially adapted for the purpose, and a very commodious building has been erected for him in the rear of Chickering's pianoforte manufactory. A revolving platform, much like a locomotive "turn-table," with a large iron shaft in the centre, will serve for the support of the model; so that the effect can be studied from every angle as the work progresses. Little of the modelling has been done as yet, the preparations having taken much time and forethought. The head of the great commander is finished, however, and a very noble one it is; the countenance is serene, but not without the marks of a stern will, and not refined, after the manner of some artists, until all that is human is gone. We sincerely hope the sculptor will remember that Washington after all was only a man; and that the statue will be successful just in proportion to the *humanity* that is expressed in it. We do not want an Olympian Jupiter, with his head above the clouds. And though anger may not be the most agreeable mood in which a great man might appear, rather than endure the soulless inanities which have too often worn the name of Washington, we could far rather see our hero depicted in his noble rage, as he rode up with scintillating eyes and curved nostrils, swearing at the perfidy of General Lee.

Mr. Ball has just completed the model for a bust of the venerable Dr. Wayland, of Providence. The likeness is admirable, and in truth a sculptor could hardly desire a better subject. All who remember the massive head, the overhanging brows, the simple dignity, the mingled firmness and suavity of the original will acknowledge this as one of the very best of the artist's works.

The model of the "Minute-Man," designed for the Lexington monument, has been completed for some time, and has been every where admired for its striking attitude and earnest expression. The whole figure is instinct with life, and if the efforts of the Lexington committee are successful, we shall have in this one of the very finest statues of modern times.

Translated for this Journal.

## Extracts from Spohr's Autobiography.

## A COURT CONCERT.

From Munich our route lay towards Stuttgart, where we had recommendations to the court. I

handed these to the master of ceremonies and received a note from him the very next day, stating that we should be heard at court. But in the meanwhile I had been informed that it was the custom at court to play cards during the concerts and that but little attention was paid to the music. I carried with me from Brunswick a strong feeling against such profanation of the art, and took the liberty to tell the master of ceremonies that I and my wife would play before the court only on condition that His Majesty would condescend to suspend the game during our performance. The man got thoroughly frightened at such a bold demand, and cried, "What! You make conditions to my most gracious master? How dare I report this to him!" "Then I must renounce the honor of being heard by the court," was my simple reply, whereupon I took my leave. How the master of ceremonies managed to communicate to the king such an unheard-of demand, and how the king persuaded himself to accede to it, I have not learned. The result, however, was that I received word from the master of ceremonies that His Majesty had granted my wish, but with the condition that the pieces which we were to play should succeed each other, so as not to incommode His Majesty too often.

This was done accordingly. As soon as the king and company had taken their seats at the card-tables the concert began with an overture which was followed by an aria. During this time the lackeys ran ncially to and fro, offering refreshments, and the players cried out their "I play" and "I pass," so loud that most of the music and singing was lost. That over, the master of ceremonies came to me to say that I should get ready. He then informed the King that the strangers were about to begin, whereupon His Majesty rose, the rest following. Lackeys placed two rows of chairs behind the orchestra, upon which the company took their seats. Our playing was listened to very attentively and in silence; yet nobody dared applaud, as His Majesty did not set the example. The king's attention manifested itself only by an inclining of the head towards us at the conclusion. As soon as we had finished, everybody hurried back to the card-tables and presently there was the same noise as before.

During the rest of the concert I had leisure to look around. I directed my attention principally to the king's table, from which, to render His Majesty as comfortable as his complacency would permit, a segment had been cut out, into which the royal belly fitted precisely. The hugeness of the latter and the smallness of the kingdom gave rise to a smart caricature, representing the King in full, regal costume, a map of Wurtemberg suspended from the lowest button of his long waistcoat, exclaiming; "I cannot overlook my possessions."

As soon as the king had finished his game and moved his chair the concert was abruptly concluded in the midst of an aria sung by Madame Graff, so that the last notes of a cadence actually remained stuck in her throat. The musicians, used to such vandalism, packed their instruments away very unconcernedly; but I was deeply angry at such degradation of the art.

## HOW THE DUKE OF GOTHA "COMPOSED."

At that time the duke, excited perhaps by my vocal compositions, showed a desire to set to music one of his larger poems, a kind of Cantata. He did me the honor to consult me about it. But as the Duke could not make up his mind to divulge to me his ignorance in music, he applied for assistance to his old music-teacher, the Concert-master Reinhard. The latter afterwards told me in hour of confidential chat we had together, how the Cantata was done into music. The Duke read to his teacher, who was sitting at the piano, a few lines of his libretto, and gave his ideas how the text should be set. The Duke having once read or heard something about the different

character of the keys, Reinhard was next required to strike a few chords in each key, until the Duke had found the proper one for his text. If the words were lively and cheerful, the major mode was chosen, if mournful, the minor. It happened one day that the Duke thought the major mode too cheerful and the minor mode too gloomy for his text, and desired poor Reinhard to sound a mode between the two, *half minor*! When the key had been fixed on, the melody was the next thing. The Duke began to whistle all melodies that would come into his head. Reinhard, who listened attentively, would wait until a melody came up to which he thought the text might be fitted when he stopped the Duke and wrote it down. Two or three lines of the poem being disposed of in this manner the same proceeding was gone through with the next ones. The sketch of the Cantata, as it had been written down in such hours of inspiration was now handed to Backofen, one of the Duke's chamber-musicians, to write out the score, as Reinhard knew nothing of instrumentation. Backofen could of course make little use of the materials furnished him and had to compose almost the whole Cantata over again. As he had much talent for composition, his music was quite tolerable. The work thus finished was now written out, studied under my direction, and at last performed at a Court-concert. The Duke who must have been slightly astonished to find how well his music sounded, accepted the congratulations of the Court with a self-satisfied mien. He even complimented me that I had so well understood his intentions and secretly paid his two associates a handsome amount. In this manner everybody was pleased.

## Musical Chit-Chat.

BENEVENTANO. — We find the following item in a Vienna letter of the "Signale" (Leipsic):

Sig. Beneventano is much better off with regard to voice than Varesi. He has a voice as big as a house, and lungs like a locomotive. It has been common to compare his singing to the roaring of a lion. I do not know whether the Signor will feel much flattered by this natural-historical comparison; but really, when he, slowly advancing from the background of the stage close to the footlights, prolongs a note to an awful crescendo, one must be excused for entertaining some fears not only for one's personal safety but also for the good taste of Sig. Beneventano. A duet (as for instance the one in *I Puritani*) sung by Signor B. and Mr. Beck (of the German Opera) would have a shaking power. It would be more than a treat; it would be a feast for the ears.

The Draytons are giving their pleasant parlor operas at Buffalo, and are meeting with well deserved success.

MONTREAL THEATRE ROYAL.—The French Opéra Comique from New Orleans are playing an engagement here. Mlle. D'Arcy, and Messrs. Philippe and Genibrel are the principals. Can they not visit us in Boston?

The *Nationale* of Brussels thus criticises the début of an American *prima donna*, Miss Hinckley, of Albany, at the Theatre du Cirque of that city, in "Lucia di Lammermoor":

"Lucia di Lammermoor," Donizetti's *chef d'œuvre*, is the most popular of all operas—the melodies are known to all; there is scarcely a note of it which may not be heard in the street; and yet the announcement of the representation of "Lucia" by the Italian troupe, drew to the Theatre du Cirque an immense crowd. It was not the first time they had been attracted there—"Ernani," "Le Barbier," "Don Pasquale," "Le Mariage Secret," "L'italienne à Alger," had already drawn crowded houses—but this time the concourse of people went beyond

all precedent; stalls, balconies, boxes and pit, all were filled—the hall alone was a magnificent spectacle; how can all this be explained? All the world knows the opera: yes, but the Italian *Lucia* is a very different person from the French *Lucie*, and this *Lucie* was a new stager, this her first appearance in Brussels—Mlle. Hinckley—young and pretty, and from the first her beauty decided her success—at her entrance on the stage she was greeted by the applause of the delighted crowd. She realized the ideal one forms of the poetic creation of Walter Scott.

She has not the appearance of a Southerner, and it is easy to discover, not an Italian. She is an American, educated in Italy, and Mr. Merelli first brought out at the Opera in Amsterdam, this *pearl of beauty*—this perfect model of youth and freshness. Her whole person is graceful, her acting full of attraction; she renders perfectly the native tenderness of *Lucia* for *Edguy*, in the duet of the first act. Her terror and despair, in the *finale* of the second—in the scene of madness—produced a profound impression.

The voice of Mlle. H. is as fresh as herself; without being broken to the exercise of vocalization, she possesses fine talent.

The air of the third act was sung by this charming artist better than by any *cantatrice* ever heard in Brussels in this role, and in a manner which well merited the enthusiastic applause and recall which greeted her. The public might have overlooked much in this beautiful person, but Mlle. H. did nothing which required pardon. She unites with the attractions of woman a talent which reaches towards perfection.

The success of Mlle. H. is an immense success; one can never grow weary of seeing and hearing her.

## Musical Correspondence.

—, MASS., JULY 30.—I have been here for some time recruiting my health. One of my most delectable amusements—really the most pleasing of all, has been the perusal of your paper every Saturday afternoon. In it, we learn the state of musical matters generally. Why should not the true state of music in this place be set forth? Now for it.

The piano music that most prevails here are simple operatic arrangements. Now and then, and by mere chance, we hear one of Wollenhaupt's or Lysberg's parlor pieces. At a *reunion* lately it was my good fortune to hear one of Clementi's diversions played in excellent style by a young lady of German parentage, who is undoubtedly the best pianist of her sex here.

It was charming and refreshing, after the common hum-drum, bumping and thumping, which good natured, but silly people style fine pianoforte playing, and which to say the least, is mortifying to those who possess any thing like taste or experience. At the close I whispered my delight to a gentleman standing near by. "I am pleased," he replied, that you esteem this, but look how indifferent the company seems, it was just so at a party some time ago, at which I happened to be present, and at the end of this same piece, no one said good, bad, or even thanks, but a lady stepped up to her and asked, "Can you play Hubner's March?" Provoking! What a lamentable state of things! All this, and more arises from the fact that those would-be teachers, are in a fit condition to enter a musical academy and study hard with the view of obtaining certificates of competency. One of your subscribers—knows personally eleven female teachers who have only received forty-eight lessons, and some, only twenty-four from different pianists in Boston, who are now teaching in this city at the rate of six, eight and ten dollars for twenty-four lessons. There are at the present time some females taking lessons from three pianists here, who assured me that these are giving lessons at the rate of twenty-five cents each, to beginners, so as to collect money to pay for their own lessons. I find no fault with people teaching for a low price, but I

utterly condemn and so must all right-thinking people censure those who presume to teach what they do not understand.

Every man and woman who happens to play an organ or melodeon in some meeting-house, gives lessons on the piano. The common opinion is, that if Miss this, and Mr. that plays psalm tunes decently, and a few *anti-Rinck* organ interludes, improvised without any regard to rhythm, or the laws of simple composition, they can teach "my Julia and my Charley to play on the piano." And they do teach with a vengeance. People think that to strike the keys and produce sounds in time, so that the tune is lively and marked, is to play the piano. They know nothing about the various modifications of touch and tone, nor of the thousand and one conventionalities of legitimate piano playing. Talk to them of *Æsthetics*, *Dynamics*, &c., &c., in connection with the instrument! Why, these are foreign terms! To play the piano for them, it is sufficient to play lively tunes, and to help the voice. Almost every body can play a jig, or a "break down," *ergo* every body can play on the piano, or rather prostitute the piano. This being the case, it is not surprising that music is at so low an ebb here. There is a band here. It plays quicksteps and marches very well. These became popularized, so that when one sits to the piano, the inquiry comes, "can you play the 'Mohawk Vale,' which the band plays so nicely? On the other hand there are a few people—but very few among the *élite* especially, who have heard legitimate pianoforte, orchestral and vocal music abroad or in the metropolis. These are capable of appreciating good things, but as a general thing, people think more of Mason's and Bradbury's make-up of church tunes—of the countless numbers of psalm tunes concocted, metamorphosed, hashed and re-hashed from their simple, beautiful and original models, than they do of Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn and Beethoven's music. One reason perhaps, is, because they get a taste of these authors in those infamous books which are both a disgrace and a pest to the cause of true church music in this country. If the *élite* and those who lead matters of fashion in this place, would only initiate some step for the culture of good music, things would assume a better aspect. I see nothing to hinder us from engaging the Mendelssohn Quintette Club periodically during the coming fall, except that some people prefer to keep their money, or rather spend what they devote for amusement, in recreations of a far less refined nature than that of listening to music of an elevated character. Some time ago, when Mr. — played one of Beethoven's sonatas so admirably at a concert, the pervading stillness was said to be wonderful. Such a thing was not known before. The attention then given, did not arise from reverence for Beethoven, nor from common respect to the pianist, but chiefly because the *élite*—those who give a tone to society here, listened earnestly and approvingly.

In Germany the highest people patronize and take active parts in music, and the result is that the middle and lower classes become familiar with, and learn to esteem the great masters. Our "big folks" should do the same. As a young people in art and science, we must not, dare not reject great works because we cannot understand them. Rather let us seek to comprehend by association and constant intercourse—by listening to the voices that speak to us from the past in tones and sentiments that have thrilled maturer and more sympathetic souls than ours. As the German masters are most worthy of our attention as regards instrumental music, so are the Italians indisputably with reference to vocal. There are some people here who are fond of decrying Italian opera music, on the ground that they don't understand the Italian language. With equal consistency and for the better exhibition of their provoking ignorance, I would advise them to

cry against Tasso and Dante. Singing to people, makes them wonderfully polite towards you, especially if you pronounce clearly. I have been to several parties where they listened to a pretty song which had no remarkable feature, but a recurrence of regular rhythm—the melody being of the most common kind, while they would talk loudly during a pianoforte piece which was certainly superior intrinsically to the former. Here the commencement of a piano solo is the signal for talk—not whispers, but talk with a vengeance, so as to drown the performer's efforts. \*

VIENNA, JULY 6.—The "interregnum" is here—that is, all opera is suspended. Salvi and his Italian troop have finished their season; the Court opera is having its annual vacation, and the "men singers and women singers" are scattered from Hungary to England, resting or playing as stars. Concerts are to be heard only in public gardens or in "Beer-Lokals," and these are hardly topics for a correspondent. What shall I write? Wherewithal shall the necessary amount of space be filled? What do you say to a letter of chit-chat? Here goes.

Salvi gave during his season fifty performances, divided among eight operas, thus: *Lucrezia Borgia* and *Traviata*, eight times each; *Norma*, seven; *Rigoletto*, six; *Rossini's* *Siege of Corinth*, five; *Donizetti's* *Elisir d'Amore*, five; *Barber of Seville*, four, and *Don Juan* three times.

What with assistance from the Government, and pretty, often very full houses, the season has been a successful one and will no doubt be repeated in the autumn.

Madame La Grus has gone to Paris.

Here is a paragraph to the old point of how much even small concerts do for music in central Europe. Darmstadt is the capital of the Grand Duchy of Hesse, and has a population of some thirty-five thousand or forty thousand inhabitants. The theatrical year continued from September 4, 1859 to May 23, 1860, and of one hundred and forty-nine performances on the Court stage, one hundred and five were musical operas, operettas, comic pieces with vocal and instrumental music, ballets and concerts. Thirty-eight operas filled seventy-six evenings, of which new on that stage were, [Linda di Chamounix, Wagner's *Rienzi* and Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*. Operas newly put upon the stage, were *Rossini's* *Cinderella*, Auber's *Fra Diavolo*, Nicolai's *Merry wives of Windsor*, Meyerbeer's *North Star*, Bellini's *Norma*, Wagner's *Tannhauser*, and Mozart's *Titus*. *Rienzi* was given seven times, *Verdi's* *Sicilian Vespers*, five; others three or four times each, so that at least half that were given, were brought upon the stage for a single performance each. It is hardly necessary to add that all were given in the German language.

A few weeks since, a new opera in two acts, was given in the Kärnthner Theater, here in Vienna—text by Alexander Baumann, music by Joseph Dessauer. The "Fremdenblatt" says of it:

"It may be said of 'Dominga' in the words of the well known criticism slightly adapted, 'it contains nothing that is new, and still less that is beautiful. We do not mean to say that Herr Dessauer as plagiarist has simply copied from others; but the themes of the various numbers of his opera and their forms have been so thoroughly used up, and are so common, that all airs, duets, concerted pieces and choruses sound old and familiar. The opera 'Dominga' is a feeble work, quite without buoyancy, and with no trace of originality. Sentimentality alternates with tasteless bravours airs or would-be comic passages. This would-be comic element is wanting in humor, grace and freshness." There is more to the same effect. I have not heard however that Herr Dessauer has taken up either pen or pistol to prove that his opera is good, and that this writer is all in the wrong.

One of the papers publishes the following exquisite puff of Leopold von Meyer. The old fellow understands "how to do it."

"The Royal Imperial chamber virtuoso Herr Leopold von Meyer had the honor on the 21st of June

to play in a Court concert of Queen Victoria, and rejoiced himself on that occasion with distinguished marks of honor, such as seldom are enjoyed by an artist. For when his turn came, and he was on the point of seating himself at the piano, the Duke of Coburg [think of this!] who was present advanced and presented his hand in the most hearty manner. When now the artist began to play, the Queen drew near in the most respectful manner, and placed herself behind the piano, in order carefully to observe his style of playing. Near the Queen found themselves standing [literal translation] the other high lordships present, the King of the Belgians, the Duke of Flanders, the Prince of Wales, the Duchess of Kent and the Duchess of Cambridge. As the Queen was standing, so therefore the entire company rose—as well as all the artists.

After Herr von Meyer had concluded his number upon the programme, the Queen called upon him, to play another piece, and the artist complied with this flattering demand, by performing a new polka which will immediately appear in London under the title "Victoria Polka."

Herr von Meyer is the lion of the concert season and he is already engaged by the director of the Royal Theatre in London for the months of October and November, with the Italian opera troupe, with a very high salary and the full payment of all his expenses. In the mean time Herr von Meyer will visit the baths of Kissingen for his health, and return for a short time to Vienna."

(For the history of Tom Thumb at court, see Barnum's Memoirs.)

Meyer's next concert in Vienna will be jammed full of people, who wish to see that execution, which the Queen of England stood up to observe! It is a fact, though, that in his peculiar manner he has no equal.

A new opera was given in Stuttgart on the 23d of June, "The Night of St. John," the first work for the stage, of a young composer named Gustav Presel. It met with great success. Its great richness in melody is the point which the critics urge in its favor. No new work since Flotow's "Martha," has taken the Stuttgart people so by storm. Please explain the fact that just as Wagner is "becoming known and appreciated" all over Germany, that the works of Offenbach and others, who write in the old school of Dittersdorf and Weigl, giving the public only simple, melodious, healthy music are having such success?

A funny fellow in Berlin has been printing some drolleries, which purport to be leaves cut from albums, containing the autographs of singers and actors of the Spree city. Perhaps the wit is too local; but possibly a specimen or two may be comprehensible out of Berlin.

"Actors in general are thinking thoughtful artists; i. e., they think themselves artists."

"The Prophet is without honor in his own land—unless I sing it. THEODORE FORMES."

Another is a hit at the old and ugly dancers in the ballet.

"Physicians say, dancing is injurious to the health. Nonsense; for we have grown old and gray in the business."

Here is a curious item from Italy.

Before Garibaldi left Turin a benefit concert was given him, at which the music was from the works of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Mayseder—all Germans.

Hoffmann's most delightful picture of life in the olden time, "Meister Martin and his journeymen" has been dramatized into an opera text, and Wilhelm Tschirch has composed the music. If the opera equals the story—that is enough.

I said above that Salvi's operatic season must have been successful. According to the "Wanderer" this is a mistake, that paper says Salvi lost some

\$15,000 by the enterprise! The fact is, that the public will not support an opera in a foreign tongue—nay, it is doubtful if any opera can exist without assistance from the government.

It is stated that in August, Salvi's troop of singers, is to be followed in the Theater au der Wien by a troop of American gymnasts! A. W. T.

Offenbach is the son of the former music director or Cantor of the Jewish congregation in Cologne. He is now engaged upon a three-act opera.

VIENNA, JUNE 16.—My packet to-day was already sealed to go into the mail-box, when the "Journal" of the 2d inst., came to hand, and the note from Leipzig caught my eye.

"Our Diarist too has evidently had his mind wrought upon unfavorably with regard to Leipzig," you say in the few editorial lines prefixed to the communication. These words have led me to hunt up the only "note" I have sent on the subject to the "Journal" from which the following sentence is copied:

"I can, of course record no ex parte statement of the questions at issue [between the instructors and the pupils, who had left the institution] cannot decide as to the wisdom and propriety of the step which they have taken; but, granting the facts as represented to me, without hearing what the directors have to reply, it is their wisest course."

I also espouse no side in the controversy and the entire paragraph was written under a sense of the duty, which a musical journal owes to its supporters, to do all in its power to aid them in their best possible musical developments. Many of your younger readers hope to come to Germany to study. With already advanced pupils, I have often given my reasons for preferring a private course in Berlin; and these, as every reader knows, were on grounds simply on the advantages of a great capital over a smaller provincial city for general culture.

Now came grave charges. I felt it my duty to call upon such as know the truth to substantiate them, or by their silence acknowledge them unfounded. Pupils are now coming abroad at the rate of ten or twelve a year, and it is for them all important, that their time and (in many cases) their hardly earned savings, should be spent to the greatest advantage.

As you very well know, it is a matter of perfect indifference to me, where young men and women study, if they in the end are only good musicians. The great wants of our students, with some exceptions, are two: proper early training, (in which most are sadly deficient) and general musical culture. Where they get those is of no importance if they do get them. As to the Conservatorium matter, why should we not have a plain statement of facts—if there are any to be told? A. W. T.

MR. THAYER.—Please correct a clause in your article of April 14th. The young lady of whom you speak as having left the Leipzig Conservatorium, had no reasons for leaving, otherwise than dissatisfaction with the method of teaching. If a lady is satisfied with her progress, I know of no reason why she should not remain. But if a young lady with a slender hand wishes to waste her time, lose her courage, and ruin her fingers, let her study under the Conservatorium teachers. At least this has been my own bitter experience. At the end of six months' study of this method, my hands had become so stiff that I could hardly play a scale. But I know nothing whatever against the respectability of the institution. I consider it quite as proper a place as any public institution of the kind can be for a lady. Payments in the Conservatorium are made quarterly, instead of a year in advance. No American who has left paid for any longer time than he was in, although two were requested to do so.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

I'm not in love, remember. Song. M. W. Balse. 25  
One of Balse's most successful new songs. The best English vocalists have endorsed it.

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Easy and pleasing.

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Just the thing for serenading parties.

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This publication can hardly fail to excite universal interest. There is no doubt as to the genuineness of its authorship; and assuredly this last production in his especial line of one who wrote such a multitude of charming dance-pieces deserves the attention of all upon whom this genial and attractive form of music exercises a sway. This waltz is quite worthy of the pen that traced the Echo de Mont Blanc Polka, the Prima Donna Waltz, and a dozen more things as perfect in their way.

Schubert's Serenade, arranged for Cornet and Piano. J. S. Knight. 25

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Arrangements suitable for amateurs on both instruments. They contain substantially nothing but the melodies transposed into a practical key. Even finished players will find them good handpieces for an occasional social musical entertainment.

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Among the amateurs of Germany this is perhaps the most widely known piece of the popular author, and well deserves its great popularity. It is somewhat difficult, but repays study.

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One of Duvernoy's best instructive pieces for pupils of about a year's practice.

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A ball in Paris would be thought dull without a Quadrille of Musard's and a set of waltzes by Camille Schubert. The dancing public of Paris have voted the above set one of their special favorites. It certainly equals in brilliancy and freshness of melodies the "Dames de Seville" sets, so extensively known here.

Pupils' Grand March. W. Fisher. 25

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Lively and striking; suitable for scholars.

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A new and very attractive Operetta, and one that will afford instruction and entertainment for public or private performance. It is well suited to Female Colleges and Schools and will prove a general favorite.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 437.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 21.

## Richard Wagner.

(Translated from the French of Louis Lamcobe (Revue Germanique, for Feb. 1860), by ANNA M. H. BARWEN.)

(Concluded.)

We shall give our opinions of Wagner's theories before treating of the value of his compositions, or giving an account of the three representations which lately took place at the *Theatre Italien*. The genealogy of the Wagnerian system can be given without much trouble. It goes back in part, and in line direct to that of Chevalier Gluck, of which it is in some respect the extreme development. Gluck maintains in one of his prefaces that dramatic music ought to limit itself to the rather servile rôle of interpreting the situation and words, affirming that it goes out of its domain when it is not confined to this. He says expressly in his Italian dedication to "Alceste:"

"I seek to bring back music to its veritable function, that of seconding poetry by strengthening the expression of its sentiments, and its situations, without interrupting or chilling the action with superfluous ornaments. I believe that music should add to poetry that which the liveliness of colors and the harmonious agreement of light and shade add to a correct well executed drawing serving to animate the figures without altering the outlines."

Certainly if we do not take this in too literal a sense, this passage coming from the pen of an intelligent man firmly convinced, contains excellent views. But should dramatic music always conform absolutely to these principles, resign itself to being only the color wedded to the drawing? If so it would reduce the musical composer to a mere print colorer. Is he obliged to attach himself like a slave to the steps of a poet, contenting himself with the adorning of a verse or a word, and thus renouncing his liberty and independence, which in artistic order, as well as in moral order, are the creating causes of true power? We must be allowed to doubt this.

Such, however, is the theory which has served as a starting point to Richard Wagner. Like Gluck he wished to oblige the music to express, or describe, so to speak, the finest shades of sentiment in the words or situation of the poem. He explains in a preface dated 1852. ("Three Opera Librettos, with a Communication to my friend as Preface, by Richard Wagner.") Now after having searched the melody for itself, he finished by making it subordinate to the situation or better still, to the language of the characters.

Now let us quote from the text this other passage from the dedication to "Alceste":

"I attach no value to the discovery of a novelty," says Gluck, "unless it has arisen naturally from the situation and is wedded to the expression; in fine there is no rule I have not been willing to sacrifice freely for effect.\*"

Then notice the following precept, by which

\* The effect here meant is that springing from a truthful expression of the passions, not that vulgar artificial effect which so large a number of composers have abused.

Weber, and after him Wagner, has, according to our opinion, too well profited.

"I have believed that we must above all avoid leaving in the dialogue *too cutting* a disparity between the air and the recitative, in order not to mutilate the period in a counter-sense, nor awkwardly to interrupt the warmth of the scene."

Now who will dare to sustain seriously in these days, that dramatic music ought to reject the new combinations of harmony with melody, or those which spring from their union with rhythm, under pretext that the situation furnished by the poet does not exact nor give rise to these combinations? Has not the musical art its own independent, intrinsic beauty which not only has the right but whose duty even it is to free itself in certain limits from the exigencies of the drama? Of course we have no intention of approving or excusing those composers, who have believed they were right in adapting any given subject to any music whatever, at the expense of good sense and the plainest elementary rules of good taste. We simply affirm that music of the theatre, the church, or the concert, should develop itself by itself, and live its own life.

If Gluck did not say this in his prefaces, he felt it none the less, for his works are full of grand musical developments, worthy of admiration, and several of his choruses and scores are as touching and effective in a concert as in an opera. Richard Wagner has felt the same marvellously well, although he subscribes to the sayings of Gluck, by declaring in the course of the work already quoted, that he has pruned with care, musically speaking, all that which did not attach itself to the essential element of his poems.

In order to finish these comparisons we will say in fine, that Richard Wagner in commencing passages frequently, with measured recitative, has had in view without doubt like Gluck, a wish to efface "*too cutting a disparity between the air and recitative.*"

This means it is true, may find its application in exceptional cases, but would it not be better to lead to an air by a recitative, which increases gradually in animation, than to commence a passage by a measured one, thus losing the effect of that moment when the theme chosen by a musician ought like a jet of flame to lighten up suddenly all which surrounds it? And if it relates to a song that the composer proposes to develop, is he not wanting in logic in failing to put this first in evidence? These things we know are subject to many exceptions therefore we guard against deciding positively on either side.

Richard Wagner does not leave his friend Gluck without saluting Mozart. He remarks that this immortal master knew how to give an especial musical color to each one of the character types which were furnished to him in the Libretto of Don Juan. Then he admires in Weber this same faculty of translating into sounds the characters of his heroes, and he dreams then of the possibility of designing his own, by means of melodies so striking as to be recognized. The

author of Lohengrin only saw first in the composition of an opera a succession of duos, trios and choruses. Little by little, other things became visible. He wished that the drama should develop itself according to conditions peculiar to the nature of the subject, and that the musical passages might be constantly suggested by the situation and submissive to the management of the scenes, which the principal and sovereign idea, according to him, required. He desired that his movements should take part in the action, and make one body with it, producing on the audience an impression perfectly analogous to that which the developments of the poem awakened.

"And this can take place very naturally" says Wagner, "by means of a tissue of principal themes which shall be characteristic in their form and which are to be heard, not only in such or such a scene, but in the entire drama, and have besides an intimate connection with the poetic design of the composer."

The germ of this idea is found in Don Juan, Robin des Bois, Robert le Diable, and the Huguenots. Mozart, as we said above, found peculiar accents for displaying the different physiognomies of the Commander, Zerlina, Don Juan, Donna Anna, Masetto, &c. Weber, in Der Freyschütz, his master piece, showed as much talent as Mozart in musical character painting and he contrived to circulate through the score, several movements bound to the dramatic action, which he managed more happily than has ever been done before. Meyerbeer confines himself to making the most of this discovery by his illustrious predecessors, but on a larger scale and with a weaker impression.

Richard Wagner caught sight of this already complex idea under a new aspect. Seeking to endow music with a faculty of which it is deprived, *precision*, he takes a circuitous path, and applies, as a sort of label to each of the principal characters of his drama, a characteristic melody. He believes in the possibility of creating a system on this childish notion, and it is only saved from triviality, by means of musical beauties of the first order. There is also a grave inconvenience in this settled purpose, that of fatiguing the audience by this continual repetition of the same songs, and has Wagner completely avoided this objection?

We saw "Tannhäuser" at Zurich. At that time we did not know any of the operas of Wagner, and we read it from one end to the other with as much interest as attention. We were immediately struck with the grand proportions of the overture, with the seal of dignity, superiority and exaltation stamped on the whole, and we experienced a real satisfaction in not encountering any of those superannuated formulas so well relished by the drawing-room public, nor any of those conventional forms which musicians, whose value lies with editors of music, have so awkwardly adopted for each one of their passages, whatever may be the nature or style, and which, for want of a better system, drag themselves

along the beaten path at the heels of mankind. We admired freely the charming attractiveness of Wagner's proud young Muse, who like some beautiful creatures with radiant countenances and conquering smiles seem to say "The world is ours."

One evening during our stay at Zurich, we saw Wagner. His superb forehead was lighted up by a brilliant expression, full of vivacity and sympathetic geniality. There was in his whole person an animated, powerful, spiritual presence, which charmed us, and we remember yet, after ten long years, the impression made on us by his intelligent eye, in which there seemed to dwell a sunbeam.

Three or four years after, at Leipsic, we were present at the performance of "Lohengrin," and thus had an opportunity of appreciating Wagner's talent, which is so truly dramatic and a fair development of his individuality. We judge "Lohengrin" as we do "Tannhäuser" because these works being created on the same principle possess the same qualities and the same defects. Boldness, rich coloring, strength, originality, depth, sonorous instrumentation, superb orchestral effects, brilliant songs, true declamation, the power of seducing and bearing along — all this may be inscribed on the fair side of the medal. But we find on the reverse a want of decision in the melodic design, a vague profusion of musical ideas more occupied with rendering the words faithfully than binding themselves logically together, the abuse of sonorousness and the *tremolo*, also an extreme frequency of *thematique* returns with the monotony which results from this and changes of tone-coloring arising here and there too brusquely caused by enharmonic modulations not sought for, but accepted too thoughtlessly. Another reproach, unfortunately well founded, we have to make upon these aforesaid scores, if they commence bravely they do not finish the same. The first act enchants, the second interests but charms us less, the third, too exclusively consecrated to the recitative, drags in many places, and consequently weakens the impression made at the opening. Notwithstanding all this, it is impossible not to be captivated by the representation of Wagner's operas, and in spite of their length we never think of leaving the theatre until after we have heard the last stroke of the violin bow.

Our enemies would be very sorry, grievously affected, if they could know that their hatred sometimes affords us more efficacious service than all the praises of our friends united. Without the "*musique de l'avenir*" would Wagner's reputation have increased so promptly among us? Thanks to this phrase "music of the future," he has become very popular in Paris — "barbarous city," as Berlioz once called it. Thus when the three concerts at the "*Italiens*" were announced every one was prepared courageously to be present at them, decided on braving this "music of the future." The public, the artists, the critics, the jealous, the envious, the curious, the indifferent, everybody wished to go.

"We are going to laugh," said some. "We are going to shrug our shoulders," said others. As usual they had taken pains to spread reports unfavorable to the new comer; his music could not be sung, it was bad, devoid of melody, that was certain. Executants of established talent had abandoned the orchestra at the rehearsals, it was said, declaring that they could comprehend

nothing of this jumble, that it was useless to break one's legs in endeavoring to clamber over the musical brushwood of this composer, who pretended to teach them to play true and in time.

It was with curiosity then and anxiety that we awaited the decisive moment. At nine o'clock precisely we were at our post. Little by little the hall filled up with literary persons, artists, fashionables and the Germans helping to make the crowd. At last Wagner appeared and was received with reiterated applause, — it was a tribute paid to his name. A wan smile trembled on his lips when he heard his reception. Then seizing the leader's bow, he prepared himself to conduct his little army without any desk before him, without any score under his eyes, from his heart, in a word! And this *tour de force* lasted three hours! During three hours, he pointed out to the instrumentalists and chorus singers, the openings and re-openings, the very shadows with an inconceivable exactitude and fidelity of memory.

The overture to the "Flying Dutchman" was a cause of gratification to the enemies of Wagner. The *theme* played by the horn, the pretty melody in F confided to the hautbois, the *traits* executed by the quartet imitating the rising of the waves, the shrill chords which placed themselves on these passages, recalling by their savage harmonies, the cries of birds of prey during the tempest, all this appeared confused, diffuse and dry.

At the second piece the impression changed. The "Solemn entrance of the invited guests to Wartburg" made these detractors lower their heads, for unanimous *bravos* burst out through the whole Hall, and there was a veritable trembling in the crowd when the violin melody, a little Weberish in its character, unfolded itself nobly over unexpected and soothing modulations, (except one), throwing off its joyous and vibrating notes like jets of flame into the air.

The instrumental fragment in which Wagner has wished to describe "The pilgrimage of Tannhäuser to Rome" opens with the "Song of the Pilgrims," and contains some fine passages, contrasts of remarkable sounds between the flutes, hautbois and clarionets of one part and the quartet of the other. This imposing dialogue enchanted us, and it must be admitted that it introduced marvellously well the "Pilgrim Chorus" whose majestic beauty was perfectly comprehended.

In regard to the symphonique programmes, printed in the little books, some persons, well-intentioned, without doubt, wish to have it believed that Richard Wagner is a musical materialist, a realist; they chafe him with being ambitious of describing facts and objects by means of musical language. Are they sure that it is the facts and objects the master wishes to represent? Might it not be rather the sentiments they awaken in him? Poets of all nations have sung "the golden arrows" of the sun, the moon's "silver rays," the "sublime voice" of the great waters, "the immaculate snow" of the mountains, "the virgin forests," "the threatening calm" of the desert. Were they accused for this of materialism and realism? Perhaps; but every one knows of what value such accusations are. On this head musicians have been abominably guilty, for since the days of Bach who wrote his fugues on the farewells of friends, up to Richard Wagner, pass-

ing by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Berlioz, F. David, &c., there has not been one, who has not attempted at least once in his life to translate into sounds — What? Nature? No, assuredly not, but the emotions produced by Nature's radiance, when without comprehending her secrets we love and admire her in the very depths of our souls.

We shall not discuss that which has no need of being discussed, and shall limit ourselves to simply mentioning the overture to "Tannhäuser," already heard and applauded at the time when Mr. Segher directed the St. Cecilia society, and the excellence of which we have elsewhere noticed. We confess we do not like the introduction to "Tristan and Isolde." As to the fragment of "Lohengrin" entitled "The Holy Grail" we shall give an account of it, after having quoted Wagner's text.

"The Holy Grail was the cup in which the Saviour drank at the Last Supper, and in which Joseph of Arimathea received the blood of the Crucified One. Tradition relates that the sacred relic had been taken away from unworthy men, but that God had decided upon returning it to the hands of some favored ones who from purity of heart and sanctity of life, had merited his honor. It is the return of the Holy Grail on the mountain of the saintly Chevaliers, in the midst of a troop of angels, that the introduction to Lohengrin attempts to express.

"In the first measures, the soul of the pious Solitary who awaits the sacred Chalice, soars off into infinite space. Little by little, he sees a strange apparition, which takes form and shape. This apparition defines itself more clearly, and he sees passing before him the miraculous troop of angels, carrying in their midst the Sacred Cup. The holy procession approaches, the heart of God's elect becomes exalted, enlarged; he expands with the ineffable aspirations awakened in him, he gives himself up to an increasing beatitude as he sees the luminous apparition coming nearer, and when at last the Holy Grail itself appears in the middle of the sacred procession, he is wrapt in ecstatic adoration, as if the entire world had disappeared.

"Then the Holy Grail extends its benediction over the saint in prayer, and consecrates him its chevalier. The burning flames soften gradually their *éclat*; the troop of angels with smiles of holy joy abandon the earth, and regain the celestial heights. The Holy Grail has been left in the care of pure men, in whose hearts the divine liquor is spread, and the august troop disappear in the depths of space in the same manner it had appeared."

The musical phrase chosen by Wagner to express this, is beautiful but short. Written in four parts it is executed by divided violins *à l'ugu*. To these four parts others join; the wind instruments enter one by one; then in a slow movement, for one moment, the orchestral voices unite in a harmonious undulating concert. At this place we noticed an ascending base, above which formed and resolved alternately, some dissonances, which were striking from the manner in which they were approached. Then the violins mounted up; the contra bassi and violoncellos remaining quiet; silence reigned among the wind instruments, and the soft melody leading back to its point of departure, exhaled itself in aerial sounds of exquisite tenderness. We wish that

this Adagio had a less fairy-like and a more religious expression. Setting aside this important reserve, we have only praises to bestow upon it.

*Le Reveil du Matin* and the Betrothal March, (above all the chorus which crowns this fragment,) produces an excellent effect. The final song, which is broad, noble and yet flexible in its character, is accompanied by a violin passage ending at an E flat, which carries you off in spite of its apparent calm. This succeeded admirably.

We do not forget the "Evening Star," a pretty romance from "Tannhäuser," sung at the two last soirées, and which, being executed charmingly by Jules Lefoot, was encored with loud applause.

We reach at last a piece destined by the author to close these interesting concerts, and entitled "Wedding Music an Epithalamium. Four words will suffice to give judgment on it,—it was dazzling, transporting. A prolonged viva seemed to dart forth like lightning from the bounding orchestra, and a song was heard in the trombones, united to the bass, which electrified and enchanted us. The chorus of men and women

"Conduits par nous  
Approchez vous,"

gave repose by interrupting very happily the noise of the festival. The melody of it is gracious, naïve and agreeable, and there are some notes of the hautbois whose charm is irresistible. The author, without your expecting it, takes the melody into A flat. You do not know where he is going, but in a happy return he enters unexpectedly into G, and comes back to the principal movement, adding to it a battery of trumpets, horns and clarinets, which give no chance of rest either to the hands of the executants or those of the audience. Richard Wagner should be content, his success was as merited as incontestible.

And now if any one says to us, Does not Wagner make an immoderate use of sonorousness in general, and of trumpets in particular; does not imagination play a more important part in his works than sentiment; does he not write his violin passages too often in excessively high regions; does he not show himself in music to be more of a poet than a musician?

To all these questions we shall reply, Yea, without any hesitation; but we shall add, it pleases some persons to disparage the works of Wagner, we have wished to point out their beauties. The critic, according to our views, had better sin through an excess of benevolence, than by an undue severity, and besides we are not sufficiently *blasé* to control our enthusiasm and keep our hearts from throbbing when moved by creations of beauty.

In recognizing the merits of Wagner we believe we are performing an act of justice, an act of good fellowship, and we shall never repent having sustained, according to our best ability, the exile who has come with frank confidence to ask hospitality from France.

The name of Mr. Hans de Bulow places itself very naturally beside that of Wagner. We regret not being able to dilate as we wish on such remarkable talents as his. Mr. Bulow, at the last soirée which was given at Pleyel's, executed with rare perfection several ancient and modern compositions. A magnificent tone, lightness, power, a captivating execution, fingers broken in to all difficulties; such are the brilliant qualities which distinguish this skilful pianist. We admired him particularly in the "Solemn Entry of

the invited guests at Wartburg," transcribed by Liszt, and also in a superb fugue of J. S. Bach, and we joined heartily in the warm *bravas* of the audience. Mr. de Bulow will give more concerts, we shall take care not to miss them, and we think the public will do likewise.

P. S. Some one has just this instant handed us what is ordinarily called a pamphlet, written against Richard Wagner and "Music of the Future."

"Well, pamphlet, what have you to say?"

"I? nothing. Cream tarts!"

### The Diarist Abroad

UTILE ET DULCE.

[It may perhaps give a mournful satisfaction to the friends of the late Diarist (the late as he seems to have given up diarizing altogether) if we prefix to this, his last communication, a few prefatory notes, drawn from his note books and other original documents. We—the editor of the communication—can vouch for the facts being as represented, certainly in so far as the late D.'s own memoranda may be held trustworthy.

It appears then, that he returned from Gratz on the 11th of June, crossing the Semmering again upon a brilliant and beautiful day, which brought out its beauties, as the sunshine of a joyous spirit does those of a handsome face. He was received by the fine young watchmaker and wife where he lodged, with great exhibition of joy, and was the next day treated to a dinner of beef fried with rashers of bacon—which they hold to be an American dish—salad and wine at some eighteen cents the quart—all which may be looked upon as a substitute for a fatted calf, which they had not.

For some days he remained reasonably quiet, occupying himself with his books and papers, and in writing for *Dwight's Journal of Music*. But there was an uneasiness visible in all his actions, which boded no good. The worst anticipations of his friends were realized on the 19th of June; for on that morning, under pretence of researches to be made in Upper Austria, he packed his traveling bag, and hardly saying "good bye" to a soul, went off to the station of the western railroad, and was overheard calling for a ticket to Linz in the third class cars.

In Linz he occupied himself in the main in making enquiries in regard to a certain apothecary, who more than half a century ago had his shop in that town down by the Danube—the dark rolling Danube, says Campbell, which is a lie—and, also concerning a brother of the apothecary, who in time of our last war with England, is said to have been also in Linz on a visit. Many slight circumstances had given the friends of the late D., no little uneasiness in regard to his mental condition, and his increasing scepticism in regard to the most interesting anecdotes of Beethoven, which periodically go the rounds of the newspaper, and are held to be established facts, seemed to prove a screw loose some where in his intellectual machinery. This sceptical tendency was shown also in Linz in a noticeable manner: he would take nothing upon trust, but must needs waste his time and money in examining old registers of deeds, marriages and the like belonging to a generation long since past. Among the places to which he has been traced was the room of an old shoemaker, with whom he had a long and confidential conversation upon the character and history of the apothecary aforementioned. As though this could be of the slightest use to him or to any other human being!

From Linz on the 21st he continued his journeying, going by railway to Frankmarkot, where seeing others take "Stellwagen" tickets, he took one also;

and was cheated by the agent, a man named Stoecker, to the amount of twenty cents in uncurrent money. Late at night in rain and darkness the Stellwagen deposited him at a brewhouse—also tavern in Salzburg,—bearing the euphonious name of "Gabler-brea!"

We find among the papers and notes, left by the D., that he considers this entire country along the Danube to be one of the gardens of the world, rich, fertile, and abounding in scenery of exquisite beauty. The views from the hills near Linz awakened great enthusiasm; but those around Salzburg were quite beyond his powers of description. There are also notices of the great kindness shown him by divers gentlemen in Salzburg. Prof. Schnaubelt of the Mozarteum (vocal teacher), Prof. Hoefel, the celebrated engraver, and others who treated his weaknesses with indulgence, and gave him such aid as they could in his researches. And so we turn our readers over to the tender mercies of the D., and pray them to read with kind allowance this last communication (by us received) from his pen.]

What queer freaks rivers indulge in! They seem to know nothing of straight and narrow ways—not they. Straight enough sometimes, perhaps, but their tendency to indulge in crooked paths is inborn. With nothing in the world to hinder them from passing to their eternity, the ocean, or Watt's "flowery beds of ease"—"meandering through gentle meads and meadows gay,"—ten to one, they will with infinite pains, find some round about way and run their heads against obstacles of their own seeking; like knaves and the lazy, who take double the pains of the honest and industrious, to say nothing of risks and their lessened chances of drawing prizes in the lottery of life.

Now, what in the name of common sense and the fitness of things, could induce the river Salza, after having fairly escaped the mountains, to turn aside from the wide, and altogether lovely plain, which spreads away from the feet of the Staufen and the Untersburg, and through which lay her beautiful course, to attack the vast mass of rock, which is now cut through and divided into the Capuzinerberg on the right and the Mönchsberg on the left? I suspect her natural disposition is quarrelsome; for to this day she rushes madly along and frets and chafes and murmurs and leads anything but a quiet life.

Jammed into the gorge, which she has cut, is the city of Salzburg; just as though the Salza had torn the town from its anchoring place up among the mountains, and piled it up here against the rocks, afterward cutting a clear passage through it, as we sometimes see done in the lodged ice in spring time.

The Capuzinerberg is now the extremity of a mountain curtain, which sweeps out with a grand course into the plain country; but the Castle height and the Mönchsberg—in fact one double headed mass of rock joined by an isthmus—are completely isolated. On the former is a large park with cool walks in the woods, and magnificent prospects from the tops of precipices. On the latter the huge castle at one extremity, the other being a place of fields, pleasure grounds, guest houses, walks and drives. For it must cover a space a mile in length, and of curious breadth—from some three hundred feet at the isthmus, where it is tunnelled by a street into the country, to nearly a quarter of a mile in its widest part. Why don't some of you men of leisure and money, who have a taste for moun-

tain scenery, come here and enjoy it? Could you but see the Staufen or the Untersberg with its crest of rock for one moment through my eyes! We are used to see mountains approached over a series of lesser elevations—but here, they rise, sheer from the plain six, eight thousand feet—their bases clothed in dark forests—their peaks in the sunbeams glittering masses of rock and snow. Moreover we are accustomed to approach mountains only through an uncultivated, or at most half cultivated country—through wild woods, over horrible ways, not to be called roads—with all sorts of discomforts attending. Here they rise directly from vallies and plains, smoothed and made beautiful by the culture of all the ages since the beginning of history; the most exquisite rural beauty, below, the sublimity of vast mountain masses rising up to the regions of eternal snow and silence, above. Think you, that it was not hard for me to turn my back on all this grandeur and beauty—to refuse the invitations, which the mountains gave me to come up among them—to stand upon the Mönchsberg and look away up those vales of transcendent beauty, which lead to the noblest scenery of the Tyrolean Alps, and turn away from them with the feeling, that now my last opportunity was unembraced? To go back to books and papers, to dusty streets and daily toil, refusing to obey Nature, who, in her sublimest dress, was opening her broad arms and inviting me with ten thousand gentle voices to come to her and rest and get new life and lay up new feeling and emotion for all the future? Ah me! but it is something to have been in Salzburg!

On the glorious morning of June 26th, like Paul Flemming and Berkely, I journeyed from the cloud capped hills of Salzburg, eastward to the lakes.

The landlord of the golden ship—das goldene Schiff—Inn, runs a daily "post-omnibus," as his bills have it—to Ischl, and to his house of entertainment I went to take my seat in the coach.

What a strange power books, which have once touched the heart and fixed the imagination, have over us! I had been duly impressed with thoughts of Mozart, as I looked at the simple four story house in which he was born, as I stood in the organ loft of the Cathedral, where in his youth and early manhood he had officiated as composer and director, had enjoyed my hours in the archives of the Mozarteum, over the manuscripts from his own hand, and those of his parents and intimate friends—the originals of the correspondence now so widely known in all the artistic world—and all this was real, historic—and yet the inn of the Golden Ship had an almost equal charm, because it was here that Flemming, the hero of the fair hair, in whose fancy all things were seen double, like Swan and shadow—had like somebody's wife's mother in the Gospel history lain sick of a fever! And truly, the clean, quiet inn must have been no bad place in which to be sick. As I awaited the coach I imagined the convalescent sitting at one of the windows above, and looking down into the square upon that splendid fountain with its four huge sea horses, each cut from a single stone, its athlete supporting the broad basin and the beautiful figures above. Beyond the square is the old cathedral in dark gray stone—a more imposing building, in its Italian style, within than without; high up and still beyond, the castle

crowning the mount; on the right of the square a sometime palace of the Archbishop—perhaps of the one, who goes down to all posterity as the scoundrelly oppressor of Mozart, an object of contempt to all future generations; on the left, the long Government house, with its tower and sweet chimes, which play popular melodies. At the end of this latter building is another small place, on which since the visit of Longfellow's hero the colossal bronze Mozart has been placed—but this is not to be seen from the inn—one must go out into the street.

It was nearly nine o'clock when our coach started with its three passengers—to the other two gentlemen, a very matter-of-fact and every day affair—to me something more, for I had not been looking forward to this day's adventures for nine long years? In 1851 I had come from the lakes hither on foot, sad and disappointed; and from that day the vision of this day's ride had never left me. During all this time too it had been my settled determination to read the closing chapters of Hyperion amid the scene described. Odd enough, I had parted with my copy a few weeks before supposing that it might be replaced without difficulty, and now was travelling without it, for though in the various book stores in Vienna, Linz and Salzburg, where I had sought it, the other volumes of Dürr's sadly misprinted Collection of American Authors were to be had, Hyperion was not—a proof that I am not the only reader of the book in this part of the world.

We drove through the town, over the bridge, and up the long Linzer street and through the city gate; thence along the smooth road, shaded with tall trees, the cliffs of the Capuzinerberg on the right, the beautiful plain spreading away on the other hand to the hills, on whose tops a few evenings before I had seen the bright fires, lighted by the peasants in honor of St. John, flashing in the darkness, and reminding me of the tongues of cloven flame, which rested on the heads of the Apostles.

The road now winds round the Capuziner Mount, and rises up the long ascent, in the rear of the Gaisberg, which I made on foot, the tall, pointed Kropfstein looming up before me, like the Israelites' pillar of cloud. A half hour's walk, during which I had found brilliant orchises and other flowers cousins German to similar species at home, brought me to a slight turn to the left in the road, where I sat down by the wayside and looked back between the heights, far a-down over the plain to the giant mass of the triple peaked Staufen, the central one rising a perfect pyramid six thousand feet from the sunny fields and meadows at its base. As I said, it was a glorious morning, and the mountain stood out in the crystalline atmosphere, so clear in outline, so ethereal in hue, rose so lightly from earth—as to give one the feeling that soon it would rise and float away, like the silvery clouds, which were sailing far, far above it.

Then I went onward, but not far, for the cool shades of fruit trees around a farm house invited me, and I went to the peasant woman, washing in a large trough at the rude fountain, with a request for a glass of milk. While waiting, I went into the kitchen, neat and white as soap and sand can make it, earthen, tin and wooden dishes neatly arranged in racks; thence crossed the dark passage which runs the length of the

house, and separates the rooms of the family from the large *apartment* in which the noble kine are stalled, and which I found with clean, glossy coats, and bright lively eyes, devouring with infinite relish freshly cut clover out of huge stone troughs. The cool mountain air had here full circulation, and was but sweetened by the fragrant breath of the cows and the perfume of new hay. Oh for a lazy bed on the hay mow and a volume of Hoffmann or Jean Paul, and nothing in the world to do but read for the next three days! Was it in a book, or did some one recently speak of the power of our sense of smell to awaken long dormant memories? How many ages ago was it, that we boys lay on the mow in the old barn, three thousand miles away, and Aleck B., read me passages in Robinson Crusoe—that book, as marvellous to me now as a work of art, as it was wonderful then, as a history of real adventures?

But—the omnibus! I drank my milk and under the idyllic influence of the moment, added fifty per cent to its price, which was two kreuzers, equal to one cent.

The road then for a time passed mostly through woods, and reminded me of travelling at home, though the illusion was often broken by glimpses into the valley, which without hedge, fence or wall, is completely covered with fields of hay and grain, and nowhere left in the wildness of nature.

It was about eleven o'clock when we too "stopped to change horses at Hof, a handful of houses on the brow of a breezy hill." One could not perhaps draw a plan of Hof from this description, but was there ever a finer and more comprehensive one in so few words? Is it not Shakesperean? Does it not make you feel exactly what the hamlet is—some fifteen or twenty buildings, with church and school house, scattered along the road which here crosses a broad swell of rising ground? But the Hof of Paul Flemming is no more. On the 6th of July, 1859, the church was struck by lightning, and it, with the Post and the other neighboring houses, was destroyed. But a new and finer church is rising on the site of the old one, at whose doors, Flemming on that Sunday saw the peasants lounging, jauntily dressed, and near which they risked their kreuzers for cakes at the roulette board.

But to-day was not Sunday, and the scenes which Flemming saw at Hof have no place in my experience. While the horses were changing I went into the wide-spread, still unfinished Post-house; for they are building it to stand for a hundred centuries—no fear of Father Muller or his disciples being before their eyes. In the large guest room, peasants, men, women and children, assembled from the hay fields, sat round large tables eating boiled beef and dumplings, like cannon balls in size, if not in color and consistency. This at eleven o'clock A.M., this needed explanation, which the gentleman, who rode with me in the coupé gave. Eleven is the dining hour in all this country. The working hours are from six to eleven in the morning, from twelve to six in the afternoon.

But this, objected I, is a bad division in the hot days of summer.

It is the custom, said he.

By and bye we came to the Fuschl lake—lying deep in a hollow, and had it below us on the left



for two or three miles. Its waters are of an exquisite green—green in all its shade, from a delicate tint almost to blackness—as if the hoary old mountain beyond had bathed in them, and washed out the rich color of its dark woods and sunny slopes. We descended at length, passed the head of the little lake, drove through a village, and up a gorge between high hills. When we reached the height of the ascent, the narrow horizon in the distance was filled by a cluster of huge mountains—at whose feet, after a few turns and windings in the road, we saw the lake of St. Wolfgang—a lovely lake with a border of fields and meadows. St. Gilgen, the picturesque little village—still sits, as Flemming saw it, on the hither shore, like a swan ready to spread its wings and fly out upon the crystal waters.

We too drove slowly down the long, winding descent and stopped at the village inn. In front a large apple tree, still spreads thick branches over a round table with benches. Just above the lower row of windows, extending the whole length of the house front, are painted in staring colors and mostly red, but now half effaced, scenes from the forester's life. On the left are men riding out to the hunt; then beneath the sun dial a Boniface is pouring out beer to a thirsty customer; then, successively, from left to right, huntmen with dogs in leash, a stag chase, a fight with a boar, and finally the capture of the wild boar. Above the door I read:

Gasthaus zur Post  
des

Franz Schöndorfer.

I did not enquire whether this gentleman, "Whose beauteous name is known to fame," still lives (an error which shall be corrected the next time I am there) for my thoughts were more taken up with the landlady, whom I remember as the conspicuous personage in May, 1851. Nine years have made her of course older, and easily conceivable causes much fatter. Now a fat landlady is an excellent tavern sign. Such an one is usually amiable. I am quite sure she is, for when I told her that a celebrated American professor and poet had written about her tavern in a book, her broad face smiled through all its extent, and her jolly, small eyes twinkled. It is not after all of much importance, save for the truth of history, whether Franz Schöndorfer still exists in the flesh, or is now the "blessed man" of his corpulent spouse, since the better half is usually the power that is in these comfortable little inns; and that too whether wife or widow.

In the passage, which runs through the house, sat peasant people drinking and eating, beer and black bread. In the large guest-room the girls of the house were ironing; but a clean table in the corner was spread for us, and we made a by no means unsatisfactory dinner of boiled fresh beef and stuffed breast of veal with lettuce. I take my 'davy that one who is not too dainty can eat in comfort and dine in peace at the "Gasthaus zur Post des Franz Schöndorfer." It was perhaps another error, not to have gone up stairs and sought out the spot where Berkely the Englishman sat in his tub of cold water—but let him that is without sin cast the first stone.

(To be continued.)

The usual summer band music draws crowds on the Common on pleasant evenings, and the Gilmore Band fills the Music Hall with delighted listeners.

### German Men's Song Festivals.

We translate from the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung*, some evidently well-meant remarks on Men's Song Festivals, of which the people of Buffalo had a specimen, a couple of weeks ago, and recommend them to the attention of directors, members and friends of all societies concerned. They are in all probability from the pen of Dr. Rellstab, the noted critic in musical matters.

We will put a question and try to answer it. This question is: What bearing have the German Men's Singing Societies had upon the growth and development of musical art? Have they furthered or retarded it? This question may be sub-divided into two. First: Has the cultivation of male part-singing benefitted the productive side of musical art-composition? and secondly; has it benefitted the vocal reproduction, the art of singing?

All musical persons of judgment and taste agree, that by far the greater part of compositions for male voices have but very little musical merit, if any at all. The classic German masters, Bach, Händel, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven have produced so little in this line, and what there is of them is so decidedly inferior to their other vocal works, that it would never have been a sufficient cause to establish special societies for its reproduction. Franz Schubert too, has written too little to build societies upon, although of some of his male four-part songs might be truly said: *ex ungue leonem*. It is characteristic however of the tendency and the taste of their societies that you see very seldom—perhaps never a piece of Franz Schubert on their programmes, and that the few compositions left by Robert Schumann are neglected just as much. It is true, that Mendelssohn has written some very remarkable works for male voices, among which the Antigone music stands prominent, but none of them, save one, has become popular with our societies, so that hardly a festival passes by during which the "Farewell to the woods" is not sung by heart—and, generally speaking, very poorly too.

The principal food of these societies at their private meetings, as well as at their grand joint festivals consists—besides the Gambrinic malt juice—of the "still" liquid brewed by a few artizan-composers, who meet the enormous yearly demand for new part-songs by opening their sluices of musical idiocy and mediocrity *par excellence*. Masterworks, similar to the Singer's rambles, Student's rambles, Mordgrundsbrück &c., flood the market in the cheapest editions, excluding all competition of copyists, and satisfy to a marvel the wants and the taste of most societies and their respective directors. In these productions phrases take the place of an original melodic element, and instead of an independent carriage of the parts you find a piano accompaniment arranged for voices; for in almost every bar of these popular works you can trace the keyboard easily.

To proceed to the second part of our question: in the art of singing, are the voices benefitted by the cultivation of male part-singing? Every musician who has any experience in vocal music would answer, not at all; on the contrary, it is highly injurious to voices. All the mediocre manufacturers of male choruses speculate on the effect of the highest notes of the tenor-voice. Such an Amphion of the Liedertafels thinks to himself; a high A or B never fails of its effect, and there is hardly a society without one or two first tenors who can sound these high notes with full chest voice; why then should I not put them in as often as possible? It would be well if the assassination of tenor voices could be placed under the surveillance of the police. Any one who has ever been present at a regular meeting of a Men's Singing Club must have noticed, that instruction in the proper use of the vocal organs, or even correct pronunciation of the words is never thought of. Practising, cigar in mouth, and beer glass with-

in reach, is kept up till the first tenors cry for grace, and the bill of fare.

An excursion generally proves fatal to some young promising tenor voices, which if they had joined a mixed chorus instead of a male chorus might have been preserved and been useful. But it has of late become very difficult to obtain male members, especially high tenors, for singing societies in which ladies participate. In the first place the compositions which are studied and performed there are altogether too classical, that is too say too tedious for the majority of our young men. Of course nobody can become interested in the works of Händel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, without first possessing himself of some initiatory musical knowledge. Moreover our first tenors, if they were to join mixed choruses, would but too often stand convicted of utter ignorance in reading readily—especially in the tenor-clef—in counting and keeping time. And this is reason enough for keeping aloof from societies in which they sing fugues—horrid word! Such is the state of things now, that Choral Societies have to engage professional singers to get even a decent proportion of tenors and basses. It has happened quite lately that, in a pretty large provincial capital, not far from Berlin, there were but seven male singers to ninety-seven ladies present at an oratorio rehearsal. Many Choral Societies which used to flourish have been obliged to disband only for reasons of this kind. The principal cause of this is the so-called cultivation of male part-singing. Really, if old Zeller—supposed to be the Columbus of the Liedertafels—could have known how his discovery would affect the higher vocal music, he would have looked at it with horror.

### A Japan Lily.

Our pen is generally a good working creature, and will follow almost any lead, as an Editor's ought. But all creatures rebel at times, and in that case the only rule is the one the butcher gave to Tom Pinch, when, contrary to all propriety, he was cramming his beef-steak carelessly into his basket—"Meat," the butcher said, *with some emotion*, "must be humored, not drove." Our pen must be so treated, this very hot weather; for "the heated term" is the American Saturnalia.

We have caught sight of a most gorgeous Japan lily. Never was anything more exquisitely rich. We should describe it, were it not that the language we should use would seem so extravagant that it would detract from the sobriety of our article. The ancients called the poet and the seer by the same name. In those days, men would endure melodious instruction. But those times are past. The Editor is now the seer. They call the poet a *creator* too. All has passed over to the chair of the Editor. It is the tripod now. He is teacher, seer, creator. We *profess* to listen to the minister; we do homage to the popular orator; but we give our ear and our heart to the Editor. For have we not voluntarily chosen him for our guide? and why continue to receive his teaching, if we do not like it? But, as we are Anglo-Saxons and not Greeks, the Editor must not be a poet-prophet, but a *sewing teacher*.

Yet there was something in that connection of the melodious teacher with the prophet, that was for all times and all people—a truth in it that belongs to us. We do not know that we can state the matter in any way that will be less exceptionable, than by looking at the question: What is the reason of the impression made by a very magnificent flower? or, not to make it too metaphysical, *What is the moral influence of the beautiful?*

The Puritans were very much afraid of the beautiful, and its recognition as a legitimate power has, therefore, been very slow in America. That there are dangers in it, appears from the fact, that Protestantism is rather shy of the fine arts; Paganism and Romanism not caring so much for the moral bearing of customs and pursuits.

For one thing, however, let us observe, that the beautiful cannot be bad in itself, because *children all love flowers*. Not to resort to Wordsworth's exquisite reason for this in his "Ode on Intimations of Immortality," we may appeal to all hearts for the truth of the fact. A crowd of children from courts and alleys will gather eagerly before a gentleman's

garden, and gaze wistfully through the iron railings at the roses and fuchsias, the japonicas and the oleanders, as if their possession would be paradise itself. They do not look at all with the stupid wonder with which they walk through a gallery of art or a house filled with costly furniture. The flowers make some kind of deep, natural appeal to them. The beautiful, then, we gather, in itself, is innocent.

We are absolutely sure of our ground when we say that the beautiful is *refining in its influence*. It is hardly worth our while to argue so plain a point. Taste grows up usually in countries highly favored by nature. Their names are upon every tongue and in every book. A subtle influence steals gradually into the heart of such a nation, until at last their boats are models of beauty, the pitcher carried to the well takes on a classic shape, and grace moulds the living forms of bandit and beggar, lady and contadina.

The question whether it is *favorable to virtue* is more serious and more subtle. One thing is certain, whatever be the danger, the beautiful is a necessity in a complete character, else why is imagination an element in universal human nature? If in us, it needs its aliment as much as intellect or feeling, and there can certainly be no evil in the *appropriate and moderate* use of any faculty. If we refuse the beautiful, we reduce architecture to the simple function of producing that which is convenient, a result which will make any of us look blank enough when we realize it. We extinguish music, not only the interlinked harmonies of the concert and the simple melody of the school-girl's ballad, but the sacred song in the temple of devotion.

It comes very near to the sphere of virtue to consider the question whether symmetry is possible without the idea of the beautiful. Without symmetry, where is the idea of the perfect? Without the idea of the perfect is devotion possible? To tell a savage that the Almighty is perfect would carry no idea with it; to convey anything like an adequate conception of it, a long training, had to be gone through with in the Land of Promise and in the land of Philosophy. The child you train at your knees comes, you think, with a mind like blank paper to receive an impress entirely new. The fact however is, that he is the recipient of the resultant effect of ages of culture. What prophets saw, what patriots fought for, what martyrs died for, what poets sang, what philosophers thought, what science discovered and what art has carried into natural effect—all these are part of the *character* of that boy. That he conceives the *perfect*, is the effect of the moulding of nations into the beautiful ever since the morning stars sang together.

The beautiful may be in excess in a people. Byron's Sardanapalus is a great truth—a hero destroyed by the aesthetic. The story of the Sybarites is from the life—that they moaned if a rose-leaf was doubled up on their couch. But this only shows that we ought not to live for a side issue; that the ancillary is not the main thing; that a human being should cultivate his powers in proportion to their importance; that the moral nature must be supreme; the intellect have its appropriate sway; the useful occupy its proper position.

We think that the Anglo-Saxon race may be trusted in this direction. As long as a State spends a hundred millions for railroads, and starts back with horror from the idea of thirty thousand to build its chief magistrate a house that shall not disgrace it, we need not be afraid of the undue influence of this power. So long as the property of our State is worth, at a very moderate valuation, a thousand millions of dollars—for it could not be bought, house by house, farm by farm, coal seams, ore banks, salt wells and oil sites, for twice that sum—and yet we cannot get together fifty thousand dollars to build one Temple of the Beautiful in the shape of an Academy of the Fine Arts, we need not be deeply concerned at any danger from this source.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

#### Harriet Hosmer.

Boston, June 29, 1860.—Harriet Hosmer has just had an order from some gentlemen of St. Louis for a bronze statue of Thomas H. Benton, for which she is to have \$10,000. She is now engaged on a monument ordered by Mr. Crow, of St. Louis. It has been designed by Miss Hosmer, and the drawing promises a work of great beauty and power. The Saviour is represented extending his hand to raise a young girl who reclines at his feet. The figure of the Saviour is to be nine feet high, and the conception of his person evinces rare genius in the artist. Those who have supposed that Miss Hosmer, with all her fine powers of execution and her exquisite conception of lighter subjects, would lack the power to design a representation of those loftier

types of character which illumine with unapproachable glory the highest productions of art, will be happily disappointed when they see this great work. They will hardly need to read the inscription below. "I am the resurrection and the life." Miss Hosmer returns from Rome to take care of her father, Dr. Hosmer, and just now she has interrupted her work to execute his bust. This young woman's energy is illustrated by the fact that when she heard of her father's illness she made the journey from Rome to Boston in seventeen days—the shortest time ever made. At Rome she has been the pupil and friend of John Gibson, the greatest of living English sculptors. All her life she has done brave work, sometimes audacious but never unworthy; and when she presented herself in Rome, where a great prejudice exists against lazy lady pretenders—not without reason, too—she won her coveted place in the studio of Gibson solely by the evidence which her work and her wishes gave that she both could and would achieve a success alike honorable to herself, her art and her master. Mr. Gibson's prophetic expectations have been more than fulfilled. From the first he expressed himself more than satisfied with the power of imitating the roundness and softness of flesh, add upon one occasion he said that he had never seen it surpassed, and not often equalled. A bust of Daphne, a lovely bust of the beautiful Medusa, a statue of Enone, for Mr. Crow of St. Louis, and a statue of Beatrice Cenci, for the public library of St. Louis, which was exhibited in the Royal Academy at London, and won golden opinions from eminent critics, were her earliest productions. When her father's financial reverses deprived her of the aid which he had so gladly given, just as she was starting for England to escape the dangers of a summer in Rome, she gave up the contemplated journey, sold her fine horse and expensive English saddle, remained in Rome to model her famous statue of Puck—a work all spirit, originality and fun—and in six months achieved an independence. Since that time she has met with distinguished success. A monument for the Church of San Andrea delle Frate, at Ryme, a fountain of original design, and a statue of Zenobia, larger than life, are the later efforts of her genius. Harriet Hosmer is but twenty-nine, a native of Watertown, near Boston, a woman of no ordinary worth, and an artist of great achievements and greater promise; and she will make us all more proud of her as she continues the career which her courage and faithfulness and extraordinary genius have so successfully inaugurated.

In answer to the committee appointed by the Legislature of Missouri for the erection of a bronze statue, in St. Louis, of the late Colonel Thomas H. Benton. She writes,—“I have reason to be grateful to you for this distinction, because I am a young artist, and although I may have given some evidence of skill in those of my statues which are now in your city, I could scarcely have hoped that their merit, whatever it may be, should have inspired the citizens of St. Louis to intrust me with a work whose chief characteristic must be the union of great intellectual power with manly strength. But I have also reason to be grateful to you, because I am a woman, and, knowing what barriers must in the outset oppose all womanly efforts, I am indebted to the chivalry of the west, which has first overleaped them. I am not unmindful of the kind indulgence with which my works have been received, but I have sometimes thought that the critics might be more courteous than just, remembering from what hand they proceeded; but your kindness will now afford me ample opportunity of proving to what rank I am really entitled as an artist, unsheltered by their broad wings of compassion for the sex; for this work must be, as we understand the term, a *manly* work, and hence its merits alone must be my defence against the attacks of those who stand ready to resist any encroachments upon their self-appropriated sphere. I utter these sentiments only to assure you that I am fully aware of the important results which to me as an artist, wait on the issue of my labors, and hence that I shall spare no pains to produce a monument worthy of your city, and worthy of the statesman, who, though dead, still speaks to you in language more eloquent and endearing than the happiest efforts in marble or bronze, of ever so cunning a workman.” In reference to the above, the *St. Louis Republican* says:—“We believe the choice of a woman for the execution of a work such as this, is a novelty in the annals of art. It belongs to the great west, however, to inaugurate novelties; and we are satisfied, from frequent contemplation of her works, both here and elsewhere, that the choice of Miss Hosmer for this, the *first public work of our state*, was fortunate, and will result in the production of a monument creditable to our city and commensurate with the fame of the great man whom it is intended to honor.”

## Musical Correspondence.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., AUGUST 6.—In almost every house here there is a piano, but pass when you will, polkas, negro songs, schottisches, and Thomas' ballads are sure to reach your ear. Beethoven, Mendelssohn and the great masters are never heard at parties, nor at evening gatherings. Some Germans practice Mendelssohn's part songs and other things weekly, under the guidance of a Mr. Schubert late organist of the Unitarian church, who recently gave place to Mr. Escott, the violinist, (husband of the Lucy Escott of European celebrity.) They are to give a concert shortly, assisted by talent from Worcester and Hartford. Among them is a tenor with a high and true voice, who sings uncommonly well.

Carl Lenster, an excellent violinist from New York, gave a public invitation to musical amateurs to visit his hotel, three Saturday evenings ago to hear him perform. The few who went were highly pleased, and thanked the many who stayed away to prove their disregard for that, which had they gone to hear, they would have drowned by whispers and ill-timed remarks, and some of them certainly by loud jabbering to test which could produce a more formidable fortissimo—they or the violoncello? Casseres is teaching successfully in good circles, but is absolutely lazy as far as playing goes. They say he promised to play Beethoven's Duo in F op. 24, with Lenster, but did not go near the place. When asked to play, his answer commonly is, "I do not feel in the mood." His mood for playing recurs very seldom, but he can play when he will, then I for one can forgive his ordinary indifference and constitutional indolence, for when fairly in the midst of a piece that he loves, the passive, languid man becomes the artist of heated imagination and elevated fancy. Once I caught him in the right mood, then he played Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso in E minor, with its lovely, playful movement, Moschelles' Romanza in F, Beethoven's Adagio from the third Sonata inscribed to Haydn, Dussek's La Consolation and one of Field's Nocturnos. He has plenty of enthusiasm and warmth, aims at the regular position of the hands, fine quality of tone, clearness of execution, &c., &c., but his execution is too brusque, and there is a *laissez aller* about it, which fairly indicates his natural languor of disposition. Slow, expressive movements, which demand neat phrasing, judicious coloring, intensity of feeling—in these he is quite at home. Evidently he follows the school of Clementi which may be characterized as that of *principle and delivery*. There are some concerts in prospect for the latter end of this month, that of the Germans I believe is to come first. The Draytons will be here early in September. Some of the minor singers of Ullmann's last troupe at the Academy in New York, contemplated a visit here, but some kind soul wrote and advised them to stay away. It was a generous, open-hearted, unselfish piece of advice, for had they graced the Music Hall with the light of their countenances once, certainly on leaving it, they would have darkened the passage way, leading out with the shades of disappointment beaming *vendetta* on their faces, and a thousand *maledizioni* on their lips. A few good people would have gone to hear and see them, but what is a few in that hall whose capacity is thirteen hundred! But send along Campbell's Minstrels, or any other Ethiopian "show" then, make room for everybody, and why? because negro minstrelsy is the lyric product of the United States. The people must not be blamed because they are true to their own. But who shall educate the mass in good music? It is the duty of the rich, the powerful, and those in high places, as it is the case in Europe. In Boston, New York and other places you and they are highly favored. People respect and patronize your Dresels, Timms and

Wollenhaupts. Here they are true to their own. For teachers they employ their own friends and members of their own churches, because a few lessons from Mr. — in Boston have qualified them to teach. Schubert, Casseres and Escott, with their European experience, amount to nothing. They must be content with some pupils, because they charge high! It is their own fault in a great measure. The first named plays the violoncello, Casseres the piano, and Escott the violin. They could meet and play Beethoven's and Hummel's Trios and other music, and invite the people to become intimate with these masters, but the one prefers his cigar and lager beer, the second enjoys his *dolce far niente*, and the violinist thinks it pays best to give lessons to a class of young men in the evenings. To succeed in music, there must be agitation as in other matters. Cheap goods sell best in the market, but they are the dearest, and it is on this principle that our people make a great mistake in the employment of teachers, as in the purchase of pianos.

I am, &c., A NATIVE OF SPRINGFIELD.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 18, 1860.

### The Music Publishers in Council.

In default of anything more appropriate in this midsummer dearth of musical items, we are glad to have the glimpse at the annual convention of the Board of Music Trade afforded us by our well known Philadelphia correspondent "Manrico." The music publishers of our country have done their full share in promoting the steady advance of Music among us, not only by their publications, but by encouraging the cause of Art and its servants in many different ways. Although they give the world much that is indeed but trash, yet not a few of them can point to a list of publications of the very classics of Music (like that of our own publishers,) that do honor to any community and any people. Much good will doubtless arise from these annual conferences of those who have it in their power to do so much for the highest interest of Art. We are glad to hear that they meet next in Boston.

The Sixth Annual Meeting of the Board of Music Trade, which occurred on the 9th inst., at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, was marked by an entire and happy unity of action and good feeling on the part of those directly concerned therein. Not a single *questio vexata*, which could possibly have ripped the smoothly flowing current of its proceedings, came up during the entire session; and the members, upon adjournment, separated amid the most cordial expressions of friendship. Ever thus should it be with all those from whose exertions radiate the influences tending to an ultimate national taste for the finest of the fine arts, which shall have its blessed effect upon the entire social system of our country; humanizing, genializing, and tempering all orders of its citizens, in whose pursuits, for the most part, the material now predominates over the ideal and æsthetic.

The attendance at this meeting was large and comprised publishers from widely separated sections of the United States and Canada. Thus stood the roll-call:

From New York: Messrs. Jas. F. Hall, S. F. Gordon, Wm. E. Millet, Wm. Pond, Sidney E. Pearson. From Boston: Messrs. Oliver Ditson, E. H. Wade, H. Tolman. From Philadelphia: Messrs. Jul. Lee, G. André, Jas. N. Beck. From Baltimore: Messrs. Geo. Willig, Hen. McCaffrey, Wm. Miller. From Cincinnati: Mr. A. C. Peters. From Louisville: Messrs. D. P. Faulds, — Tripp. From Toronto,

Ca.: Mr. A. S. Nordheimer. From St. Louis: Mr. G. Weber.

The only application for membership at this meeting was made by Mr. Ph. S. Werlein, of New Orleans, who was unanimously elected, and took his seat in the Board, during the progress of the proceedings. Immediately upon the organization of the first session, the President, Mr. Geo. Willig, of Baltimore, delivered the usual annual address, replete with wholesome suggestions, and presenting the divers points, comprehensively arranged, which claimed the deliberations of the Board. Toward the close of the final meeting, an election for officers was held, which resulted in the choice of the following gentlemen: for President, Jas. F. Hall; Vice President, D. P. Faulds; and for Secretary and Treasurer, Jas. N. Beck. Some few alterations in the By-Laws of the Association, important only to the active members of the Association, were adopted; and a series of resolutions upon the death of Nathan Richardson, an honorary member, were unanimously passed. The informal proceedings of the occasion were materially enhanced by the active participation of such men as Charles Grobe, Theodore Hagen, Charles Wels Messrs. Light & Bradbury, Theo. Moerling, Prof. Jas. Bellak, Col. Fitzgerald, of the Philadelphia City Item, and others. Fair ladies, too, graced the various scenes of pleasure, for almost every member was accompanied by his wife or daughter. The New York members of the Board were unremitting in well-conceived and admirably arranged pleasures, wherewith to entertain their visiting *confidés*. They had engaged, in advance, the most luxurious apartments of a superb hotel, amply provided with every appurtenance of comfort and enjoyment; and had given to the proprietors of the same hostelry, a *carte blanche* toward the best entertainment which experienced caterers could devise. On Thursday afternoon, the members and their wives and daughters, were regaled with an extended view of the magnificent Central Park, with its fanciful bridges, cool grottoes, romantic rambles, graceful swans, commanding observatories, and smooth promenades; all admiring the liberality of a municipal corporation, which has thus set apart for future generations, an oasis amid the sterile scenes of every-day practical life.

Thence the company proceeded along the Bloomingdale Road, sacred to fast men, to a caravanserai, distinguished by the by no means uncommon appellation of "Jones" — where the gentlemen of the pleasure party imbibed sundry ingeniously contrived milk-punches, while the ladies regaled themselves with the charming view up the magnificent Hudson, which has made the spot in question one of the most popular resorts around the great city of Gotham. The party returned to the Fifth Avenue Hotel at 8 P. M., to partake of a magnificent dinner, which the bounty of their New York hosts had provided for them. Every item of the bill of fare bespoke luxury as well as exquisite taste. Among those, outside of the Board, who participated in this elegantly contrived *reunion à manger*, was Col. Fitzgerald, editor of the Philadelphia City Item, a journal, which has made the development of musical taste a speciality for many years. He acknowledged a toast to the press of Philadelphia, in his usual forcible and entertaining style. Profs. Charles Grobe and James Bellak, men of untiring industry in the cause of *Enterpe*, severally caused their presence to be felt, by wholesome suggestions as to the readiest means of developing that spread of pure musical taste, so much desired by all true lovers of the art. An infinite number of toasts followed, responded to by Messrs. Light, Bradbury, Weber, Zöbisch, Geib, Pond, Hall, Beck and others. The wines on this occasion were *sans peur et sans reproche*; while the more substantial elements reflected infinite credit upon the proprietors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. An interesting feature of this official dinner was the presentation of a massive silver coffee-urn to an ex-president of the Board, Mr. George Willig, of Baltimore, the earliest pioneer of music in the Monumental City, and a man fully

deserving of a like tribute at the hands of his brethren. This token of respect and admiration was presented, in an eloquent address, by Oliver Ditson, chairman of the committee appointed to prepare the testimonial; and acknowledged by the recipient in feeling terms. On Friday morning many members of the Board, with some of the prominent professors of music, such as Charles Wels, Theodor Moerling, and the distinguished litterateur, Theodor Hagen, sat down to a splendid lunch, provided by the liberality of Messrs. Light & Bradbury, the well known piano manufacturers, in a famous saloon in Grand Street. This was another feast of reason and flow of the soul — such as have characterized the informal festivities of the present interesting meeting. Here were publishers and composers, both ministering servants in the great temple of art, devoting an hour together to the claims of geniality and friendship; and interchanging opinions as to their true mission of developing the art tendencies of the great world around them.

Altogether, the regular and informal proceedings of this annual meeting of the Board of Trade were satisfactory and delightful at every point. Before the final adjournment it was decided to meet in Boston, on the second Wednesday in August, 1861.

THE NEW YORK MUSICAL REVIEW AND MUSICAL WORLD came to us last week in its new form, which is substantially the old form of the *Review*. We part with reluctance from our old friend the *Musical World*, which for many years under Mr. R. Storrs Willis, was a constant and faithful advocate of whatever was highest and best in art, and the memory of which will always be pleasantly associated with his name. The new paper will doubtless gain a new life and strength from their union of forces, and, under the able conduct of its editors, and its enterprising publishers, Mason Brothers, we doubt not will have continued prosperity and success.

THE HOWARD ATHENEUM which has been made of late years a most pleasant resort again, by Mr. E. L. Davenport, opened on Monday evening to a full house. The company is an excellent one, made up of old and well known favorites of the public.

BOSTON THEATRE.—The "wonderful Revels," who have for so many years been the delight of old and young, and who are now as fresh, as agile and as comical as ever, commence an engagement at the Boston Academy of Music on Monday next. Their appearance here is always hailed with delight, and as they bring a full company, they will undoubtedly play one of the best engagements they have ever performed in this city.

EFFECT OF MUSIC ON THE SICK. — The effect of music upon the sick has been scarcely at all noticed. In fact, its expensiveness, as it is now, makes any general application of it out of the question. I will only remark here, that wind instruments, including the human voice, and stringed instruments, capable of continuous sound, have generally a beneficial effect — while the pianoforte, with such instruments as have no continuity of sound, has just the reverse. The finest pianoforte playing will damage the sick, while an air like "Home, Sweet Home," or "Assia a piè d'un salice," on the most ordinary grinding organ, will sensibly soothe them — and this quite independent of association. — *Florence Nightingale, (Notes on Nursing.)*

## Music Abroad.

NAPLES. — One of the first effects of the new state of things in Naples has been to restore to the theatre of San Carlo more than half of the operas which had formerly been forbidden to its repertoire by the censorship. Moreover, the *corps de ballet* availed itself of the opportunity to get rid of the frightful green trowsers which had been the despair of choreographic celebrities, and the sylphides of the San Carlo have been consequently received with frantic applause. The management have engaged for the next season, the tenor Pancani, Negrini, Colletti, Mad. Steffanone, Mad. Vera-Lorini, and Mlle. Brochetti as *première danseuse*.

STOCKHOLM.—Ole Bull and Vieuxtemps have been concertizing here. The latter received the honor of election as a member of the Royal Musical Academy, and from the King himself the Order of Vasa. A female violinist from Vienna, Amelia Bido had also played with some success.

WEISBADEN.—On the occasion of a concert in the Kursaal, at which Rossini, Folz, Signora Sanchioli and our old friend Alfred Jaell appeared, a new overture, Loreley, by Capellmeister Schindelmesser, was produced and had a favorable reception.

### Paris.

At the Grand Opera *Semiramis* still retains its position in the bills, and with good reason, for the receipts grow higher with each performance. The Opera Comique presents a more varied series of entertainments but with a little approach to novelty. The *Songe d'une nuit d'Été* has been done, and the *Fille du Regiment*, and the *Dame Blanche*, and the *Domino Noir*, but what sauce, however piquante, can disguise the staleness of such fare. Roger, by the way, after playing Horace in the last-named opera, has taken his departure for Baden. Having intended for a remove to entertain you with a little theatrical intelligence, and that article being entirely deficient in the market, we must pass on to the *entrées*. First, as an agreeable *hors d'œuvre*, I have two little facts to record which you will receive with equal relish. M. Delaporte, who received such high honors for leading the Orpheonists into a string of bungling disasters and inconveniences, has very properly resigned his presidency of the *Commission des Sociétés Chorales*, having proved his total incapacity for any kind of business whatever. Secondly, Adolphus Sax, the much injured brass instrument maker and inventor, and a very excellent fellow into the bargain, has obtained an extension of his patents for saxhorns and saxotrombas for another five years.—*Musical World*.

### Germany.

For one of my *entrées* I have sent to Vienna, and beg to present it in the shape of a new theatre, to be built forthwith, between the Carinthian gate and a new street not yet formed. It will form a quadrangle 114 yards long by 100 wide. The design is to be thrown open to competition, and the prizes will be 3,000, 2,000 and 1,000 thalers to the authors of the three best designs. Foreign architects will be admitted to compete, and the last day for receiving plans is fixed for January 10, 1861. Wiesbaden next supplies a few scraps of gossip. The Italian troop there under Morelli has been playing *Il Barbiere* to a thronging audience, and there has been a capital concert at the Kursaal, where Mad. Sanchioli sang, as also did M. Bazzini. The orchestra belonging to the theatre officiated, and played, among other things, an overture by M. Schindelmesser, called Loreley, for the first time; it was much applauded. M. Niemann, the tenor, is expected at Wiesbaden, to fulfil an engagement at the theatre for six nights' performance. He is to appear at the French opera in *Tannhäuser*. Northern Germany has given its song-festival this year at Bielfeld, an appropriate locality for such a celebration, being the birthplace of the brilliant star Sophia Cruwell (Cruvelli), whose brightness has deserted the firmament of art to set in the ocean of matrimony. (The bath was taken under the auspices of le Chevalier Vigier.) The festival in question extended over three days, the 20th, 21st, and 22d of July, and was attended by 29 lieder-*tafeln*. At Darmstadt the 50th anniversary of the foundation of the Court Theatre was solemnized by the performance of Mozart's *Titus*. From the 4th of September, 1859, to the 23d of May, there have been seventy-six operatic performances. The works which were most frequently played are *Rienzi*, *Gustavus*, the *Huguenots*, and the *Sicilian Vespers*. Those played for the first time were *Rienzi*, *Dinorah*, and *Linda di Chamouni*. Among the other works produced were *Norma*, the *Etoile du Nord*, *Cinderella*, *Tannhäuser*, &c.

At Giessen, in the Grand Duchy of Hesse, there has been a solemn commemoration of Ludwig Spohr. One of his pupils, J. F. Bott, a violinist, and chapel master at Sax Meiningen, directed the concert; and the overtures to *Jessonda*, that to the *Berg-geist*, and the Hymn to Music (*Die Weihe der Töne*), were executed by the orchestra.—*Id.*

### Berlin.

(From a Correspondent.)—Mr. John K. Paine, of Portland, U. S., who has already received honorable mention in your columns, gave a capital organ performance last Thursday in the parochial church, to a select auditory, including the American Ambassador (Gov. Wright), Hermann Grimm, Faubert, and several of the most renowned *maestri* of Berlin. The programme was as follows:

1. Fantasia und Fuge in E moll. . . . . J. K. Paine.
2. Choral—Vorspiel "Allein Gott in der Höh' sei Ehr." . . . . Seb. Bach.
3. Präludium und Fuge in A moll. . . . . "
4. Trio—Sonate in Es dur. . . . . "
5. Fantasia in G dur. . . . . "

6. Concert—Variationen über ein Thema von Haydn.
7. Trio—Sonate in G dur, later Satz. . . . . Seb. Bach.
8. Concertata in C moll . . . . . L. Thiele.

Nos. 4, 6 and 7 appeared to give the greatest satisfaction. From the second of these numbers a good idea may be formed of M. Paine's inventive talent. The whole of the variations are extremely original, and, what is really of more consequence, are natural, and—music. The veteran Haupt (his teacher), generally speaking a stranger to "wreathed smiles," could not restrain the satisfaction, mingled we feel certain with a touch of pride, which he inwardly felt, manifesting itself upon the mirror of his soul. Faubert, too, seemed highly delighted. He shook M. Paine warmly by the hand, and gave him a few kind words of encouragement. We were the more pleased to see this as M. Paine is a young man just entering upon the battle of life, and because the musical critics of the place, for some reasons best known to themselves and heaven, are pleased to ignore his performances. Knowing his classic taste, his sterling abilities, and his indomitable perseverance, we have not the slightest hesitation in predicting a brilliant future for Mr. Paine.—*Id.*

### London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The first performance of *Rigoletto*—and, if the announcement holds good, the last till next year—took place on Saturday night.

The cast of the chief personages, with one exception, was the same as when people believed, and not without reason, that amelioration in any important particular was impossible. The Duke of Mantua and his privileged buffoon, the hired bravo and his sister—partners in his guilty traffic—were, as before, represented by Signora Mario and Ronconi, Signor Tagliafico and Mad. Nantier-Didiée. The exception was a weighty one; but in this instance offered no cause whatever for dissatisfaction. It was said of the lady who played Gilda last year that she did not make us forget Mad. Bosio; but of Mad. Miolan Carvalho, who assumed the part on Saturday night, it may be stated, without flattery, that, in more respects than one, she actually revived the memory of that much-regretted artist. Perhaps—not even excepting Dinorah, her first and hitherto most successful portrayal in this country—Mad. Carvalho is more entirely at home with *Rigoletto's* unhappy daughter than with any other character in which the London public has been afforded an opportunity of judging her. Acting more thoughtfully, graceful, and unaffectedly natural could hardly be cited, nor singing more finished and expressive. True, the quality of her voice being eminently French, it lacks the rich tone and volume which we are not merely accustomed to find in Italian sopranos almost as a matter of course, but also very frequently in the Germans and English; and again, by the excessive strain upon the higher notes (the result, no doubt, of parts written by indifferent or selfish composers for her presumed exceptional means) the middle and lower registers have been materially enfeebled; but these drawbacks admitted, and there is no further room for criticism. If, indeed, Mad. Carvalho had studied the music of Gilda under the direct superintendence of Signor Verdi himself, she could not have read it more correctly. Not a point of expression is overlooked, not a brilliant trait fails of producing the contemplated effect.

Although the style of the music is so essentially different, Signor Mario's Duke of Mantua is in its way no less irreplicable than his Almaviva. As in the *Barbiere*, so in *Rigoletto* he has to make love; and in this especial branch of stage business he is wholly unrivalled. Nothing can surpass the natural grace and passionate intensity he exhibits in the duet with Gilda, where the passage already mentioned ("Addio! addio!") occurs; and never did Signor Mario more completely identify himself with the situation, or throw more fervid expression into every phrase. The charming air, "Questa o quella" (Act I., where the Duke vaunts in his own person that fickleness with which, in the more popular "La donna e mobile," he afterwards less gallantly charges the fairer sex, was, like its successor, admirably sung—the encore, as usual, however, being reserved for the last, given with that easy nonchalance which the situation strictly demands. If these airs were to change places for once, it is by no means certain that "Questa o quella"—the most elegant and original, if not absolutely the prettiest, of the two—would not carry off the palm. Side by side with Gilda and the Duke of Mantua stood in dark and gloomy contrast the *Rigoletto* of Signor Ronconi, now, as ever, one of the most consummate achievements of the lyric stage. A character more studiously developed, more carefully considered in all its various aspects, or more thoroughly successful as a dramatic portraiture from one end to the other, could not be named.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

## LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Alma redemptoris. Lambillotte. 40

One of the "Saluts," a collection for Catholic service. This one among a host of fine pieces by the same author is especially commended.

Quick, arise, maiden mine. J. Dessauer. 25

A sprightly Styrian air.

Softly glide the gentle Zephyrs. A. Bell. 25

One of a set of six songs with chorus, in easy and popular style.

O don't you remember. Triton. 25

A pleasing ballad of good sentiment.

I sit upon the mountain side. G. A. Macfarren. 25

A smoothly flowing melody, and a song of more than ordinary merit.

### Instrumental Music.

La Reine des genies (Fairy Queen) Waltzes.

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Sparkling with beautiful melodies.

Sabbath Strains. Sacred melodies, easily arranged. D. Rimbault, each 15

Gloria in excelsis.

With verdure clad

Holy Lord.

Agnus Del.

Hear my prayer.

Before Jehovah's awful.

Arrangements which have long been wanted. Even the youngest pupils may now, with their assistance, charm the social circle on a Sabbath evening with chaste devotional airs on the Melodeon or Pianoforte.

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A very brilliant and pleasing composition of this eminent teacher and composer.

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A tasty and effective parlor piece.

Over the Ocean. Polonaise du Voyage.

F. Gentsch. 40

This is a descriptive composition, highly effective and brilliant.

### Books.

PRaise TO GOD. A Choral and Instrumental Work. Composed by Geo. Fred. Bristow. Op. 33. 2,00

This new Oratorio was undertaken in accordance with the wish of the New York Harmonic Society, and is a production of no ordinary merit. It will rank high among works of its class, and its performance cannot fail to be highly satisfactory to all who seek for a high toned and truly meritorious musical composition. It is dedicated to E. M. Carrington, Esq., President of the New York Harmonic Society.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 438.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 22.

## Venice Unvisited.

[From All the Year Round.]

The lovely city married to the ocean  
Disturbs me with her image from afar;  
A troublous motion  
Of music drawn from other years  
Dulls a long vision down to tears,  
Made bright by distance and by height, which are  
The birthright of a star.

I stand aloof like some sweet lover pining  
By night without the lighted room where she  
He loves is shining:  
Who strains across a rushing wind  
To watch her shadow on the blind.  
And feel, while waiting at the trying-tree,  
The face he cannot see.

I see her now, this Chatterton of cities!  
The sea crawls up to kiss her from the South,  
Crooning old ditties;  
And standing far away I trace  
The lie of beauty on her face,  
And still the slothful sin and idle drowth  
Seem sweet upon her mouth.

The seeds of love are running wild around her.  
Her pride has fallen since the wealthy waves  
Arose and crowned her;  
The spirit of the past still roams  
Her shrines and palaces and domes,  
A spectral future broods above, and braves  
The glory of her graves.

She took her dowry from immortal nations—  
The many winds brought wedding-gifts and loud  
Congratulations:  
The words of peace were on her lips,  
Her seas were dark with coming ships.  
And, as she gained the bridegroom crown'd and proud,  
The nations cried aloud.

The slothful sin fell on her, and she trembled  
O'er her own image in the violet deep,  
With pride dissembled;  
She left her crowded streets and towers,  
And decked her brow with idle flowers,  
She dreamed away her fame, where waters keep  
A music soft as sleep.

The function faded wholly with the duty.  
But left the everlasting bane of grace  
Which gave her beauty  
She saw with unaffrighted heart  
The ships forsake her empty mart;  
But God had found her in her dwelling-place  
And cursed her with her face.

But still the old immortal beauty lingers,  
And still she weaves the flowers of other Springs  
With fairy fingers:  
And still she holds her unreprieved  
Communion with a time removed,  
Wafted from heaven on the golden wings  
Of high imaginings.

Is it enough that she is lovely? lying  
Unsinewed till the populous sea recedes  
And leaves her dying?  
Or might she give, through pain and strife,  
The beautiful a deeper life,  
Rising erect on sin and slothful creeds  
To treble it with deeds?

Peace to this Venice, though fulfilling never  
The law that made her lovely; she must twine  
Such flowers forever!  
Before our English woods are rolled  
In blowing mists of autumn gold,  
I trust to kneel before her still divine  
And unforgotten shrine.

Lisbon.—The artists engaged up to this time for the opera, by the maestro Fabricca are, Mad. Gazzaniga, Eliso Hensler, Emilia Bellini and Signori Agresti, Neri Beraldi, and Autonucci.

## The Diarist Abroad

UTILE ET DULCE.

The houses of St. Gilgen are so clustered together, that one sees little from the windows of the inn of which a commentator can take note. Another village inn across the way, which probably shows signs of life only upon Sundays and holidays; a house not differing from others in outward appearance; which I take to be the school house; another in front of which sat a lazy scamp, whose business it is to look lugubrious and beg of travelers, when they stop to change horses and dine, and to sit in the shade and smoke a pipe at other times. In short there was not much to note upon the departure of the post coach—for I had taken passage no farther; a little deformed girl, who brought wild strawberries on a plate and sold them in the house for three kreuzers; a woman drawing a small wagon laden with grass, and the like.

So I walked down the street and passing the house, which cuts off the view from the inn, I soon came to the gate of the little church yard in which stands the small, but, within, rather gaudy church of St. Gilgen.

It is a beautiful custom, this of keeping the churches ever open. They are in the minds of all the people truly sacred places. And seldom are they without some silent worshipper—except in smaller villages, on bright harvest days. But even here the small sanctuary had been filled at early dawn by the people, who came to morning mass, like one great household around the family altar, before scattering to their various occupations on lake and mountain, in field and forest. My reason rebels at the dogmas, but my imagination is oft-times touched with the poetry of the ruling church here. You enter one of these little village churches or the vast cathedral of the cities; the same emblems, though of all degrees of artistic skill meet your eye; the same fragrance of incense lingers in the air; and on the Sabbath or the holiday, the same tones, are heard chanting the service at the altar. How easily did I understand the lady of one of the first of the literary men of Vienna, as she related to me, how, after some weeks of travel in North Germany, she came to Bonn and there, entering the old Dom church, felt herself at home!

There is not much to remark in the church at St. Gilgen. At the altar the usual hideous representations of the great Teacher; cheap and gaudy pictures on the walls; the kneeling desks bespattered with wax from candles; banners presented for pilgrimages to neighboring shrines or to be used in religious processions and sacred merry-makings; these and the like are all. I passed on into the grave yard. Here also is little to note but rows of graves, each covered by a sort of wooden sarcophagus filled with earth and planted with flowers, and small crosses at the head. But what I wanted specially to see was the small chapel built against the wall of the enclosure. The door was shut, but not fastened and I entered.

A small room some twenty feet perhaps by fifteen, and corresponding height; one large window on each side; four kneeling desks and seats against each wall; in a vaulted recess the altar, and behind it on either side a representation of one of the Marys in a sad taste of sorrow and distress, and of a Roman soldier keeping guard in front of an iron grating. Behind this stood a Christus in plaster, crowned with thorns and excessively bloody, with his hands fastened by real chains to the walls of his niche. On the cornices, which extend across the end wall are preserved a score or more of skulls, with names and dates painted on them, some with considerable artistic flourish, in showy letters on green grounds. Within the eyeless sockets spiders line and weave in the brain chambers very different webs from those with which the fancies of their sometime owners once filled them. A few pictures hang on the wall but nothing remarkable. What attracted my attention most strongly and gave me the most pleasure was a piece of sheet iron cut and painted to represent an altar bearing a chalice of flame, and fastened to the east wall like a monumental tablet. Below the cup of flame is a rather neatly painted miniature, which the painter informs the reader is "Sancte Vinzens," and below this is the inscription.

Hier ruhet die Asche des Hochadelgeborren Herren Vinzens Kayetan von Sonnenburg, er verstarb den 24ten November 1809 in Seiner 37ten Lebensjahre. Herr lass im ihn Frieden ruhen, und verleihe ihm einstens eine Fröhliche Auferstehung.

Blicke nicht trauernd in die Vergangenheit  
Sie kommt nicht wieder, nütze Weisheit die Gegenwart  
Sie ist dein, der düstern Zukunft geh ohne  
Furcht, mit mündlichem Sinne entgegen.

(Death's head and hour glass neatly painted.)  
MDCCCIX.

In English.

"Here rests the ashes of the high-noble-born heir, Vincent Cayetan von Sonnenburg. He died on the 24th of November, 1809, in his 37th life-year. Lord let him rest in peace, and lend him in the future a joyful resurrection.

Look not mournfully into the past,  
It comes not back again, wisely improve the present,  
It is thine: Go forth to meet the shadowy future  
Without fear and with a manly heart."

A better educated village painter might have given us the inscription with fewer of the orthographical errors which I have carefully copied above; but what amount of genius and learning could have devised a more exquisite one?

I now read it in the original for the first time; for whether in 1851 I was looking for a marble monument or had a vague and vain expectation of finding the inscription in Longfellow's English words, of course I no longer remember; but certain it is that it escaped me; nor have I forgot-

ten the feelings of bitter disappointment with which I went away from St. Gilgen—feelings at which even now I cannot smile. To-day my eye fell at once upon it. Indeed it is a most conspicuous object, just beyond the window on the left wall.

"Blicke nicht trauernd in die Vergangenheit,"

God bless him, who inscribed this on the tablet to the memory of the high-noble-born Kayetan von Sonnenburg!

It is but the walk of a minute or two from the church to the lake shore. It was too hot to loiter there, there being no shade trees to break the force of the sun's rays. Under some small fruit trees in an unenclosed hay-field, I found a place to sit and dream for a time. How still and calm and bright the waters! and with what vivid disturbance they reflected back from their depths, the hills and mountains around—as a pure mind is a mirror of all grand and noble thoughts and sentiments.

When the heat of the day was past I paid my bill at the Gasthaus of Franz Schöndorfer, and took a boat to St. Wolfgang. The boatman was a chatty fellow and knew the legends of the lake, which he gave with slight variations from the forms in which I had hitherto heard them.

First, as every reader of Hyperion knows, we passed the monument on the rocky islet hard by the southern shore. This was erected by the man, whose ox had brought him safely across the lake from yonder point, and had rescued him here. My man's version of the story was, that the man, who could not swim, held fast to the animal's tail and was thus dragged through the water; that during this middle passage he vowed the monument in case he escaped. I enquired if St. Wolfgang had aided him. My man however seemed not clear on this point, and I judge that he is not inclined to give that particular saint any extra share in this miraculous tale of a marvellous tail. Indeed he did not appear to have any very great veneration for that saint, although he knew his history—as related by tradition and the priests—and could point out the mountain, behind which, he had first settled, and the like. In fact, my impression was, on leaving my boatman an hour later, that St. Wolfgang was not such a tremendously, overwhelmingly, venerable, old, pious codger, after all.

A little farther on, on a point within which a pretty little cove opened is the next monument.

"And there," said I, "is the place where the bridal party was drowned."

"Yea."

"They were dancing on the ice?"

"Yes, all but the musicians, they were there on the shore."

"And all were drowned?"

"Yes. Fifty-two of them. None saved but the musicians."

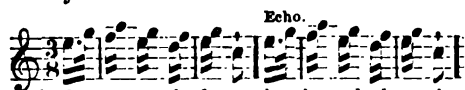
And he gave me the date of the catastrophe, I have forgotten it, but I think it was over two hundred years ago. I gathered from him, though he did not express himself clearly, but like a man, who feels bound to believe a story against which his reason revolts, that the ice was thick and strong so that horses, carriages, even heavy teams crossed it with perfect safety; that, the bridal party being on their way across the lake left their vehicles (on wheels or runners?) placed their musicians, on the point, as a good substitute for a music stand, and began their ball; that

they did this out of bravado—Trotz—(against whom?) and therefore the ice broke. I did not explain to him that the regular tramp of a small body of soldiers will break down a bridge, which is amply strong for ten times the number of people passing pell mell; and that one need not accuse that party of breaking any other than a natural law, in seeking the cause of the catastrophe.

Thence we passed onward and stepped in front of the precipice, renowned for its echo. The face of the rock is somewhat concave and hence the startling distinctness, with which it repeats your words or tones.

"Echo, bist z' haus?" (echo, are you at home?) began my man, and "Echo, bist z' haus?" came back somewhat softened, but with a clearness I never heard surpassed.

We talked, we sang, we whistled, we shouted and laughed and the great face of rock sent back every sound as the still waters below reflected the objects on the shore.



And so on, strain for strain through the waltz.

And how high is the precipice? I judged some one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet.

"No," said the boatman, "it is over seventy fathoms high." I was incredulous.

"Why," said he, "we are some two hundred fathom from the shore," which was equally difficult to believe until I observed the time from the utterance of a word until it came back as an echo—and then I saw that we must be at least a thousand feet from the shore, and that it might be fully four hundred feet high.

Before this however he had called my attention to a small vaulted niche cut in the face of the rock, containing the effigies of some saint or other, this was so small I could not for some time find it—it appeared perhaps as large as an infant four months old, and seemed to be placed some six or eight feet above the water. He assured me that the statue was of full adult size, in a niche the top of which a man can just reach from the floor, and which is some sixty feet above the surface of the lake. Reckoning the velocity of sound at between ten and eleven hundred feet per second the echo substantiates all these assertions.

But, verily, height and distance were marvelously deceptive.

Then we passed onward and soon came to still another monument, and this is the story that belongs to it.

Once on a time, before the Bavarian princes were called kings, and the reigning individual was called "his transparency" instead of "his majesty" one of the princesses of the line, with her retinue had come via Salzburg and St. Gilgen, and thence over the lake on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Wolfgang. This business having been happily accomplished, they all set out on their return; but after coming by the point yonder, on which now stands that small castle of a lighthouse, there came a storm down from the mountains, and drove the boat, of which the men had lost the management against the shore, just at that point. Now the danger was imminent, and her transparency was in great fear; and her fear was so great that then and there a little transparency came into the world in somewhat of a hurry—but no damage was done—the storm

ceased, and all went on their way rejoicing, and so a monument was set up there.

"But what is that small building there on the point like a castle?"

"That is the lighthouse. You see, when the Kaiser, and the king of Bavaria and other high lordships met at Ischl, they come up here sometimes for fishing and sailing parties on the lake. And then the light is set to burning, and the house is dressed in flags and all goes to with a wondrous magnificence.

Turning the point we were soon on shore at the village of St. Wolfgang, which is clustered quite upon the water's edge. And what was of necessity, the first step after enjoying a room for the night at the inn?

What but to follow Flemming across the street, up the steps to the small court in which stands the bronze fountain, and read the inscription which was around the lower side of the ruin. To-day I saw no priest—no one but one of those persevering old nuisances, who will take no hint that they are not wanted, and who persist in following you about and explaining everything. I was forced at last to speak sharply to the old ass to get rid of him.

When here before, I remember well that the village Pfarrer came down the wooden stairs that lead up to the parsonage, and read me the inscription on the fountain:

"Ich bin zu den Eren sanct Wolfgang gemacht,  
Abt Wolfgang Habel zu Mannsee hat mich betracht  
Zu Nutz und zu frommen den armen pilgramb,  
Dye nit haben gelt zum Wein  
Dye sollen bei diesem Wasser freilich seyn.  
Anno Dom. 1515 ist das Werk vollbracht."

The good-natured Pfarrer left a very pleasant impression on my memory, which now after nine years remains. But he brought no half crazed priest to talk with me on learning that I was an American; nor was anything said of Father Baraga, whom I had seen in 1848 on the shores of lake Superior—a small, withered, quiet man, living at l'Ause, and devoted to his Indians and his Ojibway Dictionary.

Above the bronze basin of the fountain are several small figures in the same metal, with the well known initials, A. D. Did Albrecht Dürer work in metals also? Dürer, "painter, sculptor, engraver, mathematician and engineer?" I suppose so—at all events the date tallies—for he died in 1528.

I had intended going on to Ischl in the evening, but the price demanded, I thought might be better spent in going a day to the Schöfberg, which towered above the other heights so grandly, and upon whose top the glass shewed a few visitors illumined by the sun long after he was down to us.

I stayed over night at St. Wolfgang—and though the weather next morning was bad, I ascended the mountain. Magnificent views rewarded me during the ascent as far as the Alps, and the Senner huts, on the broad shoulder of the mountain. Thence "darkness and clouds of awful state" settled over the path: and on the top, the only gratification, was one moment which photographed itself on the memory.

It was but for a moment; the cloud passed away and I looked far away down upon a sea of clouds, like the garments of angels bright and shining, and caught through their skirts glimpses of mountain and valley, hill and plain and dark

green lakes, towns and villages and secluded hamlets, transfigured and glorified. A. W. T.

P. S.—Is any reader of this, bound to this part of the world? And will he make this little tour or *detour*, on his way from Munich to Vienna? Then let him come to St. Gilgen from Salzburg—thence ascend the Schofberg, if he has good weather,—and spend the night—it *will pay!* Next morning return to St. Gilgen, take a boat thence to St. Wolfgang. From St. Wolfgang a boat to Strobe, in the afternoon, and thence take the omnibus to Ischl.

### A Short Guide to Full Score Playing.\*

When an invented piece of music is to be performed by an entire orchestra, each instrument must be given its individual share. As all bear a proper harmonic proportion to each other, and should sound to the hearer as though forming a sole instrument, the composer should lay out a plan of his work for general view; this is called a full score. It should be written bar for bar, all the parts above one another; by this means, it is possible at one glance to judge of a combination, as well as of harmonies, position of chords, separate passages, &c., individually or in mutual relations. Ancient composers had the laudable habit of figuring the bass of their scores; this, like many other useful customs, has disappeared; and, to speak candidly, we fear that many a natural composer would occasionally find it hard to give strict reckoning of his intellectual products—to mark the fundamental part with regular figures—and, by them, openly declare, "this is what I wish!"—"thus have I intended!" To play from a score thus figured, merely requires a good knowledge of thorough-bass; and the accompaniment will be similar to, though poorer, than that of many instruments. To supply the place of these, a player from score should endeavor to give a faithful sketch of all peculiarities in each part, and to seize the meaning of the composer, in harmony, progressions of subject, treatment of divers instruments, and general elaboration. This is real full score playing—a masterly art, which Rossini admired as a miracle, and which must appear such to the uninitiated, who can scarcely comprehend how an entire page may be read at one glance, while both hands render it intelligible to an audience. It cannot be denied that the task is difficult, and can only be achieved by long practice; universal rules cannot be given, but well-intentioned hints and experienced results may be written down for the benefit of beginners. The first requisite for a full score player is an intimacy with all five clefs; next to this, he must never be confused by the instrumental parts which are written in a key different to their sound—such as, for instance, horns in D, E♭, E, F, G, A, B♭, which, like trumpets and drums, are written in C—clarinets in A or B—basset and English horns, &c.; he must always be prepared to transpose them readily to their proper position. Before playing a full score, it is advisable to examine the order in which the instruments are placed; it is much to be desired that some law should be agreed upon on this subject, which would greatly facilitate performance; unfortunately, this is not the case, and each composer acts as he chooses; for instance, Italians usually write, in the first place, both violins—then the wind-instruments, the viola, trumpets, drums, voices, and the bass; others write the brass-band at the top; some insert the voices in the middle—and so forth. Perhaps the easiest and most natural order would be this:—the top line be given to the flutes, as these instruments generally contain high three-stroke and four-stroke notes, and therefore require the greatest blank paper; then may follow, hautboys, clarinets, horns, bassoons, trombones, trumpets, and drums, by which arrangement the upper half of a page unites the entire wind band; the remaining staves may be given to the violins, violas (if a vocal composition, all the voices), the violoncellos and double-bass. As the stringed instruments are often employed alone, it cannot be denied that it is an advantage to place them in close juxtaposition; and, if the first-mentioned order be followed, it will be necessary to search for the two essentially principal parts—bass and treble—at the farthest opposite poles. In vocal compositions, a player from full score must be guided, in a great measure, by the presence or absence of singers; should the vocal parts be appro-

priately sung, he need only occupy himself with the accompanying instruments; when this is not the case, his first duty is to render perceptible voice-parts containing a melody, and, if there should be tenor or bass, he must play them an octave higher with the right hand, in order that the flow of the song may be perfectly distinguished. The same should be done, when any instrument has to perform a solo-passage; the part must be individualized, and the accompanying complement be subordinate. It is permitted to every player, to accommodate compositions to his hand; that is, to arrange passages which are not adapted to pianoforte playing, so that they should be convenient to the fingers—care being taken not to injure peculiar characteristics. For instance, when a clarinet or horn contains an *arioso*, while violins accompany in *arpeggio* semiquavers, the right hand should perform the cantabile, and the left the accompaniment, properly modified; the little finger of the left hand should always strike the fundamental tones of the bass, that the position of the chords may remain unchanged, and that the rolling underpart should not create, by chance, a chord of the fourth and sixth, instead of a perfect triad. It often happens that several obligato passages in different instruments occur simultaneously, in which case it is impossible for two hands to represent them all.

Good judgment must at once decide what is most important, and what is best omitted; the lesser of two evils must be chosen, and a player should retain, in preference, those parts which would make most lasting impression on the ear if the piece were performed by a full orchestra, of which he is the representation—his faithful sketch must clearly render delicate shades and touches, as well as general outline. The fuller the harmonies, and the more perceptible individual peculiarities are read, the greater the praise due to the full score player. We need hardly remind a discreet accompanist, that vocal pieces are best treated with delicate and intentional moderation.

In recitatives, it may be advisable to give the commencing note of the voice part in the concluding chord of the accompaniment, as this will facilitate intonation for the singer. It must be clear to all, that a full score is absolutely necessary; by it, a composer is able to review his creation—he perceives beforehand the effect of the whole, and judges the mutual connections of the principal and subordinate parts—he can examine the correctness of his work, and improve any accidental defect, and thus give up his production of art in completed perfection. A full score offers great advantages to the initiated; by the mere reading or playing of it, on a pianoforte, he becomes as intimate with a composition as though he had himself created it. His eager eye may discover the design, construction, elaboration, and interweaving of all ideas—the united result of many component parts; nothing need escape him. If he can, in addition, imagine the charm of different instrumental tones, he enjoys as high a pleasure as those who listen to a performance of the same work by a union of musicians. But, precisely, this proper judgment of the manifold effect of divers instruments is a stumbling block to many composers, who cannot possibly be expected to play on all instruments, or to be familiar with their individual treatment, or even to be sufficiently furnished with the knowledge indispensable to their appropriate employment with fullest effect and peculiar beauty. When we consider how deficient orchestras were some few years ago, especially in the wind parts, which were still in their infancy—how, in modern times, not only the instruments themselves have been essentially perfected, but the performers thereon have so improved, that passages formerly reserved for concertos, are now entrusted to ripieno-players (whether rightly or not, remains unproved); when we recollect the laughable, but well meant warning of a certain chapel director, who, with the important mien of a field marshal, called out to his band, "Attention, gentlemen! semiquaver notes are coming!" and contrast this with a performance of one of Beethoven's gigantic symphonies; and when we lose ourselves in admiration of the unimagined effects created by this horde of musical art, who majestically trod the path prepared by Haydn and Mozart, and followed by Cherubini, Mehul, Spohr, Carl Maria von Weber: when we reflect on all these things,—who would not exclaim, with heartfelt conviction, "*Vita brevis, ars longa!*" In the same manner that newly discovered celestial bodies ever present themselves to the armed eye of astronomers, so also does never resting Time, at measured intervals, create beaming planets in the musical horizon; for art is eternal, and only the royal eagle may gaze unharmed on the sun. It is certain that one of the most dangerous rocks to an inexperienced composer, is the advantageous employment of united masses of instruments, which sometimes produce an effect quite unexpected, and not realizing his original

intention. Every one must pay, so to speak, an apprentice fee—*errando discimus*. Individual experience will instruct scholars by degrees, and lead them into the right path. The study of really classic scores—the repeated hearing of such works—a careful comparison of effect, and the ways and means of producing it—friendly consultations with practical musicians, as to the capabilities and treatment of their appropriate instruments—constant essays, which, however, must be considered such, and not perfected masterpieces,—all these things will render steady service to a disciple of the art—will enlarge, correct, and enrich his views—and lead him, after happily-concluded and usefully-improved apprenticeship years, to a resting-place, from whence he may view his musical creations with an assured glance, and may safely prognosticate and guarantee the effects created in them.—*London Musical Times, August 1.*

### Madame Fabbri and the Georgian.

A gentleman styling himself "A German reader of the *Sunday Mercury*," favors us with the following translation of an "art anecdote" which recently appeared in the *Staats Zeitung* of this city. The personages concerned are, Madame Richard Mulder (Madame Fabbri) and a musical Southern person:

#### THE PRIMA DONNA AND THE GEORGIAN.

During this "heated term," our great metropolis is as desolate, in the musical line, as a Siberian village, nearly all our lyrical cèlèbres spending their time in the rural districts.

Madame Fabbri, our celebrated countrywoman, fled with the rest of the *prime donne* from the dusty city, and is now rusticated at the beautiful Bergen Heights, on Staten Island (?) and resting from her severe labors last season with Verdi, to whom no singer ever did fuller justice than herself.

A few days ago, this favorite artiste was seated at her piano, studying an aria from "*Lucrezia Borgia*," an opera in which she is to sing next season. She was singing *mezzo voce*, whilst her husband accompanied her on the instrument, when all at once, there appeared upon the veranda, which surrounds the entire house, an exceedingly tall young man, accompanied by a shorter individual. The former deliberately advanced into the apartment, and, after introducing himself, said to the astonished prima donna:

"That is from *Lucrezia*," referring to the aria.

"Yes, sir."

"Sing it again," if you please."

Mr. Mulder, the lady's husband, thought that this was coming it rather too strong, and remarked, indignantly:

"My wife, sir, does not sing, she is studying."

"Never mind; she can sing from '*Lucrezia Borgia*,'" replied the irrepressible intruder. "I am an American from Georgia; I arrived yesterday, and can only stop a few days. I have heard so much of Madame Fabbri, I came to hear her. I will pay you; how much do you desire?"

Thoroughly incensed by this insolent speech, Mr. Mulder informed the gentleman from Georgia that if he wanted to hear Madame sing, he might go to the Academy next winter, and pay, and hear her there. But all was of no avail; the bold intruder was inexorable in his demand, and prayed that the lady would gratify him. To rid herself of the enthusiast Madame Fabbri at length said:

"Very well, I will sing—not from *Lucrezia*, but from *Ernani*."

Mr. Mulder saw that his wife had adopted the most advisable plan, under the circumstances, and took his seat again at the piano. Fabbri executed the splendid aria, "*Ernani, invola mi*," with that intensity of expression which distinguishes her as an artiste, who, with Cortesi and Gazzaniga, forms the only trefoil of dramatic, soul-stirring singers, who, by their exquisitely passionate vocalization, have and will ever please an audience more than those singers who win applause by running chromatic scales and indulging in mechanical *bravuras*.

Whilst Fabbri sang, the enthusiastic Georgian gave vent to his delight by exclaiming, "Beautiful!" with such sincere zest, that Madame could hardly restrain her laughter.

"Now sing from *Lucrezia*," he said as soon as she finished.

"In eight days I will sing to you from *Lucrezia*," she replied.

"Very well," responded the Southerner, bowing profoundly, and shaking hands. "In eight days," and he made his exit in the airy style of his entrance. Entertaining and amusing as such little adventures may be, Mr. Mulder has made preparations to check, in future, all such enthusiasts—especially such persevering ones as the tall young gentleman from Georgia.

\*From Albrechtsberger's Collected Writings on Thorough-Bass, Harmony, and Composition, for Self Instruction. Published in Novello's Library for the Diffusion of Musical Knowledge. Theoretical Series, No. 6.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Personal Recollections of Beethoven in 1822.

(From the German of Fr. Rochlitz.)

I had never seen Beethoven, therefore I wished all the more earnestly that I might soon meet him. I mentioned the matter almost immediately after my arrival in Vienna, to —, his intimate friend. "He is living in the country," said the latter. "Let us visit him there then." "We might do so, but his unfortunate deafness has made him by degrees, misanthropical. He knows that you have been intending to visit Vienna, he wishes to make your acquaintance, and yet we are not sure that he may not run away if he sees us approaching; for he is often seized, irresistibly, and without the slightest cause, with the deepest depression, as well as with the freshest humor. But he comes to town at least once a week, and always visits us on such occasions, because we take charge of his letters and the like. He is then usually in good spirits, and we can hold him fast. If, therefore, you will indulge the poor, tried soul enough to suffer us to let you know as soon as he comes, and then would drop in—it would be only a few steps for you—as if by accident—" I, of course, gladly accepted this proposition. On the next Saturday morning the messenger came. I went and found Beethoven in lively conversation with —. He is accustomed to the latter, and can understand him tolerably by reading the motions of his lips and the play of his features. — introduced us to each other. Beethoven seemed pleased, but somewhat disturbed. And if I had not been prepared the sight of him would have disturbed me, too. Not his neglected, almost wild appearance, not his thick black hair, which hung around his head in disorder, and the like, but his whole appearance. Imagine a man of about fifty, rather short than otherwise, but broad and strongly built, thickset—largeboned, particularly—somewhat like F—, but more fleshy, and with a fuller, rounder face; ruddy, healthy color; restless, sparkling eyes, which when gazing fixedly at anything became almost piercing: hasty in his movements when he moved at all; the expression of his face, particularly that of his eye (so full of life and mind) a mixture of or a transition between the most cordial kindness and reserve; in his whole deportment, that excitement, that restless listening which is peculiar to a sensitive deaf person; at one time throwing out a freely and cheerfully spoken word; the next moment sinking back into gloomy silence, and added to all this the feeling which every observer brings with him, and which mingles with it all. This is the man who gives joy to millions—pure, spiritual joy! He made several polite and complimentary remarks to me, in short, abrupt sentences; I raised my voice as much as possible, spoke slowly, and enunciated distinctly, and in this manner, expressed to him, from my inmost heart, my gratitude for his works, and what they are to me and will be during my whole life. I named some of my favorites and descended upon them; I told him of the unexampled performance of his symphonies in Leipzig, of their all being brought out during every winter season, to the utmost delight of the public, etc. He stood close by me, sometimes looking earnestly into my face, sometimes bowing his head; then he would smile to himself, sometimes nodding pleasantly, but without saying a word. Had he understood me or not? At last I had to come to an end; he pressed my hand vehemently, and said, abruptly, to —, "I have still some necessary errands!" and in leaving, to me, "We shall meet again, I hope!" — left the room with him. I was much affected and agitated. In a few moments — returned. "Did he understand what I said?" I asked. — shrugged his shoulders: "Not one word!" We were silent a long time, and I will not say how deeply moved I was. At last I asked: "Why did you not at least repeat to him some of the things I said, as he

understands you tolerably?" "I did not like to interrupt you, and he is easily irritated. I hoped, too, that he might understand something, but the noise in the street, your voice and accent, which were strange to him, and, perhaps, even his anxiety to understand you, because he could see well that you were saying agreeable things to him—he was so sad!" I cannot describe the state of mind in which I left him. He who enchants the whole world with his sounds, hears not a single one, not even the sound which brings him the thanks of his fellow men—it only gives him pain. I almost resolved never to see him again, and to transmit Mr. H.'s commission to him in writing.

(To be continued.)

### Franz Schubert.

This is the age of "revivals." Not to glance at the Operas, where Gluck and Weber are being resuscitated, but to confine ourselves to the pianoforte and instrumental chamber music, simultaneously with a revival of the works of Jean Louis Dussek (more leisurely but as surely) is being effected a revival of the works of Franz Schubert. By means of these "revivals,"—unlike some others of the present day that might be named,—we are returning to a purer worship than has for some time prevailed. Of Dussek we have lately said enough; but a word or two about Schubert, and especially about Schubert as an instrumental composer, may not be without interest.

The pianoforte writings of Franz Schubert possess much of the romantic character that distinguishes more or less every one of his well-known songs. They are numerous, of all varieties of form, and, though they have achieved a far less degree of popularity than his vocal compositions, are scarcely inferior to them in genius and originality.

We may perhaps shock the prejudices of many in avowing our opinion that Schubert, from a certain point of view, was a somewhat overated man. That he has "a spark of the divine fire" is not to be questioned. The concession wrung from the haughty, and occasionally prejudiced, Beethoven, may be accepted as rather an epigrammatic than a strictly just expression of the truth. "A spark of the divine fire" was in Schubert, no doubt—nay, more, a flame. He was, however, neither a universal nor a commanding genius; nor was he a musician of very profound acquirement. He belonged to that order of composers and poets, so numerous in Germany, of which Carl Maria von Weber is the most illustrious representative. From peculiarity of intellect and temperament these musicians would probably have reached eminence in any pursuit to which the circumstances of early life and education might have conducted them. Their organization was not, as in the instances of Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, and the greater composers, so happily attuned to music that it were absurd to deny their being chosen instruments of Heaven to delight the world with melody. Thorough enthusiasts, with quasi-morbid natures, they seem ever lamenting their incapacity to set forth in plain and convincing language the thoughts that struggle for utterance within them. The antipodes of common-place, they are, notwithstanding, all more or less in trammels. Such men can hardly fail to meet with ardent worshippers—natures like their own, yearning for the impossible, disdaining self-evident truths, with minds attuned to their own in sympathetic discord. These proclaim Schubert and the rest the only true prophets, and advocate their pre-eminence over every rival.

What has been denominated the "Romantic School" is clearly traceable to Weber, Schubert, and their imitators and disciples, who in eager quest of a new and more striking language, have unconsciously given circulation to endless mannerisms, upon which the more ordinary sort of music-makers have laid hold to make their own emptiness pass current. But Schubert must be carefully separated from the imposters who make art subservient to the double-end of show and traffic. He neither held out wares for sale in a bazaar, nor exhibited them as a picture-monger, still less as a polichinello, to the vacant gaze of the illiterate mob. Schubert was a man of strong convictions, besides being a man of truly imaginative genius. That he did not succeed in becoming a thoroughly practised musician was partly due to an incomplete education, partly to a stubborn organic deficiency. As painter, poet, or novelist—anything indeed but arithmetician, mathematician, logician—Schubert would have attained an equal celebrity, and have displayed quite as powerful an individuality as distinguished his career as a musical inventor.

But to leave more speculation; in various sympho-

nies, overtures, quartets, &c., Schubert evinced a strong desire to excel in the sonata form. Disdaining, however or failing to understand entirely its indispensable conditions—clearness, consistency, symmetrical arrangement of themes, keys, and episodic matter—he was by no means as successful as he could have wished. Though gifted with an abundant flow of ideas, Schubert was wanting in the faculty of condensation and methodical disposition of parts. He accepted all that presented itself to his fancy, rejecting nothing as inappropriate or superfluous; and then, while rarely insipid, nay almost invariably interesting, he is too often diffuse, obscure, and exaggerated. Occasionally, in place of developing the principle subject of a movement, he conducts an accidental phrase, a simple figure of ornament, a fragment of *remplissage*, through a labyrinth of progression and modulation, until the ear becomes fatigued, and satiety gives way to revulsion. In six grand sonatas for the pianoforte *solus*—which if length, vastness of proportion, and ambitious endeavour were enough to constitute perfection, might rank with the finest of Beethoven, or the most impassioned of Dussek—exuberance of detail, want of connexion, excessive modulation, redundant episode, strange and unnatural harmonies, and other glaring defects, lessen the impression that would otherwise be produced by many exquisite and undeniable beauties. A grand duet in A minor, also for the pianoforte, exhibits the same inconsistencies, amidst merits that are not to be contested. The minor works of Schubert for the same instrument—especially some marches and short characteristic pieces—are remarkably attractive; but in these, not being limited to set forms, his ideas are presented in their primitive simplicity, without any attempt at development. Here, for the reasons thus briefly stated, Schubert is quite as happy as in his best compositions for the voice.

For all who have a touch of romance in their dispositions, the pianoforte works of Schubert, like everything else that came from his pen, must possess a strong measure of interest. There is something fascinating in the tone of *melancholy* that marks even his smallest effusions, while the unquestionable originality of his ideas places him altogether beyond the pale of ordinary thinkers, and extorts forgiveness for the absence of those qualities which have conferred durability as well as charm on the faultless models bequeathed us by the great masters. We have said enough to explain why Schubert—like Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, &c.—should be assigned a place apart from his contemporaries; but the peculiarities that have won him this distinction have, in another sense, prevented him from exercising any decided influence on the progress of the art, of which he was a gifted, if incomplete, disciple.—*London Musical World*, July 21.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 25, 1860.

On the 7th of July last, the editor of the *Journal of Music* sailed for Europe to pass some months there. We present to-day to our readers the first instalment of his Correspondence with the *Journal*, which will be continued regularly, as circumstances may permit, during his absence.

To the numerous correspondents and friends of the *Journal*, it is perhaps useless to say that their communications, *always* most acceptable, will be doubly welcome during the absence of Mr. Dwight; nor can we omit to ask the kind indulgence of our readers for the many shortcomings of our editorial columns until the time of his return, for which we trust that his letters will make ample compensation.

### Editorial Correspondence.

I.

PARIS, July 23, 1860.

But two weeks absent from our post, we hail our readers from another world—another age it seems. Because between two worlds has rolled that vague, vast, heaving and unsettled no-world of an Ocean; a life of idle and entire *abandon*; a state of enforced rest, rest from one's own life, because of the very restlessness of the wild ele-



ment; a suspension of life, as it were, between two lives, the one of memory and home, the other of novelty and hope and wonder. And this has made it seem so long. Thanks to its monotony, thanks to the impossibility of work or care or thought, it has given us the long rest in a short time, which the unstrung energies so needed.

Whether to love or hate the ocean I am unresolved. Once escaped from him I loathe the thought of reëmbarking on his lap; yet I owe a debt of gratitude for many a kindly service; owe him a thousand pleasant memories and new experiences; now grand, now beautiful, now droll, fantastical and wondrous strange; new phases of nature, and new phases of humanity (for were we not a little world there cooped up and isolated from all else, in the centre of a great undulating, empty circle, like the saved remnant of mankind in Noah's ark, with nothing else to do but learn to know each other?) And pleasant subjects for the most part they were too; more than studies; one found himself becoming more and more attached to every one and could not quarrel with the destiny which brought him into close relation with that chance gathering of two hundred strangers. Yes, I thank the Ocean; and chiefly that he made a child of me, and rocked me in his cradle, and stole away the thread of care, and tipped over the work-table of thought, and tripped up the heels of firm-set, would-be continuous volition, throwing one back upon a primitive simplicity of wondering sensations, unconnected dreams and observations, childlike trust and freedom from all care about oneself, and consequently fresh interest in all about him. That state once reached, not without appetite destroyed and sickening qualms for so long time as kindly nature knew to be the best, and there were many hours of keen zest to relieve the dull monotony of life at sea. How fondly could we look back over it and lingeringly sketch it all, reproducing each day's pocket notes, if there were room or time!

The only thing literally musical about our voyage was at the start. It was a lively and inspiring scene, that bright noon of a breezy Saturday, the 7th of July, when we went on board the splendid German steamship, the "New York." The passengers, as well as crew, were mostly German; and we were not surprised, therefore, that something like a musical Godspeed was improvised. A brass band came on board and played national airs; and a Liederkrantz society came also to take leave of one of their comrades, and standing in a circle on the deck sang some of their part-songs, and uncorked a basket of champagne; and thus ran the burthen of their loudest *lied*:

"Dus welte Atlantische Meer!  
Wenn's alles Champagner Wör!  
(The wide Atlantic sea,  
If it all of Champagne might be!) &c.

Presently the stalwart figure of our German captain, a hearty, noble looking personage, with golden beard and peach-ripe hue of face, like one just stepped down from the sun, a very type of some old Norseman, kindly as brave, loomed on the bridge. He gives the word, and we are moving, and all moving round us, and amid chorus, shouts, and waving handkerchiefs, we sail down the harbor, merry as a marriage feast, not realizing that we have left the world, past lovely Staten Island, past the Hook, until by six o'clock the lessening shores have vanished and we are

fully out of sight of land. A dull, grey, leaden waste of waters only round us; a dull, grey, leaden sky above. No touch of color anywhere; it is like what was before the world, "without form and void," monotonous negation. And this is the boundless Ocean! How the want of color robs it of all suggestion of infinitude! How the infinite itself shrinks to a most finite, narrow and mean little circle (we prisoners in the centre of it), for want of the very variety and individual detail of the finite! Vast it is and boundless; but boundless abstraction and monotony is not genial to our feeling, and so hoops us round with the most painful sense of limitation. And then such desolation, isolation, solitude! Would the leaden rim and the horizon only stretch, and it would feel less lonely, for the soul would thus expand with it.

Cold and foggy all the next day; even fog suggests more freedom and more grandeur than that leaden and defined horizon. But it is a rolling, qualmy sea. We must be rocked now till we can resign ourselves: this the lesson of this first Sunday on the ocean. Tossed in the lap of restlessness, it may be, all-devouring, nothingness! What change could be more complete? What else in so few hours could isolate us so remote from all that we have called our life? And, to aggravate the solitude, one listens vainly for a sound, except sounds of our own making, or the ceaseless wash of waves resisting our intruding keel. The sea, our world, our prison, is as dumb as it is colorless. Many a time, both then and when its surface was enjoyable, we longed for music—some great symphony or chorus, myriad-voiced, to animate and humanize and realize the abstract form of music, the wide weltering rhythm all about us. Absurd wish! There would be no need of symphonies nor Beethovens, could such be summoned bodily wherever one might want them. Art is to inform the soul, that the soul itself out of its own life may in turn inform the wilderness of sea or land. And sometimes, in good hours, as one watches the motion and the color of the waves in all their glory, and their moody changes, how the music that he loves, with shifting dreams of other music like it, mingles their motion! how memories of home and friends, of all the tender, deep, or earnest passages of life, how one's life-plans and aspirations sing themselves, in strains remembered or imagined, to that else voiceless rhythm of wild waves! And then he thanks the masters of the tone-world for the grander meaning which their inspirations evoke from the vague, strange element.

With returning health and appetite, the next day, the sun returns to touch the waves with color and with wondrous life and beauty. But we are no painters, and we shall not try to reproduce the gentler and the wilder moods of ocean; the great waves gleaming and blackening in the sunshine; the white crests, topping the great waves in the far horizon giving it the familiar look of hill-side landscape dotted with white cottages and mansions; the glorious sunsets, now in misty mezzotinto contrast of mere dark and light, à la Martin's pictures, the sun-streak shooting across a sea of gleaming black, like gold on ebony, and now of richest purple glow: the wierd, wild night scene, when our great black masts and sails loomed gigantic, spectre-like, before us and above us, right against the rising moon, into whose very face we seemed to go plunging and driving; the

soft, warm, silvery, misty blue days, as we kept along the edge of the Gulf Stream, "all in a summer sea"; the mornings with stiff breeze, and great mountainous waves, and cold as mountain tops; the angry squall; and then those lovely dreamy days, when the sea was smooth and blue as one imagines among Grecian isles, and one could almost fancy temples and white marble statues rising here and there—a clear, blue, lustrous mirror of a sea, a perfect circle, and we in its very centre, set in framework of most delicate and exquisitely shaped pearly clouds encircling the entire horizon. By this time we knew each other well enough, and found world enough within our ark, and in its little curious events, to take away the sense of solitude upon the ocean. Otherwise how utter were that solitude! For three whole days we did not see a sail: how easily, by a slight change of course, one gets beyond the limits where the poetry is true about the ocean "whitened by the sails of commerce"! We learned that the ocean has its highways; and our prudent course, a few points south of the usual one, kept us away not only from "the banks," the fogs, the icebergs, but also from the company of ships.

—England hid herself in mist, and gave us a surly, rainy, cold reception on the morning of the eleventh day, when we were running along her southern coast. No New England easterly rain in March could have been drearier than that morning in the middle of July. Had we broken in upon the Lion's sleep unseasonably? All day chilly, rainy, with some fits of frigid and unwilling sunshine; but enough to show us that green land did actually exist once more and that we were still in this world. How one longed to jump on shore and take a good run on those grassy slopes. In the afternoon the (to us) surprise of a partial eclipse of the sun added to the doubtful omens. But the night was clear; a great warm planet shot a cordial gleam across the wave to us, the Great Bear and the other constellations looked down friendly; all kept awake with expectation, and in the first faint streaks of daybreak, after sending up rockets and blue lights to herald our approach, we anchored off Cowes, just then the residence of royalty, the Queen's yacht lying alongside of us, the turret of the palace in which she was then (let us hope) asleep, rising in sight behind a wooded hill; and gradually the dawn revealed the lovely shores and hills of the green Isle of Wight, the garden of England, and nest of her laureate. Into the full day we watched the scene of fairy-like enchantment—the very color of the sea was strange, of a much lighter green than on our shores—waiting for the little boat that was to take off those of us whose destiny was Havre and not Bremen.

A beautiful hour's trip between green shores, noble mansions, towers, a ruined abbey, &c., brought us to Southampton, where there were two days to wait that were not in our programme. Two days, in spite of intermittent rains, delightfully spent. I for one did not regret the interpolation of two long summer days of the rich old rural life of England. What a zest they had after the long middle passage! And how much of a new life one may taste, nay, take into his own experience, in two good days! Let us thank our stars for that one bite into the ripe side of the peach of England. The old seaport itself

nestled in rich green country, crowded with ships and steamers from all countries (some seventy steam-ships stop here on their passage), its broad quays lined with elegant hotels, both English, French, Italian, German, and what not, with corresponding motley promiscuity of costume in the streets, was a lively spectacle for one day. It has its antiquities, too; ivy covered remnants of old walls and castles from the feudal days, when there were French invasions. Street music in all forms was rife here, from the barrel organ to the small German band of brass, or almost orchestra with fiddles, of which there are some six or eight employed to play evenings in front of the principal hotels. Sometimes a harp or guitar prelude caught the ear, and presently a voice, then two, in parts, sometimes a quartet was heard. The strangest thing about it was to hear familiar Ethiopian melodies! But commonly the music and the execution were some grades higher in their character than we have in the streets of Boston or New York. There was evidence enough that music enters pretty largely into the popular life of merry England.

(Conclusion next week.)

**MR. S. B. MILLS' SOIREE.**—This pianist, of whom our readers have already heard something, gave to an invited company, a most delightful soirée at Messrs. Hallett & Davis' piano rooms on Wednesday evening, which after long weeks of no music was a veritable oasis in the desert. For such an oppressive evening in the dog-days, the programme was judiciously chosen, no long sonatas or protracted fugues, taxing the languid attention of the hearer, but dreamy impromptus and fairy like fantasias of Chopin, stirring and sparkling transcriptions of Liszt, fell on the charmed ear, as refreshing as showers after a burning day of summer. The audience was indeed a critical one, embracing all the professional pianists of the city, and of skilful amateurs not a few, and the unanimity of approval, and warmth of applause from such an audience was a flattering testimonial to the genuine excellence and brilliancy of the performance. Mr. Mills has remarkable powers of execution, combining rare delicacy of touch, with great force and power, and unsurpassed correctness in rendering the most difficult and intricate passages of those masters of difficulty and intricacy from whose works he played. He is a worthy peer of Mason and Jaell in the qualities which he has named, and will be a concert pianist of rare attractiveness. The last of the three pianos used on the occasion, (of course, Hallett & Davis') gave much satisfaction to the audience, and stood excellently the severe test of the pianist's vigorous execution, and of the oppressive and trying atmosphere of the evening.

#### New Publications.

From George Willig, Jr., Baltimore. **EASY AND PROGRESSIVE PIANO FORTÉ INSTRUCTOR.** Written expressly for the use of Female Seminars. By James M. Deems. 48 pp.

This is a simple elementary instruction book for beginners on the piano. Among the great multitude of such books, this seems to be well adapted for the purpose and a useful guide for young pupils.

**THE MODERN SCHOOL FOR THE ORGAN.**—A New, Progressive and Practical Method, comprising a History and Description of the Organ, Elementary Instruction, Exercises and Voluntaries in all Styles of Playing the Organ (without Pedals), Pedal Playing, Combination of Stops, Voluntaries, and Pieces suited to all occasions. By John Zundel, Organist and Director of Music at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. Price, \$3.00. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, Boston.

Mr. Zundel is well known as one of the best organ players and most successful organ teachers in the country. A pupil of Rinck, he, of course, has stud-

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#### Musical Chit-Chat.

**MR. S. A. BANCROFT**, the organist of the Mt. Vernon Church, has just returned home from an extended but rapid tour in Europe. He will be gladly welcomed by his many friends here.

**HAVERHILL, MASS.**—The Messrs. Hook of Boston have just finished a large organ for the North Church in this place, which is highly commended by those who have heard it. At the opening, the choir of the Old South Church took part in the musical performances, assisted by Mrs. Kempton and others. The organ was played by various organists of Boston and Haverhill, and appears to have given great satisfaction.

**NEWPORT.**—Patti gave a grand concert under the direction of Maurice Strakosch, at Newport, on Friday, in the Ocean Hall, which was attended by a numerous and brilliant audience. Her reception was enthusiastic. It is feared that Fort Adams, in which Mr. Helmsmüller has been giving his delightful musical entertainments on Thursday afternoons, will be closed, because some heedless people disobey the government regulation by riding across the lawn within the fortification. A concert and soiree dantesque for the benefit of Carl Bergmann's Atlantic orchestra, at which the distinguished pianiste, Madame Johnson Graever, kindly and voluntarily performed, took place on Thursday evening.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

**ROCHESTER, N. Y.**—Mr. John Zundel, the well known organist, gave a concert at the Plymouth Church in this place to a large audience. Everybody seemed to be highly pleased by the new and varied effects produced by Mr. Zundel's performance on the organ, and also by the exquisite singing of Mrs. Kate Bennett Shelly. The choruses brought out were gems of Mr. Zundel's composition, being selections from his newly published "Psalmody" and "Introit"—the latter a collection of excellent anthems. Let us have from time to time, more of

this sort of playing and singing, and there will shortly be a perceptible and wholesome increase of interest in the subject of Church music, which cannot fail to be of service both to community at large, and to the members of the musical profession, male and female.—*Rochester Democrat.*

Gottschalk the pianist, who has been at Cuba for some months, left Havana on the 7th by the regular British steamer for St. Thomas. He intends spending the summer months at Venezuela, and will be back at Havana early in October, to take his post at the Tacon Theatre, as leader of the orchestra.

Our old friend Bettini, of the Imperial Italian Opera of St. Petersburg, has been singing in concerts at Baden, and given great delight by his charming voice and excellent method.

The King of Saxony has pardoned Richard Wagner, who had been compromised in the events of 1848. The decree of amnesty was forwarded to M. Wagner at Paris, by telegraph.

The opera season just closed at Her Majesty's Theatre, in London, is pronounced a ruinous one to the manager. He expended over £15,000 (\$75,000) in stage furniture, chandeliers, mirrors, carpets, sofas, and other costly fittings, and his company was numerous beyond precedent. The list of names is worth preserving as a curiosity. The female performers were Titiens, Borghi Mamo, Piccolomini, Lotti della Santa, Marie Cabel, Brunetti, Lemaire, Vaneri, Michal and Alboni. The males were Giuglini, Mongini, Belart, Violetti, Everardi, Aldighieri, Gassier, Corsi, Ciampi, S. Ronconi, Castelli and Steger. The dancers were Milles. Pochini, Cucchi, Morlacchi and Amalia Ferrais.

**THACKERY ON ETHIOPIAN MINSTRELS.**—"I heard a humorous balladist, a minstrel with wool on his head, and an ultra Ethiopian complexion, who performed a negro ballad that I confess moistened these spectacles in the most unexpected manner. They have gazed at dozen of tragedy queens, dying on the stage, and expiring in appropriate blank verse, and I never wanted to wipe them. They have looked up, with deep respect be it said, at many scores of clergymen in pulpits, without being dimmed; and behold a minstrel with a corked face and a banjo sings a little song, strikes a wild note which sets the whole heart thrilling with happy pity. Humor! humor is the mistress of tears; she knows the way to the *fons lachrymarum*, strikes in dry and rugged places with her enchanting wand, and bids the fountain gush and sparkle. She has refreshed myriads more from her natural springs, than ever tragedy has watered from her pompous old urn."

Signor and Signora Tiberini have proceeded to fulfil an engagement at Trieste. Signor Pancani, who is engaged for next March by M. Calzado, has also left Paris. He will spend a week at Aix-la-Chapelle, whence he will proceed to Naples, where he is engaged for the present.

Signor P. P. Boccomini, one of the principal members of Mad. Ristori's company, has died at Amsterdam. The management of the Riccardi Theatre at Bergamo has been confided, for the duration of the fair, to the Brothers Marzi, who will give performances of *opera buffa* and ballet. Some papers have spread the report that the management of the Theatres Royal, Naples, would perhaps pass, ere long, into the hands of Malvezzi, the tenor. Signor Lorenzoni and Signora Gavetti Reggiani have been engaged for next autumn at the Communal Theatre of Bologna, the former as first dancer, and the latter as *prima donna*.

Signor Masini, first bass, is at present in Milan, whence he will soon return to St. Petersburg, where he is engaged for the fourth time.

The Neapolitan journal *Il Diorama* has changed its title, and is now called *L'Italia*.

Among the recent engagements for Constantinople may be mentioned those of Signor A. Bianchi, first tenor; Fiorini, bass; Mattioli, buffo; and Signora Galli, *prima donna assoluta*.

M. H. Montplaisir is engaged as ballet master for the Carneval of 1860-1 at the Carlo Felice Theatre, Genoa. The fresh choreographic work produced will be entitled *Benvenuto Cellini*, on which the management will spare no expense. Verdi's *Trovatore* is being given simultaneously at Gerbino and the Alfieri Theatre, Turin.

The vocal and instrumental concert of the pupils at the Milan Conservatory took place on the 8th of July.

The opening of the Valle Theatre, at Rome, for the summer season was to have taken place on the 30th of June, with the *Masnadieri*. After the last rehearsal, however, Corsi the tenor fell ill. The part of Carlo was immediately given to the other tenor of the establishment, Signor Gianini, and the opening fixed for the 3rd of July, but, at the first general rehearsal, Signor Gianini was compelled, by an intestinal attack, to take to his bed. On this, application was made to Signor Negrini, who happened to be still at Rome, and that gentleman appeared in the part on the 7th ult.; Signora Teresa Armellini was the *prima donna*.

Signoras Pancani, Negrini, Coletti; Signoras Steffanone, Vera-Lorini, and Mlle. Boschetti, *première danseuse*, are engaged at the San Carlo, Naples.

**ACADEMY OF MUSIC.**—We learn that arrangements have been nearly concluded for the appearance at the Academy of Music, probably in September, of Nixon's fine equestrian troupe, part of which performed last spring, in the Walnut Street Theatre. After that Mr. Edwin Forrest, who has made a six months' engagement with Mr. Nixon, will appear at the Academy in a series of his best parts. The house will not be opened for Italian opera until after Mr. Forrest's departure. Strakosch and Ullmann are preparing for a brilliant operatic season, and Philadelphia will have her full share. Ullmann is now in Europe engaging new artists, in addition to those already in this country.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

The committee for the Prince of Wales celebration at Montreal have made arrangements with M. Strakosch, who is to have associated with him Adeline Patti, Brignoli, or another tenor, a basso and a buffo, to give a portion of the entertainment (one hour's programme) at the ball building, the night after the ball, for which the committee pay Strakosch two thousand five hundred dollars.

**BOSTON MUSEUM.**—The season of 1860-1, opened handsomely at this theatre on Monday. The seats were well filled with an appreciative audience, among which it was not difficult to recognize many of the steady patrons of the Museum; whose presence was an indication of their confidence in the new manager, and their desire for his success in his new position. The comedy of the Rivals was as a whole, well and satisfactorily played. Messrs. W. H. Smith, Keach and Whitman were enthusiastically greeted, and Mr. Warren was received with deafening peals of applause. Other old favorites and the new candidates for popular approval were kindly welcomed. We have said that the opening comedy was well played. In certain details the cast could not be improved.—*Gazette*.

**THE GREAT SAENGERFEST.**—From a report published in the *Buffalo Republic*, we learn that the receipts of the great Saengerbund festival in that city, were \$4,700, including \$1,572 receipts from the three concerts. The disbursements, on the other hand, amounted to \$4,584 68, thus leaving a balance of \$124 84. The Saengerfest was a success financially, as well as every other way.

**WORCESTER, MASS.**—There was an impromptu gathering of musical friends at the rooms of Mr. Amos Whiting, on Friday evening, under the auspices of the Mendelssohn, Choral and Mozart societies of Worcester. Miss Lizzie Heywood and Mr. George Wright, Jr., of Boston, being present as invited guests, sang a variety of solos and popular songs and duets, in a manner which delighted the audience. Miss Heywood possesses a highly cultivated voice, of great power and flexibility, and she sings with much ease and grace. Mr. Wright has a rich, bass voice of great power and compass. The performance was as creditable to them as it was gratifying to those who heard them.

*La France Hippique* relates the following anecdote:

"Gerard, the celebrated painter, was charged by the Emperor Napoleon I. to paint the battle of Austerlitz. In his composition of that great feat of arms, General Rapp was to be represented coming up at full gallop to announce the gain of the battle. Every thing was prepared on the canvass, and there only remained to place Rapp on horseback, but Gerard could not find a charger which suited his ideas. The Emperor had placed at his disposal, not only all the horses of his own stables, but ordered that those of all the cavalry regiments should be open to him. The animals were made to gallop, rear, and perform all kinds of movements, but none of them pleased the painter, and Rapp still remained unmounted. One day while walking along the Boulevard, the painter, in passing before a toy-shop, uttered an exclamation of delight on observing a small pasteboard horse, painted grey and with a black head, which, from its position, looked as if it was about to leap out of the window. 'Ah!' cried Gerard, 'that is the horse for Rapp,' and entering, he asked the price of it—'Twenty-five sous,' was the reply; and the artist, paying the money, carried off the horse under his arm. It is this animal which, it is said, figures in the famous picture of the Museum at Versailles, carrying Rapp to the emperor, the General, in his haste, having lost his hat.

**A QUESTION OF ETIQUETTE.**—We find the following in the *Philadelphia Press*, written, probably, by its literary editor, Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie:—It is stated in the English papers that a difficulty has been raised at St. Petersburg, about the reception of Lady Crampton, wife of the British ambassador at that court. It is said that the objection is that, before her marriage, she was simply Miss Victoria Balfe, an opera-singer. The article says:—"The Russians are aghast at the idea of a singer having precedence of the ladies of the whole foreign *Corps Diplomatique*, together with the *entrée* to the palace. They cannot see how the daughter of a musical composer, the leader of the orchestra of the opera-house, (herself a public singer, moreover,) can worthily represent the Majesty of England! They say, 'It is true a noble earl married an actress, Miss Farren; the late Earl of Essex, Miss Stephens, the singer; the late Duke of St. Albans an actress, Miss Mellon; the late Earl of Harrington an actress, Miss Foote; the late Earl of Craven an actress, Miss Brunton, etc., but none of these noblemen were ambassadors or other representatives of British sovereigns.'" The case is not fairly put by the Russian sticklers of etiquette. The Countess of Derby was Eliza Farren, actress; the Countess of Craven was Louisa Brunton, actress; the Countess of Essex was Kitty Stephens, singer. Each and every one of these ladies had an exemplary reputation before and after marriage, and were received at the court of the British sovereign, for the time being, just as if they had been dukes' daughters. Their husbands, in a word, drew them up to their own elevated station, and society gladly received them. On the other hand, the Duchess of St. Albans (Miss Mellon, afterward Mrs. Coutts) and the Countess of Harrington, had light characters and loose conduct before marriage, and were never received at court, or in any society which had a care for its own reputation. It was just the same with the late Countess of Blessington, who, we believe, never ventured to solicit a presentation at court, and was visited, during her residence in London, only by gentlemen. Miss Balfe had an irreproachable reputation during her short, but brilliant, professional career. On her return to Russia, should any doubt then exist as to her right to the *entrée* to the imperial court, the master of ceremonies may be reminded that Henrietta Sontag, a public singer, quitted the stage to marry Count Rossi, that, while a public character, she had sung at the opera-house of St. Petersburg; and that when she subsequently accompanied her husband to Russia, whither he was sent as ambassador from his own country, the Emperor Nicholas and his wife cordially received her into their most intimate society. As persons who stickle for *etiquette* are greatly influenced by precedent, here is a case in point which may be found useful. No doubt, Sir John Crampton will urge it, if necessary.

Mr. Vincent William Wallace, the celebrated composer, has returned from the United States, to which he has recently paid a short visit on affairs of business. Mr. Wallace proceeds to Wiesbaden, where he will doubtless put the finishing touches to his new opera of the *Amber Witch*, pronounced by all who have heard it superior even to *Lurline*. The *Amber Witch* is to be produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, after Mr. Macfarren's *Robin Hood*.—*Mus. World*.

## Music Abroad.

### Paris.

**THEATRE IMPERIAL DE L'OPERA.** Robert le Diable was performed for the 425th time, on occasion of the debuts of Mad. Vandenhuevel-Duprez, (daughter of the great tenor) and Mlle. Marie Sax. The former gained a complete triumph in the rôle of the Princess Isabel, which was created by Mad. Damoreau and carried on by Mad. Dorus, and connoisseurs agreed in the opinion that no one, since the last named lady has filled the character with more éclat and charming real talent than Mad. Vandenhuevel-Duprez. Mlle. Sax also was favorably received in the character of Alice as a cantatrice of great future promise. The costumes and decorations for this performance was entirely new throughout.

Aug. 1.—I am this week almost in the same predicament again which obliged me in our last letter to entertain you *de coquis et bobus* rather than of actors and musicians. Paris has fallen into a sort of dreamy lethargic state, from which it will only rouse itself to rush off to the seaside or the German health springs. At the Grand Opéra, the run of *Semiramis* continues, if such an expression can be applied to the progression of the stately Queen of the East. The sisters Marchisio have gained more self-possession in their respective parts, and advance in public estimation. The famous duo between Arsace and Semiramis is nightly called for a second time. *Pierre de Medici*, Prince Poniatowski's opera, has been played once, and *Robert le Diable* is to be produced forthwith with Mlle. Vandenhuevel Duprez, and Mlle. Marie Sax. Roger was induced to sing once more at the Opéra Comique before his departure for Baden, and appeared in the part of Georges in *Da Dame Blanche* before a densely crowded audience, who greeted him with every mark of enthusiastic admiration. It was, indeed, an adroit stroke of policy on the part of M. Beaumont, the new manager, to bring Roger back to the scene of his first blushing honors, and thus to revive those laurels which, in the arduous trials of the Grand Opéra had somewhat faded. *Le petit Chapeau Rouge*, so long announced, will decidedly be revived this week, and immediately upon it will follow M. d'Hauteroche's comedy, *Crupin Medecin*, the production of which has suffered some delay, owing to objections raised to it on the part of the authorities. They have at last consented to let it be acted, but stipulate for a different title. This is a concession, no doubt, to the susceptibilities of the medical profession, who are in this country a very thin-skinned class, and mighty sticklers for the dignity of their cloth. The race of *Diaphorus*, though it has discarded powdered periwig and gold-headed cane, is as flourishing as when Molière scarified its bombastic pedantry with the sharp edge of his satire; but public authority now intervenes to save the dignity of science from such unseemly assaults.

Gossip is already busy with the future season at the Italian Opéra here. It seems a settled thing that if Tamberlik do not return, Mario is engaged for the last six months of the season, and Signor Pancani for March and April. Graziani, Gardoni, Badiali, Zucchini, Angelini, and Mmes. Alboni, Penco, and Marie Battu are coming again, so that a sufficiently complete company will to a certainty be available. The season it is said will open with *La Sonnambula*; and *La Semi-amide* will be given with Mesdames Alboni and Penco, and Badiali, so that the Parisians will have an opportunity of exercising their critical acumen by a comparison of the Italian performance with that now forming the principal attraction of their own Grand Opéra. Such operas as *Il Matrimonio Segreto* and *L'Italiana in Algeri*, which are not sufficiently long to furnish forth the entire evening, will be backed up by operas in one act selected from the old Italian repertoire.

The Orpheon Society of the city of Paris held one of two grand meetings last Sunday at the Cirque Napoléon, under the direction of MM. François Bazin and Padeloup, directors of vocal instruction in the communal schools. The programme may interest some of your readers after the recent visit to Eng-

land of the Orpheonists. Here it is:—Part I.: 1. *Veni Creator*, by Bessozzi; 2. *Le Médecin Tant mieux et le Médecin Tant pis*, by F. Bazin; 3. *Angelus*, by Papin; 4. *La Garde Passe* (men's voices), by Grétry; 5. *O Salutaris*, by Auber; 6. *Le Courre-feu*, by Halévy. Part II.—1. *Invocation*, by Pasdeloup; 2. *Le Printemps* (men's voices), by Von Calle; 3. *Les Vendanges*, by Orlando de Lassus; 4. *Faust* (men's voices), by Gounod; 5. *Cantique*, by Haydn; 6. *Vive l'Empereur*, by Gounod. The second meeting will be next Sunday. Last week the Concert Musard distinguished itself by the performance of Spontini's overture to *Olympia*; and as few opportunities of hearing this work have ever presented themselves to the Parisians, great curiosity was excited on the occasion. Mad. Spontini is said to have furnished directions as to the true mode of rendering the work; and certainly it was very effectively executed.

The distribution of prizes at the Conservatoire for Music and Declamation has just taken place, but in neither apartment do the competitions appear to have brought to light talent of more than ordinary promise. It is worth while noticing, perhaps, that among the competitors for the violin and violoncello prizes, figured four young ladies, three violinists and one violoncellist. Lady fiddlers we are tolerably well accustomed to, but the attitude of a lady grasping with all her limbs a violoncello is one to the grotesqueness of which usage has not yet reconciled us. In time, no doubt, we shall think nothing of it. The cry after more female occupations, which is so fast breaking down the foolish distinctions between sauce for the goose and sauce for the gander, and has already given us a female goose practising physic, is destined, no doubt, to wear out our faculty of astonishment at such novelties. Female lawyers, soldiers, and sailors will be plentiful as blackberries; and the stories of Portia, and Joan of Arc, and the touching ballad of "Billy Taylor," will lose their savor.—*Cor. of Lond. Musical World.*

#### London.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—On Saturday the theatre really closed for the season, although it was anticipated that it would be kept open another week, in consequence of the increasing success of *Oberon*. It could not be managed, however, some of the principal singers being imperatively summoned to their continental engagements. The performances on Saturday were for the benefit of Mlle. Titiens, and included *Oberon*, preceded by the "Shadow Song," from *Dinorah* for Mad. Marie Cabel; the last scene from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, for Signor Giuglini; and the *divertissement* from the ballet of *Orfa*, for Mad. Ferraris. The audience was enormous, in spite of the thunder-storm that raged furiously and the rain that fell in absolute torrents from 6 until 9 o'clock. It is not easy to account for the triumphant reception awarded to *Oberon* at Her Majesty's Theatre, when it is remembered that, with Braham and Miss Paton in the cast, in the zenith of their popularity when the opera was first produced at Covent Garden with great splendor of scenery and decoration and the extreme care in the general getting up under the composer's own direction, it was a comparative failure. Was the musical taste of the public so much degenerated? Does there exist a stronger admiration for the decorative in theatricals? Is Signor Mongini a greater tenor than Braham, or Mlle. Titiens superior to Miss Paton? Does Her Majesty's Theatre enjoy a more powerful prestige than old Covent Garden before Music hurled the Drama from its pride of place? Is Mr. E. T. Smith a better or a more fortunate manager than the late Charles Kemble, or Mr. Benedict a more experienced and *habile* conductor than Tom Cooke of facetious memory? However these questions may be answered for or against the representation of *Oberon* in Her Majesty's Theatre, some things may be urged directly in its favor. It may be confidently asserted that the characters of Fatima and Oberon, so important in the score were never before so efficiently performed as by Mad. Alboni and Signor Belart; nor had Sherazadin and Babekun been entrusted to such artists as Signor Evcardi and M. Gassier. In short, the cast of *Oberon* at Her Majesty's Theatre was incomparable, and such an array of talent could not fail to have a powerful allurement of its own. As the music became better known too it was more liked, and this gave a durability to the attraction which neither perfect cast nor splendor of decorations could secure. That *Oberon* has proved one of the most triumphant successes of late years on the Italian stage cannot be denied, and indeed its production promises to constitute an epoch in the annals of the opera.—*London Musical World.*

**MADAME JULLIEN'S BENEFIT.**—It is gratifying to find that the English public have not forgotten the

man who did so much for the advancement of his art and the cultivation of the musical taste of the age, for we cannot but think that a very large portion of the 15,000 persons who were at the Surrey Gardens on Tuesday evening were influenced by the desire of doing some good for the widow of one who was deservedly the most popular, as he was the most talented of caterers for the amusement, and let us also add the elevation, of his patrons. Fortunately the weather was favorable, and consequently those who could not obtain room in the large hall, which was crammed to suffocation, were not inconvenienced by having to remain in the open air, and listen to the strains of the performers, mellowed by the distance which in this instance might have "lent enchantment," if not "to the view," at least to something else, for the heat and the crowding must have been positively awful to those in the area of the building; it was bad enough in the first circle, where standing room was just as much at a premium as everywhere else. Of course we cannot be expected to notice in detail a programme which numbered some thirty-five pieces, and lasted from half past six until—well, we cannot say when, for we certainly did not stay it all out. The entertainment was divided into four parts—the first orchestral, conducted by Mr. Alfred Mellon and Prince Galitzin (whose Surprise Polka was encored by the way), comprising the overture to *Semiramide*, one movement of Mendelssohn's A minor symphony, Jullien's Warsaw Varsoviana and Last Waltz—the latter for the first time of performance, and every way worthy the reputation of its lamented composer, the air charming and eminently *dansante*. The second and third parts entirely vocal, embraced a variety of songs, ballads, &c., all of which were received with a greater or less degree of noisy enthusiasm too closely bordering upon turbulence to be pleasant. Of the fourth part of the concert, in which the bands of the Grenadier, Coldstream, and Scots Fusilier Guards were announced to appear, we can say nothing, but have no doubt that Jullien's English and British Army Quadrilles afforded as much delight as they used when conducted by their composer, and the Last Waltz repeated to the gratification of the multitude, who seemed to evince no desire to quit the "gay and festive scene and halls of dazzling light."—*Ibid.*

**MISS ANNA WHITTY.**—The *Buon Gusto* of Florence says, "Anna Whitty is a young and fair daughter of England, who has made Italy a second country, and Italian art a passion and a religion. Distinguished for education, manners, instruction and talent, she perfected her vocal powers in Florence, under a first-rate master; her studies were not of that superficial order which the greater part of the singers of the present day pass through. She rendered herself familiar with the works of our best composers, and preferred, with the instinct of good taste, the classical creations of our immortal *maestri*. Mlle. Whitty has by this gained the gratitude of our land of song—it is for this she merits renown and honor. She made her *debut* at the Theatre-Royal Pagliaro, at Florence, some three years ago, having previously held the post of *prima donna* at Malta, for two seasons. Mlle. Whitty has a commanding presence and a pleasing countenance. As we have said before, her manners and deportment on the stage are eminently noble and distinguished. Her voice is not robust, but is rich and full in tone, with an excellent suavity and sweetness, of great compass, most flexible, and, above all, most sympathetic, being of that *timbre* that does not beseege but descends to the heart, filling the soul with the various emotions of tenderness and melancholy. Added to this is her rare *trillo* and perfection of *method*, her extraordinary agility with which she overcomes the most difficult passages, performing them spontaneously, and without an effort; her singing is an *embroidery*; difficulties become for her a mere plaything—a pastime. Mlle. Whitty, as a "lyric actress," is capable of interpreting any work; but it is in classical compositions, particularly those of Rossini, in which she most excels, and for which she seems specially created; it is in these *chefs d'œuvre* her genius develops itself, where her *trillo* is most displayed. For her there must be obstacles, difficulties, and then she is seen gliding, flying, playing among a million of notes the most complicated and perilous, with the same rapidity, ease, and security, as the butterfly frolics among flowers. Added to this *trillo*, the grace, the charm that accompanies it, producing an *ensemble* that almost reaches perfection. Mlle. Whitty's powers as an actress equal those she possesses as a singer. Her gestures are as graceful as they are moderate; each movement betrays intelligence and refinement. She never forgets the part she represents, being herself embodied in the character she interprets."—*Ibid.*

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# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 439.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 1, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 23.

(From the New York Journal of Commerce.)

## Canterbury Bella.

Am I dreaming, through the gleaming  
Of this golden summer day,  
Of the ringing and the singing  
Of the voices far away?  
From the old Cathedral's cloisters,  
From its tower the music swells  
And the air is full of music  
Of the Canterbury Bella.

'Tis the dawning of the morning  
O'er the lovely English isles;  
And rejoicing in the sunshine,  
All the broad bright country smiles;  
Bright the hedgerows gleam with freshness,  
And adown the dewy dells,  
Wanders in the chiming chorus  
Of the Canterbury Bella.

And the gay old town awaking,  
With the voices of the prime,  
Seems the sacred spell partaking  
Of the blessed matin time;  
Tread the aisles the fair-browed singers,  
Soft their silvery chorus swells,  
And o'er all, I hear the ringing  
Of the Canterbury Bella.

Then anon, the evening cometh,  
Rich with sunset's rosy glow,  
And the evening's purple shadows  
Darken all the earth below;  
And the vesper chime, soft stealing,  
Still the same old story tells  
That in centuries past was murmured  
From the Canterbury Bella.

Nay, I wake, 'tis but the dreaming  
That a morn like this will bring,  
Faint, and soft and mellow, beaming  
Like the sunshine of the Spring.  
I am in the fairy palace,  
Reared by Flora's mystic spells,  
With each white and purple chalice  
Of the Canterbury Bella.

'Twas a poet's mythic fancies  
Thus to name these regal flowers,  
Looked he back, in rapturous trances,  
To his boyhood's dreaming hours?  
When the chimes of England haunted  
All his dreams with sweetest spells,  
And he heard, like one enchanted,  
Sounds of Canterbury Bella.

Heart of mine, which thus can waken,  
Quick to sounds of grief or cheer,  
When these fairy bells are shaken,  
Waking tones for souls to hear.  
Wander still across the ocean,  
Fraught with memory's silent spells,  
Hear, as in the dim old cloister,  
Sounds of Canterbury Bella.

B. G. B.

## Hoffmann.

A musician whose works present many points of analogy with those of the composers mentioned by us last week as the heads of the German Romantic School is Hoffmann—far better known by his tales than by his *Miserere*, his *Requiem*, his airs and choruses for Werner's *Crusade of the Baltic*, or his operas of *Love and Jealousy*, *The Canon of Milan*, and *Undine*, which last production has always been regarded as his masterpiece. Indeed, with *Undine*, Hoffmann obtained his one great musical success, and it is easy to account for the marked favor with which that work was received in Berlin. In the first place, the fantastic nature of the subject was eminently suited to the peculiar genius of the composer. Then he possessed the advantage of having an

excellent *libretto*, written by Lamotte-Fouqué, the author of the original tale; and finally, the opera was admirably executed at the Royal Theatre of Berlin. Probably not one of our readers has heard Hoffmann's *Undine*, which was brought out in 1817, and we believe was never revived, though much of the music enjoyed for a time considerable popularity, and the composition as a whole was warmly and publicly praised by no less a personage than Karl Maria von Weber. On the other hand, *Undine*, and Hoffmann's music generally, have been condemned by Sir Walter Scott, who is reported not to have been able to distinguish one melody from another, though he had of course a profound admiration for Scotch ballads of all kinds. M. Fétis, too, after informing us that Hoffmann "gave music lessons, painted enormous pictures, and wrote licentious novels (where are Hoffmann's licentious novels?), without succeeding in making himself remarked in any style," goes on to assure us, without ever having heard *Undine*, that although there were "certain parts" in which genius was evinced, "want of connexion, of conformity, of conception, and of plan, might be observed throughout;" and that "the judgment of the best critics was that such a work could not be classed among those compositions which mark an epoch in art."

Weber had studied criticism less perhaps than M. Fétis, but he knew more about creativeness, and in an article on the opera of *Undine*, so far from complaining of any "want of connexion, of conformity, of conception, and of plan," the author of *Der Freischütz* says: "This work seems really to have been composed at one inspiration, and I do not remember, after hearing it several times, that any passage ever recalled me for a single minute from the circle of magic images that the artist evoked in my soul. Yes, from the beginning to the end the author sustains the interest so powerfully by the musical development of his theme, that after but a single hearing one really seizes the *ensemble* of the work, and detail disappears in the *naïveté* and modesty of his art. With rare renunciation, such as can be appreciated only by him who knows what it costs to sacrifice the triumph of a momentary success, M. Hoffmann has disdained to enrich some pieces at the expense of others; which it is so easy to do by giving them an importance which does not belong to them as members of the entire work. The composer always advances, visibly guided by this one aspiration—to be always truthful, and to keep up the dramatic action without ceasing, instead of checking or fettering it in its rapid progress. Diverse and strongly marked as are the characters of the different personages, there is nevertheless something which surrounds them all; it is that fabulous life, full of phantoms, and those soft whisperings of terror which belong so peculiarly to the fantastic. Kühleborn is the character most strikingly put in relief both by the choice of the melodies, and by the instrumentation which, never leaving him, always announces his sinister approach.\* This is quite right, Kühleborn appearing, if not as destiny itself, at least as its appointed instrument. After him comes Undine, the charming daughter of the waves, which, made sonorous, now murmur and break in harmonious roulades, now powerful and commanding, announce her power. The arietta of the second act, treated with rare and subtle grace, seems to me to be a thorough success, and to render the character perfectly. Hildebrand, so passionate yet full of hesitation, and allowing himself to be carried away by each amorous de-

\*Another proof that this device is not new in the hands of Herr Wagner.

sire, and the pious and simple priest, with his grave choral melody, are the next in importance. In the back-ground are Bertalda, the fisherman and his wife, and the duke and duchess. The strains sung by the suite of the latter breathe a joyous, animated life, and are developed with admirable gaiety, thus forming a contrast with the sombre choruses of the spirits of the earth and water, which are full of harsh, strange progressions. The end of the opera, in which the composer displays, as if to crown his work, all his abundance of harmony in the double chorus in eight parts, appears to me grandly conceived and perfectly rendered. He has expressed these words—"Good night to all the cares and to all the magnificence of the earth"—with true loftiness, and with a soft melancholy which, in spite of the tragic conclusion of the piece, leaves behind a delicious impression of calm and consolation. The overture and the final chorus which enclose the work here give one another the hand. The former, which evokes and opens the world of wonders, commences softly, goes on increasing, then bursts forth with passion; the latter is introduced without brusqueness, but mixes itself up with the action, and calms and satisfies it completely. The entire work is one of the most spiritual that these latter times have given us. It is the result of the most perfect and intimate comprehension of the subject, completed by a series of ideas profoundly reflected upon, and by the intelligent use of all the material resources of art; the whole rendered into a magnificent work by beautiful and admirably developed melodies."

M. Berlioz has said of Hoffmann's music, adding, however, that he had not heard a note of it, that it was "*de la musique de littérature*." M. Fétis, having heard about as much of it, has said a great deal more; but, after what has been written about Hoffmann's principal opera by such a master and judge as Karl Maria von Weber, neither the opinion of M. Fétis nor of M. Berlioz can be of any value on the subject. The merit of Hoffmann's music has probably been denied because the world is not inclined to believe that the same man can be a great writer and also a great musician. Perhaps it is this perversity of human nature that makes us disposed to hold M. Berlioz in so little esteem as an author; and we have no doubt that there are many who would be equally averse to according M. Fétis any tolerable rank as a composer.—*London Musical World*, Aug. 4.

## Congregational Singing.

In the attempt to establish Congregational Singing in the churches of the land, it seems to be taken for granted by many, that those who are unfortunate enough to possess any special acuteness or delicacy of ear, are not to be regarded. If the majority of the congregation are willing to try to sing, that is enough; let that portion of the people who do not enjoy the exercise, when all varieties of sounds are made which go by the name of singing, bear it as they best may. They are not to be taken into the account. Congregational singing must be had. Be patient toward a word or two on the other side, for it is only once that I ask the privilege of being heard.

Let it be premised that in the pure and chaste tones of well-cultivated voices, there is nothing that will injure the natural sensibilities of any one. Good singing, in connection with a good hymn, will always have a favorable impression on every unbiased mind, whether of one who "has an ear" or of one who has not. It will hurt the feelings of no one. But how is it with singing, when the voices of many of those who purport to "sing," are so discordant that any sound which comes within a half, or at least, a quarter of a tone of what it should be, answers their

purpose? How is it, when instead of all singing in harmony, there are many, in reality, singing *independent solos*, all through the congregation,—each one doing his loudest in his own way? To some, in every congregation, these things seem intolerable. Suppose that out of every two hundred in a congregation there are twenty five who should be annoyed at every religious meeting, by having repeated shocks from an electrical battery, administered to their persons; and it should be said by others, that there is no great objection to this, because the congregation, generally, suffer no such annoyance; and those few individuals who do, ought to have their minds and hearts on spiritual things, and not give way to it: would any man of sense say that such a state of things ought to be continued!

Now the actual effect on a portion of the people of some sounds, in what is called "congregational singing," is certainly very similar to the shocks from an electrical battery, and religion can no more shield them from it, than it can from the shocks from the battery; and yet this effect is ten times worse than the one supposed, for this reason: shocks from such a battery would carry no particular sentiment with them; while those received in the manner alluded to, come in the closest connection with the most sacred and beautiful hymns, and the disagreeable associations, thus inevitably formed, will remain; so that, in such a person's remembrance of the most delightful hymn, there *will come*—for a long time afterwards, if not always—the remembrance of the tragedy of its being literally executed, in a judicial sense,—not by the congregation, but by some few of those independent solo singers, who are scattered through the congregation;—each one showing off to his silent neighbors, how much in quantity, without regard to quality, he can sing!

Now to the idea of "congregational singing" we have no objection whatever. But to call that "congregational singing" which is really done by less, on an average, than one-fifth of the congregation, and done, as it too often is, in the very manner here described, is not calling the thing by a right name, nor is such singing that which would seem best designed for general edification. It is certainly one desirable part of religion to avoid, as far as possible, disturbing the religion of others.

With very many in our congregations, all this may be very tolerable, for they are not annoyed by discords. But is it kind, to say the least, for the many to trample on the sensibilities of those who may unfortunately be in the minority, when the mental and spiritual experience of all might be richer and more profitable, by having some due regard to the manner of our worship, and especially to the feelings of those whose sensibilities are not made of iron or brass? Having then "gifts differing," let those to whom these are severally committed, be found attending to their own with faithfulness and sincerity, and there need be no schism. Let him that teacheth, teach, and him that exhorteth, exhort; but let not him who really cannot sing, undertake to aid the devotions of others by his vain attempts, before he has properly learned. To be a "thorn in the flesh" to others is bad enough for those who must endure the dispensation, but to be a spear in the soul is certainly a thing to be avoided by all possible means. We require the *mind and voice* of a public speaker to be properly trained; why not the *voice*, in one who is to sing in public worship?

We believe that a very great majority of the people may learn to sing with propriety, if they are properly instructed, and are *willing to persevere in their efforts to learn*: and when the congregation can sing, we should like very much to have them do it—but not before! A SMALL BUT EARNEST MINORITY.

We are always very happy to find room for any "small but earnest minority" to express themselves upon matters of common concernment; and we are doubly willing to insert the above communication because we can sympathize with its tenor—if that is the part which it sings. It is a good old maxim, which is so full of the spirit of the Bible, that it might have found utterance on the sacred page, that "whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. Congregational singing may be the Heaven-intended, or, at least, Heaven-preferred method for the sanctuary; but, if so, it ought to be both singing, and *Congregational* singing. This it cannot be, until the *Congregation* have learned how to sing.

Singing is the utterance of sounds with melodious modulations of the voice. It involves some knowledge of melody and rhythm. Nobody can sing who cannot tell a chord from a discord as quick as we can distinguish the shriek of a steam whistle from the squeak of a penny trumpet. Doubtless—as our correspondent suggests—most people can be taught to sing in some tolerable manner, if they are taught

young, and are made the subjects of long and careful training. But it is impossible for a congregation where non-musical members have not been thus dealt with, to make melody by their voices to the Lord.

We are aware that it is common to point to our lecture rooms, and the weekly prayer meetings held in them, and to refer to the "good singing" there, with the triumphant inquiry why, if the "congregation" can sing so successfully and with so much of real comfort and edification there, the "congregation" may not do the same thing in the house of God in the Sabbath service of song? We think there is an easy answer which negatives the inquiry. In the first place, the congregation do most seldom sing in the lecture-room; but only the ten, twenty, thirty, forty or fifty persons who have musical taste and culture, and whose volume of tone in that small room reverberates grandly from end to end and from side to side; drowning even the discords—if they are made by the unskilled. In the greatly increased space of the church edifice, that volume of tone becomes so thinned and enfeebled, as hardly to recognize itself, and to be no wise able to smother and conceal the discordant voices of those who, though they may sing with ever so much of the spirit, never sang five words with the understanding in their lives, and could not, if life depended upon it. The same tunes, sang by the same voices that sounded nobly and sweetly in the lecture-room, will, therefore, be very apt to disappoint expectation in the church: and if the organ occupies its usual place in the gallery, from eight to twenty feet above the floor on which the audience stand, it will be found next to impossible, for the organist and the people to "keep time," in anything approaching a quick and strong movement on his part; the consequence of which will be that all tunes will be played and sung with a slow and drawing movement, until the service of song in the house of the Lord "like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along"—to the weariness of all, and the special and intense disgust of those who are affected with musical sensibility in an acute degree.

It is a most hopeful feature in the case that the children—in our week day and Sabbath schools—are now so almost universally taught to sing. And it may not unreasonably be anticipated that, by the time that those children shall have passed up into our congregations so as to compose their bulk, it may be possible to have "congregational singing" in which all the congregation may share with some tolerable skill and strength. But there is a "good time coming." Its advent is not yet. And until it comes, we think the most successful congregational singing—and the most comfortable and edifying singing, any way—will be found to be the product of a small and well trained choir, who shall perform two-thirds of the Sabbath service—the congregation being invited and urged to join with them in the first singing of the morning, and the last of the afternoon; the choir leading off, and the people following, in the use of some of those good, simple and strong chorales, which would bear the stress of a regiment of voices, and an organ accompaniment like the war of the ocean on its reefs, without being overdone.

We may be in a "small minority" in this opinion, but we are "earnest," and what is more—we are right.—*Congregationalist*.

### Music of the Moravians.

From a pleasant account in the *New York Evening Post*, of a Sunday spent at the Moravian settlement at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, we take the following description of their church music:

The music is peculiar. All the congregation sing, the tune being some old German chorale, to which the organist plays a varied and quite scientific accompaniment, introducing an interlude of a few chords between each line. A sermon follows, and the services conclude with a prayer and benediction.

After dinner we go to the cemetery, a beautiful plot of ground, where, under the shade of majestic elms, the "rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," and where the Moravians are buried in regular order as they die. The cemetery is peculiar, because it contains no upright slab or monument, the graves being marked by square horizontal slabs laid on top, and bearing the usual inscriptions, sometimes in English, sometimes in German. It is always open, and seems to be used as a public park. It has none of the gloom which usually attaches to grave-yards, probably because it looks so little like one.

At two o'clock we must go to the church again, for there is to be a "Love Feast," and just as service commences we are in our place. They are playing the voluntary, not on the organ, but with a brass

band! The band of only four pieces, but each echoing loudly and clearly through the church, is near the organ, and they play an adagio choral movement full of devotional feeling. As they close the organ commences with a majestic strain of slow swelling music. A venerable clergyman opens the service by giving out a hymn, which is sung as usual by the congregation, and is followed by a vocal quartet, accompanied by the organ and violoncello, for eight or ten players upon stringed instruments are seated near the organist, the keyboard of the organ being turned so that the performer faces the pulpit. The quartet is followed by a chorus sung by the choir, which includes some thirty ladies without bonnets, each wearing a pretty little cap on the back of her head. Other choruses and anthems follow, the service being principally musical, and the clear notes of the cornets and violins soaring up above the full, rich, diaphanous tones of the organ. The clergyman occasionally reads the hymn or anthem (sometimes in German, sometimes in English), the choir singing each line as it is given out.

The music, notwithstanding the orchestral resources at the command of the leader, is by no means florid, nor even brilliant. Slow choral movements sometimes, but rarely touching on the fugue style, are preferred. There are two organists, who play alternately, and the gentleman on duty last Sunday was good enough to show to Mr. Wisp the musical library of the choir. The music, much of it written in the old style of notation, on the C clef, and with figured bass, is entirely in manuscript, and some of it has been in the possession of the church for generations. All composers, Protestant and Catholic, are made use of, but not many of their works will suit the devotional style of the Moravian worship, and the compositions most in vogue here are those of old Moravian composers, and can be heard only in Moravian societies and churches. All the musicians who sing or play in the church, are, with the exception of the organists, volunteer performers. The violins, cornets, trombone, cello and other musical instruments used in the choir, are played by amateurs, (for almost every Moravian is skilled in music,) and it certainly has a singular appearance to see stout well-to-do farmers, property-owners, or store-keepers, leaning back in their seats in the choir and drawing their bow across the strings of the violins. Most people in other towns, in their condition or standing in their respective communities, would consider it trifling, and beneath their notice to bother with such things; but here in Bethlehem music is both loved and cultivated. Almost every lady plays the piano, and almost every man the violin or organ.

The "Love Feast" itself must not be forgotten. At a certain point of the service sweet buns and warm coffee are passed round, every one partaking. The services close with a few prayers in German and English, and the usual benediction. Indeed, it is noticeable that German and English are equally familiar to the inhabitants, the older Moravians speaking German in their households, while the younger naturally prefer the English.

If, then, any reader of these sketches wishes to take a delightful peep into Pennsylvania, visit a peculiar people and attend a strange and interesting, though perfectly orthodox religious service, let him spend a Sunday at Bethlehem.

### Fine Arts.

(From the New York Times, August 13.)

#### Art in Newport.

NEWPORT, August, 1860.

I was surprised to encounter Rowse on the Cliffs. The statement that Carlyle and Tennyson declined to sit for their portraits to him is erroneous. The rain fell constantly while Rowse was in England, and an attack of inflammation of the eyes obliged him to cut short his visit. Richard M. Hunt is here recruiting from a severe illness; Ehninger has just left. As Monday is proverbially dull here, owing to the absence of a New York mail, and the large number who always prepare to leave on that evening, it is a good time to tell you something about Art in Newport.

Visitors who come here from the Hudson River, Berkshire County, or the White Mountains, complain of the tameness of the scenery. They miss picturesque elevations, noble trees, and the umbrageous masses which add so essentially to the beauty of the landscape elsewhere. It is true that the lover of nature must here look to the sea—with its ever-changing moods and hues, its limitless expanse, beautiful inlets, and graceful shores—for his scenic pleasure; yet the infinite variety of the ocean, to the eye of a keen and susceptible observer—for a time, at least,

—more than compensates for the lack of woods and mountains. The rocks here are full of character; and for studies of color the painter will vainly seek a clearer twinkle in the grass, a deeper azure in the heavens, crystalline blue water more pure, sunsets more splendid, an atmosphere more lucent, or vaporous neutral tints more effective. For these reasons, and still more, perhaps, because of the good working Summer climate and the intelligent society of the place, Newport has always been fondly sought by the artistic fraternity. In the brief history of American art, it is one of the first places named as the abode of painters. Bishop Berkeley brought Smith here from England, and his are the first good portraits that were executed in America. In walking or driving with artist friends here, their frequent exclamations of discovery and delight, indicate that Newport is not deficient in picturesque materials. Now it is a magnificent cloud, and now a beautiful surge; sometimes a long aerial perspective, and again a charming costume or physiognomy that wins the artist's eye. Some of the cleverest caricatures of Augustus Hoppin were inspired by the grotesque side of life visible here in "the height of the season." The lamented Crawford found in Wright's portrait of Washington, belonging to a resident, the most authentic details of the peerless Chief's figure and features, whereof he made excellent use in his study of that grand subject. Amateur photographers find delectable objects to represent; sketchbooks are desirably filled at the Glen and among the rocks, and the daguerreotypists drive a flourishing trade.

There is a cottage in Pelham street which is the fruit of artistic labor, having been erected several years since by Richard M. Staigg—a painter of exquisite taste and progressive ability—whose early studies were aided by the kindly counsels of Allston. During the first years of his career, Staigg was devoted to miniature painting—a branch in which he so excels that there is always upon his easel some work of the kind, and his winters are as fully occupied in New York and Boston as his summers in Newport. Many of Staigg's miniatures of beautiful women are as much prized as works of art, in a sphere where high success is rare, as for excellent likenesses. He excels in color. Bryan, the well-known owner of the gallery of old masters, sat to him two or three years since, and fastidious critic as he is, considers the painting a masterpiece. To vary the minute labor bestowed upon his miniatures, and give scope to his love of art in a broader sphere, Staigg has executed, of late, many admirable life-size crayon portraits; several in oil; and a series of finished landscapes of cabinet size, with some *genre* compositions. His success in each of these branches has been remarkable. His head, in oil, called the "Exile," has won the greatest admiration for its mellow tints and earnest expression; his portrait of his mother was pronounced a gem in tint and tone, as well as character, by all the critics of a recent exhibition; his figure of the "Little Crossing Sweep" is so naive and true that photographs of it have sold to a large extent; and a set of views of sea and sky effects, and bits of coast in this region, are the favorite drawing-room ornaments of more than one tasteful dwelling on this island. Nor should the beautiful children, delineated by Staigg be forgotten; they are singularly authentic and graceful. This studious and refined artist has well sustained the early reputation of Newport as the birthplace or residence of favorite painters; and his progress and success have been legitimate, and are sources of congratulation to his numerous friends here. His sister is endowed with similar talent, and his studio is seldom without some precious and encased trophy of artistic genius.

In South Touro street, there is a nice bit of verdant lawn, where a large white goat, and sometimes a little black Fayal cow, may be seen grazing; in the rear is a mansion well shaded with trees, and still farther back, an eligible atelier, where instruction and achievement in pictorial art go on prosperously, despite of the frequent interruption of visitors. This is the house of William M. Hunt. He studied Art faithfully in Paris, and pursues it with the correctness and insight of a man who has adopted his legitimate vocation. He is an admirable draughtsman, and knows how to seize the picturesque in nature and the characteristic in humanity with consummate tact. There is nothing conventional or adventitious about his work—nothing evasive in his manner. He never arbitrarily chooses a subject, but is won by it. His eye is quick to discern, and his hand dexterous to embody the pictures that exist in life and nature; no effect of light and shade, of feature and form, of expression and character, is lost upon him. He has a remarkable affinity with the naïve. There is a true simplicity, like that of Nature, in his conceptions. Such charming and suggestive subjects as rural life, the wayside, the spontaneous and natural

around him, afford, he instinctively adopts. Many of his pictures have been extremely popular, even in diminutive lithograph copies, owing to this subtle truth to nature; as, for instance, "The Girl at the Fountain," "The Boy playing the Mandolin," the "Paris Flower Girl," etc. A glance around his studio reveals the genuine artist at a glance. There are quaint, minutely-finished sketches of interior court-yards, or mossy walls in the Azores,—there are bits of rustic life gathered in France—a little shepherdess leading a cow through a wood and knitting as she walks, two angelic children singing, deer by moonlight, rabbits erect and vigilant, a fortuneteller and child, etc., all instinct with the expressive, artless grace of Nature. Some of Hunt's portraits are original and effective in treatment beyond any we have seen by living American artists,—as for example, that incarnation of judicial sense and integrity, Chief Justice Shaw—two children painted after death, and a score of female heads and forms, where the latent and absolute character of the originals is delicately as well as emphatically preserved. Attached to this painting-room are apartments for pupils, of which Mr. Hunt has several, and constant applications from others; for his talent for teaching is as remarkable as his executive skill. His education and the course he pursues are as different from those of most of our artists as are his standard of excellence and his peculiar talent. Educated in the scientific and patient habits of the best French limners, thoroughly independent in his tone of mind, and loving Art for its own sake, he wisely prefers the comparative isolation and the opportunities of study which Newport secures, during half the year, and the great social privileges obtainable there for the remainder, to the superficial excitements and trading spirit of our commercial cities. He has one of the most convenient ateliers in the country, and his artistic advancement and influence are unique; he is never without commissions, and yet can satisfactorily regulate his work and follow out his own ideas. Near the harbor lives a sister of Rev. Freeman Clark, who exhibits much talent in painting and sketching. A daughter of Gilbert Stuart receives many commissions—especially to copy her illustrious father's celebrated portrait of Washington—one of the full length originals of which adorns the Senate Chamber of the Newport State House. The house where Stuart was born is still standing, over in Narragansett—a few miles hence, and two of his earliest works are preserved in the Redwood library. The first years of Allston's artistic studies were passed here, and there are three memorable fruits of his pencil to be seen, where so many happy hours of his youth were spent. The first is a head of a venerable man, who taught him the rudiments of painting; it is interesting as one of his earliest attempts, wherein his skill in color is perfectly discernible; the second is a portrait of himself, as a young man—a most refined work—full of grace and character, and with clear mellow tints, the old fashioned costume and long hair adding to its pleasing effect; and the third is a work of his prime, and has the massive dignity of prophetic expression with the transparent and rich tone and harmony which made him so like the old masters. Allston's friend in his studies and rambles here was the beautiful miniature painter Malbone—whose exquisite works are the cherished heirlooms in many Newport families. George C. Mason as a draughtsman and architect, as well as a gentleman descended from one of the oldest and most respectable families of the place, has constant occupation for his brain and talents in designing and superintending the new mansions which, every year, spring up in this region. It is not surprising that Newport has been and is the favorite resort of artists. The best pieces of Huntington and Kensett were either sketched out or wholly executed here. Lawrence, the English crayon artist, passed a lucrative Summer delineating the likenesses of the visitors and residents. Ames, the Boston portrait-painter, brings every Summer, pictures to paint here. Ehninger has made us a visit, and notwithstanding constant social invasions of his time, has made some admirable illustrations for the new illustrated edition of Irving's Sketch Book, about to be issued by Putnam. Goodenough delighted in Newport, and proposed to execute a colossal bust of Cooper, the novelist, and present it to the city, to be placed upon the scene of one of the stirring incidents of the *Red Rover*. One of the new minor avenues has been named for the generous sculptor. Signor Patarnia, a Sicilian painter of rare talent, well known in New York for his artistic caricatures—but deserving to be still better known for his highly finished and masterly portraits, and is still sojourning here.

#### Love of the Beautiful.

No soul is so barren that it never feels a throb of its higher self—an aspiration for its lost divinity, a

yearning for its loftier destiny. The midnight student, digging up Greek roots, combining words to make ideas, rests his beating forehead on his hand, and recalls soothingly some period of his life which was natural, true and happy. The sweating machinist, covered with soot and dust, pauses in his toil, thinks of the loving faces of his wife and children at home; and his next shaft is polished with a more graceful curve, the wearied expression passes away from his face, his labor is ennobled by its object, which is the beautiful.

God has indeed breathed into us a part of himself—that infinite thing which is called soul. Were the discord of earth done away, life would be all poetry; in the present state of things, too many of us make of it most miserable prose. But that the poetry of our nature can be extinguished, is impossible. The past, present, and our inherent shadowing forth of the future, forbids the idea. At some period of life, all mankind is prompted by nature to be natural; to find beauty in the mountain, the forest, the river, and no longer to delude themselves with false ideas of happiness. Even the most ignorant and wicked of the human family have yet something left of the true and beautiful in them. Falstaff, after his long career of drunkenness and vice, of robbing and lying, on his death bed "babbling o' green fields;" it is one of the most exquisite touches of nature by the great translator.

In this test of life—for he lives most who loves most—we all start from a level. Souls do no business at the banks, and they never shave notes. The man of millions bows to the production of some humble boy, who in his affinity for the beauty of form, has carved from a stone his lesson of poetry for the world. While banks make and break, fortunes grow and dwindle, some obscure child may be modeling his mud-images, or drawing his charcoal lines on the wall; gathering thoughts which shall live eternally.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever." It is cheering to think that not a fine thought, or noble emotion or worthy impulse shall ever die. It must be an inherent belief in most minds, that by some power beyond, the good deeds, so dim and obscure among the rubbish of the bad, shall be some time separated, and shine forth in their own purity, unsullied by the base ignorance and error of the world. Call it faith or superstition, it is planted in the soul of man, and for a purpose. We all look forward to the time when the beautiful, the true, the good, shall be triumphant—we do all, at some period of life, form plans for the elevation of ourselves into something better. Even toil itself becomes beautiful, when its object is the beautiful.

Every one, however rude and uncultivated, makes some distinction between graceful lines and harsh angles—between harmonious colors and those which are out of place. It is the instinctive yearning to separate the lovely from the unlovely, that induces man, studying nature, to imitate. And the picture which he paints, or the statue he moulds, is not only an imitation of nature, but an expression of his own soul. It is as fascinating and powerful as it is suggestive. It is a poem revealed in form or color, revealed only in proportion to the capacity of the beholder to appreciate it. A noble statue is an object of physical beauty to all; but to the true lover of art, its ideal value is inestimable; for, in surveying it, he builds up within himself a statue-poem, an idea as distinct and glorious of the statue itself. He may be in part capable of expressing this feeling; but never wholly, for the impulse he receives is unbounded. As there can be no fixed standard of beauty, so varied are the capacities, and so different the degrees of cultivation, so there can be no limit to its appreciation. The farther we progress in cultivating a taste for art, still more enticing labyrinths do we discern, and the deeper is our desire to know and revel in them.

We live too much in dense cities, amid smoke and gas, too little in the woods, among mountains. There is much loveliness in nature that is as a sealed book to man. The heart of man, in a bent body, cooped up among boxes and barrels, loses its life, gets full of dollars and cents, which drive out faith and love. Pure air and fine scenery are a good remedy. Examine the sunset scenes of nature minutely—you shall find no fault. The twilight of the water, the shadows of the trees, the red light on the hills, the infinitely varied clouds—all are faultlessly, exquisitely beautiful. If we look at them in detail, or feel the grand harmony of the whole, we shall see that if there is error at all, it is in ourselves, and not in the thing which we can but partially comprehend, and which is infinitely above our criticism.—*Spirit of the Age.*

#### Return of an American Artist.

The friends of Art in this country will be glad to

learn that Mr. William Page has returned to New York, from Europe, and will hereafter make this city his permanent residence. Two many of our artists stray off to Italy or Paris, and while indulging in the intellectual and social attractions of the old capitals of Europe, miss the golden opportunities for distinction which await them at home. It is worth the while of our young artists to remember that the most distinguished members of their fraternity have never been in Europe, and possibly never may go there. Elliott, the first among our portrait painters, was born in the state of New York, was a pupil of the National Academy, and has never wielded his brush except in this city. He owes nothing to Europe. Church, who is at the head of our landscape painters, if not of all landscapists, is a native of Connecticut, and learned his art in New York. He has travelled extensively over his native continent in pursuit of subjects for his pencil, but he has never felt the need of European study. W. S. Mount is the most celebrated of our *genre* painters, and he, too, is a native of New York, a pupil of the National Academy, and another home-loving youth whose homely thoughts have required no foreign polishing to give them currency among his countrymen.

We might enumerate many other examples; but these seem to prove that there is no absolute need for our artists to go to Paris, Dusseldorf, or Rome to arrive at the highest eminence in their profession.

Mr. Page had established his reputation before ever he crossed the Atlantic, and the works he has executed in Rome, great as their merits are, do no more than sustain the expectation which his earlier performances had warranted. Mr. Page is a native of Albany, and another of the distinguished pupils of the National Academy during the presidency of Mr. Morse. The severe accuracy and beauty of his drawings gained him the highest honors of the Academy while he was yet a pupil; but his master predicted that he would fail as a colorist. The first picture he exhibited, however, proved the fallacy of this judgment. The brilliancy of his color at once attracted the attention of the public, and the dignified treatment of his portraits, and the deep religious sentiment of his historical compositions, made him at once famous. No American artist ever attained so sudden a reputation, or so worthily sustained his early promises. His fondness for the serious subjects of Scriptural history was early exhibited in a Holy Family, painted, we believe, in 1835, and now among the collection of the Boston Athenæum; a composition remarkable for its expression and the brilliancy of its color.

But great as his success had been, Mr. Page was very far from being satisfied with his achievement. Like Reynolds, he had a devotional love for Titian and the religious schools of Venetian art, and, in aiming to discover the secret of color of the great hierarchy of painters, he made a good many experiments, some of which, like those of Reynolds, were failures, though they led eventually to the attainment of the object to which he so religiously devoted himself. Eleven years ago he left New York for Europe his object being to study the great masterpieces of Titian. After a brief stay in Paris, he pushed on to Florence, where he remained some three years, visiting Venice occasionally, and then took up his residence in Rome. He made a few copies of some of Titian's heads, to fill orders that had been given him in New York, which are said to be perfect marvels, not as imitations or copies, but reproductions. When placed by the side of the originals, it was impossible to tell which was the copy. But, it was not the aim of the artist to copy Titian, or to imitate his method; he worked to accomplish similar effects by his own methods. Robert Browning and other English authors in Italy who have seen the pictures painted by Mr. Page in Florence and Rome, have awarded him the very highest praise that could be bestowed upon a painter. The last great picture which he executed in Rome was on one of the grandest themes in the Old Testament, Aaron and Hur sustaining the hands of Moses. We are glad to learn that this picture is now on the way to New York, where it will probably be exhibited to the public.

It is a good sign for art when painters like George L. Brown and William Page, after residing so many years in Italy, find it to their interest, and in consonance with their inclinations, to come back to New York and set up their ensels among their own countrymen. West and Leslie found their home in London, and they would probably have failed to receive the patronage from their own countrymen which foreigners so liberally bestowed upon them. But times have greatly changed since they went abroad, and there is no longer such necessity for our young artists to go to Europe either for the purpose of study or in pursuit of patrons.—*Independent*.

**THE CORPS DE BALLET.**—Green-rooms now-a-days, says Dickens, are sadly dull, slow, hum-drum places of resort. In a minor theatre they are somewhat more lively, as there is no second green-room, and the young sylphides of the corps de ballet are allowed to join the company. The conversation of these young ladies, if not interesting, is amusing, and if not brilliant, is cheerful. They generally bring their needlework with them if they have to wait long between the scenes (frequently to the extent of an entire act) in which they have to dance, and they discourse with much naïveté upon the warmth or coldness of the audience, with reference to the applause bestowed; the bad temper of the stage manager, and their own temporary disposition from corns, which, with pickled salmon, unripe pears, the proper number of lengths for a silk dress, and the comparative merits of the whiskers and moustaches of the musicians in the band, (with some of whose members they are sure to be in love, and whom they very frequently marry, leaving off dancing, and have enormous families,) form the almost invariable staple of a ballet girl's conversation. Poor, simple-minded, good-natured, hard-working, little creatures, theirs is but a rude and stern lot. To cut capers, and wear paint; to find one's own shoes and stockings, and be strictly virtuous, on a salary varying from nine to eighteen shillings a week—this is the pabulum of a ballet-girl. And hark in thine ear, my friend. If any man talks to you about the syrens of the ballet, the dangerous enchantresses and cockatrices of the ballet, the pets of the ballet, whose only thoughts are about Broughams and diamond aigrettes, dinners at Richmond, and villas at St. John's Wood—if anybody tells you that the majority, or even a large proportion, of our English danseuses are inclined in this way, just inform him, with my compliments, that he is a dolt and a teller of untruths. I can't say much of the ballet morality abroad; of the poor *rats de l'opera* in Paris, who are bred to wickedness from their very cradle upwards; of the Neapolitan ballerino, who are obliged to wear green calzonis, and to be civil to the priests, lest they should be put down altogether; or of the poor Russian ballet-girls, who live altogether in barracks, are conveyed to and from the theatre in omnibuses, and are birched if they do not behave themselves, and yet manage somehow to make a bad end of it; but as regards our own sylphides, I say that naughtiness among them is the exception, and cheerful, industrious, self-denying perseverance in a hard, ungrateful life, the honorable rule.

## Musical Correspondence.

PITTSFIELD, AUGUST 6.—Knowing the interest which you take in all that relates to the advancement of musical science and education, and the high estimation in which you have appeared to hold the Mendelssohn Musical Institute, at Pittsfield, I wish, to call your attention to a *soirée*, given by the pupils of that school a few weeks since, at which I had the pleasure of being present. And first let me say that these *soirées* are not the result of long-continued practice on a few pieces, for the express purpose of display,—but only fair specimens of the attainments of the performers. I notice this, because it is uncommon, and in doing so I give only a merited testimony to the honesty and thoroughness of the method adopted at this school. In regard to the programme, while all the pieces were remarkably well-performed, perhaps the most attractive were "Adelaide," the "Terzette, La Sera," and the "Allegro and Andante from Beethoven's Symphony, No. 5, C minor." I give the programme:

*Soirée Musicale*, given by the young ladies of Mendelssohn Musical Institute, Pittsfield, Mass., under the direction of Edward B. Oliver, Principal, Tuesday evening, August 7.

1. Overture, *Der Freischütz*. . . . . C. M. von Weber.
2. Song. *Auf Flügeln des Gesanges*. . . . . Mendelssohn.
3. La Sylphide. . . . . Felix Godefrid.
4. Trio. Hark, 'tis the mermaid's evening song. . . . . Glover.
5. Sonata in D. . . . . Haydn.
6. Song. *Adelaide*. . . . . Beethoven.
7. Sonata in F. . . . . Kuhlman.
8. Sonata in Bb. . . . . Mozart.
9. Terzette, *La Sera*. . . . . Lucantoni.
10. Allegro and Andante from Symphony No. 5, C minor. . . . . Beethoven.

The whole of this excellent programme was listened to by a select and highly appreciative audi-

ence, with many expressions of delight at the finished and truthful style in which the pieces were rendered, as well as the classical character of the selections.

After the concert, an eloquent address was made by D. S. Reed, of Pittsfield, in which he stated the object, and the method of instruction of the Mendelssohn Musical Institute, saying truly that though the pupils educated there were second to none in musical execution, yet this was not the sole or the chief object of the instruction given; the principal aim being to cultivate the mind and heart by means of music, that treating it as a science, and not as a mere accomplishment. (I may mention here the opinion expressed by one of the professors in a neighboring college, that the study of music on the plan pursued at the Mendelssohn Musical Institute, would be a better discipline of the mind than many of the branches now considered so indispensable to a course of collegiate instruction.) In conclusion, Dr. Reed said in allusion to the name of the Institute, that he could not but feel that the spirit of Mendelssohn had been present, sympathizing in the enjoyment of the hour.

I am sorry that I cannot say much for the musical culture of Pittsfield, if I may judge from the specimens I heard yesterday at one of the principal churches, where we were treated to chorals miserably performed on the organ, with variations on "The last rose of summer" for interludes, &c., "Hear me, Norma," for a voluntary. The musical taste of the children is being cultivated by a new set of temperance songs, adapted to such melodies as "Nelly Bly," "Twere vain to tell thee all I feel," &c., which were sung with great spirit to a crowded house, at a temperance lecture last evening. In the midst of such opposing influences, if a classical school like the Mendelssohn, can exist and prosper, it must be because it has a life in itself which adverse circumstances cannot destroy; and such an attempt to advance music to its true position and dignity, should receive the encouragement of all lovers of the science. D.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., AUG. 20.—Mr. Dwight. On Monday last the German Festival commenced. From Worcester, Hartford, Westfield, and other places poured in singers, delegates, and non officials. In the evening, the Springfield Society gave a Grand Concert at Music Hall, assisted by the Worcester and Hartford singing societies, and Messrs. Casseres, Schubert and Escott. Schubert acted as accompanist, and conducted the full concerted pieces which were unaccompanied. Here is a programme which perhaps you may deem fit to insert.

### PART FIRST.

1. Opening. . . . . Springfield Cornet Band.
2. "The Lord's Day": Chorus, with Quartet Solo. Sung by all the Societies. C. Kreuzer.
3. "Farewell": Solo for Baritone. . . . . Kucken. Sung by Mr. Ch. Meyer.
4. "The Precious Stone": Quartet. . . . . Taubert. Sung by the Hartford Quartet Club.
5. "Polca": Comic Song. . . . . A. Shafer. Sung by the Worcester Singing Society.
6. Trio: For Piano, Violin, and Violoncello. . . . . Beriot. Performed by Sen. Casseres, Messrs. Escott and Schubert.
7. "The Chapel": Quartet. . . . . Spontini. Sung by the Hartford Quartet Club.
8. Hunting Chorus. . . . . Fr. Abt.

### PART SECOND.

1. "Huntmen's Farewell": Chorus. . . . . Mendelssohn. Sung by all the Societies.
2. "The Brightest Eyes": Song for Baritone. . . . . Stigall. Sung by Mr. Ch. Meyer.
3. "The Young Musicians". . . . . Kucken. Sung by the Hartford Quartet Club.
4. "The Bill of Fare": Chorus. . . . . Zellner. Sung by the Worcester Singing Society.
5. "The Alpine Morning": Duo for Tenor and Baritone. Sung by Messrs. Adelstein and Meyer. Kucken.
6. Fantaisie: For Cornet & Piston. . . . . Bellini. Performed by Mr. Patz.
7. Quartet: From the Opera, "The Daughter of the Regiment". . . . . Donizetti. Sung by the Hartford Quartet Club.
8. The Spring Feast March. . . . . C. Becker. Sung by the Springfield Singing Society.



Of the full concerted pieces the "Huntsmen's Farewell," by Mendelssohn, was decidedly rendered with greater effect than all the others, if I except in part the Chorus with Quartet Solo, by Kreuzer. The tenor of the Springfield Society, Mr. Adelstein, has a good voice, and sang both of his songs with remarkable precision and taste. "The Brightest Eyes," by Stigelli, was encored and the singer responded. The Hartford Singing Society was represented at the Concert only by the Quartet attached to it. The four singers have each fine voices, *sui generis*. They sang their pieces with great effect, paid close attention to marks of expression, &c. One of the finest things among the many was the "Young Musician," by Kücken, which was loudly called for a second time. For "The Chapel," a Quartet by Spontini, they substituted something else, which to me was not half so good as the former. It is seldom we hear anything of the veteran composer in this country, and my disappointment was therefore great. The Worcester Singing Society received a well-merited recall after the chorus by Zöllner, entitled "The Bill of Fare." It was a very amusing and lively piece. The duo, "The Alpine morning," did not go off well, whose fault it was it would be hard to say. It was evident that "a screw was loose" somewhere. Patz, of Worcester, played his Cornet Solo, from Bellini's "Il Pirata" finely, and was ably supported by Casseres' accompaniment on the piano. The latter undertook his part just a few moments before going on the stage, and consequently had not rehearsed once with the soloist. This was perceptible only in the Finale, where the *tempo* was rather hard, and the *mistake* on the part of the pianist was glaring and anything but pleasing. He read from a manuscript, however, and it may not have been his fault, although it is a duty which all performers owe to the public and their own reputation to rehearse together before they appear, and in this respect, he, or both of them may well cry "*Peccavi*."

The Instrumental Trio, by Escott, Casseres and Schubert on Themes from "Der Freyschütz," was very well executed, but did not produce any effect. It is too thin and disconnected. The airs recurring were pleasing, but De Beriot did not treat them with sufficient fullness. The piece is more suited to a parlor than to the concert-room. The pianist introduced a Cadenza which was rather long, but he executed it finely, on a poor piano, just good enough for nursery use. Why is it that Springfield cannot boast a decent instrument at concerts? For a place like the Music Hall, no square piano is sufficient, because the stage and its "fixins" absorb sounds which should go forth *within* the Hall. After the concert the Germans assembled at Gruendler's Hotel, where the practice room of the society is, to witness a performance of Kotzebue's play, "The Deserter." Curiosity led me down to the room among many others, and I was not at all sorry. The play was much applauded and all appeared to enjoy the speeches and fun which the actors engaged in with great delight. This being over, dancing was now on the *tapis*, and the good people enjoyed themselves until an early hour in the morning all the while praying earnestly, that the rain which was pouring lustily, might cease so that their picnic would have a fine day. Daylight came and with it no prospect of the rain's cessation, so the picnic was postponed and our German friends sang songs of "Vaterland" and danced all day with very little intermission. Schubert behaved bravely, and did not flinch one moment but was ever ready, to play accompaniments, or dance music, or call to order some noisy compatriot who suffered his emotions to overcome his judgment. In the afternoon, other singers and friends arrived from Worcester and other places and I had the good luck to be present at the performance of some of their finest pieces. In addition to the pieces on the programme, they produced several others whose names I do not now re-

member. Night came, and still music, singing and dancing continued, with refreshments of course—"mais, cela va sans dire." Wednesday dawned a brilliant morning and by 10 o'clock the procession was out, preceded by the marshal on horseback and the Springfield Band. On they went to the Round Hill where gymnastic exercises, part-songs, dancing, and other amusements began and continued until 6 in the evening. During the day and especially in the afternoon, many citizens joined them and gladly participated in the jovialities. Males and females, all seemed to "go in" with love. The procession returning was reinforced by many non-Germans. Peaceably and delightfully did the Festival commence, continue and end, without anything to mar the good feeling and harmony which all seemed willing to keep up. To me, the music, that is, the part-singing by male voices, was the best feature of the Festival. To the majority who enjoyed a "good time," the lager beer and the dancing were thought superior.

Yours truly, AN AMATEUR.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 1, 1860.

### Editorial Correspondence.

(Concluded from page 172.)

The next day I improved, by the sun's favor, by a charming trip to Salisbury plain, and saw the glorious old cathedral—my first cathedral! O, there were builders in those days six centuries ago! I know not if they called themselves *architects*, but certainly "they builded better than we know." Standing under the grand old elms, in the green, silent close, we could not satiate the appetite with gazing, feasting on the vast, but light, symmetrical proportions of the soaring pile. Anything more harmonious, more beautiful upon so grand a scale we could hardly conceive. Long time we lingered, outside and inside, under the Gothic arches, in the religious stillness of the square green cloister with its galleries, in the curiously beautiful chapter house, its octagonal interior encrusted with very primitive and child-like sculptures illustrative of the bible histories from the creation to the time of Joseph; or climbing the tower and hanging over the quaint old town, with the bishop's palace and garden, the crooked streets and houses all so old and English, nestling in shrubbery and ivy and roses. After a long walk about the town, we returned to take a farewell gaze, and heard the sound of choir and organ swelling from within, and making the grand pile thrill to topmost spire with music that seemed like the religious outbreath of its own soul. The charming rural scenery, the highly cultivated fields, old trees, thatched cottages and ivied ruins, golden grain, and scarlet poppies strewn the road sides, on the way out and back, was equally rewarding. Good bye, old England!

The inexperienced traveller in Europe seems to live years in days. To wake up every morning, dreaming of home and the old wonted ways, and be startled to find in what long imagined and remote scenes you are! A fortnight since, America; now Europe. But yesterday at Salisbury Cathedral; in the sunset of this very next day, I stand before the far more marvellous and thoroughly transporting old cathedral of Rouen, gazing up with awe and wonder at its curiously sculptured towers, its vast variety and wealth of form, endless variety of details all climbing, growing up to lose themselves in the infinite, the in-

carinate spirit of the religious age which reared it. Inside of its court, where the masses of Gothic masonry, the towers, the unfinished iron spire, rise all around you, the impression is quite overwhelming and sublime. Inside the church, the thoughts are led up by the slender clustered shafts, along the lofty springing arches of nave, and aisles and transept,—the Gothic unity, disturbed, however, by huge Greek columns which sustain a gallery about the altar—and the soul forgets itself in the vastness of such surroundings, every point of which is vitalized and finished to some exquisite detail of suggestive art and purpose. Day had not faded out before we had made a rapid pilgrimage to the more purely Gothic and harmonious, as to our mind no less wonderful church of St. Ouen; to the church of St. Maclou, rich in curious sculptures by the famous old Jean Goujon; to the Palais de Justice; the Place de la Pucelle, where Joan of Arc was burned; the old palace of the Duke of Bedford, the wall of whose court-yard is covered with elaborate marble sculpture, representing the meeting of Henry VIII. and Francis on the "field of the cloth of gold;" to many a quaint old house and monument of those middle ages, such as surprise one at almost every turn amid the narrow, crooked streets of that fantastical old city. I hardly expect to see a place that shall speak so instantly and strangely to the imagination than old Rouen. It is the ideal of a picturesque old city. And beautiful as it is strange. There is the quaintest mingling of the oldest and the most modern. On the broad, spacious quays on both sides of the Seine, here wider than at Paris, spanned by beautiful and noble bridges, adorned with statues, and all alive with shipping and bright-colored streamers, you have stately blocks of hotels and of elegant stores, dazzling with all the dainty wares of Paris, and a fashionable throng, mingled with soldiers, Zouaves in their Arab costume, and whatever else is gay, continually streams by. Under the window of my hotel, on the quay, was a colossal bronze statue, in a sitting posture, holding a scroll of music: it proved to be that of Boieldieu, the most genial of the French composers, who was a native of Rouen. Statues of Corneille, and of Joan of Arc, were everywhere. All this new life within a stone's throw of such strange, majestic, almost weird old monuments of a past age and faith. The glitter of to-day's life and the romance, the dream of history, stand out there bodily, alike real, in close contiguity. Which is substance, which is shadow?

In truth there is something shadowy in the look of those old churches, particularly the Cathedral. From my window I looked down upon the new life and the river; turning to go down stairs, lo! there rose the strange and dream-like towers of the Cathedral right against me, with a startling boldness. As you stand in the square and contemplate the front, the stone of whitish grey, gnawed and blackened by the teeth of time, looks as if it had been passed through fire; it has a lava, pumice-like appearance; and the wondrous pile seems spectral, like the ghost of a cathedral. Not so the rich brown stone at Salisbury. Step inside, and the forms, the practices, at least, of the old faith exist there still. In every chapel and side alcove, or at the foot of the grand altar, at whatever hour, you find some kneeling worshipper; perchance a baptism, or a

wedding, or some other sacred office, attracts you by its low hum in a corner; or some old man or woman is anxious to sprinkle you with holy water from a very dirty looking brush. Fresh-faced young peasant girls, in clean white pretty caps, trip softly in and kneel, and trip out with still lighter step, looking refreshed and comforted.

The next morning (Sunday) it was our good fortune to be present at a service, both in the Cathedral and St. Ouen. Then as we looked around amid the shafts, and aisles, and arches, the marble monuments, the paintings and the pictured windows of old Gothic architecture, shadowy and half-realized before, it suddenly with the thrill of music became all alive, aglow with sentiment and meaning; then there was a spirit in it; the music and the architecture became one. The compositions sung or played upon the organ were not great; there was no mass like those of Haydn, Mozart or Beethoven; it was a simpler, choral music. But it was exceedingly impressive; especially at St. Ouen. The great space of the choir, at the great altar, was a huge nest or cage of singing priests and boys, a hundred or more of them; there were magnificent bass voices, and tenors sweet and as robust as we have rarely heard in opera; and the silvery fresh soprani and contralti of the boys were pure and true. At times a school of boys, some hundreds, from beyond the choir, or a nest of charmingly little girls, from a side chapel, all so sweetly dressed, with pretty caps or bonnets, some all in white with roses, under the charge of some nun or abbess, reinforced the choral flood with the sweet contribution of their voices, like so many rills and cascades from the hillsides pouring into one basin. A powerful, but small-looking organ, finely played, accompanied, as also several instruments, a double-bass, bass-horn, &c. Over the entrance, at the east end of the nave, (some four hundred and fifty feet in length it is) is suspended the great organ, a marvellous piece of dark old architecture, laden with rich carvings, and surmounted with emblematic figures, angels, St. Cecilius, &c., and behind and above all, the richly stained round window, and the exquisite vaulting, by which it all melted into the general architecture of the building. The works of this organ (in both churches), we were told, are new; the outside is as originally shaped. As we stood back there in the nave, just far enough forward to look round at the organ, and its great flood of tone came down upon us, and thrilled and vibrated through all the arches and recesses of the mighty building, and then paused for responses from the singing crowd about the altar, at the other end, it seemed to us the most sublime, the most religious utterance that human Art could well invent. One was lifted off his feet, merged in the general aspiration, with which all that met the eye or ear conspired. Of course it was no time to be critical. Were we so disposed we might suggest that a much higher style of music might have been played upon that organ, than we heard whenever the organist stepped out of the most plain and massive choral. His instrument was magnificent; such round, voluminous hasses, such mellow, lusty diapasons, and such exquisitely voiced, piquant reed tones, it seemed to us that we had never heard. But his voluntaries were very modern, in the solemn moments of the Mass a little operatic and sentimental, and with next to nothing of the strict form or the

implied spirit of the fugue, which is the very Gothic principle in music. One longed for a grand, infinitely suggestive fugue of Bach or Handel, to carry out the correspondence with such architecture, and let the whole service both to eye and ear spring as it were out of one vitalizing germ of thought.

O for a whole week in Rouen! That evening we found ourselves in Paris, and another new, strange world already takes us deep into itself, led hither as it were blind-folded through many a mysterious gate. D.

#### A Case of Conscience.

The other day a very respectable looking middle aged gentleman, entered one of the fashionable music stores up town in New York, to select some music, the selection made, payment was tendered, when the clerk, supposing him to be a music teacher, allowed him the usual professional advantage. "I really do not know if I am entitled to this consideration, said the gentleman, as this music is for a friend." "Do you belong to the profession?" politely inquired the clerk. "Yes! I do," was the reply. "Then sir, you are certainly entitled to the usual professional privileges." Upon which the gentleman took his change, and his departure forthwith.

A quarter of an hour had scarcely elapsed ere the gentleman returned, and anxiously looked around for the clerk who had served him, to whom he delivered a sealed envelope, enclosing the discount allowed in the price of the music, with the following letter which we recommend to the attention of those who claim the privileges of a profession to which they do not belong.

SIR,—Please indulge what you may regard as a foolish notion. I have been a teacher of music in this city for some years. Lately having moved away, and having no occasion for it, I have not taught. The music I got just now is for a friend. Under these circumstances I am not sure that I ought to buy at teacher's prices. Yours, TRUTH.

### Music Abroad.

SIGNORA GUERRABELLA.—I have seen the young great American prima donna, the lady di Guerrabella. I say great advisedly, as she is a great singer, great actress, great beauty, and has a great heart, and all this I will prove to you in a few lines. She has been singing the carnival in Bergamo with brilliant success, and it takes a first rate artist to succeed in that noted musical city, famous for Donzelli, Rubini, Donizetti, Mayer, and a host of others. She sang there the "Stella di Napoli," a most difficult and tiring opera, and which demands the highest soprano voice, great agility, and great dramatic powers. These she displayed to the enthusiastic public, who interrupted her continually with the loudest applause. She sung often in some concerts given by Sivori, the great violinist, airs from "Puritani," "Beatrice di Tenda," "Linda," "Semiramide," and others, which were always encored, the great proof of success in Italy, and which brought down the house with applause. She next sang also in Milan, (where she has just finished one of the most successful engagements,) the "Daughter of the Regiment," and "Rigoletto." For many years there has not been such a brilliant debut in Milan, and it went on increasing every night in triumphs. Her singing and acting are perfect, and every one agreed she made them laugh or cry as she pleased—such singing, such life, such elegance, such handling of drum and rifle, had never been heard and seen in a *vivandière* before. In the adieu song handkerchiefs were at all eyes, the next moment every one was ready laughingly to join her, marching up and down the stage with her little feet in such martial style, trying to infuse life into her old aunt. The *Addio* and *Salut à la France* were encored every night, even to a third time. Her short skirt and tight velvet

jacket set off her elegant figure, and if any one doubts the accuracy of my statements let him read the first papers of Milan and Turin, and they will say I have far from exaggerated. She is, I hear, engaged for the Fiera at Bergamo for the summer, and in autumn goes to Constantinople with large emolument.

Now as I have proved her a great artist, I must prove her great heart. She was engaged to sing at Trieste, to open the large theatre with "Linda." She proceeded to Venice, en route for Trieste, but was met at the station by the secretary, who told her that not being able to secure the theatre in Trieste, they begged she would open the theatre there in Venice. She at once saw through the trick. The national grief of the country being expressed by the Italians not sanctioning a theatre open, Count Tegenberg, Governor of Venice, ordered one open, and the artists were to be caught. She refused, although her own terms were to be accepted, an engagement at Vienna, another at the Fenice, and all this to be assured her by the Governor in person. I translate from the papers her answer: "What did the Lady di Guerrabella reply, who, being born in the country of Liberty, any one can imagine her detestation of despotism! Not the largest promises; not doubling the pay; not offers of the most lucrative engagements; nothing could tempt the heroic woman. She had lost money, she had lost another engagement, which she had refused for Trieste, but she calmly replied, 'I leave,' and returned to Milan that night." You may imagine the effect it produced in Milan, when, no sooner had she descended from her carriage, than congratulations poured in from every side, and the President of the Venetian Emigration Committee, Count Correr, and Count Maroner, waited on her to thank her in the name of the committee for her noble conduct, and to offer her the highest honor they could pay her—a diploma as citizen of Venice. I know you will feel interest in all these details of your gifted countrywoman, as the Guerrabella is descended from some of the oldest and best families in the United States, who shed their blood for liberty and their land; and you cannot but wish with us, success to the noble lady.—*N. O. Picayune, Aug. 19.*

#### Paris.

I have at last something like an event to tell you about, but it has been a long time coming. Boieldieu's Opera, *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge*, after being so long threatened by the manager of the Opéra Comique, was revived last Thursday. But before I enter into any details on this interesting musical occurrence, I will first discharge an agreeable duty and inform you of a promising debut on the boards of the theatre in question by a young artist from the Théâtre Lyrique, Mlle. Marimon. This lady was to have made her first appearance in Boieldieu's opera, but Mad. Faure-Lefebvre having been re-engaged, the part, which devolved to her by right, could not be withheld from her; consequently the *débutante* had to content herself with the part of Catarina in Auber's *Diamants de la Couronne*. In this she has now been heard three times, each new performance confirming the favorable impression of the first. Mlle. Marimon, though she has much to learn as an actress, is already a brilliant and accomplished singer, and will, no doubt, with the intelligence she displays, make rapid progress.

Now for Boieldieu and his once most popular of comic operas. *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge* was first produced in 1818 at the Théâtre Feydeau, when the principal parts were sung by the celebrated Martin, Ponchard the elder, and Mad. Boulanger, afterwards succeeded by the lively and graceful Mad. Gavaudan. It was one of the most attractive works of the day, and retained its attractions till they were eclipsed by the greater vigor and depth of *La Dame Blanche*. All the old airs, which were constantly hummed by the fathers of the present generation, were heard again on Thursday night with a sort of affectionate pleasure. Many of them had still the power of touching by their simple grace, and seemed scarcely to have lost any of their original freshness. Mad. Faure Lefebvre was charmingly graceful in the part of Rose d'Amour, and obtained an encore in her *ronde* "Depuis longtemps gentille Annette." M. Crosti sang the music of Rodolphe admirably, but failed as an actor to give the part its proper characteristics. Rodolphe is a sort of Don Juan in water colors, and should be played with lightness and an easy grace of manner, tinged with mockery; but M. Crosti takes the character literally and prosaically, and deprives it consequently of all distinctive mark.—*London Musical World, August 11.*

The corporation of the city of Paris is busy pulling down and building theatres.

*Diruit, edificat, mutat quadrata rotunda.*

It has purchased of M. Dejean the Cirque Impériale, that the new Boulevard du Prince Eugène may pass over its site; and, on the other hand, it is buying out the tenants and holders of houses in the Rue Basse du Rempart, which are to come down to make room for the new Opera house. The Municipal Council have just voted unanimously in favor of the plans and designs last submitted to them.—*Ibid.*

### London.

**ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.**—The season of 1860 has been pronounced, on authority, the most lucrative of the last ten years. This must be attributable in a great measure to the growing prestige of the theatre, since the past year has not been remarkable for its novelties or its new singers. The solitary novel production of the season, Gluck's *Orfeo e Eurydice*, was not much relied on, being brought out at a concert, the management fearing to essay it even on an extra night.

The new singers, Mad. Ceilling and M. Faure, were certainly great "hits," and did not fail to exercise a powerful influence on the fortunes of the theatre, the lady more especially, who proved herself a consummate artist in every respect, and who grew more and more into favor with the public up to the last night of the season. Mad. Miolan-Carvalho, too, improved her position considerably, not because she did anything superior to Dinorah, the first part she performed in this country, but because she was better known and her talents consequently more thoroughly appreciated. The attraction of the season, moreover, was greatly enhanced by the announcement that Mad. Grisi was to give her "twelve last performances," a statement, nevertheless, that many, from reasons unnecessary to state, did not put implicit faith in, but which no doubt had its weight with some section of the musical community. The fact that Mad. Grisi's "twelve last performances" modulated into almost twenty, and that at the end of the season nothing whatever was said of the great artist's final departure—a very laconic mode of treating the public, by the bye—incontestably proves that she will re-appear to take more "farewells," and again, not disappoint the world by her breach of promise. Mad. Grisi has frequently been warned to quit the stage when her successor should appear. She looked around her this season, anxious no doubt for an excuse to go, and cried, "Where is my successor?" and Echo answered "Nowhere!" And so she will return next year, just "once more," and await her successor, who is sure to come and declare herself in the person of Mlle. —, or Mad. \* \* \*. The public doubtless imagined that they should have been consulted in this matter; but the management thought otherwise, and seemed never to have considered how far playing at fast and loose with them might give offence.—*Ibid.*

**MODENA.**—The last Minister of Public Instruction, having been informed that there existed in the palatinate library of the capital of the duchy a collection of music of the 15th and 16th centuries, abandoned to the mice and worms, and that there was another collection, equally precious, belonging to the 17th century, in the National Palace, ordered the two collections to be united. Signor Angelo Catelani, *maitre de chapelle* at the cathedral, and assistant conservator at the Library, a gentleman deeply versed in musical bibliography and literature, has been charged by Government with the task of making out a catalogue of these musical works. Among them are numerous productions of Stradella's, some of which are not known. The catalogue, enriched with biographical, bibliographical, and historical notes, is to be published.—*Ibid.*

**MLEE. FINOLI.**—The journal *Il Pirata*, published in Turin, chronicles, in terms of enthusiastic eulogy, the debut, at the Teatro Alfieri in that city, of the Signorina Guiseppina Finoli in the character of Rossina in Rossini's celebrated opera *Il Barbiere*. The performance appears to have been a most successful one, and at the close of the opera the fair *débutante* was vociferously recalled to receive the congratulation of the audience. Our readers will remember the young lady as occupying a prominent position at our various public concerts a year or two ago—she was engaged by Mr. Lumley, when he was manager of Her Majesty's Theatre; but for some unexplained reason did not appear. The Italian critic speaks in strains of the highest encomium of the quality of her voice, method, and dramatic power.—*Ibid.*

### Musical Chit-Chat.

**NEW YORK.**—About this time expect much humbug. Such should be the marginal reading for the month of August, in the social almanac of the metropolis. Humbug in the alarming sacrifices of the

haberdashers; humbug in the fall trade of the milliners; in the closing week of the season announced by theatrical managers; in the pretence which finds the city intolerable in the summer; in the shut churches—as if every one whose soul is worth saving were out of town; in — but, though the subject is seductive, I will not be drawn out of my legitimate course.

The Italian Opera in its management, is not quite free from the epidemical humbug. The memory of the much suffering public goes not far backward; else we should less contentedly suffer so much; else we should not fail to note that the innocent looking paragraphs which now begin to meet our eyes in the newspapers, are very like what appeared last year, and twenty-four months ago, and the year before that. They are mild, charitable paragraphs, pleasantly, hopefully suggestive; they say that this or that indefatigable manager, or impresario—the latter word has lost the gloss of novelty, but is yet a favorite—will open the Academy of Music on or about the first of September, with a company selected with unusual care; that new operas are to be brought out "in rapid succession"—we always find this phrase; that a season of unprecedented brilliancy may be looked for; and then something is said about expectation and tiptoe. There is always another indefatigable impresario prowling about Europe, seeking talent. We remark that musical talent is like certain wines of rare bouquet: it will not bear the sea voyage, and is apt to arrive here in a deplorable condition, flat or sharp, as the case may be. Somehow or other, when the season really opens, we find all our old friends on the stage, in the orchestra, everywhere. The same fearful and wonderful chorus, with its good old gestures—right hand, left hand, both hands together—wanders clumsily about. The favorite operas of our youth again delight us, and the respectable second-hand stage furniture plays many a part, as in the winters past. Well, we can reasonably ask for no better artists than those we have, and the orchestra is usually excellent; we do not complain of the absolute; we only grow fretful at times when we compare promise with performance. If the management would but say that they were to give us a fair repetition of what we have always applauded, adding a word of confidence in the well-known generosity of an American audience, we would be well satisfied, would pay our money and enjoy the show, provided we had not free tickets. In the latter case, we should be obliged to criticise sharply and without remorse. We are all of us Minstrelsy in the matter of operatic amusements: we still hope that something will turn up next season. May we live to see it!

In town there has been very little music for the last weeks, as every one knows. The Palace Garden, a really delightful place, and much frequented, has offered to Mr. C. Jerome Hopkins a theatre for three concerts. These gave enjoyment to many, and added to his own reputation. A variety of music, called light, has been performed at the same establishment through this week. Fortunately the audiences have not been exacting, and the convenient situation of the concert room allows one to retire into the shade of the colored lamps and trees when he has heard enough of the vocalism. Ethiopian minstrelsy still holds its own, and draws the crowd to its halls. I must deplore the necessity which compels Señor Oliveira to blacken his face because he plays on the violin in the company of the sables; for he is too much an artist to become in any measure a buffoon.—*N. Y. Albion.*

**MUSIC IN PORTSMOUTH, N. H.**—A correspondent writes as follows, under date of Aug. 21st:

A taste for negro minstrelsy prevails here to a very considerable extent, but very little for music of the best quality. In fact I consider Portsmouth many degrees removed from civilization—at least in music, and see no prospect of advancement. On the 7th inst., Parodi's first concert was given to a fair audience, who seemed pleased; but on the announcement of a second concert for next evening, there were found to be so few persons in the hall, that Parodi, Dennett and Hoffman were not to be seen. The company left for New York on the following Monday.

On the 20th. inst., Mrs. C. Varian James, "the celebrated American Prima Donna," assisted by Mr. William H. Cooke, of New York, and Mr. H. M. Dow, "the eminent pianist," of Boston, gave their first concert here. The lady has a soprano voice, of considerable power, expression, and sweetness, which combined with a prepossessing person, told on the audience. Mrs. James and Mr. Cooke sang two duets in a highly pleasing and artistic manner. Mr. Cooke has one of the sweetest tenor voices we have ever heard in Portsmouth, and he is entitled to com-

mendation, for the skill he displays in its management. Mr. Dow's piano accompaniments were all that was required, and his solos were well executed.

The *Athenæum*, in noticing musical matters in France, says:

A phenomenon worthy of consideration by all generous persons interested in the occupation of women, is the increasing number of female players on stringed instruments, which the chronicles of the Conservative speak of. This year, at the examination of students, Mlle. Boulay gained a first—Mlle. Castellan a second—prize. The violoncello, too, has its professional students (and prize-gainers to boot) among the gentler sex. Madame Viardot is about to turn her genius, experience, and science to account, by assisting to edit a selection of the best classical vocal music of the Italian, German, and French schools, with directions as to style, accentuation, coloring, &c. This is a promise of no common value.

**SAN FRANCISCO.—SACRED CONCERT AT ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL.**—The largest and most elegant audience ever drawn together in this city at the performance of a concert, was present last evening at St. Mary's Cathedral to hear the splendid gems of sacred music sung by the best musical talent that this city can produce. The entire space in the large Cathedral was filled to repletion, and it is estimated over three thousand persons were present. The music was rendered with great spirit and success by the several artistes, and with the exception of a misunderstanding between two of the singers, which, however, was adjusted in time to allow the beautiful duet "Quis Est Homo," between Mms. Biscaccianti and Escott to proceed; everything went off admirably. We are pleased to be able to state that the amount realized last evening will go far toward putting the choir fund in easy circumstances. His Grace, Archbishop Alemany, accompanied by the reverend fathers connected with the church, were present, and sat in the chancel during the execution of the music.—*San Francisco Herald.*

Madame Jullien's Benefit Concert, at the Surrey Gardens, drew an immense crowd of the sympathizers with the widow of one of the most widely known musicians and musical composers of the day. The performance commenced at half past six. Previously, the great music hall was crammed, in every part, to suffocation, besides every outlet and avenue to the building being literally choked up with people vainly endeavoring to obtain an admittance to hear the performance. Up to nine o'clock, the people continued in an uninterrupted stream, so that more persons were outside than were able to obtain accommodation in the Hall. The number of persons who attended was computed at 15,000; the bands of the Household Troops were in attendance, and the members of the Vocal Association.

We may take it for granted that those who would invest music with such universal attributes are themselves no musicians, either in heart or in intelligence, and are, in fact, as much the enemies of the art they would raise so preposterously above its natural and essential province, as those who seek to detract from its high and ennobling character, and its sisterhood with the most intellectually inspired of the Muses. As an exemplification of the natural alliance between these two extremes, we find in a French periodical, devoted exclusively to musical interests, a criticism on the work we have mentioned, in which the French writer, answering the delusive aspirations of the German, reduces music to a mere frivolous pastime, a means of relaxation from all earnest purpose whatever, and its production, to a work almost of mere mechanical ingenuity. These two poles of opinion, between which lies the truth about music, have lately received a wide development, which would seem to indicate either a decadence in the power of appreciation, or a period of transition to some future unknown condition of the art. The latter, amidst the wide spread of musical taste and education which characterizes the age, can hardly be considered otherwise than the true alternative. We are ourselves not going to venture on the hazy sea of musical metaphysics, but simply record our opinion, that music will never express anything but musical ideas, and that musical ideas can only be expressed in music. They are a distinct produce of the human mind, and a reflection of its activity, and, as such, cognate with every other thought and feeling of the soul and of the mind, though not interchangeable. The more widely cultivated the intellect of a musical composer, the stronger he will be in his especial capacity, and the music he writes will, doubtless, have something in it it would not have had without such general culture.—*London Musical World.*

**SINGERS AND DANCERS IN ITALY.**—According to the journal *Trovatore*, the number of professed singers in Italy at the present time is 1730, viz.: 440 prime-donne, 330 tenors, 280 barytones, 160 bassi, 50 buffos. Beside which Italy possesses 1670 dancers of both sexes, to wit 180 *premières danseuses di range francese*, 220 *di range italiane*; 100 premiers danseurs, 970 dancers of both sexes *mezzo carattere*, (which we suppose to mean perhaps third or fourth rate) and 40 ballet masters.

**THE APPROACHING OPERATIC SEASON.**—The present lessees of the Academy of Music, have by no means been idle. Indeed they have exerted themselves most successfully, and have probably engaged the finest company which has ever been brought out together for Opera in this country.

In the first place, the engagement of Max Maretzek, to which we alluded some two weeks since rather dubiously, is a fact. He returns to his old place at the Academy, which he will share with Signor Muzio. Max Maretzek, consequently, is again in contact as an *employe* with Mr. Ullmann, under the joint operatic firm of Ullmann & Strakosch. Little Patti, of course remains with them, not having gone to Europe. We hear that her voice has strengthened greatly during the summer recess, and that she has studied four new operas, in which she will revive the enthusiasm which she created last season. Cortesi will probably also be at the Academy, while Colson is already engaged, and Fabbri, one of the finest dramatic vocalists we have ever had in this country, makes her *début* in the coming season, which will commence on the 3d or 5th of September. We presume that we also shall have Miss Phillips, although we have not heard this positively. Of tenors, we have a fair supply. Brignoli and Errani, are already more or less favorably known to the lovers of opera in this city. But Tamherlik has also been engaged by Mr. Ullmann during his visit to Europe, and will appear here, although not at the commencement of the season. He shares the crown of Mario, and indeed by many connoisseurs, is preferred to that more delicate of tenors, as far more honest, affective, and energetic an artist. Ferri and Susini, also re-appear, while Karl Formes—the greatest basso we have ever had in this country, will also return to us. Engagements are also pending with the tenore Musiani, and our old friend the fat baritone—Amodio. We are not yet aware what novelty in the way of operas is intended to be offered us by the management, but presume that with so excellent a company, this will not be wanting.—*N. Y. Sunday Dispatch.*

As we mentioned, last week, Maurice Strakosch purposes to give us a couple of months of Italian Opera, here, this coming season; with the charming young prima donna, Adelina Patti, suitably supported, as the principal star.—*N. O. Picayune, August 19.*

**WHERE THE SINGERS ARE.**—Madame Fabbri is living in studios retirement at Hoboken, and she has added to her already extensive repertoire, the operas of "Lucrezia Borgia," "Norma," "Linda," and "Don Giovanni." She will sing in Boston about the 1st of October.

Mr. Forrest opens at the Holliday street theatre, Baltimore, to-morrow, in "Hamlet."

Signor Amodio, brother of the popular baritone, and himself an artist of note, has been engaged by M. Servadio, the director of the Cortesi troupe. He is now *en route* to the United States.

*On dit*, that during the next Italian opera season at our Academy of Music, a new opera by Sig. Muzio will be produced.

Attilio Cortesi is enjoying her villégiature at Rossville, Staten Island. At the same place says the *Eco d'Italia*, Servadio meditates his plan of battle for the next season in Cuba.

Susini is rustivating near Fort Hamilton.

Asoni is at a pleasant villa near Clifton, Staten Island.

Angiolina Ghioni has returned from her Canadian excursion, and is passing some time at Elizabeth, N. J.

Muzio is with the Yacht Club on its summer cruise.

Sufini and Errani oscillate between New York and the villas of their friends in the neighboring country.

Madame Colson and husband and Scola, the tenor, are at New Utrecht, L. I. Colson is making great progress in her knowledge of the Italian language and its idioms.—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

**HONOR TO A BUFFALO SINGER.**—The *Courier* says that Miss Schmidt, of this city, whose splendid vocal powers are well known to our citizens, has been engaged to sing the soprano solos in the Oratorio of the Creation, which is to be produced before the Prince of Wales, in Toronto, on the 14th prox. There will be a chorus of six hundred singers present on this occasion. Those who have heard Miss Schmidt, either in the choir of Dr. Lord's church, or in the several concerts which she has so largely contributed to make attractive, will agree with us in saying that the Canadians could not have made a better selection.

**A VERY SHARP TENOR.**—Recently in Paris, a certain tenor, whose name it would not be fair to give, appears before the Tribunal to insist upon payment of the full sum mentioned in the conditional contract he signed with the manager of one of our theatres some two months ago. The tenor is engaged by an English *impresario*, and reckoned upon the money for the expenses to which he would be compelled by his journey. The manager coolly refuses to pay him, because he had not fulfilled the terms of the contract. He had no C sharp! And it was for this C sharp alone for which the manager cared. If he could produce a B flat it was fully as much as he was capable of; therefore, nothing more than the pay of an ordinary chorus singer should he have. The poor tenor defends himself most valiantly against the imputation. Not only has he a full C sharp, but, moreover, he can hold it.

The court ruminates for awhile and decides that nothing but real merchandise can be brought into court—that the tenor must sue in the ordinary way for loss of time and nothing more. Thereupon the tenor, who is pressed for time, no doubt, starts up and exclaims—"But, gentlemen, my C sharp is merchandise, and I can bring it into court!" and begins a series of roulades which echo against the roof of the hall terminating in the aforesaid C sharp, which thrill through the ears of the bench until they cry for mercy; and the mirth occasioned by the incident so completely alters the temper of the lawyers that they gave their verdict in favor of the oppressed one; and he carries off the whole sum mentioned in the contract amidst the laughter of judge, lawyer, witness and even the defendant himself.

**AMNESTY TO WAGNER.**—We hear from Dresden that the composer, Herr Richard Wagner, has been favored by a conditional amnesty from the King of Saxony. Herr Wagner may return to Germany, with the only exception of Saxony. The King's pardon, then, consists in not requiring the other German States to deliver the culprit up to him, in case he should be found living in one of them. This news has been dispatched to Paris, where Herr Wagner now lives. It remains to be seen how the music of that originated thinker, will thrive when the nourishment of a controversy, based on persecution of its writer, is withdrawn from it. His "Tristan und Ysolde," and the four Nibelungen operas, are, as matters have stood, long in coming. Illiberal as this act of pardon may seem, it is more than the Prussian Government has done. Nevertheless, Saxony seems to have the precedence in its cruelty to its political prisoners. The disclosures that have lately been made by the book of Herr Oelkers, one of the State prisoners recently released, are very painful, and come very near to the Naples state of things; at all events, leaving far behind the sufferings of Silvio Pellico. Where, then, we may ask, is the humanizing effect of scholarship? The King is a scholar, and has translated Dante.—*Athenæum.*

**NEW ORLEANS.**—The new and elegant lyric temple, at the corner of Bourbon and Toulouse streets, is making ready to present itself, on its opening, in November, more beautiful than ever, and with many additional attractions. The corps operatique and dramatique will be greatly strengthened and increased, many of the old and greatest favorites remaining, and several new and talented additions made. Among the artistes engaged are the popular tenor and basso, Philippe and Genibrel, whom, by-the-by, we saw announced, the other day, to perform at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, Mlle. D'Arcy, the piquante comic cantatrice, was also of the party. She would be a valuable accession to the opera, next season.—*N. O. Picayune, Aug. 19.*

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Fading rose. Verdi. 25

A pretty poem written to fit a beautiful, although little known air in Verdi's "Luisa Miller."

An Englishman am I. G. S. Cony. 25

Highly effective, with a kind of a national anthem air about it.

Mrs. Cruiser, or Taming a Tartar. A domestic ditty. Carpenter. 25

When it is recollected that "Cruiser" was the name of the most vicious horse which Mr. Rarey had the good fortune to tame, the import of this truly comic song will be readily understood.

Dreamland. Song. Claribel. 25

Janet's Choice. " 25

Two easy and pretty songs from the pen of a highly gifted amateur.

Merrily, merrily shines the morn. Skylark song. Alice Foster. 25

Less pretentious than vocal operatic rondos, polkas, &c., this song, with its sparkling vivacity and ear-catching melody will be just as attractive a piece with most hearers. It is not difficult.

Sorrowful trees. Hon. Mrs. Norton. 25

A song of sterling merit of which the name of the authoress is sufficient guarantee.

#### With Guitar Accompaniment.

Twinkling stars are laughing. Ordway. 25

Silvery midnight moon. " 25

Two of Ordway's most favorite melodies, which, although long familiar have never yet been accessible to those who use the Guitar for their accompaniments.

#### Instrumental Music.

Philomelen Waltz. Four hands. Strauss. 75

One of those old German Waltzes whose beauty never fades out.

Il Trovatore. (Operatic Favorites.) Nava. 35

La Sonnambula. " " " 35

The composer has hit the form in which these operatic gems are most acceptable to amateur players, and his arrangements will be much called for.

Pet Waltz. Dr. F. Geutebruck. 35

A pleasing waltz with a handsome vignette.

Arlington Waltz. Isora. 35

Phoenix Polka. H. Eikmeier. 25

Garibaldi March. J. Prosperi. 25

New and pleasing dance music of medium difficulty.

#### Books.

FATHER KEMP'S OLD FOLK'S CONCERT TUNES. 25

The thousands of persons who have listened to the unique and attractive performance of "the Old Folks," under the direction of Father Kemp, will thank the publishers for this neat volume of all their pieces. The many applications made for certain pieces sung by this company has led to the publication of this book. It contains, in addition to its sacred music, several of the most popular songs of the revolutionary times of '76 and thereabouts, many of which are not to be found in any other work.

**MUSIC BY MAIL.**—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 440.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 8, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 24.

## The Tides.

BY WM. C. BRYANT.

The moon is at her full, and, riding high,  
Floods the calm fields with light.  
The airs that hover in the summer sky  
Are all asleep to-night.

There comes no voice from the great woodland round  
That murmured all the day;  
Beneath the shadow of their boughs, the ground  
Is not more still than they.

But ever heaves and moans the restless deep;  
His rising tides I hear;  
Afar I see the glimmering billows leap;  
I see them breaking near.

Each wave springs upward, climbing towards the fair,  
Pure light that sits on high;  
Springs eagerly, and faintly sinks to where  
The mother waters lie.

Upward again it swells; the moonbeams show  
Again its glimmering crest;  
Again it feels the fatal weight below,  
And sinks, but not to rest.

Again and yet again; until the deep  
Recalls his brood of waves;  
And, with a sullen moan, abashed, they creep  
Back to his inner caves.

Brief respite! they shall rush from that recess  
With noise and tumult soon.  
And fling themselves, with unavailing stress,  
Up toward the placid moon.

O restless sea, that in thy prison here  
Dost struggle and complain;  
Through the slow centuries yearning to be near  
To that fair orb in vain.

The glorious source of light and heat must warm  
Thy bosom with his glow,  
And on those mounting waves a nobler form  
And freer life bestow.

Then only may they leave the waste of brine  
In which they wander here,  
And rise above the hills of earth and shine  
In a serenest sphere.

—New York Ledger.

## Piano-Forte Composers.

HUMMEL.

While on the subject of pianoforte composers who have written not for a country or for an age, but for the world and for all time, we may allude to one who has done perhaps more legitimate service in developing the *bonâ fide* mechanism of the instrument than any predecessor, contemporary, or follower. Next to Moscheles (by many placed before him—we cannot but think in some respects unreasonably), comes Jean Nepomuk Hummel, one of the most talented, voluminous, and classical of all the pianoforte composers. Hummel—be not startled, reader—was *not* an original genius, although a long habit of composing endowed him with an unmistakable peculiarity of manner. But Hummel was a musician, heart and soul—one of the right sort, unbending, comprehensive, and enthusiastic. Educated under excellent masters, he soon acquired the art of writing with ease, while the strict school in which he had been nourished, regulated his taste in the true direction. Hummel was a more learned musician than Moscheles, although he did not possess Moscheles' originality. His contributions to the art were not less numerous and valuable. Both have been of inestimable worth in directing the studies of pianists, and both were endowed with a facility which promptly seconded these intentions. Hummel's concertos owe much more

than is generally admitted to those of Mozart, Dussek, and Steibelt; but they abound in a variety of graceful passages that exclusively belong to their author. It should be noted here that Mozart anticipated Beethoven, and that Beethoven did not surpass Mozart in the symmetrical form which, although Haydn had imparted to the symphony, was, before Mozart's time, wholly strange to the concerto. Mozart, therefore, did as much for the concerto as Haydn had done for the symphony and sonata—for, be it remarked, while in the lucid arrangement of ideas which appear and return in reasonable and proper places the consistent balance of relative keys being preserved, the concerto is but a branch of the parent sonata,\* yet it still presents, even in the examples left us by Mozart and Beethoven, a marked difference of plan.†

While in the *tutti* or orchestral preludes‡, Hummel (like Moscheles) followed Mozart's symmetrical arrangement, he also (like Moscheles) overlooked that peculiarity which endows Mozart's concertos with such unity and completeness. Let us explain. In Mozart's concertos the three solos, of which, like the majority of concertos, they are composed, are continually accompanied in the orchestra by one or both the principal themes, separate or in conjunction, elaborate and worked out to the end. We find little of this in Hummel, although occasional glimpses are not wanting; but a complete development of the themes is never attempted, except in the *tutti*. For this reason, without alluding to his higher genius, Mozart not only wrote his concertos as though he had improved upon the models of Hummel, who lived after him (instead of Hummel half-rising to the models left by Mozart), but wrote them, as it were, side by side with Beethoven, the *great developer himself*—even he who gave Mendelssohn the first hints of dispensing altogether with the *tutti*, an evident superfluity.¶

Nevertheless, devoid of pure invention as was Hummel, his concertos are fine productions, indispensable to the completion of a musical education, beautiful and interesting as music, independent of their influence and of all arbitrary considerations. No pianoforte writer ever produced a greater variety of new and elegant passages than Hummel, who, we need hardly remind our readers, was one of the greatest pianists of his day; and as an impromptu player, or *improvisateur*, had few equals, and fewer superiors. (This reminds us that we have neglected to speak of the wonderful powers of improvisation possessed by Moscheles.) The miscellaneous works of Hummel—studies, fantasias, &c.—would of themselves form an interesting library. But, to come to an end with him, his sonatas for pianoforte solo are almost as rare (master as he needs must have been of the sonata-form) as those of Moscheles. We have never seen more than five—that in F minor (the best—a *chef d'œuvre*); that in D, which, containing a *scherzo* and *trio*, assumes the distinction of the real *grand sonata*; that in E flat, dedicated to Haydn; that in C; and that

\*We cannot too frequently insist that the sonata is the model for the symphony, quartet, and all the larger form of instrumental music.

†The three specimens of the concerto left us by Mendelssohn, in which the sonata form is perfectly developed, have been frequently described.

‡The *tutti*, according to Mozart, is a kind of synopsis of the whole first movement, laid out like the first movement of a sonata.

§In the concerto in G major.

¶Beethoven, in the G concerto, begins at once with the pianoforte (like Mendelssohn in all his concertos), but, after a few arpeggios, he introduces a long *tutti*. This leads to the conviction that the idea of abandoning the *tutti* had entered into the ever-inventing brain of the composer, but that he almost immediately gave it up as untenable. The great concerto in E flat presents the same apparent discrepancy.

in F sharp minor, which, though styled a sonata, is, more strictly speaking, a *fantasia*. But these alone are enough to immortalize Hummel, had he not produced so many and such variety of works in another form as to place him among the most fecund and admirable of musicians.—*London Musical World*, Aug. 4.

## A Posthumous Opera by Mozart.

About a year and a half ago the *Operngesangsverein* of Herren Lichtenstein and Ferd. Schmidt, in Frankfort-on-the-Maine, performed for the first time (in all Germany perhaps), an opera until then unknown, by Mozart, *L'Oca del Cairo*,—*The Goose from Cairo*. It produced a great impression upon all present, as it is well worth a detailed account. There are, indeed, already accounts of it, for instance, in Nissen's *Biographie Mozart*, p. 476; and, more recently, in Otto Jahn's admirable work, Vol. IV. pp. 162, 172, in the preface to the published pianoforte edition, there is also the necessary information; but it is not every one who possesses these works, and, consequently, the following facts and dates may not be unwelcome to our readers.

We are accustomed, and with justice, to call Mozart's music incomparable. This appellation is doubly appropriate; first, as concentrated criticism, and secondly, as a literal fact, for all the pictures he created, from the ghostly voice of the Commander, or the sentiments of the Last day (the *Requiem*), to the babbling of such a person as Despina; from the graceful lays of Belmont, to the frivolity, sparkling with humor, of Figaro; from the *Jupiter Symphony* to the "Sterbendes Veilchen" ("Dying Violet") invariably bear in themselves the impress of the noblest simplicity, and consequently, we cannot institute a comparison between his compositions and any others, for in no others do we find so spontaneously present this fundamental quality of Mozart's mind and style. While therefore, in these respects, Mozart's music may on the whole be termed incomparable, it cannot fail to surprise us, in the case of the opera under consideration, that, as far as light and graceful pertness is concerned, there is a great deal that approaches the Italian buffo style, and now and then, borders on Rossini; nay, prepares, so to speak, the way for him, without, however losing aught of real depth, or, amidst the most jovial humor, of feeling and grace. I could not produce any particular example in actual notes of this similarity, but it is the total impression of the music which called forth the comparison.

Now for the historical dates of our opera. After *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* had achieved its triumphs, and, in 1782, the Italian Opera was again opened at Vienna, Mozart yearned for a really comic *libretto*, which he at last got, after a long search in the shape of our *Oca del Cairo*, from the author of *Idomeneo*, the Abbé Varesco in Salzburg. During Mozart's stay at that place, from July to October, 1783, the opera was begun in common, as is proved by one of Mozart's letters, of the 10th December of the same year, sent from Vienna to his father in Salzburg, and in which he begs him "to do all in his power so that the *libretto* may turn out well."

Among Mozart's papers, which, as we know, the Hofrath A. André possesses in Offenbach, there is the first act, completely finished, and written in Varesco's own hand, as well as a full prose sketch of the contents of the other two acts. For the first act Mozart composed two duets, two airs, a scene in recitative, a quartet, and a grand finale with chorus. These plans and sketches belong, therefore, to the first act. The list of personages is as follows:—

Don Pippo, Marchese di Ripasecca, innamorato di  
Lovina, credutosi vedovo di  
Donna Pantea, sotto nome di Sandra, sua moglie.  
Celidora, loro unica figlia, destinata sposa al Con-  
te Lionetto di Casa Vusta, amante di  
Biondello, gentiluomo rico di Ripasecca.  
Calandrino, nipote de Pantea, amico di Biondello,  
ed amante corrisposto di  
Lavina, compagna di Celidora.  
Chichibio, maestro di casa di Don Pippo, amante  
di  
Auretta, cameriera di Donna Pantea.

With respect to the plot, it will be sufficient here for us to give merely the leading points as they are shortly mentioned by Otto Jahn in the pianoforte edition:—"Don Pippo, bass, an arrogant inflated fool, has locked up, in an inaccessible tower, his daughter Celidora, soprano, whom he wishes to marry to Count Lionetto. Imprisoned with her is her maid Lavina, soprano, whom Don Pippo himself wishes to marry. He has, however entered into an agreement with Biondello (*primo amoroso*), Celidora's lover, that he will give him his daughter, provided, within a year, he can get into the tower. Biondello has formed a league with his friend Calandrino, tenor, the lover of Lavina and a skilful mechanician, the servants Chichibio, bass-buffo, and Auretta, soubrette, being won over to their interest. The time of action is the last day of the year. An attempt made by the lovers to throw a bridge over the tower fails in the first finale. But Calandrino has made an artificial goose large enough for a couple of persons, who can set the machinery in motion, to get inside. This is sent to Pantea, who, disguised as a gipsy from Cairo, is to exhibit it as a great wonder. Hopes are entertained of inducing Pippo to show the goose to the young girls, and thus enable Biondello to penetrate into the tower. In return for this, Calandrino stipulates that his friend shall procure him Lavina's hand. The stratagem succeeds, for Don Pippo, who thinks to increase the splendor of his own nuptials by the exhibition of such a wonderful thing, allows the goose to be brought into the girls. When all the characters are assembled, Biondello comes out of the goose, Pantea proves to be Pippo's wife, who has long been supposed dead, and—everybody is happy."

If any body is desirous of further information respecting the second and third acts, we refer them to the above mentioned fourth volume of Otto Jahn's *Mozart*.

It would be an unnecessary task to dwell upon the excellencies and defects of this subject, for, as Mozart set to work on it with such earnestness, when in his twenty-seventh year, the numbers we possess are calculated to invest the text with augmented interest. Herr Julius André says in his preface, "I would particularly call attention to the duet in A major, between Auretta and Chichibio, to the quartet in E sharp major, and to the finale in B flat major, as they contain masterly touches, and even in their incomplete form, may be placed by the side of the best pieces in his other operas, to which I add especially his *Figaro*. Mozart himself says in a letter that 'he is perfectly contented with Chichibio's buffo air, the quartet, and the finale; that in truth he is pleased with them, and that he should be very sorry if he were doomed to have written such music for no purpose.'" By this, he means that alterations are still required in the *libretto*. He proceeds to suggest the desired improvements himself, a sufficient proof how greatly he was taken by the opera, and how desirous he was of seeing it produced. It is a remarkable fact that both the basses lie very high; this is strange, coming as it does immediately after the low pitch of the bass part employed so advantageously in the part of Osmin. Had the barytone been then "invented," we may suppose Mozart would have given the higher bass part this title. No less remarkable is the quartet, on account of the distribution on which the bass is not at all missed. But what was there difficult or impossible for the genius of Mozart? Let the reader call to mind the wonderful construction of the quartet of the three Genii and Pamina in *Die Zauberflöte*.

Among the posthumous musical sketches of Mozart, there are several separate sheets, which

may be considered preparatory attempts for several of the pieces in our opera. Several, however, are already so complete, that there would, we should say, have been but little to add, when they were fairly written out. It is also probable that Mozart had already settled the appropriate harmony, and the intermediate instrumental music, although we find merely hints in the rough drafts. The most convincing proof of this is furnished by an air of Biondello's, in B flat major, although it is treated in the most cursory manner. Herr André has placed a fac-simile of this sketch before the pianoforte edition, and, on account of its almost totally illegible character, added a clean copy. Every artist, possessing any antiquarian taste, will be thankful to him for this, since the air is not to be found among the pieces written out at length, and the sketch itself is certainly worthy of being rescued from oblivion. We here surprise the master in the very act, as it were, of creation. Again, this sketch proves to us that Mozart used not to compose the various pieces of his operas in the order in which they came, but selected certain ones, just as the situations struck him for the moment; a glance at the *libretto* sets this beyond a doubt.

An analysis of the pianoforte edition would prove too long a task. I only repeat, therefore, that the genial dash and the careful working out of these pieces are on an equality with each other. The finale of the Annual Fair, particularly, overflows with dramatic effects; the study of the vocal score, with its polyphonic and contrapuntal arguments, here becomes equally interesting and instructive for both masters and scholars. If the tumultuous rising to a climax of the last *presto* in B flat major (for six voices and independent chorus) on the words "Holla, zu den Waffen, Leute," produces such a grandiose effect even on the piano, how much more striking would the effect be on the stage, and with a full band?

My authorities are altogether silent with respect to the German translator. His version is, however, mostly satisfactory, as the verbal expression goes hand in hand with the musical, while correctness of rhythm, with a few trifling exceptions, is carefully preserved. Lastly, with regard to the pianoforte edition, which conveys a clear notion of the original plan, Herr André had not the slightest reason to excuse himself, and to give "every one" the option of arranging the pianoforte accompaniment *ad libitum*, according to the hints given in the book. Whoever examines attentively the instrumental sketches on the score will acknowledge not only the difficulty, but also the discretion with which Herr André has proceeded on his task. The thanks of every one of Mozart's admirers are due to Herr André, not simply for the idea of practically preserving this work to posterity, but also for cleverly carrying out that idea.

What can be said *in nuce* about a work of this importance is sufficient to direct general attention to it. Many other societies, imitating the example set by the Frankfort *Operngesangsverein*, help to spread this composition, which, alas! is impracticable on the stage. May this relic, after a slumber of seven-and-twenty years, be resuscitated, and in the concert hall, as well as in the domestic circle, meet with the reception it deserves.

C. GOLLMICK.

### Rossini

#### BEFORE, DURING, AND AFTER THE PERFORMANCE OF SEMIRAMIS.

A single official act preceded and followed the solemn transformation of *Semiramide* into French. It was the authorization given by Rossini to his friend Carafa in the following terms:

"My dear friend,—Since it is proposed to bring out *Semiramide* at the Opéra, and as you know I do not busy myself with things of that kind, I beg you will undertake the task; I give you the most complete latitude for whatever arrangements may be deemed necessary. As this labor will be your work, it will be also your property, and all the author's rights, both in and out of the theatre, will belong to you, just as they would for an opera by yourself.

"Yours affectionately,  
"G. ROSSINI."

Rossini has been called "the sublime idler," because, doubtless, no musician has ever written, or writes, more music—and what music!—than Rossini. Some day or other history will call him "the sublime miser," for he is always giving. What he has just done with regard to *Semiramide* he did some years ago with regard to *Robert Bruce*, and on that occasion his renunciation of all his rights was dated from Bologna. Did he not also do the same thing for the benefit of the authors, composers, and musical publishers who urged him to honor them by belonging to their society? "I consent," he replied, "but on the express condition that all the money my rights produce me shall be contributed to your charitable fund."

Again, what about the city of Paris, from whom the illustrious *maestro* solicited a plot of ground near the Bois de Boulogne, for the purpose of building a summer villa? Was there not a desire to offer him this plot of ground for his lifetime? "I should prefer paying for it," he replied, "and being completely at home, while at the same time among you, for, sooner or later, my property will go to your poor." It was thus this illustrious and worthy master paid a hundred thousand francs for what he could have obtained gratuitously from the munificence of the capital of the arts, which he has enriched with imperishable works.

Such is Rossini, the sublime miser! Seek elsewhere for the secret of such acts of generosity, without reckoning those he conceals from us, for he never thinks of ostentation. When, for instance, he is asked why certain external portions of his new habitation are completely sacrificed, he answers, in terms more energetic than it would do to write, that he did not build the house for the *cockneys* who might pass. Yet, while he neglects this striking part of a dwelling to which all Paris perform pilgrimages, we find him summoning, at a great expense, painters like MM. Samoglia and Besteghi, from Bologna, to recall to his heart and eyes the internal hangings and decorations in the modern Italian style. As for the subjects of these paintings, what is the first thing we remark? Mozart being complimented in the box of the Emperor of Austria, at the Opera House in Vienna, on the night of the first performance of *Don Juan*. In another place we have, as a pendant, Palestrina playing psalms to Pope Marcel, surrounded by his cardinals. Scattered about will be the portraits of Cimarosa, Haydn, Boieldieu, &c.

Rossini might have found twenty architects eager to build him a palace; he preferred applying to a friend, who, without any pretension, will erect what the master terms his little country-house, redolent of the perfumes of Italy and the East.

M. Doussault, who has given up painting for architecture, felt what Rossini wanted: Florence without leaving Paris, and Paris *villeggiature*. He has, therefore, given him balconies and attics, and sculptured models of *torchieri* with large rings, to which were fastened, in the old Florentine palaces, the hackneys and the palfreys of the guests and visitors. Being, too, a lover of color, he thought that enamel and crockery ware, with their unchanging tints, might, nay even ought to, find a place on the facade of the house built for the musician of melody, the master-colorist, *par excellence*. This is a protestation against this systematic rejection of all painting in our architecture.

With regard to color, does not the gardener's lodge at the entrance give us an exact idea of the least vulgar specimens of Oriental art, such as, with a few variations, is found in Wallachia and Moldavia, whence M. Doussault brought home the most poetic sketches?

But with all this talking about M. Doussault, we have strayed far away from our subject; we were discussing the Gallicized *Semiramide*, and the only official act of Rossini's which preceded and followed Méry's translation. As we have seen, Rossini gave Carafa every latitude in all that concerned the arrangement of the music, and his confidence was equally unlimited with regard to Méry's verses. Now the poet has trans-

lated so melodiously that the hearer might fancy he was listening to Italian, while the musician so well understood his mission as to respect the work in its slightest details.

But there was something that neither Méry, Carafa, M. Alphonse Royer, nor any of his friends could do, and that was to prevail on the celebrated master to go to a single rehearsal, far less to the performance. Nay, the Sunday before the first performance, Rossini introduced Carafa to all his friends as the author of *Semiramide*, and reproached him with not being sufficiently excited on the eve of a battle.

Rossini would not even hear the Sisters Marchisio, either before or at the performance. At present, things are no longer the same; M. Alphonse Royer has resolved to give him this surprise in his villa at Passy; the author of *Semiramide* will be touched by the attention, and grateful for it. He is, indeed, the man of genius, who has bid the theatre farewell, and will in no way infringe a supreme decision, of which God alone possesses the secret.

Speaking of *Semiramide*, for he does not avoid the subject in conversation, Rossini informed us that he composed it in one month at Venice, adding that, in order to obtain the stipulated price, *five thousand francs*, for all his rights of representation and publication, he was engaged for six months in the most active correspondence.

This was the last work composed in Italy by Rossini. Up to that period his operas had not brought him in more than five hundred or a thousand francs each. *Il Barbiere* was written and rehearsed in thirteen days for the modest pittance of *five hundred francs*! "It is true," said Rossini. "it is light music."

Rossini now came to Paris, and, during the same summer, bestowed on us two scores, that of *Le Comte Ory* and that of *Guillaume Tell*! Then, alas, the sublime idler abandoned himself to repose, even refusing while alive to witness the immortality of his works. J. L. HEUGEL.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Personal Recollections of Beethoven in 1822.

(From the German of Fr. Rochlitz.)

(Continued.)

About a fortnight later, I was just going to dinner, when I met the young composer, \* \* \*, an enthusiastic admirer of Beethoven. The latter had spoken to him of me. "If you wish to see him more cheerful and at ease," said \* \* \*, "you need only dine at the same inn to which he has just gone with the same intention." He took me there. Most of the places were occupied, Beethoven was surrounded by several of his friends who were strangers to me. He seemed in the highest spirits. He returned my bow, but I purposely did not go near him just then. Yet I took a place where I could see him, and, as he spoke loud enough, could understand most of what he said. It was not exactly a conversation which he was carrying on, but he spoke alone, and generally for a long time, bringing in subject after subject at random. Those who surrounded him added but little, only laughing and nodding their approbation. He talked philosophy, and politics too, after a fashion of his own. He spoke of England and the English as he imagined both, in incomparable glory, which often produced a singular effect. Then he produced many anecdotes of Frenchmen from the double siege of Vienna. For this nation he had no great liking. All this he brought out with the greatest carelessness, and without the slightest reservation, and spiced with highly original quaint opinions and queer ideas. He seemed to me all this time like a man of rich, prominent mind, unbounded, never resting fancy, who, as a ripening, highly gifted boy, might have been cast, with all that he had learned or experienced till then, or whatever knowledge had come to him, upon a desert island, and there had brooded and thought over this matter, until his fragments had been shaped to a whole, and his fancies become convictions, which he now fearlessly and fa-

miliarly proclaimed to the whole world. Now he had finished his meal, rose, and came to me. "Well how do you fare in old Vienna?" he said, pleasantly. I answered him by signs, drank his health, and proposed to him to join me at my wine. He accepted, but beckoned me to a small side room. This was just what I wanted. I took the bottle and followed him. There we were alone, except now and then a looker-on, who left again in a few minutes. He handed me a tablet, on which I was to write whatever he could not understand from my signs. He began with the praise of Leipzig and its music, at least such music as is chosen for performance in the church, the theatre and the concert; otherwise he knows nothing of Leipzig, and has only passed through it once as a very young man on his way to Vienna. "And if nothing were printed about it but the mere programmes," he said, "I should yet read them with pleasure. One sees that there is sense in it, and good will towards all, while here."

And then he broke out, and violently, there was no possibility of stopping him. He spoke, among others, of himself, "You hear nothing by me here." "Now, in summer," I wrote. "No," he cried, "in winter too. What should you hear? Fidelio? That they cannot give and will not hear. The symphonies? They have no time for them. The concertos? In that line every one only rattles off what he has made himself. The solo pieces? Those have gone out of fashion here long ago, and fashion is everything. At the most Schuppanzigh sometimes brings out a quartet," etc., etc. Exaggerated though this is, it is yet not without truth and foundation. At last he had vented himself sufficiently, and returned to Leipzig. "But," he said, "I believe you live in Weimar, after all?" He must have judged so from my address. I shook my head. "So you don't know the great Goethe?" I nodded, and that vehemently. "I know him too!" he continued, proudly, and with pure joy reflected in his features. I made his acquaintance in Carlsbad—I don't know how long ago. I was not as deaf then as I am now, but I was already hard of hearing. What patience the great man had with me at that time, how much he has done for me! He related several little anecdotes and very pleasing details. How happy this made me at the time. I could have suffered myself to be killed for him, and not only once, but ten times. At that time, when I was right in the midst of the fire, I thought out my music to his Egmont, and it was successful, don't you think so?" Whatever gestures I could think of to express my pleasure and admiration, I made for him. Then I wrote down that we produce this music not only at every representation of Egmont, but perform it once every year, at a concert, combined with a sort of analysis taken mostly from those scenes of the drama to which the music refers. "I know, I know," cried he. "Since that summer in Carlsbad, I read Goethe every day, that is, when I read at all. He killed Klopstock for me. You are surprised? Ah, at my having read Klopstock? I carried him about with me for years, when I was taking my walks, and otherwise. Well, I did not always understand him, to be sure. He jumps about so, and he always starts from such a lofty position, always maestoso, D flat major, eh? But still, he is great, and elevates the soul. Where I could not understand him, I could guess,—about. If only he was not always going to die! There's time enough for that. However, it sounds well enough, etc., etc. But that Goethe, he lives, and we all must live with him. That is the reason that he can be set to music. No other can be set to music as well as he. Only I don't much like to write songs." Here I had the best opportunity of mentioning that idea of H.'s and his commission. I wrote down the proposition and his offer, putting on the most serious face, Beethoven read. "Ha!" he cried, raising his hand, "that would be a good piece of work! That would be

worth doing!" He went on in this way for awhile, and sketched out the idea immediately and not badly, while staring fixedly, with head thrown back, at the ceiling.\* "But," he soon rejoined, "I have for some time had my mind filled with those other great works. Much of them is already hatched, in my head at least. These I must get rid of first, two grand symphonies, and each one of them different from all my others, and an oratorio. These will take a very long time, for, you see, writing has not been as easy for me lately as it always has been. I sit and think, and think; it has come to me long ago, but I can't get it down on paper. I dread the beginning of such great works. When I am once in them, I go on very well——" And so he went on for a long time. So I am doubtful. But we will still hope, because the idea attracts him, and he has assured me again and again, not to lose sight of it.

M. A. R.

\*The proposition was made to him to write a musical accompaniment in the style of that to Egmont, to Goethe's Faust.

### The Two Webers.

Our readers are probably aware that managers, with the view of punishing editors of newspapers for the severity they sometimes exhibit in criticising theatrical performances, agreed long since to accord them the so-called privilege of writing free admissions, or "orders." A more ingenious system of vengeance was never imagined, for the apparent civility of the proceeding deprived the journalists of all pretext for retaliation. An order for a theatre is something between a present of game and the bottle imp. If the performance which the order entitles you to see, be good, a manifest improbability, the order may pass from hand to hand, a dozen persons will be obliged, and finally the one who makes use of it will be delighted. But if, and this is too often the case, the performance which you have the privilege of sitting out is really not worth a moment's attention? Then the order is given by the newspaper editor to his friend: the friend, annoyed with the newspaper editor for not giving him anything better, passes it on to another friend, who gives it to his tailor, who gives it to his baker, who gives it to his oldest son, who, being inexperienced, takes a cab and a young lady with whom he is "keeping company," and drives to the theatre, where he spends a wretched evening, quarrels with the *inamorata*, who is bored to death, and goes home in a rage to complain to his father the baker. The baker complains to the tailor, who speaks of it to his customer, who mentions it to his acquaintance, and so on, until at last the newspaper editor is made the object of innumerable reproaches from the friend for giving him an order to "a place not worth going to."

But we will suppose the representation to which the order admits to be one of high merit. Then, whenever you give it away you oblige one person and offend three or four whom you have been compelled to refuse. Nor does the recipient necessarily consider that any favor has been bestowed on him. On the contrary, it is ten chances to one that he will fancy himself injured or insulted because you have not given him stalls instead of places in the boxes, or private boxes instead of a couple of stalls. And if he *does* prevail upon you to ask for a box, the probability is that, just as you are paying to go into the Opera, yourself, you hear a voice shouting to the box keeper—

"Mr. De Quill's box, he gave it to me himself, and it must be on the grand tier; or at all events not higher than the first."

"No. 50!" says the box keeper, looking at the letter, which entitles the holder to the use of a very good box, on the second tier.

"Do you think I'm going up there? Do you think Mr. Carrickfergus and myself are in the habit of going in the gallery?"

"I do not know, Sir," says the polite box keeper of the first tier (he is the most distinguished looking man in the house, and is constantly mistaken, by visitors from the country, for the Duke of Mecklenburgh; somebody who has accidentally misread the royal box, and is strolling about the corridors in search of it) "but I can assure you that No. 50 is on the tier above."

"Where is the manager?" says our friend, indignantly.

"The manager, Sir? that is the manager, opposite—that gentleman in the white waistcoat."

"Oh!" responds Mr. Carrickfergus, as if at a loss what to say next. But he recovers himself, and adds

—"I shall tell Mr. De Quill of the rudeness I experienced at the hands of the officials; and I have no doubt he will call attention to it next week, in his paper." Then he enters box 50, is a little soothed at finding it much better than he expected, and—gives nothing to the box keeper. The next morning he has the coolness to write us a letter, stating that the performance was not bad (he had seen Titiens, Borghi-Mamo, and Ginglini!) but the next time we favor him with a box, he hopes it will be a little lower down. Would that we could procure him admission to a place a great deal lower down, where the box keeper is Cerberus, and the manager Pluto!

But if it be an inconvenience and even source of misery to have the privilege of writing orders, it is pleasant enough to be able to enter a fine theatre merely for the trouble of putting your name down on the "Free List." Many persons possess this real privilege; not only journalists who are in the habit of criticising the performances, but also well-known authors, musicians, and even artists. It is a compliment which a manager of a liberal turn of mind pays to all persons whose opinion is of some importance to him, to say nothing of those whose opinions are of no importance to any one—not even to themselves. It gets the theatre "talked about," and benefits the manager, if the representations are good; but if the contrary—then, the contrary. When Karl Maria von Weber was in England, he happened to be introduced to the manager of the — theatre, who, by way of paying him what he considered the highest honor in the world, placed his name on the Free List. The acting at the — theatre was good enough in its way, but there was nothing in the performances calculated to attract a poet and a thinker like Weber, and a considerable time elapsed before it ever occurred to the composer of Oberon to take advantage of the privilege which the manager had accorded him. One day, however, he happened to be passing the door, when something in the bills attracted his notice. Then, remembering that his name was on the Free List, he went up to the superintendent of that department, and mentioned his name.

"Just gone in, Sir," said the man.

"No, I am not gone in, but I will go in," replied Weber; "give me a card."

"I tell you, he's gone in these five minutes, and why should I give you a card?" asked the man, rather brusquely.

"Because I am Mr. Weber," replied the proprietor of that glorious name, and because my name is on the Free List."

"That's cool!" returned the official. Why, you are as much Her Carl fun Weber, as I am. I tell you, he's gone in this ever so long." "Two, Sir? There they are, Sir." These last words were addressed to a gentleman who had presented an order.

"Am I a liar, b'raps?" asked the indignant Teuton, as if by no means prepared to receive an answer in the affirmative.

"I don't know who you are, nor what you are, nor where you come from!" was the reply; only you're not Her fun Weber, and it's no good trying it on here." "Too late, ma'am! not admitted after seven and it's now half past;" continued the man, as a lady exhibited a ticket of admission.

"But it was given me by Mr. Pennfeather!" objected the dame.

"Can't help it, Ma'am; we have our instructions, and we must attend to them."

"Really, this is very extraordinary! I shall certainly complain to Mr. Pennfeather."

"Can't help it, Ma'am; you should have been in time."

"Should have been in time! What impertinence! I have a great mind to see the manager; but I will certainly complain to Mr. Pennfeather, and he shall cut you up in his journal."

"Thank you, Ma'am!"

Karl Maria was still waiting for his card, or rather was waiting with the view of proving that he was himself.

"What, you still here?" exclaimed the man in the box.

"I am Mr. Weber, and I will go in," replied the composer.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," said the superintendent of the Free List, astonished at so much persistence. "As you will have that you're Her fun Weber, you shall go into the theatre, and see him."

"I insist upon it," answered Weber himself.

"Now you come along with me then, and you shall see him sitting in the front of the pit" (stalls had not yet been invented); "as civil spoken a gentleman as I ever saw; why, he's been in every night these two years."

"Is he a German?" inquired Weber, more and more astonished every moment.

"Is Karl Mariar fun Webber a German?" repeated the other, as if really shocked. "Why, of course he is. What a deal you must know about him!"

"I am he," said the German.

"Oh, you're him, are you?" said the Englishman, correcting (as he thought) the foreigner's bad English. "Well, then, who do you call *that*?"

They had now reached the stage, and from one of the wings Weber could see a German gentleman sitting in the front row of the pit laughing, applauding holding his sides; in fact almost wild with delight. A comic actor was on the stage, and he was singing a song which, to the real Weber, appeared rather dull, not to say stupid.

"Well," said the official "what do you say now?"

Weber gave no answer. The following reflections were passing through his mind:—"That man in the pit," he said to himself, "is an impostor, but he does me no harm. He is probably a poor man; and it is evident that his chief happiness consists in coming to this theatre, for it appears that he never misses a night. I have never thought of coming before, and probably I shall never think of coming here again. Then why should I, for the sake of proving to this person by my side that I am Weber, instead of being Schmidt, Schneider, or any other German, deprive my unfortunate compatriot of what to him is a source of intense enjoyment? It would not enrich me, and would make him 'poor, indeed,' as Shakespeare says:

'Who steals my name steals nought. 'Tis mine, not his  
Nor anybody else's that I know of.  
But if I stop this fellow's free admission,  
I take back that which not enriches him,  
And make him deuced poor.'

The official heard the illustrious musician murmuring these lines, and came to the conclusion that he must be a madman.

"Well, what do you say?" he inquired at last.

"Are you satisfied?"

"Quite so," replied Weber. "I only wanted to see the composer of Der Freischütz."

"Then you admit that you're an impostor."

"No; I only admit that I wanted to see the composer of Der Freischütz. Good night. Sleep well."

"Go along with you," said the superintendent of the Free List. "What strange fellows those Germans are," he added, addressing his friend the check-taker; and when the other Weber came out, he told him, with a smile, of the "dodge" that one of his countrymen had resorted to in order to gain admission into the theatre.

The other Weber (who was a semi-insolvent bootmaker living in the neighborhood of Leicester square) seemed amused, and continued to present himself regularly every night at the Free List office, until at last the good Karl Maria died.

On hearing of the great composer's death, the semi-insolvent boot-maker was amazed. He considered himself decidedly ill used, and did not even attend the funeral.

#### THE CHARACTER OF THE POET BRYANT.

William Cullen Bryant is one of the purest characters, and has one of the most enviable reputations in the country. He deservedly ranked as the first of our poets until he almost ceased to write in verse, and allowed Longfellow to climb nearer to the summit of Parnassus, while he reclined on the hill-side, or rather while he turned into a more rugged path. The best energies of his maturer years have been given to the discussion of public questions, and among all the able journalists, his contemporaries, there is not one, active or retired, living or dead, who has succeeded in securing such universal respect, while plunging, as Mr. Bryant always has, into the thick of the fight, and vigorously assailing the opinions and measures of political opponents. He has never trod the tortuous paths of vulgar and crafty politicians; he has never descended to be the apologist of abuses in his own party; he has never hung around lobbies or political conventions; but his whole influence, both as a man and a journalist, has been on the side of straightforward, robust honesty in all public, as well as in all private matters. Holding himself aloof from scheming cliques, and dealing with great principles, he has had the forecast to anticipate public opinions, of which he has been an influential leader. His whole career is a striking contradiction to the shallow notion that a journalist cannot exert a marked influence in politics unless he is hand-and-glove with the able rogues and lesser rogues who pack caucuses and manipulate conventions. The *New York Evening Post*, under Mr. Bryant's management, has always ranked as one of the very best newspapers in the country, and the influence it has exerted has been due not more to the ability and taste that has presided over its columns than to its uncompromising honesty and fearless independence. We are glad of an occasion to express what we believe to be the public sense of Mr. Bryant's character.—*The World*.

**MUSICAL FISHES.**—Sir Emerson Tennent, in his work on Ceylon, gives the following account of the musical sounds heard in Chilka Lake, a salt-water creek close by Batticoloa, on the eastern shores of Ceylon:

I distinctly heard the sounds in question. They came up from the water like the gentle thrills of a musical chord, or the faint vibrations of a wine-glass, when its rim is rubbed by a wet finger. It was not one sustained note, but a multitude of tiny sounds, each clear and distinct in itself; the sweetest treble mingling with the lowest bass. On applying the ear to the wood-work of the boat, the vibration was greatly increased in volume by conduction. The sounds varied considerably at different points, as we moved across the lake, as if the number of animals from which they proceeded was greatest in particular spots; and occasionally we rowed out of hearing of them altogether, until, on returning to the original locality, the sounds were at once renewed.

Mr. George Buist published an account of these musical fishes in the *Bombay Times*, of January, 1847, and stated it was then supposed that the fish are confined to particular localities—shallows—estuaries, and muddy creeks, rarely visited by Europeans; and that this is the reason why hitherto no mention, so far as we know, has been made of the peculiarity in any work on Natural History. His description of the fish was as follows:

A party lately crossing from the promontory in Salsette called the "Neut's Tongue," to near Sewree, were, about sunset, struck by hearing long distinct sounds like the protracted booming of a distant bell, the dying cadence of an Æolian harp, the note of a pitch-pipe or pitch-fork, or any other long-drawn out musical note. It was at first supposed to be music from Parell floating at intervals on the breeze; then it was perceived to come from all directions, almost in equal strength, and to arise from the surface of the water all around the vessel. The boatmen at once intimated that the sounds were produced by fish, abounding in the muddy creeks and shoals around Bombay and Salsette; they were perfectly well known, and very often heard. Accordingly, on inclining the ear toward the surface of the water; or, better still, by placing it close to the planks of the vessel, the notes appeared loud and distinct, and followed each other in constant succession. The boatmen next day produced specimens of the fish—a creature closely resembling in size and shape the fresh-water perch of the north of Europe—and spoke of them as plentiful and perfectly well known.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 8, 1860.

### Editorial Correspondence.

#### II.

PARIS, August 4, 1860.

Were I to begin with chronicling the magical impressions and experiences of the first fortnight of an untraveller American in this great, gay, cheerful, social, military, many-sided, cosmopolitan, catholic, democratic, imperial, antique, modern, picturesque, quaint, beautiful, immense world of Paris, I should fill up many letters (even with Art galleries and old architecture alone) before reaching the special subject matter of this Journal. Let us make sure then of the musical record first.

Of course this is not the musical season. Fashion and high life are out of town, gone to the watering places; though there was little need so far as water and cool air are concerned; for so rainy and so cold a summer, here and over most of Europe, is without precedent in the last thirty years. In sixteen days since I saw land, there has been only one day without rain. You are not safe one hour without umbrella. Summer clothes are never worn. The dealers in all summer wares have a dull time of it; yet all looks cheerful. The open air evening entertainments are but moderately frequented, comparatively speaking. Yet the bewildering maze of lights, white lights and colored lights, and revolving



lights, entangle crowds of pleasure seekers every evening, between the showers, in the leafy walks of the Champs Elysées, where Punchinello shakes your sides with laughter, and the brilliantly lighted festooned salons of the *cafés chantants* gather their seated crowds at various centres, where prima donnas rustling in satin and sparkling with jewels, or tenors and baritones, comic and sentimental, sing whole scenes from the operas, accompanied by orchestras at least equal to the best in any of our theatres. You wander from opera to opera under the trees, the gas lights and the stars. A strange scene, something magical and dreamlike, to one used to the dull streets of Boston of an evening, and especially on a Sunday evening, the open heyday of festivity here. None the less, but all the more, do the fine bands of the regiments, perform on that day, as they do on all days, in the garden of the Tuilleries (rich strains come swelling up to my window at this moment while I write, strains from the *Huguenots*), and in the garden of the Palais Royal, at the feet of the column Vendôme, and many other places. Musard, too, nightly lights up his brilliant temple in the trees, in a remote quarter of the Champs Elysées, between the Palace d'Industrie and the Seine, and with a large orchestra discourses a light music mingled with a few classical overtures (one night Spontini's *Olympia*) to the gay crowd that promenade or sit sipping chocolate and ices. A fascinating scene it is, contrived with much artistic taste; the scene much finer than the music. The handsome octagonal Moorish temple, which contains the orchestra, springs gracefully from a pedestal of green and flowers; and one trifling circumstance a Yankee might be allowed to notice: the crowning circle of white blossoms, delicately graceful in the gaslight, was composed *pure et simple* of the homely and despised "white weed" of our fields, the object of the Yankee farmer's hatred. Here in Paris it is the fashionable flower; it adorns garden walks and fountains, and the ladies wear it on their bonnets. Lo, how French art knows how to utilize the meanest gifts of nature!

A word more of the bands. The very military character of Paris, the very despotism which now rules France (and rules it well, it must be owned, if perfect order, peace, pervading cheerfulness and courtesy are any fair criterion) produces at least one great benefit. It opens copious streams of art and beauty, free and without cost, to the whole population everywhere. It renovates and builds up on a gigantic scale; demolishing the old, the narrow and the dirty, streets and quarters where the sun scarce sent a wholesome ray, and opens great wide stately Boulevards or rears vast piles of regal architecture, bristling with emblematical or portrait sculptures, which employ the chisels of all the first artistic talents proudly for their country's glory, while it makes the common eye familiar with the forms and the ideas of Art. It continues to write out the whole history of France in sculpture and in painting in the endless galleries of the palace at Versailles. It cherishes and increases and keeps in perfect order, *for the people*, and for all comers, the time-honored collections of original Raphaels, Murillos, Titians, Rembrandts, Rubenses, the wonderful Venus of Milo and many masterworks of Greek and modern sculpture, and how many artistic curiosities more, in the galleries of the

Louvre. It preserves the noblest efforts of the new men, and women, of Couture and Muller, and Rosa Bonheur, and Troyon and Ziem, and De la Roche, in the Luxembourg, the Palais des Beaux Arts, &c.; — and all this that *all* may see. And so too it keeps Paris full of music — not of course the highest, but music such as educates the ear, the sense, and stimulates to musical activity and aspiration. In the streets and crowds of Paris almost every third man is a soldier. This is more picturesque than pleasant when one reflects upon the meaning of a soldier. (Picturesque it is, as you see them everywhere, singly, in squads, or companies or regiments; on guard at palace doors and garden gates; swarming like red-breeched bees about the huge casernes or barracks, which seem to make a rising in the streets impossible; or sauntering about *cafés* and public walks, with white-capped mother or sister or *chère amie* on arm, so socially: witness that group of Arab looking Zouaves down there under the trees of the Tuilleries, the white circles of their turbans glancing through the leaves: — and as efficient for good order as it is picturesque: witness the mounted warrior in brazen helmet at each corner of the street leading to each theatre to opera, to see that there shall be no rude jostling and that each shall have his rights). This multitude of soldiers, this immense army of occupation involves of course a corresponding multitude of military bands.

We saw the emperor review the garrison army of Paris, 45,000 foot and horse, in the beautiful Bois de Boulogne. The number of musicians that made up the bands of all these regiments was something to amaze. Each regiment had its band, ranging from thirty to sixty instruments. The majority of these instruments are brass, of the Sax family of course (by the way Mme. Sax has had her husband's patent renewed for ten years). Some of the bands are all brass; but most of them have a fair proportion of clarinets, bassoons, &c.; and we must own their music averages vastly better than what we call good band music in America. Not a few of these regiment musicians are at the same time pupils in the Conservatoire, and figure in the list of prize winners in the recent *concours*. Those bands are everywhere; the sound thereof is in all the streets and pleasant places in and out of Paris. Very curious are some of their brass instruments; you see every conceivable modification and contortion of the Sax tuba type. One mounted band rode by me one day, in which one man bore, or rather wore, a huge brass tuba coiled about his body like a Boa and projecting a great bell mouth over one shoulder.

Of Opera we expected almost nothing at this season; yet some odds and ends remained these cool nights. The Italiens and the Lyrique are closed. But to our agreeable surprise the first night offered us the double temptation of Boieldieu's *La Dame Blanche*, at the Opera Comique, and of *Semiramide* at the Grand Opera. We had long wished to hear the former work, for Boieldieu is perhaps the most genial of the French composers — and had we not just come from finding his statue under our window there in Rouen! Alas! there was not one place to be had; so we wended our way over to the Rue Polletier and entered (by the porch made famous by Orsini's attempt upon the life of the emperor) the famous old Grand Opera. The piece had

somewhat advanced, and we were forced to look down and listen from a very high and stifling perch. The music in itself, all oriental gold and purple as it is, was too familiarly drowsy to be much attraction to us; but it was an object to see how these things are done in Paris. The gorgeous display of scenery, especially the great scene in the second act, where "Ninny's ghost" appears, and where the hanging gardens and vast palatial splendors of the Assyrian queen were represented with studied fidelity to the latest explorations of Layard and other travellers and with prodigious effectiveness. It was well suggested in one of the innumerable Parisian theatre journals, that the Grand Opera might well be called the "Imperial Academy of Decorative Painting." Verily the splendor of the music was outdazzled. The musical ensemble, however, the large, effective chorus, and above all the superb orchestra of eighty, under most perfect drill, was to an American a new experience. The principal singers were in no wise remarkable. The sisters MARCHISIO were having their debuts in the parts of the Queen and Arsace. The latter has a rich and powerful contralto, quite well managed, not particularly sympathetic. The other had not got over the constraint of a novice and won barely a *succes d'estime* by a fair voice and execution, unsupported by any queenly majesty of person. OBIN, a respectable baritone, was Assur; the rest indifferent. Rossini himself declined all participation in and all responsibility for this exhumation of his work. In truth it was no work for the Grand Opera; it did not belong there, as "Tell" and the elaborate affairs of Meyerbeer do; it was hastily huddled together and altered. The witty old composer addressed a note, in his own happy and sententious way, to M. Carafa, who had arranged the affair, formally consigning to him the entire property and honor in the work.

The next evening I succeeded in hearing *La Dame Blanche*. The music itself is pleasing, graceful, in some parts truly beautiful; but much of it sounded old and hacknied; the plot was pretty, and the execution generally fair, and hardly more. ROGER, however, in the part of George, was an exception, and one was glad of course to hear for once the famous tenor, although he came before us in the character of one rejuvenated, and as it were risen from the dead. The loss of the right arm was quite artistically disguised; the man looks fresh and young; his action was full of life, of fine *esprit* and grace; and although his voice is doubtless but the ruin of what it was, and he resorted to falsetto more than we ever heard any man, yet he did it all so artistically, with such style and expression, that we enjoyed him immensely. He is certainly an artist, and one of the few. We were attracted once more to the Opéra Comique by a light and pretty opera by Auber, *Haydée*, with a Venetian story, the scene of one act being on board a victorious galley,—an opportunity which the scenic artist would of course improve. CARRE, the young and promising tenor of the evening, has a light and highly musical and sympathetic organ, which he uses with great taste and judgment. The principal females sang and acted agreeably; I forget their names. Here, too, you find a large and excellent orchestra.

*Robert le Diable*, we know, *does* belong to the Grand Opera. And who, that has seen it repeat-

edly announced with deceptive parade, cut up and murdered in New York and Boston, believing it at the same time to be the best, because the freshest, most spontaneous, most inventive work of Meyerbeer, could resist the announcement for last evening of its four or five hundredth representation? We went and were rewarded. There can be no doubt it was a fair specimen of the Grand Opera in its peculiar glory. The scenes were given entire and in their true order. The orchestral accompaniments were as nearly perfect as one can hope to hear. Eighty instruments, admirably balanced, admirably led; no individual sound or class of sounds unreasonably prominent; all fused and blended into one with a true colorist's art; a breadth and warmth and richness in the middle string parts, which is a very exceptional luxury with us; a purity of intonation and a sympathetic *timbre* in the reeds and brass, in all the wind band (the flutes, we noticed, were of metal); a perfection of precision and of light and shade; a brilliancy when needed; in short a power and beauty of ensemble, which we never knew in any orchestra at home. The scenic effects were of course marvellous, French as they were, instead of being ridiculous, as we have seen them. The great scene of the abbey, with the nuns conjured from their tombs and dancing, had all the moonlight mystery of Gothic ruins; and the transition to it was not sudden; cloud work separated it from the preceding scene. The ballet, too, was exquisite; the corps very numerous, as was that of knights, ladies, pages, and the whole singing scenic crowd that continually flooded the vast stage in new forms. You could not detect one man in two characters. The choruses were given with the utmost breadth and spirit. Every small subordinate part told. And of the principal rôles three were admirably filled. Duprez's daughter, Mme. VANDENHEUVEL (CAROLINE DUPREZ), was making her début in this theatre in the part of Isabella. She is a slender, fragile, lady-like person, in form and face resembling Mme. Biscaccianti. Her voice, a high soprano, seemed much worn, and did not promise much at first. But as she proceeded, you became aware of most consummate mastery of method, purity of style, and an execution in the most difficult and florid passages which few have equalled. She truly filled the character. We were still more interested and delighted with the other débutante, Mlle. MARIE SAX, whose efforts hitherto have been confined to the Théâtre Lyrique. A small, fresh person, with frank, bright, intelligent face, somewhat like Gazzaniga, she has one of the most bird-like, penetrating, pure and musical mezzo soprano voices that we ever heard, with glorious contralto tones. She sings with real earnestness and feeling; no one after Jenny Lind has so much interested us in the music of the beautiful part of Alice, the creation of which shall absolve Meyerbeer from the sin of dazzling the world with much elaborate effective sham. The part of Bertram was finely sustained by an uncommonly rich-toned, powerful basso, and a most intelligent and tasteful singer, M. DEVAL. He is not so powerful, and may not be so many-sided, as Carl Formes, but he has that truth of intonation which the great Spanish-German lacks. GURYMARD, the tenor, did not please us in the part of Robert; inadequate in voice, and somewhat vulgar in conception.

The Grand Opera ought to do its own things well. Petted and aided by the government, it still commands large prices from the public. It is bound to give performances the whole year round, three in each week. A position in its orchestra is a position for life, a sure dependence; hence only real excellence commands a place; and a most respectable looking set of men one sees in it. At this moment the journals proclaim a vacancy among the violoncellos and a competition for the place at a given date this month. The theatre itself is a faded relic of splendor, tawdry and shabby. It is soon to be replaced, (by this new government which renovates all theatres as well as cathedrals, all over France) by a splendid building in a new grand square yet to be opened.

I have still to speak of the Conservatoire, and of a *Séance Solennelle* of the Orpheonists, the people's musical movement in France, which has a future, to my mind more pregnant than all that Berlioz and Wagner would fain conjure up. D.

### Musical Correspondence.

HARTFORD, SEPT. 2.—I am stopping here for a few days, having about finished my summer vacation. Last week having business in New York, I arrived just in the nick of time to attend the opening of the Pianoforte Manufactory of the Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS. Early in the morning of the day, calling at the warehouse in Walker street, I found in the little sanctum Mr. SATTER, who played to me some of his new fantasias in *Lohengrin* and the *Flying Dutchman*. They are superb in every way. And here let me say, that his (Mr. S.'s) playing is as near perfect, as any that can be heard.

A large number of representatives of the press, with a slight sprinkling of the profession gathered at about three in the afternoon, at the factory in Fourth avenue, Fifty-second and Fifty-third streets. Master DENCK—a lad of about 13 years of age, native of Charleston, S. C., who has already studied four years in Dresden, and who will make his mark, if he keeps hard at work and leads a somewhat secluded life, which his father (a German born) must attend to—entertained the company with some light music. Messrs. WOLLENHAUPT, and FRADEL also played—on different grand pianos—such things, as would please. A sort of an impromptu arrangement of Mendelssohn's Wedding March was played on three grand pianos, by the Messrs. MILLS, WOLLENHAUPT, FRADEL and LASAR, also the March from the *Prophet*. The visitors passed, under the escort of the Messrs. Steinway, through the entire establishment, and all were interested to discover the secret, as Dr. Leavitt of the *Independent* called it, how the superiority of the Steinway pianos is attained. After examining the premises &c., the company repaired to one of the rooms, in which there was spread a good entertainment in the substantial or physical—eatable and drinkable, at which many good things were eat, drank, said, played, &c. It occurred to me, that *Trovator* and —t— might not have been there, and therefore thought, a little gossip respecting this somewhat historical event might be interesting to your readers. By the bye—it is an *on dit* that Ullmann has engaged Leopold de Meyer, the pianist, for the Academy. We shall all be glad to hear him again. The opening of the opera at New York is announced for Monday the 3d, with, as you see, the great Triplet Opera Company. S. L.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Cooper-Milner troupe opened here at the Walnut Street Theatre in their usual round of English opera. Miss Milner, of course, is much admired.

### New Publications.

100 Operatic Melodies for the Flute. 50 cents.

Here we have the opera reduced, (like a fraction,) to still lower terms. Nothing remains after this but to whistle it. *N'importe*; in every form the charming melodies of the lyric stage will find a voice, and here is a choice collection of all the beauties of modern popular operas, well arranged, so as to be most acceptable to thousands of incipient flutists. To such there can be no more welcome gift than one of these little books.

From CASSELL PETER & GALPIN, New York, Cassell's Popular Natural History (Parts 6 and 7.) Profusely and admirably illustrated in the best style of wood engraving. Published fortnightly. Price 15 cents.

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This beautiful edition of Don Giovanni is the last addition to the series of operas issued by our publishers. It is taken from the English plates of the excellent edition of Boosey & Co., of London. It has several valuable features, among them we may mention the indication of the instruments of the orchestra making the accompaniment from which the piano score is reduced, thus giving a most desirable aid to the memory of the reader. The volume is bound uniformly with the other of the series. It must take the place of all other piano scores, from its beauty, cheapness and accuracy.

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The piano solo editions are invaluable to those who cannot conveniently make use of the vocal scores, and no opera is more pleasing or practicable in this form than Norma.

### Musical Intelligence.

MONTREAL.—MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN HONOR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—The Musical Festival in honor of the Prince, which was given at the unique and gorgeous ball room, was one of the pleasantest of the entire series of festivities which were arranged to welcome H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, to the largest city of British America.

The festival was commenced by the Oratorio Society, who performed selections from Haydn's Creation and from Mozart's Twelfth Mass. The music was given with admirable effect to an appreciating audience. The solos, duets, and trios were well handled, and the choruses were full and majestically delivered.

An intermission of twenty minutes as per programme, but of forty minutes as per timepiece, ensued, during which the two bands in attendance played alternately. The delay was occasioned by the non-appearance of the Prince, who did not reach the concert room until nine o'clock. He was received as he stepped into his box, surrounded by his suite, with more hearty and unconstrained cheers than any which have hitherto greeted his ears in the triumphant progress of the will-be king hereafter.

Having bowed his thanks in a more lively and interested manner than he has been accustomed to do, he took his seat, and the second part of the concert commenced, or rather re-commenced, for we had been treated to a portion of it before the Prince entered, and it had to be all done over again. It consisted of the grand Cantata, composed expressly for the occasion, music by C. W. Sabatier, words by Edouard Sempé, and performed by members of the Montreal Musical Union, consisting of two hundred and fifty members. The composition is very meritorious, and some of the music is charming. The performers acquitted themselves handsomely, received

the hearty plaudits of the company, and the Prince himself clapped his hands.

At the conclusion of the cantata the Prince withdrew to the ante-room, and preparations for the grand concert by Strakosch's Italian Opera troupe were hurried forward. The troupe, among whom were Adelina Patti, Mme. Strakosch, our fat friend Amodio, Susini and Barili were in waiting, with ill-concealed impatience—for it had now got to be past 11 o'clock—under the dais, on the floor, which his Highness had occupied the preceding night. Soon all things were ready, the troupe mounted the platform, Strakosch took his seat at Chickering's grand, which composed the entire orchestra, but the Prince did not appear;—nor did he appear again during the night, to the great chagrin of the opera troupe and the especial mortification of little Patti. The company, too, began to thin away rapidly. But if the Prince of Wales did not appear, neither did the prince of tenors. Brignoli, who was announced in four pieces, was in the city, but it was said, had suddenly lost his voice. How unfortunate! Under these circumstances the artistes sang, and they failed to give that entire satisfaction which usually attends their efforts. With the musical portion of the audience, however, their success was great.—*Cor. of Boston Courier.*

NEW ORLEANS.—We are to have a plenty of good opera this coming winter. The new Opera House, so successfully opened last season by Mr. Boudousquie, will present a superb appearance upon its re-opening, early in November. There was no room for any improvements behind the curtain, all the appointments of that department of the theatre being as complete as could be, from the start. There was not time to decorate and finish the auditorium according to the original plans, and this work is now in progress, with every promise of the most brilliant success. The beautiful and symmetrically shaped salle is rapidly putting on a most attractive appearance. The accomplished artists of the theatre are lavishing their taste and talent upon the task of rendering it in every respect what a first-class lyric temple should be. The circular ceiling will present a fine copy of the famous "Aurora" of the great painter, Guido Reni, in the Rospigliosi palace, at Rome. Aurora, goddess of the morning, in her chariot drawn by the swift horses, Lampus and Phaëthon, and preceded and surrounded by the rosy hours, bearing the fruits of the different seasons and flaming torches, is represented as ascending up to heaven from the river Oceanus, announcing the coming light of the sun to the gods as well as to mortals.

Climbing our way to the platform of the scaffolding which forms the painting room of the artist, for the execution of this elaborate work, we were enabled, the other day, to obtain a gratifying view of it, in its half-finished state.

Enough had been done to assure us that, when completed, it will be a *chef d'œuvre* of art.

The semi-circular cornice that sustains the dome on which this fine painting is executed is to be richly painted in arabesque; the mouldings to be of burnished gold. An ornamental arcade has been thrown up, in the upper tier, which will completely relieve the monotony of the bare walls above that circle, and on the ceiling that covers that range of sittings medallions, containing the portraits of the great composers, are to be placed.

On each side of the proscenium, facing the audience, fre-scoes, representing Music and Poetry, are to be painted, which will give a fine finish to the interior decorations, while in the arch over the curtain are to be placed a portrait of "Pater Patrie" and emblematic paintings. All this work is executing under the immediate supervision of M. Boudousquie, who has shown much taste in the designs, as well as assiduity in superintending their execution.

We have already given our readers some idea of what the *personnel* of the opera is to be the coming season. Mr. Boudousquie's arrangements in this department are not yet completed, but enough has been done to assure us of a highly talented and capable corps operatique, in all its branches.—*N. O. Picayune.*

ST. LOUIS.—A SACRED CONCERT.—With a gentleman of St. Louis, who was very kindly my conductor, I was set down in the latter part of the afternoon, at the gate of this, the "Central Park" of the metropolis of the West; and we made our way, through a thicket of newly planted trees, to a more open spot from whence issued some very lively music. Of course, I had not expected either a camp-meeting or a chapel in the woods; but I was a little surprised to find that the arrangements for the "Sacred Concert" consisted of a well furnished "bar" with a great number of small tables—a German

Winter-garten, in fact—where was assembled a considerable crowd, chatting gayly over their beer and juleps, salads and ice-cream. An orchestra of twenty-five musicians, perched upon an elevated platform were playing, at the moment, the liveliest of galopades.

Taking up one of the printed programmes, which was headed, in very large letters, "SACRED CONCERT," I looked to see when we might expect some of the music of a devout character, which would doubtless be interspersed in the performance; but the following (I copy from the programme, which I brought away) were the nearest approach to it:—"Fra Diavolo," "Overture to Don Giovanni," "Firefly Polka," "North Star Quadrille," "Kroll's Ball Sounds," "Cuckoo and Cricket Polka," "Airs from Foscari," "Coronation Waltz," "Grand March," and "Soldiers' Galop"—and, of course, there is no objection to this being considered "sacred music" west of the Mississippi!—*Home Journal, Sept. 1.*

SAN FRANCISCO.—A very successful opera season, lasting over two months, has been concluded at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco. Mrs. Escott and Mr. Squire were the principal singers; they were assisted by Messrs. De Haga, Leach, Lyster, Madame Biscaccianti and Misses Hudson, Durand, and Ada King. The chorus, consisting chiefly of Germans, was excellent, and the orchestra, numbering twenty-five performers, well trained and of good material. "Norma," "Lucrezia Borgia," "Il Trovatore," "Traviata," "Ernani," "Sonnambula," "Rigoletto," and "I Puritani" were given in Italian. The English operas were "Rose of Castile," "Marriage of Figaro," &c. Escott and Squires are great favorites, and their trip to California must prove very profitable. Mr. Maguire who already enjoys half profit of the engagement, has already made ten thousand dollars. Squire has an exceedingly sweet tenor voice, which, in Italian opera, places him in a capital light before the public. In English compositions, where dialogue comes in, he falls in the estimation. His dramatic powers are not of much account, and he therefore fails to please in the "Enchantress" and "Rose of Castile." The troupe is now in Sacramento.

## Music Abroad.

### Paris.

The Italian Opera has published its programme. Here are, in alphabetical order, the names of the artists engaged for the season 1860-61. *Soprani*, Mario Battu, Penco; *contralti*, Alboni, Eda; *comprimarie*, Varona, Vestri; *first tenors*, Gardoni, Mario, Panconi; *tenors comprimari*, Cappello, Morley; *barytones*, Badiali, Graziani; *basses*, Angelini, Patriossi; *first buffo*, Zucchini; *second rôles*, Mad. Leva, Messrs. Canzaboni, Soldi; *chef d'orchestre*, Bonetti; *maitre de chant*, Uranio Fontana; *chorus master*, Chiamamonte. The repertoire will include Semiramide, Il Barbiere, Cenerentola, and Otello of Rossini; Norma, I Puritani, Sonnambula, of Bellini; Polliuto, Lucia, Regina di Golconda, Furioso, of Donizetti; Giuramento, Eleonora of Mercadante; il Ballo in Maschera, la Traviata, il Trovatore, Rigoletto, Ernani, of Verdi; Don Desiderio, of Prince Poniatowsky; Martha, of Flotow; la Serva Padrona, of Pergolesi; I Matrimonio segreto, of Cimarosa; Don Giovanni le Nozze di Figaro, of Mozart.

The marriage of M. Wieniawski, solo violinist to the Emperor of Russia, with Miss Hampton, niece of the popular composer and pianist, George Osborne, has just taken place at Pierrefitte, near Paris, where Mr. Stevens gave a handsome *dejeuner*, in honor of the occasion, followed by a concert. Madame Catherine Hayes sang "Qui la voce." The worthy host sang a *morceau* which Rossini did him the honor of composing expressly for him. Mr. Osborne and Mr. Oury also lent their aid to the gratification of the company, which comprised a host of celebrities in music, literature and art. M. Rossini was present.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.—(From a Correspondent.)—A grand concert, organized by Herr Alexander Reichardt, the popular tenor, was given at the Etablissement des Bains in this attractive watering-place, on Monday evening. The rooms were crammed to suffocation. The programme was as follows:—

PREMIERE PARTIE.  
Marche du "Songe d'une Nuit d'été" exécutée par MM. Reichardt, Ilgritt, Engel et Paque. . . . . Mendelssohn  
Aria: Ah quel Giorno (Semiramide), chanté par Mad.

Alboni. . . . . Rossini  
Solos d'Harmonium.—A. La Prière du Chasseur. B. La Marche Garibaldi—exécutés p. M. Engel. . . . . Engel  
Duo. Un Soave. (Cenerentola) chanté par Mad. Alboni et M. Reichardt. . . . . Rossini  
Solo de Piano sur des mélodies Irlandaises, exécuté par M. Benedict. . . . . Benedict

DEUXIEME PARTIE.  
Souvenirs de Spa, fantaisie pour violoncelle exécutée par M. Paque. . . . . Servais  
Variations di Rode, chantées par Mad. Alboni. . . . . Servais  
Solo d'Harmonium, sérénade de Don Juan exécutée par M. Engel. . . . . Mozart  
Romance (demandée) (Thou art so near and yet so far), chantée par M. Reichardt. . . . . Reichardt  
A. Romance, Rosemonde (exécutés sur le violoncelle par M. Paque). . . . . Paque  
B. El Saleo di Xerès (Boléro) (exécutés sur le violoncelle par M. Paque. . . . . Paque  
Brindisi. Il Segreto (Lucrezia Borgia), chanté par Mad. Alboni. . . . . Donizetti  
—London Musical World, Aug. 19.

SPA.—The concert given by Vivier, assisted by Mlle. Francois and Franco-Mendes, came off on the 10th instant. On the 22d inst., we shall have a festival that will make some little stir, for it will be given in honor of a new promenade that the *Ediles* of Spa have baptized the "Promenade Meyerbeer." The resolution was proposed to the authorities, by M. Servais, in the following terms:—"Among the celebrated visitors who honor our city with their presence, there is none who has been more faithful to us, none who is surrounded by more universal glory than Meyerbeer, one of the greatest artists of the age. During thirty-two years that the illustrious master has come to Spa, our mountains, of which he is so fond, have inspired him with more than one of those songs, energetic and gentle in turn, which constitute the delight of the musical world. We may, therefore, without temerity, claim a right to call this brilliant genius in some degree ours; for it is generally known that there is not one of his productions, from the popular and ever young *Robert le Diable*, to his latest creation, *Le Pardon de Ploërmel*, which did not first germinate, or which was not developed, among us. The "Promenade Meyerbeer" will call to mind, at every step, the works of the great master—in one place, the repose of Alice; in another, Bertram's bridge; farther on, the cascade of Ploërmel, the grove of Dinorah, etc. This monument, hewn out of nature itself, will not suffer the fate of many other monuments, apparently more solid; far from suffering through the injury of time, it will enjoy the advantage of increasing, and becoming green again every spring. It will be like the eternally beautiful music of Meyerbeer to whom you consecrate this memento." The communal council adopted unanimously the proposition of M. Servais.—*Ibid.*

MAYENCE.—The first concert of the Mittelrheinisches Musikfest took place on the 22d inst. The second concert of the festival took place on the 23d. Among other pieces, Beethoven's symphony in C minor, and Mendelssohn's Walpurgisnacht were performed.—*Ibid.*

### London.

The season now concluded has been a brief and busy one. The majority of the musical performances were given between the 1st day of May and the last of July, and a mere statistical account of these will be interesting, as showing what an extraordinary amount can be got through in so short a time, and what a large quantity of patronage must be bestowed on the art to which these columns are devoted, it being admitted that each concert was attended by a goodly number of the public.

The list of actual societies comprise the Sacred Harmonic, Musical, Amateur Musical, Orchestral, Philharmonic, Vocal Association, Leslie's Choir, Society of British Musicians, Tonic Sol-Fa Association, London Orchestral Association, and Bach Society; to which may be added the following societies, classes, or institutions, not under the management of a committee:—Monday Popular Concerts, Hullah's Concerts, New Philharmonic Concerts, English Glee and Madrigal Union, Metropolitan Schools' Choral Society, Whittington Club Concerts, Beaumont Institution Concerts, The "Arion," London Quintett Union, London Glee and Madrigal Union, Jas. Robinson's Choir, Henken's Choral Class, St. George's Choir, Dando's Quartett Concerts, Professors' Concert Union, Perckham Musical Union, Purcell Club, Musical Union; not to mention the charitable institutions, such as the Royal Society of Musicians, the Royal Society of Female Musicians, the Society of British and Foreign Musicians, and the "Sons of the Clergy" Society, all of which have given performances in aid of their respective treasuries.

Amongst the most important of the orchestral concerts must be mentioned those given by Mr. Hullah, at St. Martin's Hall, as instances of individual enter-

prise rarely met with. With the aid of but one manager, Mr. Secretary Headland, Mr. Hullah gives performances only surpassed in magnitude by those of the Sacred Harmonic Society, while the scheme is so much the more satisfactory, as it embraces both secular and sacred music, both instrumental and choral performances; while there is no hesitation on the part of the conductor to produce untried works, or such, at least, as are unknown in this country. We note that the following complete works have been given during the past season of these concerts:—An oratorio, *John the Baptist*, by Hager, of Vienna; Gounod's Grand Mass, Handel's *Messiah* (twice) and *Judas Maccabeus*; Beethoven's Choral Symphony, Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, Haydn's *Creation*, and Macfarren's *May Day*. Dr. Wyld, too, must be specialised for enterprise. His New Philharmonic Concerts have been very liberally managed and warmly supported. His attention has been chiefly directed to the efficient performance of great orchestral works, and he has introduced Spohr's wonderful symphony, "The Power of Sound," but he, like Mr. Hullah, has a chorus attached to his institution, and he has, moreover, presented some of the best solo vocalists, during the series of concerts, to his subscribers. The Sacred Harmonic Society, whose business-like management is, or should be, the envy of all musical institutions, has given twelve concerts, independent of the *soirees d'invitation* issued by the Orphéonistes during their visit. They commenced the season last year with Spohr's *Last Judgment* and Mozart's *Requiem*, and followed with the customary Christmas performance of the *Messiah*. Since the turn of the year they have given Handel's *Samson*, *Judas Maccabeus*, *Israel in Egypt*, *Dettingen Te Deum*, and a repetition of the *Messiah* in Passion Week, Haydn's *Creation* and *Seasons*, and Mendelssohn's *Elijah* (twice) and *Lobgesang*, beside taking important part in a Mendelssohn festival at the Crystal Palace on the 4th of May. The Philharmonic Society has prospered, under the direction of the accomplished Doctor and Professor Sterndale Bennett, and the Queen attended one of the concerts, an honor which she omitted last year, to the great disappointment of every one concerned. The Musical Society of London has been peculiarly successful, and has arrived at its limit as regards the number of members. The concerts, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon, have been uniformly excellent, and a very clever cantata by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, entitled *Christmas*, was introduced at one of them and very well received. A brilliant conversation brought the season to a close. The Vocal Association has given but one concert with orchestra.

We regret to have heard so little of the Bach Society. The wonderful success of the *Passions Musik* performance at St. Martin's Hall, two years ago, the subsequent executions of some selections from the same at the Leeds Festival, and the well-received introduction of a song from it at one of the Monday Popular Concerts (first season), should encourage the Society to give at least a repetition of the work, if not other sacred compositions of the sublime master. The London Orchestral Association does not seem to have achieved anything beyond the holding of one or two meetings for the transaction of preliminary business, but it is satisfactory to note that the society preserves its existence. The Orchestral Society, too, has been rather quiet. Its conductor, Mr. W. Rea, has been appointed organist to the Town Hall at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and as he can scarcely be expected to conduct telegraphically, we suppose some one must have been appointed in his stead. We should think there was room for a good society for the practice of orchestral music. The Amateur Musical Society has thriven. Interest therein is spiritedly maintained, and there are always plenty of subscribers without necessity for appealing to the public. These are the only concerts in London where full dress is really indispensable. The Society of British Musicians, which, though heard little of now-a-days, has not relinquished the most important feature in its mission—viz., the representation of MS. orchestral compositions, by native authors, has given a trial of new works, and the Royal Academy of Music has exhibited its students in a short series of concerts, in which full band and chorus have been employed.

Turning to chamber music, we find that the Monday Popular Concerts have by no means absorbed the quartet-loving public. The Musical Union has been duly patronized, and two new associations have sprung up, while Mr. Dando's quartet concerts (excellent affairs, that deserve to be better known) have maintained their position. The new establishments referred to are the London Quintet Union and the Professors' Concert Union, the former with Mr. Willey for leader, the latter with Mr. Henry Blagrove. Each has given three or four concerts, and with tol-

erable success. The Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts has also combined some agreeable performances of chamber music with its *soirees*. The Whittington Club Concerts and the Beaumont Institution (the latter amongst the most spirited in the metropolis) have met with considerable support.

The choral concerts not yet noticed have been given by the London Glee and Madrigal Union, the English Glee and Madrigal Union, the St. George's Choir, Mr. James Robinson's Choir, and Mr. Henken's Choral Class. The first of these has been singularly successful, having given upwards of 100 concerts.

The musical doings at the Crystal Palace, which should be reckoned amongst those of the metropolis, have been important. Six opera concerts, supported by some of the best artistes of Her Majesty's Theatre, have been given; Mlle. Piccolomini has appeared at three of the Saturday concerts, and the Tonic Sol-Fa Association and the Metropolitan Schools' Choral Society, who measure their singers by thousands, have set thrice their number of auditors wondering at the excellent training of the children. The very striking execution and exquisite tone of the Orphéonistes are yet fresh in the recollection of our town readers and such provincial perusers as had the good luck to visit London and Sydenham during the last week in June, and the brazen strains of the competitive bands last month may be adverted to as a remarkable contrast to the afore-mentioned delicate choralism. Add to these the Mendelssohn Festival, consisting (musically) of a performance of *Elijah* by 2,500 executants, a concert by the Yorkshire Choral Union, one by the Vocal Association with 1,000 voices, and two performances of the *May Queen*, and one of Mendelssohn's *Son and Stranger*, and it must be admitted that the Crystal Palace has not been behind in the representation of the divine art.

It makes our head whirl to think that we should have attended the greater part of these concerts, and we have yet to add the Drury Lane Promenade Concerts, an amateur performance of Mendelssohn's *Antony* at Campden House, a concert by blind musicians at Hanover Square, and concerts for the benefit of the London Blind Society, a literary gentleman, Mad. Jullien, the family of the late Mr. R. Brough, the Society of British and Foreign Musicians, the Middlesex Volunteer Artillery, and the St. John's (Islington) Roman Catholic Schools. The majority of the concerts have been well attended, but what has gratified our critical senses still more has been the very remarkable fact, that scarcely a programme has appeared without at least one classical instrumental piece, a sign that a better order of music is not only tolerated but actually required.—*London Musical World*, August 18.

**FLORAL HALL.**—The most attractive concerts that are being given now are those of Prince Galitzin and Mr. Alfred Mellon at the Floral Hall. These take place every night, under the joint conductorship of the two eminent musicians just named—that is to say, Prince Galitzin conducts his *Kozlov Polka*, his *Herzen Waltz*, a "Sanctus" by Bortniansky, and the finale to Glinka's opera *Life for the Czar*; while overtures, airs, operatic selections, and fragments of symphonies are performed under the guidance of Mr. Alfred Mellon. It will appear strange to many persons that, after the remarkable and excellent concerts given by Prince Galitzin at the St. James's Hall, he should now confine his attention for the most part to dance music. Polkas and waltzes can, unfortunately, be composed by persons of all nations, though it is not every nation that can produce a Strauss or a Labitzky, a Jullien or a Marsard; but the true Russian music that Prince Galitzin introduced us to at St. James's Hall possessed marked peculiarities, and, in character as in form, was quite new to an English audience, as it also would have been to an audience of Frenchmen or Germans. If there is to be a Russian element in the concerts at the Floral Hall (and if not, why does Prince Galitzin's name appear in connection with them?), surely a genuine mazurka, in the style of the one (Glinka's) played by Miss Arabella Goddard, would be a more appropriate contribution than either a waltz or a polka. We may suggest, too, to Mr. Alfred Mellon that the charming air sung at the Russian concert by Mlle. Parepa would at least be found more novel than "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," which most of us must have heard of once or twice by this time. Nevertheless, Mlle. Parepa was encored in Mr. Balfe's too popular ballad, and she was also called upon to repeat Victorine's grand air from Mr. Mellon's opera of that name. The band engaged for the concerts is, with a few exceptions, that of the Royal Italian Opera. The chorus is also from that establishment. In other words the chorus and band are admirable.—*Illustrated Times*.

## Special Notices.

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# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 441.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 15, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 25.

## September.

BY THOMAS W. PARSONS.

September strews the woodland o'er  
With many a brilliant color ;  
The world is brighter than before —  
Why should our hearts be duller ?  
Sorrow and the scarlet leaf,  
Sad thoughts and sunny weather,  
Ah me ! this glory and this grief  
Agree not well together.

This is the parting season—this  
The time when friends are flying ;  
And lovers now, with many a kiss,  
Their long farewells are sighing.  
Why is earth so gaily dressed ?  
This pomp that autumn beareth  
A funeral seems, where every guest  
A bridal garment weareth.

Each one of us, perchance, may here,  
On some blue morn hereafter,  
Return to view the gaudy year,  
But not with boyish laughter :  
We shall then be wrinkled men,  
Our brows with silver laden,  
And thou this glen mayst seek again,  
But nevermore a maiden !

Nature perhaps foresees that Spring  
Will touch her teeming bosom,  
And that a few brief months will bring  
The bird, the bee, the blossom :  
Ah ! these forests do not know —  
Or would less brightly wither —  
The virgin that adorns them so  
Will never more come hither !

## Piano-Forte Composers.

To go back a little in our retrospect of pianoforte music and pianoforte composers. The age of Dussek was extraordinarily prolific and rich. Besides Dussek and Clementi, there were Steibelt, Woelfl, Kozeluch, Krumpholz, Eberl, and many others, among whom one of the most distinguished by the services he rendered to the instrument was John Cramer. All these produced sonatas. Dussek and Clementi wrote the largest number and the best ; but Dussek had by far the greatest influence on his contemporaries. The characteristics of his style were salient and marked, while, like all men of genius,\* he had mannerisms, upon which his imitators fastened exclusively, it being out of their power to copy the ideas that flowed from the springs of his inventive faculty—which, however, they, not seldom, either paraphrased, or stole outright.

Thus the world was deluged with good, bad, and indifferent imitations of Dussek. Among the good may be cited the sonatas and concertos of John Cramer, who, except in his inimitable Studies, has shown but little originality as a composer. Among the indifferent must be ranked the works of Eberl ; and, still more indifferent, those of Kozeluch and Krumpholz, which are also trivial and meagre. The bad would be too numerous to mention ; but some notion may be entertained of their quantity, when we state that they stood comparatively in the same relation to Dussek which nine composers out of ten who appeared in print in the second quarter of the present century, occupied in relation to Henri Herz and Thalberg, and which they now occupy and have occupied for many years in relation to Mendelssohn. Those musicians, indeed, have

many sins to answer for, in the facility they have offered to common-place "slop-composers" to exaggerate and batten on their mannerisms.

Clementi, whose general style was somewhat pedantic, and whose learning could not be borrowed, found few imitators ; so few that we can not tax our memory for a single example. Nevertheless, Clementi was decidedly an original thinker, and those who compare him with Mozart only declare their incompetence to understand either. Moreover, Clementi, at times, almost equaled the inspirations of genius itself, which, if we were writing an account of his works, we could prove by several examples.†

Steibelt was another original, and perhaps a genius, although his style is not so individual as that of Dussek, whom he occasionally equaled, if not surpassed, in his ordinary flights, but never approached in his highest inspirations. To illustrate this opinion, we may suggest that the concertos in E and E flat of Steibelt, known as the *Storm* and the *Chasse*, are equal, if not superior, to many of the earlier concertos of Dussek ; but, on the other hand, in a far greater degree of inferiority does Steibelt's longest and most ambitious sonata—that in E flat, dedicated to Mad. Bonaparte—stand in relation to the *Elegy*, Op. 61, the *Invocation*, Op. 77, and other grand works of Dussek, which approach nearer to Beethoven than any sonatas for the pianoforte with which we are acquainted. Steibelt, however, was immensely popular, and many of his smaller sonatas may be safely taken as models. The pianoforte is, besides, indebted to him for a vast number of passages and effects of which later composers have availed themselves without acknowledgement. His studies, in spite of the strong resemblance of some of them to those of Cramer, are also as excellent as they are useful. The name of Steibelt, then, must always have an honorable place in the history of the pianoforte.

Woelfl was a composer of merit and a musician of more than ordinary acquirements. He was original, but his originality is somewhat affected. Many of his productions have achieved a high reputation among musicians, and more especially a sonata in A flat, with a fugue. This sonata is decidedly a work of thought, but the fugue is quite as dry and labored as it is ingenious. Woelfl enjoyed great consideration in his day, but his writings appear to have had very little influence on his contemporaries, to whom his peculiarities did not proffer a tempting store for petty larceny or wholesale theft. The sonata in E—or rather *fantasia*, since the first movement alone is in regular form—called *Ne Plus Ultra*, was his most celebrated work, and is that which is best remembered now. At the time it was composed its difficulty was regarded as immense. One of the variations on the popular air "Life let us cherish," in the last movement of the sonata, seems, by its skips of double octaves, to have anticipated a fantasia of Henri Herz on the romance in Méhul's *Joseph*. With all this, however, we are inclined to think that the greater part of Woelfl's compositions are likely to remain in oblivion, unless some future antiquarian shall valiantly step forward, and, with the spade and shovel of enthusiasm, exhume them from the grave in which they have long mouldered.

Of the other composers who flourished about this period there is little to be said. Their merits were small and their influence null. Some of them obtained a popularity as ephemeral as it was baseless. One of the most popular, however, and deservedly so, was Abbé Gellenex, who chiefly excelled as a writer of variations on favorite airs. He also wrote sonatas, but these were of little worth.‡ Another, a German composer, named Gaensbachen, enjoyed considerable fame,

which such of his works as are extant by no means justified. One name, however, shone like a star in the midst of this cloud of obscurities. Pinto, an Englishman, who was cut off at the early age of twenty-one, gave every indication of becoming one of the most remarkable men of his day. His genius was undoubted. He played admirably on the pianoforte and violin ; wrote with facility for both instruments, and, though so young, was a wonderful extempore performer. It is a disgrace to our publishers and musical amateurs, that neither the enterprise of the former, nor the curiosity of the latter, has compelled a republication of the printed works of Pinto, and the production of that exist in manuscript. These sonatas for pianoforte solos, in A, C minor, and E flat minor,§ which we have seen, are as full of beauties as the best of Dussek ; while a set of vocal canzonets, which we have also had the opportunity of examining, might, without impropriety, be placed by the side of Haydn's well-known models. Besides these, a violin concerto and many other works exist in manuscript. It would, we feel certain, be a good speculation on the part of a music publisher in these times of dearth, to print everything that remains of Pinto, whose death was a severe blow to the hopes of England as a musical nation. Who can say that a genius like Mozart's was not thus untimely quenched ? Neither Mozart, nor Mendelssohn, the most surprising examples of precocious genius in the history of the musical art, gave earlier or more brilliant marks of originality and talent than George Frederick Pinto.

In the enumeration of those who obtained a high reputation by their contributions to the pianoforte, it would hardly be just to omit the name of FERDINAND RIES, a distinguished and voluminous composer of the Moscheles' period. Ries was one of the few who enjoyed the honor and advantage of Beethoven's counsel. A man of great industry and talent, he wanted nothing but genius to conduct him to the highest results. But invention and imagination were denied ; and Ries, like others before him, strove to make up in quantity for what was lacking in quality. He composed in every style. Oratorios, operas, symphonies, quartets, and chamber music of all forms and varieties, came from his pen with equal readiness. It was a matter of indifference to Ries what he undertook. He would set about an oratorio, a symphony, or an air with variations with the greatest nonchalance. He possessed the facility which is mistaken for genius by those who have not the gift of analysis, to so great a degree that it led him into twaddle and prolixity almost as often as it enabled him to accomplish good things. His amazing ease of production militated against his fame. Nevertheless, being a cultivated musician, whatever Ries gave to the world would stand the test of critical examination, and, if accused of exuberance and insipidity, could not be condemned for clumsiness. Thoughtful and ambitious, much and rapidly as he wrote for the publishers, Ries had always time to devote to a class of compositions for which those gentlemen are known to entertain an instinctive aversion. In the midst of his teaching, his public playing, his occupations as *Kapellmeister* and conductor at some of the great musical meetings in Germany, symphonies, concertos, quartets, would issue from his portfolio as regularly and in as quick succession as though his whole time had been taken up in manufacturing them. Ries loved his art, and it was no fault of his that he did not influence it in a greater degree. He had all the will to do great things, and entertained a full conviction that what he wrote was for all time and would entitle him to a place beside the great masters. But unhappily it was not for him to decide upon

this matter; his contemporaries thought differently of the merits and influence of his works, and, now that he is no more, posterity has put the seal upon their verdict.

The pianoforte compositions of Ferdinand Ries are very numerous, and may serve as well as anything else to help us to a general estimate of his talent. He wrote concertos, sonatas, trios, duets, and smaller pieces of almost every denomination. He was a first-rate pianist, and his music naturally presents much that is interesting, and more that is eminently useful, to the student of the pianoforte. He was thoroughly acquainted with the sonata form, and has left many excellent proofs of his knowledge. There is, however, a certain dryness about his works which prevented them from being popular while he lived, and has since consigned the greater part of them to oblivion, although Ries has not been dead many years. The most celebrated of his larger compositions for the pianoforte is the concerto in C sharp minor, which is even now frequently used as a piece for display. There are some very fine ideas in this concerto which abounds in difficult bravura passages that require a great command of the instrument to play effectively. The opening is grand and passionate, and the whole of the first movement good—perhaps the best effort of the composer. The slow movement and rondo are much inferior, and the instrumentation, after the first *tutti*, presents very few points of interest. The Studies of Ries are admirable as manual exercises; and, for a brilliant *morceau* in the popular style, his fantasia on "Those Evening Bells" is, perhaps, as good in its way as anything of the kind that has been produced. The sonatas of Ries are all well written, and, in spite of a tendency to redundant detail, may be consulted with advantage both by pianist and composer. In none of them, however, do we find indications of those high qualities which entitle their possessor to rank among the composers of real genius.

ALOYS SCHMIDT, a German musician who resided many years at Frankfort, and KUHLAU, a flute-player, both deserve mention among the pianoforte writers of the epoch. The former, a professor of deserved eminence, is chiefly known by his Studies, which should be diligently practised by all who wish to acquire mechanical proficiency. The latter, in some duets for flute and piano (the best things of the kind extant), has shown a great familiarity with the sonata form, in which he writes with fluency, clearness, and effect.

MARSCHNER, a popular and well-known dramatic composer, has written some sonatas for the pianoforte, which, like his operatic music, smells strongly of Weber, whose mannerisms even are exaggerated by the composer of *Der Vampyr*. These sonatas, nevertheless, are worth perusal, although they are written so awkwardly for the instrument, that we are led to conclude Marschner was not a pianist.

REISSIGER, and his trios, are well known by all amateurs to serve as the necessity of dilating on their merits, which lie not very deep beneath the surface. They are good show pieces, and that is all. Pianist, violinist, and violoncellist, can each shine to his heart's content, without any prodigious amount of exertion, or any extraordinary display of skill. Hence their extensive popularity. Their form, however, is clear, and though the ideas are poor and the general style commonplace, the interest attached to the sonata form is so inevitable that even musicians can listen to these trios with some degree of interest. This must be our excuse for mentioning Reissiger, who, except as a manufacturer of easy pieces for amateurs, has had very little influence on the art, and has no claim to be ranked among the great composers for the pianoforte.

\* By men of genius we can understand only those whose gifts of invention enables them to produce things that are at the same time original and beautiful.

† The sonata in B minor, Op. 40—one of the finest works ever written for the pianoforte: the *Didone Abandonata* (*Scena Tragica*), Op. 50, and many others.

‡ And "The Queen of Prussia's Waltz."—*Printer's Devil*.  
§ Messrs. Coventry & Co., Dean Street, introduced the first of these in the excellent compilation of pianoforte works, edited by Mr., now Professor, Sterndale Bennett, under the title of *Classical Practice*. Copies of the others are very rare.

Among the successful imitators of Mendelssohn we should have cited KUFFERATH, a pianist and composer of some distinction, resident at Brussels. Kufferath has written some excellent Studies, which develop with great success many of the peculiarities of the modern style. Their practice cannot fail to promote the acquirement of that mechanical facility which is indispensable to those who desire to excel as public players.

### Music in Schools.

The following we condense from a long and able article in the R. I. *Schoolmaster*:

The subject of the introduction of music into schools of all classes, is at the present time favorably entertained, especially where the people are awake to the interests of education.

A great change in public sentiment has been wrought, but even now, if we except cities and large villages, it is rather *permitted* than *required*. The time devoted to the pursuit of this branch is, by the *multitude*, considered lost. Because it does not assist the student in calculating interest or per centage, because it does not in some immediate direction augment the purse, no time or money can be expended on music. Now, verily, so far as this sentiment prevails it is a misfortune, and I apprehend that a better appreciation of music, vocal and instrumental, theoretical and practical, would prove a great blessing to both the present and rising generation.

1. As a *science*, it possesses many intrinsic and peculiar merits. It may be termed one of the exact sciences, as all written music is constructed upon purely mathematical principles, and one having no natural *love* of music may construct a series of chords perfectly philosophical, if not the most pleasing. Hence its study would require thought and afford discipline like any other of the exact sciences. But to the gifted and skilled in the art, it possesses charms rarely found in all the range of sciences. In Germany and Italy, multitudes, ravished by the charms of melody, almost worship a science affording such ecstasy of bliss.

I disclaim all profundity in the science, and have comparatively little practice in the art, but the testimony of its great masters and the character of their productions place it before us as of the highest order.

2. As an *aid in discipline*, I consider it without a rival. Practical and vocal music is demanded at this point. Musical attraction is the motive power in discipline, and it needs only judicious management to render it a powerful agent. The universal love of music, even of an ordinary character, in children, is the basis of sure success. I call it a *moral suasion* machine of steam power and lightning speed, cultivating the disposition, eradicating poisonous plants, and modifying and mollifying all the harsher elements of our nature. As such it operates in the development of mind, in the school especially, as well as in all other relations. In many instances it is the chief inducement for persons to attend school. When children have lost their natural temperament, either of mind, body or soul, by too much or too little labor, when they become stupid, or have fallen asleep, when irritable, quarrelsome, and hostile to each other, through envy, emulation, malice or any other passion, let no man say that singing a song is not the balm for these maladies unless he has thoroughly tried.

3. As an *accomplishment*. The term accomplishment I use as ornamental, music being considered as an ornamental branch, but while it is acknowledged to be emphatically ornamental, it should also be claimed as among the *fundamental* and *useful* branches.

At the present time no individual could claim what is understood by a "liberal education" without a knowledge of music.

Music, to be an accomplishment, must be understood as other branches are understood, it must be read as a language is read, it must be taken in by the eye, digested by the brain, as well as imitated from memory, then it is an accomplishment indeed.

Music often becomes in this way the prominent

and most valuable attainment in a large class of persons; thus the only means of livelihood, usefulness, or agreeableness to the world about them. That one is a good pianist or vocalist is often the *only* door, to elegant and refined society for them.

4. *Its physical influence*. The exercise of the lungs produced by the cultivation of the voice is one of the best preventives against pulmonary diseases.

The Germans, who are a nation of singers, require music to be taught in the schools for the double purpose of disseminating the science and guarding against disease, and it is a significant fact that comparatively very few persons die of consumption in those countries where music is most generally taught. A portion of the lungs in healthy persons is ordinarily inactive, and this inactivity without caution would promote disease, but vocal music brings into exercise every portion and tends to keep them healthy.

The same effect is supposed to be produced upon the bronchial tubes, also the organs of the throat and mouth. There are numerous instances of persons of consumptive build and tendency whose lungs and chest have been expanded by vocal music, and whose lives have been lengthened for years from this very cause.

5. *Its moral influence*. Some English writer has said, "Let me make the songs of a nation and I care not who makes their laws."

Whatever the writer meant in relation to the sentiment of his songs, he certainly leaves us to suppose he relies much on the melody and execution of them. He depends much upon the power to appreciate music, and a disposition to be controlled by it. The same principle is recognized in our temperance meetings and political campaigns, and it should be allowed here as in all other departments that the moral influence may be *good* or *bad*. Music appeals to, and is expressive of, every passion. It is said of Beethoven that his visitors could judge what would be their reception by him by the music he was playing when they approached his study, and that when he was executing a certain style of melody no one ventured to disturb him.

Music is the medium through which we receive the most sublime instruction in the most effectual manner. It is this that softens the heart, that elevates the affections, makes men the most agreeable companions for earth and ripens them for the atmosphere of heaven.

A word should be said of music as an *amusement*. All men must have amusement; our nature demands it and will have it. Music hath power to amuse; almost every house proves the truth. The piano forte, violin, harp, guitar, accordion, or some simpler musical instrument, may be found in great numbers in all our villages, and they are by no means allowed to remain idle, and a great multitude of persons but for these instruments would fall into disreputable society and be ruined.

Nothing bath charms equal to music in the home circle as an amusement. This is true also in the social party or in solitude, indeed who can tell us where music is not a welcome guest. Music as an amusement surely stands at the head of the list.

Perhaps enough has already been said, but I cannot forbear to mention a single fact more.

The acquirement of the science of music, in order to be in any way practical, must be made in youth. If this matter be delayed until youth become young ladies and gentlemen, it becomes much more difficult and vastly more doubtful. My own observation has proved the statement true beyond a doubt. Nor can it generally be acquired in the common singing school, which is held weekly or perhaps semi-weekly, but it must be taught every day in the common school, at the blackboard as a lesson, and *required* as any other recitation and not left at the option of the scholar. The rudiments of music can be understood and practiced by children. Vocal exercises are pleasing and attractive to them, so also the art of timing. If properly introduced, this whole exercise proves a most agreeable and profitable deviation from study. This exercise should

be introduced at least once during each session of the school, and continue from five to ten minutes. If this course be energetically pursued by a skillful teacher, all may become singers. The progress may seem slow, but it will be thorough and sure, and it seems to me that in no other way can this glorious science be understood and practiced. There is a sentiment prevalent that only the gifted can acquire the art. But this is an error. Some doubtless more readily than others become adepts but there is the germ in every human being born which if cultivated and developed will prove that Nature is by no means partial in her distribution of this talent. It is the lack of purpose, application and improvement that causes our inability and it is unjust, not to say irreverent, to attribute it to our Maker. If half the time and expense were devoted to children which is expended in the education of horses and other brute beasts, by parents themselves, the generation would be far better skilled in all departments of science than now.

Now, brother teachers, and indulgent reader, I have not written this article for the sake of writing something, and concluded this would be the most pleasant or easy, but because the subject demands and deserves attention. Much has been written, but not half enough, or what has been written has not been regarded. Will you place music upon the catalogue of the useful? Will you teach the rudiments of this science, or if you cannot, will you encourage the teaching of it, and adopt such measures as shall result in making your scholars singers? Preach the doctrine in the school, in the family, in the school meeting, in the borough or town meeting, the streets, on the house tops, plead for it, pray for it, if you pray (and you cannot dispense with prayer of course,) and very soon scores of sweet voices will salute you in tones and melodies that will lighten your toils, make elastic your steps and happy your hearts.

A. J. F.

### The Organ.\*

NINTH STUDY.—THE LIMIT TO WHICH THE ORGAN MAY EXTEND ITS COMPASS IN HEIGHT OR DEPTH.

Every one is agreed in this, that the organ should be composed at the very least of the three distinct sounds corresponding with the three main divisions of the human voice, namely, of the three distinct sounds of the soprano, tenor, and bass voices. But beyond this we may ask how far it is necessary to be still further enforced with either a pelting hailstorm of shrill and almost imperceptible sounds in the treble, or with the deep-rolling thunders breathed forth by the enormous 32-feet pipes in the bass?

This is a question, which, if we are to believe Herr Seidel, our fathers have already answered for us. "The ancient builders," he says, "called a 16-feet organ a complete organ, and an 8-feet organ an organ only half way towards completion."

The absence of fixed ideas on this matter, as on so many others connected with the organ, has a tendency to produce various divergences in different directions from the true principles of their art amongst organ builders. One imagines that he has carried the art of building to its utmost limits, because he has added to the three main divisions just alluded to, a series of other sounds so low that he has not only great difficulty in tuning the pipes meant to produce them, but also in producing from them what may properly be called a sound, or at least a musical sound at all, and he will at the same time draw your attention to the enormous size of his pipes, on which a vast sum of money has been expended almost to no purpose, with a self-complacency that causes you to smile. Another would have you think he has done great wonders, because he has for once condescended to enter the lists with the piano-maker, and has succeeded (to his praise be it said) in producing sounds so extremely high and thin, that amidst the other contending sounds of the organ, and the echoes of the church, they are reduced to the dimensions of imperceptible atoms, and all but annihilated. For ourselves, we do not for a moment believe that the glory of a skillful builder consists in his having made pipes which are either absurdly large, or absurdly small, and we shall consider that the object of these remarks has been fully gained if we can make organ builders, and such as have the direction of these matters under their control, understand for once that it

ill becomes an instrument of so dignified and religious a character as the organ, to imitate in its tones either a park of artillery on the one hand, or a musical snuff-box on the other.

To find them some reasonable mean between these two extremes of absurdity, we would again refer to what we have already said of the organ corresponding in its tones with the three main divisions of the human voice. A Swiss author, who is worthy of note, Herr Sulzer, writing on aesthetics, has said that "music is an imitation of singing." This dictum, applied to religious music, becomes mathematically exact and precise, for as regards the music of the theatre, far from being an imitation of the human voice, it plays a part which is for the most part wholly beyond its reach. It is there that certain effects, which belong to instruments only, rather than to that class of music which is purely vocal, are produced by a succession of myriads of notes, the very forms of which are wholly beyond the powers of the human voice. In the theatre these effects are in perfect keeping, for there all the resources of instrumentation and of sound are used with propriety for the due exaltation of things which are merely material; but in a church, where it is rather elevation of soul that is sought for, music will attain its end more by tempering even its lightest phrases with a certain amount of gravity, than by an indefinite variety of its forms, and an exaggerated use of its resources.

Now we find these principles of sacred music as first elements in the constitution of the organ itself, in so much that it is the only instrument capable of realizing the dictum of Sulzer, and of being, in the service of God, the imitation of singing.

The ancients of whom Herr Seidel speaks, and whom we shall never cease to praise, as having laid down the principles on which the organ, as specially devoted to the Christian worship, should be built, the builders, that is, of the 16th century, could, had they been so pleased, have themselves also so overlaid these same principles with a mass of very high or very low sounds as completely to have obliterated the principles themselves. At least they could have done so quite as easily as the builders of the present day,—builders that cannot now comprehend even their more worthy predecessors. But they were not pleased to do this. Had they done so, they would have entered upon a system of building, and probably they were aware of the fact themselves, which for once and for all would have severed the alliance between the organ and the massive voice of the people's song, and would have deprived it of those special devotional effects, with which the philosopher Montaigne was so much struck. Not that we mean hereby to express any admiration for a sceptic, for one of those men who is never sure of anything, but only to notice, that as regards the organ, Montaigne even gives up his scepticism, and that to him as well as to the builders of his day, the organ is but the more full realization of that homage which we pay to God by the most intelligent of our organs, namely by the voice, which is the interpreter of our thoughts.

That the Germans, a people separated more than any others from the traditions of external religion, should have multiplied indefinitely those various sounds, which are either imperceptible on account of their extreme height, or unintelligible on account of their extreme depth, may be explained without their being taken for a model in every case. The Germans in giving organ concerts have done their best to take the organ out of its proper sphere, as an instrument devoted to the church service only, as they have also done their best to take the Gregorian chant, the only true model for all chants, out of their churches, and use it for other purposes, but, we repeat, there is no reason why we should imitate them in this. Nevertheless, the French have not only imitated the Germans, but have even surpassed them by incumbering the instrumentation of the organ with all sorts of aftergrowths, in giving it such an excess of brightness, and in causing it to aim at so great a variety of sounds, that they have given it at last a character that we may look for in vain in French organs of the 17th, 18th, and 19th centuries, built after the ancient models;—the idea on the contrary that has never ceased to direct the German builders in the midst of all their vagaries being that the organ should at all times be such as is best suited for the accompaniment of the choral, the idea which makes it to be at one and the same time popular, religious, and universally useful. All the French organs, with very few exceptions, are shrill, horny, and nasal instruments, in fact of such a quality of tone, that were the orchestras of the theatres to adopt the same, the most indulgent part even of the audience would not have the patience to endure them.

But must it after all be said that the organ, though devoted to the purposes of religion, ought not to exceed even by a single note, the ordinary compass of

the human voice, of which it is the magnificent interpreter? We have answered this question from the very first line of the chapter, and we say again that the organ for the very reason that it is specially intended to be used as an accompaniment to the voice, has a right to ascend by at least an octave above and below the extreme notes of the same. We have said elsewhere, and we say it again now, that by accompanying, we mean adding to a given piece of music a lower part, a foundation, that is, a ground bass, we also mean by it a like addition made to a piece of music by throwing over it an ornamental dress or mantle to the upper part or treble; in other words, we mean the art of supplying it no less with a superstructure than with a foundation. And if we examine again the mission of the organ as intended to supply religious symphonies, the domain of its sounds may be still further extended, without their at all losing themselves in the absurd extremes of the drama. But some one may object, were there not, even from the middle ages, such extremes in the higher sounds of the organ that to have the pipes producing them required then, as it does now, all the skill of an able tuner, such extremes for example as are to be found in the sounds of the *doubltte*, the *furniture*, and the like. We answer, that undoubtedly there were, but that the very names of these stops, of which we shall see the full meaning later on, do of themselves answer the objections: *doubltte*,† that which doubles in a higher a sound already found in a lower octave; *furniture*, that which furnishes a more substantial sort of nourishment to the general body of organ-tone;—such terms evidently imply that these same sounds, of which the angust simplicity required by the church knew how to avail itself at all times to the best advantage, were by no means intended to sing alone, but to form in combination with other stops a foundation tone, and to impart to it what builders call roundness, point, or body.

To come however to the point—what shall be the limit to the compass of the organ, at what note higher or lower should it stop? To answer this we say that the art of organ building, even as applied to religious purposes exclusively, is not limited to a few notes more or less either way, but that its limits must be determined by the ordinary rules of common sense. All that we object to is that which we think we may well call a false musical scale, a series of sounds that is, which the ear of the people cannot appreciate, should be used for these purposes. Thus an eminent professor of natural philosophy‡ has pointed out to the Academy of Sciences the limits between which are comprised the high or low musical sounds which are perceptible to the human ear. After the contradictory observations of the English, German, and French savans, he has presented the Academy with the results of certain experiments of his own, which go to prove that a perfect chord formed by him in the ragged regions of the musical scale, as the journalist calls them, who gives an account of his proceedings, cannot be calculated by ordinary means, nor indeed by any means but such as are purely scientific. Now it is well known that scientific men appreciate sounds only by the number of the vibrations, and according to them the lowest bass sounds which the ear can appreciate, are those only which are produced by from 14 to 32 vibrations in a second, and according to the professor quoted above, the highest treble sounds which the ear can appreciate, are those only which do not require more than 73,000 of such vibrations in a second for their production. If a sufficient amount of musical sound, and distinctness of intonation, can be attained at either of these two extremes, we do not consider they exceed the limits to which the organ, considered only as an instrument for accompanying the liturgical services of the church, may extend its compass in either direction.

† *Doubltte* in French organs is a *fifteenth* in English organs. —Note Ed.

‡ M. Despretz. See the *National* for 30th April, 1845.

### Singers and their Salaries.

A few weeks ago we called attention to the folly and bad taste of a gentleman (we forget his name) who wrote a querulous letter to *The Times* on the subject of singers' salaries, and especially about the enormous sum paid to them for attending festivals. No one in this country, where there is such an immense amount of competition in everything, is much overpaid, and certainly not singers and musicians. We remember reading some years ago in a French journal, that in Gluck's time the entire expenses of the Académie Royale, including the salaries of singers, dancers, chorus, corps-de-ballet, orchestra, costumiers, tailors, and scene-shifters, did not amount to half what was being paid to Mlle. Sophie Cruvelli alone for her services as first soprano. But was Mlle. Cruvelli, as a singer, worth more than twice as much

\* From *L'Orgue, sa connaissance, son administration, et son jeu*, by Joseph Regnier.

as all the singers at the Opera in Gluck's time put together? That is the real question, and we have no hesitation in answering it in the affirmative. The vocalists for whom Gluck was condemned to write, were notoriously incapable, so much so, that at a supper where it was arranged that he should meet Piccini, and where the two rivals became convivial, the German said to the Italian: "These French people amuse me; they want us to compose songs for them, and they don't know how to sing."

Nor do any of those people know how to sing, or care an atom for singing, who are astonished and amazed that some of the prizes of life should occasionally fall to the lot of a great singer. The envious, if nothing else will console them, should reflect that if there were no great temptations in art, we should not have nearly so many great artists, by which the envious themselves, and all who have not the temperaments of mere brutes, would suffer. It is a sad thing, no doubt, that men and women who cultivate such a divine art as music should care for such a common thing as money. But bishops, who show us the way to heaven, are not insensible to its advantages; neither are generals whose first thoughts are of defeating the enemies of their country; nor judges whose chief care is that the law shall be rightly administered. We have all heard of great writers making their thousands a year, and of one great historian receiving a cheque for twenty thousand from his publisher, which he doubtless pocketed as prosaically as a banker or a broker on settling day. For our part, we rejoice that just now those who do the best things in this world occasionally meet with a fair amount of worldly success, and are enabled to leave something behind them besides a good name. We hear in the present day of painters, writers, singers, and musicians, making their fortunes; there are even poets and composers who are largely remunerated; and of all these successful ones it is quite a mistake to suppose that the most successful are those connected with the musical profession and the opera.

Formerly actors and operatic singers gained small salaries; but they led easier lives, enjoyed longer careers, and had fewer expenses. When a tenor has to shout John of Leyden's Morning Hymn at the top of his voice, and to yell Manrico's Song of War at the risk of cracking his A, surely he deserves to be better paid—not that the performance is more difficult, but because it is more dangerous) than if he had only to warble the airs of Cimarosa and Rossini? Singing the music of Meyerbeer and Verdi he knows that his notes, if not his days, are numbered, and charges accordingly.

Then think how a modern tenor has to regulate his diet, to protect his valuable chest and throat from all possible and impossible draughts; to eat nothing but boiled fowl when all London sets him down as a glutton; to drink nothing but weak claret and water, when by universal consent he is a flaming fiery drunkard. You get your feet wet, are hoarse, and are well the next day. The tenor gets his feet wet, is hoarse, is not well the next day, and as long as he is unable to sing, not only loses his money, if he happens to be a concert singer, but is usually regarded as an impostor, because he frankly and conscientiously declines to torture the ears of the public he has been in the habit of delighting. In short, the tenor is as delicate as a soprano, who is as delicate as a singing bird in Australia, where singing birds will not live.

Then there is the question of expense. Singers who receive the highest salaries have usually to travel a good deal and to spend a considerable amount of money on their costumes. In the old Italian comedy, the Doctor, Scaramuccia, Arlequino, Lelio, Vespenà, &c., played a thousand different pieces in the same dress; and if they had to go from one town to another each could carry his stage wardrobe under his arm. At present a tenor or prima donna of renown cannot go from one capital to another without being accompanied or preceded by several tons of luggage, of which the mere transport—from London, we will say to St. Petersburg, from St. Petersburg to Paris, from Paris to Madrid, from Madrid to New Orleans, and from New Orleans through New York back to London—costs more every year than was given annually to a singer in the days when singers could not sing.

These vocalists and musicians who do not belong to the Opera at all have still their expenses in the way of dress, and very heavy ones in the way of travelling, if they happen to possess great reputations, and to be in the habit of accepting engagements to appear at provincial concerts. These are secondary reasons why they should be well paid; the chief, however, of all being that their talent naturally commands a high price, and that they have a right to obtain for it its full market value, as the first-rate barrister who gets fifty pounds with his lying brief,

or the celebrated doctor who takes a consultation fee of nearly as much from his dying patient. Indeed, it is only in connexion with music that this right is ever questioned; but people seem to think that in the musical profession high salaries should not be tolerated; moreover, that the habitual charges of eminent artists may without any sort of impropriety be first disputed, then disapproved of, and at last publicly outraged and condemned.—*London Musical World, August 25.*

### Street Music.

The *London Times* of July 4th, says:

On Wednesday last Mr. Charles Babbage, the mathematician, who resides in Dorset street, Manchester-square, summoned four German brass band musicians before Mr. Sucker, the police magistrate of Marylebone, upon a charge of annoying him with their noise, after they had been requested to depart from the neighborhood of his house, and a reasonable cause had been assigned for the request. Mr. Babbage was engaged with his studies, when these fellows came before his door and opened fire with their instruments. He went out and asked them to go away, but they recommenced playing and refused to move. Mr. Babbage went in search of a constable, and when he came back he found that they had moved to the front of a neighboring house, but so close at hand that the noise was just the same disturbance as before. The owner of this house, as it appeared, liked their music and desired them to play on. When the constable came up he ordered the musicians to move off, but this they refused to do, and consequently he removed them to the station house. Here was a conflict of interests. Mr. Babbage wanted silence; the owner of No. 27 wanted noise. But Mr. Babbage's silence could not annoy No. 27, though No. 27's noise could and did annoy Mr. Babbage. On such a state of facts it is clear enough that the interests of the gentleman who would inflict a nuisance upon his neighbors must give way. If a relative of Mr. Babbage had been sick and suffering from disease, the tenant of No. 27 could not plead his musical partialities as a justification for causing a disturbance with street music simply to gratify an idle fancy. But the rule is that the musicians must move away when requested to do so on account of sickness in a family or any other reasonable cause. Now, Mr. Babbage had this other "reasonable cause," and against it the idle fancies of No. 27 could no more prevail than they would have done upon the supposition that sickness had actually existed in the house. There is an idea prevalent among these people that they are not compellable to move on, unless they are informed that there is actual illness in a house; but it is to be hoped that Mr. Sucker's decision of Wednesday last will go some way towards dispelling the delusion. "No one," said the magistrate, "has a right to play his noisy instruments within the hearing of persons who are pursuing grave occupations. The street is not to be infested with persons who disturb the inhabitants." Independently of this legal decision it would seem from Mr. Sucker's decision that there is another, which will spread joy throughout the studies of many overworked men. Whoever causes an obstruction in the public streets is guilty of an offence. These musicians "had no right to occupy the thoroughfare so as to cause an obstruction, and they were liable to punishment for so doing." The conclusion was that the four tuneless Teutons who had obstructed the thoroughfare—who had annoyed Mr. Babbage—and who had resisted the command of the constable to move on, were fined in the mitigated penalty of 5s. each; but with an intimation that if ever they made their appearance in Marylebone Police-court again the sterner fine of £2 a head was hanging over them. There was a subsequent and smaller case disposed of summarily by analogy, the gist of which was that Gatino—probably Gaetano—Circone, an Italian, was also fined 5s. for playing an instrument, also to the annoyance of Mr. Babbage, and, in default of payment, his instrument was detained. A musical fanatic who was present in court, being touched with sympathy for the misfortune of the wandering musician, paid the fine, and Circone was discharged to the further annoyance of the human race. There is no London nuisance equal to that of out-door music! Was there ever any torment like that of to ever pursued by the gaffly? Who would pass eternity in company with a blue-bottle? Who would spend a second night with a mosquito beneath his curtains if he could help himself? Oh for a little quiet in London!

The Cortesi Opera Company will open at the Boston Academy of Music on the first of October. The managers promise a succession of attractive entertainments.

### Lamartine on the Psalms of David.

The last psalm ends with a chorus to the praise of God, in which the poet calls on all people, all instruments of sacred music, all the elements and all the stars to join. Sublime finale of that opera of sixty years, sung by the shepherd, the hero, the king and the old man! In this closing psalm we see the almost inarticulate enthusiasm of the lyric poet; so rapidly do the words press to his lips, floating upwards towards God, their source, like the smoke of a great fire of the soul, wafted by the tempest! Here we see David, or rather the human heart itself, with all its God-given notes of grief, joy, tears and adoration—poetry sanctified to its highest expression; a vase of perfume broken on the step of the temple and shedding forth its odors from the heart of David to the heart of all humanity! Hebrew, Christian, or even Mahomedan—every religion, every complaint, every prayer has taken from this vase, shed on the heights of Jerusalem, wherewith to give forth their accents. The little shepherd has become the master of the sacred choir of the universe. There is not a worship on earth which prays not with his words or sings not with his voice. A chord of his harp is to be found in all choirs, resounding every where and forever in unison with the echoes of Horeb and Engedi! David is the psalmist of eternity; what a destiny—what a power hath poetry when inspired by God! As for myself, when my spirit is excited, or devotional, or sad, and seeks for an echo to its enthusiasm, its devotion, or its melancholy, I do not open Pindar, or Horace, or Hafiz, those purely academic poets; neither do I find within myself murmurings to express my emotion. I open the Book of Psalms and there I find words which seem to issue from the soul of the ages, and which penetrate even to the heart of all generations. Happy the bard who has thus become the eternal hymn, the personified prayer and complaint of all humanity! If we look back to that remote age when such songs resounded over the world; if we consider that, while the lyric poetry of all the most cultivated nations only sang of wine, love, blood, and the victories of couragers at the games of Elis, we are seized with profound astonishment at the mystic accents of the shepherd prophet, who speaks to God the Creator as one friend to another, who understands and praises his works, admires his justice, implores his mercy, and becomes, as it were, an anticipative echo of the evangelic poetry, speaking the soft words of Christ before his coming. Prophet or not, as he may be considered by Christian or skeptic, none can deny in the poet-king an inspiration granted to no other man. Read Greek or Latin poetry after a psalm, and see how pale it looks!—*Lamartine's Cours de Littérature.*

THE ORIGINAL OF "FRA DIAVOLO."—The real name of the Neapolitan robber, Fra Diavolo, was Michael Pozzo. He was in early life a stocking maker, and was subsequently a friar. While acting in the latter capacity he joined a band of outlawed banditti in Calabria, and eventually became their leader. In the double character of robber and priest he offered his services to Cardinal Ruffo, who at that time was the head of the party in favor of the Bourbons of Naples, and through the influence of the Cardinal, although a price had been previously set upon his head, he obtained a pardon and a pension of 3,600 ducats, with which he retired from public and "professional" life to a small estate that he had purchased. From this retreat, however, he was soon called by the Bourbons, who on Joseph Napoleon ascending the throne, again availed themselves of his services. In 1806 he made a descent, with a large body of banditti and recruits, at a place called Sperlonga, where he threw open the prisons, and was joined by a great number of the lazzaroni. After a severe action, however, he was taken prisoner and summarily executed—a fate which he is said to have met with the most disdainful indifference. He was, in his way, a kind of Robin Hood, and many romantic tales are told of his chivalry and gallantry.—*London Musical World, August 25.*

M. E. DELAPORTE.—By a decree dated the 6th of this month, and issued at the suggestion of the Secretary of State, M. E. Delaporte has been named a Knight of the Imperial Order of the Legion of Honor. This high mark of distinction, accorded to the artist who founded the prize contest of the Orpheons in France, and, for twelve years, has consecrated all his energies to the propagation of choral singing, is pregnant with meaning, and will exercise a favorable influence on the future of the above institutions. In decorating M. Delaporte, Government decorates the Orpheonists of France; it renders a striking act of justice to the man and his work, and imposes silence on his detractors. Government is



a good judge in matters of honor. While proclaiming the new knight, in the person of M. Delaporte, and saluting the cross thus bestowed on merit, the Orpheonistes of France will proclaim their glorious principle, and salute the triumphant history of their progress. In the acts of peace, as in the field of battle, the decoration of the flag is the glorification of the idea—the advancement of the chief is the exaltation of the army. The banner of the French Orpheons, rendered illustrious by the festivals of Paris and London, and valiantly displayed at the various performances in the provinces, will always be firmly held aloft by the men who have fought under its patriotic mottoes. It will occupy a conspicuous position in all the pacific manifestations of our national spirit.—J. F. Vaudin.—From the *Orphéon*.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Personal Recollections of Beethoven in 1822.

(From the German of Fr. Rochlitz.)

(Concluded.)

Our third meeting was the most cheerful of all. He came out here to Baden, and this time he was dressed very neatly and carefully, even elegantly. Yet this did not prevent him, during a walk through the Heleneuthal—and that means, in a spot which is frequented by every one, even the emperor and his family, and where the path is so narrow that those who meet have to pass close by each other—from taking off his fine black dress-coat, hanging it over his shoulder by his cane, and going on in shirt-sleeves. He remained from about ten in the morning, till six in the afternoon. The friend whom I have mentioned before, and Gebauer were with him. During this whole time he was exceedingly cheerful, sometimes highly amusing, and everything that came into his mind must come out. ("I am all unbuttoned (*aufgeknöpft*) to-day," he called it, and significantly enough.) All that he said and did was a chain of originalities, and mostly very strange ones. But from them all shone out a truly childlike good-heartedness, carelessness, friendliness toward all who came near him. Even his scolding tirades—like that against the Viennese of the present day mentioned above—are only explosions of fancy and a momentary excitement. They are blurted out without the least pride, without any bitterness or meanness of spirit, but only lightly, good humoredly, with humorous caprice—and that is the end of it. Indeed, he proves in his life—and only too often and too decisively for his own means of existence—that to the same person who has deeply offended him, and against whom he has spoken most bitterly in one hour, he will, in the next, give his last thaler, if he needs it. As to this is added his most cheerful acknowledgment of the merit—whenever really distinguished—of others (you should hear him speak of Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart!) that he will accept no advice about the greater of his works, (and who, indeed, has the right to give it), but truly does not value them too highly—and yields the smaller ones to censure laughingly perhaps, more than any one else—as, besides when he is once put in motion, striking witticisms, humorous ideas, surprising combinations, exciting paradoxes, flow from him incessantly—in view of all this, I can say seriously—he appears even amiable; or if this expression startles you; the dark, rough bear seems so trusty and friendly, growls and shakes himself so innocently, that one cannot help being pleased and liking him, even if he were nothing but such a bear, and had never done more than such an one can. The story of this day, however, or rather the sum of its many short, eccentric stories, I must defer until we meet again, for when could I, the patient, who is forbidden to write, ever furnish them! Yet I must add, that when I had put the good Beethoven into the carriage, and walked up and down that lonely valley alone, I felt serious enough again. This time my reflections did not turn, as after our first meeting upon the heavy burden which Fate has put upon him. I had seen now that he has often cheerful,

really happy hours—at other, equally favorable times, he lives in his art, or in plans and dreams regarding it; the bad hours he takes into the bargain, and soon forgets them: who, after all, is better off? My reflections turned in general upon such conditions of man and human things, which arise from peculiar relations (which, in their results, may be the happiest for others) of the powers of man toward each other and towards the world and its concerns. As it always happens with such thoughts—one weighs and weighs—adds here, takes off there; the tongue will not stand still and give the satisfactory decision. I thought of Prometheus; first as pictured by Æschylus and by Goethe—but then also of another, who is not found in fable, never can be found there.

M. A. R.

### Mercadante.

Translated for this Journal from the French of P. Scudo.

The name of Mercadante has been long known in France. Born in a village of *la Pouille* in 1798, he pursued his first musical studies in the college of St. Sebastian at Naples. Expelled from this school by the director, Zingarelli, who surprised him one day copying some quatuors of Mozart, for the purpose of putting them into score, which was a great crime for this old master, who remained faithful to the exclusive traditions of the Italian school, Mercadante must seek his fortune at the hands of the public, which in Italy is always favorable to new comers. The conduct of Zingarelli, with regard to the young Mercadante recalls the severity of Cherubini, director of the *Conservatoire* of Paris, who would not allow the pupils in Counterpoint to study the fugues of Sebastian Bach, whom he treated as a *barbaro Tidesco!* The first success of Mercadante was obtained at the theatre of Saint Charles in 1818 by an opera, *l'Apoteosi d' Ercole*, which first rendered him advantageously known to the *impressarii*. He went through the principal cities of Italy. In Milan, in 1822, Mercadante wrote his last work *Elisa e Claudio*, which gained him a European reputation. The Neapolitans even endeavored for a time to oppose Mercadante, who belonged to their school, to Rossini, the *Romagnol*, as they called him. This pleasantry happily was not of long duration. In 1824, Mercadante went to Vienna to direct the *mise en scene* of *Elisa e Claudio*; then he went to Spain, first to Madrid, then to Cadiz where he remained till 1830. Mercadante was appointed *maître de chapelle* of the cathedral of Novara after the death of Generali, in 1833. He came to Paris in 1836 to write the *I Briganti*, (from Schiller's play,) an opera that was performed on the 22d of March without much success. Mercadante returned to Italy and was nominated director of the Conservatory of Naples after the death of Zingarelli, which occurred May 5, 1837, which important post he still fills and is entirely worthy to occupy. The public knew the name of Mercadante only by the opera of *Elisa e Claudio*, which was sung at Paris with very great success on the 23d of November, 1823, by Pellegrini, Zucchi, Bordogni and Madame Pasta. In 1841 was given the *Vestale*, a work which it was difficult to make to succeed in a country that possessed a universally admired *chef d'œuvre* on the same subject, the *Vestale* of Spontini, so that the success of *Il Giuramento*, is after that of *Elisa e Claudio*, the most decisive that Mercadante has obtained in Paris.

Mercadante has written much, and they cite among those of his buffo operas which have had the greatest success, (next to his *chef d'œuvre*, *Elisa e Claudio*), *Donna Caritea*, composed at Vienna in 1826.

We desire to exaggerate nothing. The career of Mercadante is marked by hesitations and doubts. We see him at first strangely attracted by the *eclat* of the genius of Rossini, whose manner he imitates in *Elisa e Claudio*. On the arrival of Bellini and Donizetti, Mercadante modified his manner again

and toward the somewhat complex style that is noticed in the score of *Il Giuramento*, in which a discreet imitation of German masters, such as Haydn, Mozart and Weber, is combined with that penetrating but slightly monotonous sentimentality which prevails in the Italian school since the silence of Rossini. If it is just to say that the examples of the *Lucia*, *Lucrezia Borgia* and *Anna Bolena* of Donizetti, the *Norma* and *Paritani* of Bellini, may have contributed to the last change that is noticed in the fine talent of Mercadante, it must be admitted also that it is from the score of *Il Giuramento* that Verdi has taken the elements of his peculiar style. Mercadante is a master of the art of writing; and is the worthy chief of an illustrious school which needs only follow his counsels to regain the high position from which it has fallen for so many years.

### The Sleep.

BY ELIZABETH BARRET BROWNING.

"He giveth his beloved sleep."—PSALMS cxxvii. 2.

Of all the thoughts of God that are  
Born inward unto souls afar,  
Along the Psalmist's music deep,  
Now tell me if that any is,  
For gift or grace, surpassing this—  
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

What would we give to our beloved?  
The hero's heart to be unmoved—  
The poet's star-tuned heart to sweep—  
The senate's shouts to patriot's vows—  
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?  
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?  
A little faith all undisproved—  
A little dust to over weep—  
And bitter memories to make  
The whole earth blasted for our sake!  
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved," we sometimes say;  
But have no tune to charm away  
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep,  
But never doleful dream again  
Shall break the happy slumbers, when  
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!  
O men, with wailing in your voices!  
O delfed gold, the wailer's heap!  
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!  
God makes a silence through you all,  
"And giveth his beloved sleep."

His dew drops mutely on the hill;  
His cloud above it saileth still,  
Though on its slope men toil and reap!  
More softly than the dew is shed,  
Or cloud is floated over head,  
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

Yea! men may wonder while they scan  
A living, thinking, feeling man,  
In such a rest his heart to keep;  
But angels say—and through the word,  
I ween their blessed smile is heard—  
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

For me, my heart that erst did go,  
Most like a tired child at a show,  
That sees through tears the jugglers leap,  
Would now its wearied vision close;  
Would, child-like, on his love repose,  
"Who giveth his beloved sleep."

And friends! dear friends! when it shall be  
That this low breath is gone from me,  
And round my bier ye come to weep,  
Let one most loving of you all  
Say, "not a tear must o'er her fall!"  
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 15, 1860.

Died, in this city, Sept. 6, MARY B., wife of JOHN S. DWIGHT, aged 87.

No words can add anything to this simple announcement that can in any way quicken the sympathy of many friends for him whose heart and home are made desolate by this sad event.

It is but three weeks since we announced to the readers of this Journal, Mr. Dwight's departure to Europe for an extended visit of some months, and but a few days had passed after he had left us, before she from whom he had parted in fullest health was attacked by the disease which, after some weeks' duration, suddenly took her away. Not severe in its nature, or in any way alarming in any part of its course, the unexpected and fatal termination, came, even to those nearest to her with the shock of a sudden surprise, as the tidings must soon come with a like shock to him.

The announcement of her death will bring sorrow to many hearts and tears to many eyes; for to a large circle of friends she had ever been an object of especial admiration and attraction from the many rare graces of nature, of culture and of person that were harmoniously blended in her. A genial, happy and spontaneous disposition made these qualities of mind and heart the delight of all who knew her. To her friends the loss is irreparable, and very many who knew her not will miss her beautiful and sunny presence from the occasions at which they have long observed her attendance, wherever Music or Art called their worshippers. Of the loss to those who stood in nearer and dearer relations to her we may not speak. A beautiful and very happy life has been fitly ended, though, as it seems to us, only too soon.

The services with which she was given to her rest were of a singular solemnity and beauty. She had desired, it was said, (though not, we believe, in any anticipation of the near approach of Death), that there should be no gloom at that time, but that there should be music and flowers around her. So there were manly words of Christian consolation and of prayer; there were flowers, the sweetest; there was music, the most solemn, of Bach and Mendelssohn, sung with wonderful beauty by the voices of friends with which her's had often mingled; and there were the friends of many years gathered around her, as she lay ready to depart. At the grave in the pleasant shades of Mt. Auburn, no words were uttered, but, as we stood around it, loving hands dropped flowers upon her dust as she passed away from our sight forever.

## Editorial Correspondence.

## III.

PARIS, August 6, 1860.

The annual *concours* at the Conservatoire of Music has occupied the last three weeks of July. The competition for prizes in composition, in harmony and counterpoint, in singing, in playing the pianoforte, the organ, the violin and every kind of instrument, stringed, wood or brass, and above all in operatic singing, both of the Grand Opera and of the Opera Comique kind, has cost much excitement and anxiety among the pupils, and

much patience and hard work among the judges. There was not much to tempt a stranger in the most of these trials of musical skill; and some of them were held with closed doors. It is not the love of music that could prompt one to wish to hear the same piece by Herz, or by De Beriot, played through some twenty times by as many different competitors. The remarkable thing in the violin competition was, that the first prize was carried off, against many formidable competitors of both sexes, by a young girl of thirteen, who in the opinion of some of the judges, gives signs of all the natural talent of the sisters Milanello. One of the two second prizes, too, was won by a young lady. The whole list of prizes fills four columns in the *Moniteur*.

I witnessed for one hour the competition in Grand Opera. Entering the broad courtyard of the Conservatoire, at every door of which, as at all public entrances, a soldier stood on guard, the ear was at once saluted by a babel of loud sounds from cornets, trombones, clarinets, &c., from earnest students in the different wings. It reminded one of the description in "Charles Auchester" of his ideal musical nursery and bee-hive somewhere in Germany. Finding the entrance to the Salle or Theatre, I sought in vain for seat or standing place save in the highest corridors, outside, where one could only hear, not see. The hearing of a succession of well-worn arias and trios from *La Favorite*, *Il Trovatore*, and the like, sung by strangers of whom you could not even learn the names, was not so much the point of curiosity; to see the place, the people and the way they manage things, was much more to our purpose. Wearied with the perpetual response of *il n'y a pas de place* (not a single seat) from the ancient goddesses who sat and watched at every entrance, I lingered awhile in the corridor surrounding the first tier of boxes, when spying a door ajar, I silently pulled it open, and stepping in behind its occupants, commanded a full view of the handsome little theatre. It was a lively scene; parterre and circles were densely packed with the beauty and the fashion of la belle France. On the stage, in costume, sang a succession of debutants, mostly in well-known trios for soprano, tenor, and bass or baritone. We noticed two or three remarkably fine voices, while the method, vocalization and expression of the most spoke quite well for their training and their own ambition, and the dramatic action seldom lacked *abandon* or correct conception. A pianoforte was the only accompaniment. Opposite the stage sat the judges, some eight or ten in number; and a goodly collection it was of fine-looking, intellectual heads. Among them you saw Auber, (now director in chief of the Conservatoire), Halevy, Ambroise Thomas, Panzeron, and younger magnates of the *monde musicale* of Paris. But the vivacious aspect of the audience, the eager interest, the intense enthusiasm, the murmurs of delight when a good point was made, the insatiable rounds of applause after each happy debut—that was indeed a sight to see, and feel too, for the moment. It was thoroughly French. And their were anxious faces, also; we met them in the corridors, as blushing and excited maidens, whose turns were just come or just past, came rushing round to seek the comfort or congratulation of their friends.

Certainly the imperial Conservatoire is the centre of a vast amount of educational activity

in music. Of its real benefit to music as an Art, it would not do to judge from such mere outside glimpses as we had at it. The same little theatre is also the scene of the famous orchestral concerts of the Conservatoire; of course, with less than a thousand seats, access to these is somewhat difficult. They are only in the winter; and we hope in due time to hear one when we shall be able to compare it with those of the Gewandhaus at Leipzig.

Before leaving the subject of the Conservatoire let me mention a little book of some importance to the history of music, which has recently appeared here: "*L'Histoire de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire, par M. Elwart.*" A few extracts will interest our lovers of classical music.

"On St. Cecilia's day, in the year 1826, Habeneck the celebrated orchestra leader, had assembled at his house some twenty of his friends. They were mostly musicians, and, in compliance with the request of their Amphitryon, had brought their instruments. The pretext of the invitation was a breakfast; but its real object was the execution of the *Heroic Symphony* of Beethoven, then as much unknown in Paris as its illustrious author was ill appreciated.

"At the first hearing, the performers (among whom were Vogt, Brod, and MM. Tulou, Tilmant, &c.) manifested their astonishment; they repeated the thing several times, and at the end their enthusiasm was unanimous.

"Habeneck had formed a whole orchestra of adepts and was able from that time to undertake to reveal Beethoven and his gigantic work in France.

"M. de Larochefoucauld, then minister of the king, authorized, by a decree of Feb. 15, 1828, the foundation of the *Concerts of the Conservatoire*.

"The concerts were, as a rule, to be six each year, and M. de Larochefoucauld gave the society a grant (*allocation*) of 2,000 francs by way of encouragement.

"The hall of the Conservatoire was designated as the fittest place for the concerts. This hall contain 956 places, including those in the *coulis*. Chaptal laid its first stone on the 14th of August, 1801, and it was finished in 1806 by the architect Delannois.

"Here are the prices from the time of the foundation, compared with the tariff now in force:

In 1828—In 1860	
First Boxes. Gallery or Balcony..	9 fr. 12 fr.
Stalles d'orchestre. Boxes of the	
reg-de-chaussée. Second boxes.....	6 " 9 "
Couloirs of orchestra and balcony..	6 " 6 "
Third Boxes. Stalles d'amphithe-	
atre .....	3½ " 5 "
Parterre. Amphitheatre.....	3 " 4 "
Boxes over the theatre... ..	2 " 2 "

"The total product of the concerts has been 1,590,029 fr. The receipts of the first concert were 1,017 francs.

In 1828 (first year) the receipts were... 18,466 fr.  
In 1859... .. 58,782 "

Difference in favor of 1859 ..... 40,316 "

The programmes of all the concerts of the society occupy a large place in M. Elwart's work. By a comparison of his figures we may measure the degree of favor which certain composers and certain works have enjoyed in Paris:

BEETHOVEN has figured on the programme 402 times.  
(Heroic Symphony, 25 times. Pastoral Symphony 51 times, Symphony in A major, 52 times. Symphony in C minor, 53 times. Overture to *Fidelio*, 7 times. Fragments of "Christ at the Mount of Olives," 23 times, &c.)

HAYDN..... 142 times.  
(Symphonies, 58 performances. The "Creation," twice. "Seasons," twice. Quartets, 27 times. Religious pieces, 26 times, &c.)

MOZART.....	137 times
(Symphonies, 37 performances. Overture to <i>Magic Flute</i> , 6 times. <i>Ave Verum</i> , 13 times. <i>Requiem</i> , 26 times. Fragments of Operas, 42 times, &c.)	
WEBER.....	124 times.
(Overture to <i>Fregeschütz</i> , 11 times; to <i>Oberon</i> , 37 times; to <i>Euryanthe</i> , 16. Fragments of operas, 60 times, &c.)	
GLUCK.....	54 times.
(Fragments of Operas, 42 times, &c.)	
MENDELSSOHN.....	53 times.
(Overtures, 19 times. Fragments of "Midsummer Night's Dream," 13 times. Symphonies, 7 times, &c.)	
HANDEL.....	50 times.
( <i>Judas Maccabæus</i> , 21. <i>Sampson</i> , 9.)	
ROSSINI.....	49 times.
(Fragments of Operas, 23 times. <i>Salut Mater</i> , 10 times. Overture to <i>Till</i> , 15 times.)	
MEHL.....	27 times.
GRETRY.....	16 "
RAMEAU.....	15 "
J. S. BACH.....	8 "
F. DAVID.....	4 "
AUBER.....	4 "
SCHUBERT.....	3 "
MEYERBEER.....	2 "
LULLI.....	2 "

Rich in the aggregate; yet the proportions are somewhat peculiar; and the selection does not show an appreciation so many-sided as we have right to look for in the famed Conservatoire of Paris. The list of our own little Boston, for the same period, is richer; for we have had, what the Parisians have yet to come, the symphonies of Schumann; we have had more of Schubert; more of Mendelssohn, much more of Handel.

My experience of music in the churches of Paris, during the summer fortnight, was not profitable. Such as I heard was not so good as that at Rouen. Mass at the Madeleine one morning was mere empty expectation. A tedious length of barren ceremonial, with loud parading round of most portentous looking beadle (Swiss), the herald of repeated onslaughts on the purse; at length, out of much muttering and murmuring, with crossing and with genuflexion, and bell-ringing tinkling, is born something like a tone, a deep, rough, sacerdotal bass tone, which prolongs itself into a vast feat of monotony, exciting hope of music, and presently is echoed in shrill counter, chanting an incredible length of sentences still on one note; and then beginneth the side organ, and a priestly choir of basses, supported by the basest of bass ophicleids, and for what seems the space of half an hour repeats a sing-song unison, a period forever re-begun but never finished, upon verse after verse of text; monotony more dull and dreary than to be out in the middle of the dull grey ocean under a leaden sky. At last came harmony; the pleasant sounds of boy soprano and of tenors, with some movement and some interweaving on the organ, united in the *Kyrie* and *Gloria*, and other movements of a Mass. A mass somewhat in the Haydn style, not strikingly beautiful or expressive, but a great relief on such a background of monotony, such as cost Haydn only a few bars in his elaborate tone-sketch of Chaos. During the *Crucifixus* portion, the great organ over the entrance gave some specimens of skilful sentimental execution, but savoring more of the Italian opera than of pious Bach or Handel. The singing of the movements of the mass was more than respectable; but even this relief was blurred by the exceed-

ing reverberation of the place. Nor did the architectural perfection thereof assist the mind. The Madeleine is a most satisfying and pure reproduction of the Greek temple style externally. The interior is also very beautiful, and very richly and elaborately Grecian, but by no means religious in its invitation. Its whole effect is to depress, and not to lift the mind. How different from that heartfelt, upward-soaring of the sublime Gothic of the church of St. Ouen at Rouen! There the breath of music quickened its own form in the clustered shafts and springing arches, and aspiration was the sense of all that spoke to eye or ear. D.

CARL ZERRAHN.—We take pleasure in calling the attention of those of our readers in need of such instruction to Mr. Zerrahn's advertisement in another column. This sort of instruction is of great value to advanced pianists—to cultivate the habit of playing in concert with others. Mr. Z. is one of the best flutists we have ever heard here, a well educated musician, an accomplished teacher and a gentleman, whom we are glad to recommend if recommendation indeed be necessary in Boston or its vicinity.

### Musical Chit-Chat.

The Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association opened their exhibition at Faneuil Hall on Wednesday. The rooms are well filled with many objects of interest. The manufacturers of musical instruments of all sorts contribute largely and well. We shall have occasion to notice this feature, more at length at some future time.

At the Museum, Bourcicault's new play, *The Colleen Bawn*, draws full houses, and will be played for some time longer.

THE DRAYTONS began a new series of their entertainments at the Melodeon on Monday of this week. On Tuesday the performances were interrupted by an injunction served upon Mr. Drayton by the proprietors of the Academy of Music. The latter owned the Melodeon property, and upon disposing of to Hon. Charles Francis Adams, they secured an obligation that the place should not be used for "dramatic, operatic, or theatrical entertainments" (we are not sure of the exact language) for a term of ten years. Considering that the representation of the "Lyric Proverbs" of Mr. and Mrs. Henri Drayton constituted an infringement of the contract, an injunction was served yesterday. Mr. Ordway, the lessee, did not receive his notification until 6 P. M., however, and Mr. Adams having gone to Quincy, it was impossible to raise the injunction temporarily until the morrow, and a suspension of the evening's performance was of course unavoidable. A large and fashionable audience assembled, as usual—no tickets were sold, those visiting the hall being informed at the outset of the affair, and those who stayed remaining entirely out of curiosity to witness the "developments,"—and after a fine overture from the orchestra, Mr. Drayton appeared upon the floor and stated, in a pleasant humorous way why he was prevented from taking his usual place upon the stage above. He read the injunction—he expressed his regrets, &c.—he assured them (his patrons) that the legal incubus under which Mrs. Drayton and himself were now so unexpectedly suffering would be raised in season to permit of a resuscitation of their entertainments on this (Wednesday) evening. The incident reminded him of a story told him in his youth. A boy asked his mamma what the big fishes eat when they were hungry. The maternal parent replied that they breakfasted, dined and supped upon the little members of the finny tribe. Now the Academy of Music appeared to him (Drayton) to be a big fish, and his esteemed wife and himself to be little fishes. Whether the aforesaid "Academy" would be troubled with indigestion in consequence of its feast, or not, he did not pretend to predict; neither would he say that the lawyers were likely to be the biggest fishes of all in this case. He thanked those present for

their kind attendance, and retired amid applause which seemed to express sympathy. The result of all this will undoubtedly be a greater rush than ever for "Drayton tickets."—*Boston Post*.

At the hearing upon a motion to dissolve the injunction, after hearing the evidence of Mr. Drayton, BROW, C. J. decided that the entertainment was a theatrical one, and as such within the terms of the contract, and therefore the motion was not allowed.

We are indebted to the *Boston Musical Times* for the following account of what we are to expect of the Opera season:

The Cortesi Opera troupe will commence a season of two weeks at the Boston Theatre, on or about the first of October. We think it possible that Mr. Servadio makes a mistake to come so early in the season—before people have become wearied with their own homes, after a return from the watering places—but, nevertheless, we always joyfully announce promises of good musical entertainments. The feature of the season to which we allude will be the American debut of Signor Amodio *frère*, for which Bostonians may feel grateful, since no efforts have been spared by the Directors of the New York Academy of Music to induce Servadio to announce the debut in that city. His voice is said to be deeper and fuller than that of the fat baritone, whose organ has challenged universal admiration since his first coming among us. Amodio *frère* has already arrived in New York.

An arrangement has also been made, by which it is probable that Signor Brignoli will sing here with this troupe. Stigelli, Muviani, Cortesi, Adelaide Phillippe, and other favorites are also promised. It is the intention of the management to produce "*Medea*," the great work of Pacini, for which the chorus have already commenced preparations. A new prima donna and contralto have been engaged in Europe, by Signor Servadio, for the present year, whose debut will be made in Boston; but whether in this first season or later, we are not informed.

The fidelity of the management of this troupe to their promises, is well known by pleasant experience; and their claims upon the patronage of the public cannot be disputed. Musically, we have no doubt of the brilliancy of the approaching season; pecuniarily, we hope for the best.

THE CENSUS AND THE ORGAN GRINDERS.—The figures elected give some curious information. It appears that a community of organ grinders dwell in a low court diverging from Seventh street. They comprise more than forty individuals, male and female. Nearly thirty hand-organs belong to the property, and fourteen Barbary monkeys are nightly denizens.

Some of these organ grinders—and they are all Italians—are not the poverty-stricken characters they appear to be; for they foot up a considerable amount of personal property.

There were several children connected with this nomadic tribe; some of the larger boys constitute the boot blacks who infest the hotels upon Chestnut streets.

There are many bright-eyed fellows, with all the passion and playfulness of the modern Roman, reminding us much of the impulsive Donatello, in the *Romance of Monte Beni*. It was of old a custom with these Italian women to hire out their babes for begging purposes, that the charities of the benevolent might be elicited. Mayor Conrad's police put an end to that nefarious trade. Some of the females with whom the Marshal conversed exhibited traces of yet lingering beauty. They are all dark-eyed and sun-bronzed. In their quarters were all kinds of hurdy-gurdies, harps, flageolets and tamborines. They go regularly out at the dawn and on moonlight nights haunt the broader avenues until late hours.

The bright-eyed girls collect the pennies which are dropped reluctantly into the tamborine. Most of the singing misses, who have of late made wretched vocalization of popular ballads, belong to this party.

The Italians answered the Marshal's interrogation without evasion and displayed much good humor.

At home they would constitute a part of the miserable lazzaroni; here they are generally regarded as vagabonds; but if our streets were altogether destitute of their rude music, we might look back with regret to the period of their departure. They are unobtrusive personages; and it may be that in many of them exists that untutored love of song which burned in the bosom of the nomadic blind bard of Greece.—*Phil. Bulletin*.

CHRIST CHURCH CHIME, INDIANAPOLIS.—The chime of bells for Christ Church has arrived. The bells are nine in number, and are from the manufactory of Menecey's Sons, Troy, New York.

## Music Abroad.

### Paris.

The Théâtre Lyrique is preparing to commence its next campaign on the 1st of September. Several novelties are in hand. In the first place, there is *Crispin Rival de son maître*, a comedy of Lesage, which has been sliced into two acts, by M. Henri Berthoud, and wedded to music by M. Sellenick. Two comic operas in one act are also ready, viz.: *Une bonne Nuit*, composed by M. Aristide Hignard, and *Asturoth*, the music whereof is by M. Debillemont. Besides these are to follow two grand works, one by MM. Scribe and Clapisson, the other by MM. Cormon and Aimé Maillart before mentioned. Mad. Viardot remains a member of the company at a salary of 3000 francs per month (£120). She will appear again in *Orphée*, and it is intended to get up another opera of Gluck's for her, either *Alceste* or *Iphigénie*.

Besides the fortunate author and composer whom I have just mentioned as having received the decoration of the Legion of Honour, a complete batch of literary and musical celebrities (more or less) has been enrolled in that swiftest of mobs. In this motley list M. Reviel, professor of singing at the Conservatoire, and M. Martin, secretary of the Imperial Opera, and M. Delaporte, the luckless Garibaldi of the Orpheonist invasion, figure cheek by jowl with Léon Laya, the distinguished author of *Duc Job*, and with Gevaert, the very clever (Belgian) composer of *Quentin Durward* and the *Billet de Marguerite*. M. Paul de Saint Victor shines also as an *homme de lettres* in this, for the most part, ragged regiment, with which Falstaff would most certainly have refused to march through Coventry, and which in the present state of the French press, although "food for powder," have no chance of being, as they deserve to be, "well peppered."

To pass to another distribution of honors, the Conservatorium of Music in Vienna has just awarded its annual prizes. The number of pupils who studied in this institution during the year was 336. Of these twenty-one obtained prizes, seventy-two were honorably mentioned, and seven had silver medals allotted to them. With so large a number of competitors it may be imagined that the struggle for distinction was proportionally arduous. Connected with the same subject of well-earned distinctions is the presentation, by the *Lieder-Tafel* of Mayence, of a diploma of honorary membership to Stockhausen the baritone.

My correspondent at Baden informs me that Hector Berlioz is busy preparing his festival performances which constitute the next exciting occasion to which the mob of pleasure-seekers there are eagerly looking. I have just received also a programme of a concert lately given at the Kursaal, at Hamburg, for the benefit of the local charities. *Vieuxtemps*, who possesses a chateau villa near this gamblers' paradise, was among the artists, as was also M. A. Jacell, the pianist, and Mad. Cambardi, who sang the cavatins from *Norma* and the *Travatore*.

I told you of a new opera which had been sent in to the Opéra Comique by MM. Roqueplan and Sardon, under the title of *La Villa Médicis*, concerning which it was rumored that M. Roqueplan's name stood for that of an actress of the Théâtre Français. M. Battu, the father of the late Léon Battu, now comes forward to claim as his son's, if not the piece itself, the title, which, he says, was that of an opera offered by Léon Battu to M. Roqueplan when he was director of the Opéra Comique. M. Battu admits that the MS. of his son's work was duly returned to him, but merely calls on the ex-manager not to use his son's title to avoid all suspicion of plagiarism. If it be a mere question of using a title, which has nothing very remarkable or original about it, there was scarcely any ground for this paternal interference. If, however, there has been unfair play, it is another matter altogether, and in that case we shall hear more about it.—*London Musical World*, August 25.

**RETIREMENT OF DAVID.**—I am not sure that the announcement of David's retirement from public life will occasion any very intense excitement in New Orleans, particularly toward the end of August, when this letter may be reasonably expected to reach the Crescent City, and will doubtless find it still under the influence of the "heated term." Would you take the trouble to inquire who the deuce David may be, and from what the dickens sort of public life he contemplates withdrawing? Such a question argues a deplorable degree of innocence for which "we"

were not prepared to reproach "our" whilom colony on the banks of the Mississippi. Well, then, David is not the eminent painter of that name, resuscitated for no other purpose than to furnish "Touchstone" a paragraph, at a moment when paragraphs are scarce. This David is another David, and a mighty potentate, to boot. He is no other than the reigning "Emperor of the Romans," which is the designation applied in Parisian literary and artistic circles, to the claqué of the French Opera and the chief of that national institution. All the Paris theatres have a claqué, except the Italian Opera, which is not a French theatre. It is the business of the claqué to "do" the applause; and you can, consequently, understand the importance of that body. In a theatre, applause is everything. It encourages the actors and makes a bad play go down the public throat with surprising ease, particularly when that public is mostly composed, as is always the case here, of strangers, who do not, for the most part, know anything about the claqué, and imagine that, as a large body of the audience is strongly approving of the "Sanguinary Cordwainer," why, the "Sanguinary Cordwainer" must be a clever thing, despite appearances to the contrary. An attempt was made some years ago to suppress the claqué, which is, really, an intolerable nuisance. All the theaters, from the Opera down to the Funambules, agreed to exclude the "Romans of the parterre," from that moment forward. The reform lasted two days. At the end of that time, the actors, who had been playing to audiences as undemonstrative and immovable as tombstones, declared that they would burn their *maillots* and go into the lobster trade, if the claqué were not restored. It was restored, and has since reigned triumphant. Of course, that of the Opera stands first, as the most numerous, the best organized, and "attached" to the principal government establishment. Of this claqué David has been, for many years, the commander-in-chief, and so far a place has he managed to make it, that, what with the *douceurs* of composers, ballet masters, librettists, singers, dancers, and all the long list of people eager for public "encouragement and approbation," he has succeeded in accumulating a fortune, estimated at over a hundred thousand dollars, and now you can understand why David thinks of retiring from the parterre, to enjoy the sweets of repose, and perhaps look down upon his former subjects, from a private box, next the Emperor's!—*New Orleans Picayune*.

**LEIPZIG.**—A monster concert has just been given in honor of the well-known song-composer, Carl Zöllner. It was got up by all the *Männergesangvereine*, comprising 500 members. It was highly successful, and the attendance very numerous. The Hymn for a chorus of male voices (words by Herr Müller von der Werra, composed by Ernest H., Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha) was enthusiastically encored. It is intended to purchase, with the proceeds of the concert, a present, long since deserved, for Zöllner who is now absent from here.—*Ibid*.

**FRANKFURT-ON-THE-MAINE.**—The starring engagement of the tenor, Herr Niemann, who sang in *Tannhäuser*, the *Prophète*, and the part of Max in *Der Freischütz*; the performances of the Italian Operatic Company, under Herr Merelli; and, lastly, the admirable pianoforte playing of Herr Aloys Schmitt, Capellmeister at the Court of Mecklenburg, infused into our town an amount of musical life, which even the fine summer-weather was incapable of interrupting.—*Ibid*.

**STOCKHOLM.**—Mad. Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt arrived here on the 17th of June, by the steamer *Svea*, with her husband and two children. It is her intention to spend the summer at a villa in the environs. A large number of her admirers gave her a most enthusiastic welcome.—*Ibid*.

Mad. Viardot is about to turn her genius, experience, and science to account by assisting to edit a selection of the best classical vocal music of the Italian, German, and French schools, with directions as to style, accentuations, coloring, &c.—*Ibid*.

**CLEVELAND, (O.)**—Flotow's opera of *Alessandro Stradella* has been performed here recently, by the Cleveland Gesangverein. The opera has been presented there before by the same Society, but never in so excellent a manner. The chorus numbered about fifty performers, who were perfect in time and tune. The leading characters, both in singing and action, left nothing to be desired. Miss Bimeler, as *Leonore*, in appearance, acting and singing, was all that could be wished. Abel, as *Stradella*, was admirable. The two Langsdorffs and Quedenfeld were excellent in both singing and acting.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Dearer and nearer. Ballad. C. W. Glover. 25

A very pleasing sentimental ballad.

My love for thee. Song. Geo. Barker. 25

A beautiful melody which will impress itself easily upon musical ears. There is something quite charming about these plaintive notes which the composer of "I'm leaving thee in sorrow, Annie" knows so well how to sound.

It is the hour for music. Duettino. H. Furmer. 35

For two Ladies' voices. Light and pretty, and not at all difficult.

Mother dear. Solo and Chorus. J. Falkenstein. 25

A capital new Minstrel Song, the solo very effective for a high tenor voice.

O the merry May. Song. A. Mattacks. 25

Never mind. A. Nish. 26

Clever songs, which will prove entertaining.

Annie Lisle. With guitar accompaniment.

Thompson. 25

Thompson's—of Lilly Dale celebrity—latest popular Song, with an easy guitar part by Dorn.

#### Instrumental Music.

Linda di Chamouni. Easy Potpourri. F. Nava. 35

Will prove vastly agreeable to young players. It forms one of the set of "Operatic Favorites."

Chimes Polka. Henry Furmer. 15

Four in hand Galop. " 15

Olga Waltz. " 15

The first number of a set got up expressly for the little folks, and called a "Juvenile Library of Dance Music." Young pianists will be delighted to get such charming pieces for lessons.

Zouave Polka. Harley Newcomb. 25

Pleasing and not difficult.

La Juive. Bouquet of melodies. Beyer. 50

To those who wish to recall the striking and grand melodies of this masterwork of Halévy's, performed last winter in New York with Fabbri and Stigelli, this arrangement will prove a treasure. Those to whom the opera is unknown will derive from it a vivid idea of its beauties.

Mountain Dews. Nocturne. Handel Pond. 25

A graceful composition,

#### Books.

**THE CLASSIC GLEE BOOK.** A collection of standard Glee, Madrigals, &c., from the works of Calcott, Horsley, Webbe, Stafford, Smith, Attwood, Danby, and other celebrated composers, ancient and modern. 50

This compilation has been made from the works of the most eminent composers. The music has not suffered from the mutilating spirit of this progressive age, when every novice recognizes in himself the embodiment of all musical art, and undertakes to polish sunbeams and paint lilies. In this collection it is pure, unaltered, and such as its composer intended it should be; and will doubtless be duly appreciated by admirers of the genial, hearty melodies of Old England.

**MUSIC BY MAIL.**—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 442.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 22, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 26.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Nearness of "The Departed."

By JOHN S. ADAMS.

The sea of life sends forth tumultuous waves:  
And suddenly, beneath the trees, we count  
Another sacred spot among the graves:

Another from the friendly circle gone,  
One hand the less to greet us with its grasp,  
And we, like Rachel, comfortless do mourn.

Soon, in the twilight, as night-blooming flowers  
Begin to shed their perfume, close we feel  
The beating of another heart than ours:

And with our finer sense another Mind  
Flood waves of thought ecstatic o'er our own,  
As though within our very soul entwined.

And as we con these inner lessons o'er,  
We learn that those we call "departed" hold  
A nearness to ourselves unknown before.

And then we muse, and question where is heaven  
Whose golden streets our best beloved walk,  
And unto which our purest thoughts are given.

On distant stars we fix our longing gaze,  
Our aspirations wing to farthest goals,  
Striving to find the land of love and praise.

In vain our thoughts far mystic realms explore,  
Where'er our heart is, there to us, is heaven,  
And all our treasures lie upon its shore.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Pianoforte Instruction to be Solid.

A WORD "TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

It is not unfrequently happens that parents, from a desire of seeing their children advance in piano playing, as rapidly as possible, ask the teacher not to be too profound, too thorough, in his teaching. In their imperfect knowledge of the matter they believe that the more hurriedly, or superficially the pupil is instructed, the sooner he or she will have overcome the difficulties of our art and be a fine player. It is true that instruction may be given slower or faster; that is, with loss of time or with the saving of it. An intelligent, experienced and energetic teacher, by dint of his brief and clear method, may teach in half an hour more than another, able though he be, in double the time. The former will avoid anything not tending directly to his object, while the latter may dwell on points that have little to do with it; or it may be (a mistake frequently made) that he labors to impart knowledge, which to his pupil is of no value, because too premature. "Go straight on!" These words the teacher should not forget a moment while he is teaching; but in that, which should be taught, let him by all means be as thorough as possible, for so much the surer and quicker will be the pupil's progress. It is an old saying that a little learned well is a hundred times better than a great deal learned badly. How much is this the case in music, this subtle compound, if I may say so, of euphony and expression; ere the slightest too-much or too-little causes the balance to be dis-

turbed and gives a blow to the ear or the taste! Therefore, the teacher should persist, from the beginning, in making his pupil do everything as perfectly as possible; but should remember that many things require time to ripen, and that by force and impetuosity nothing is to be gained. The necessary qualities for a good player are a fine touch, power of execution, strict time, correct phrasing, and finally, to crown all, *expression*. But all this is based on profound and patient instruction, while the pupil should cheerfully follow the teacher's directions and conscientiously perform the tasks assigned for private practice. A hurried course, on the contrary, will only tend to multiply that sort of pianists who play, not to the enjoyment, but to the torment of sensible listeners. If I now say that years of careful study are required to play finely, and that even then few can gain the pinnacle, it must deter no one from learning this beautiful art, who has a taste for it and means to be industrious. It is not necessary to glory in the conquest of difficulties; an easy piece delivered well gives the same satisfaction as a difficult one, provided it is a good composition; not to mention that the difficulties of a piece should disappear beneath the ease and grace of the performance and not be shown by effort or struggle. We may consider it a sign of the divine origin of music that whatever its utterance be, single or complicate, it is ever pleasing. And so the instruction, likewise, affords pleasure in every stage, if only what is to be learned is learned thoroughly. Besides, it should be remembered that music as taught on the pianoforte is a most efficient mental discipline, not merely because it cultivates the ear and ennobles the mind, suppressing the more savage impulses in our nature and calling forth the gentler, sweeter ones; but it also develops many other faculties, the cultivation of which is included in common education. The memory, for instance; the power of concentrating all our thoughts on one point, which is about equal to presence of mind; also, the arithmetical sense, and the sense of order, as it may be called, by which the manifold rhythmical figures of a measure are to be dissolved into the original beats or counts underlying the measure,—these and others are continually kept in exercise. A player, instructed by a good teacher, may be prevented from ever touching the instrument again, and yet have no cause to regret the time and labor bestowed on it; how many of us remember the lessons we were obliged to learn at school; but shall we say that our labor was spent in vain?

The teachers should let no opportunity escape of enlightening their friends on these points; it will be for their own advantage no less than that of the public in general. Cases are still frequent where persons commence taking lessons with the expectation of being perfect players in a few quarters. Possessed of common sense, as many are, if they are told the truth they will cheerfully relinquish such vain hopes for the improvement and satisfaction to be derived from a proper

course, a course at once thorough and pleasant. To flatter prejudice in this respect is dangerous to art and artists. If you make the public believe that to play the piano well is as easily acquired as the art of grinding a barrel-organ, they are likely to consider your profession on the same scale with that of the "wearers of the velvet breeches," and may come to think your art not worth their money. Therefore, give them pure wine, and be assured we shall fare better by it; at least they will demand no longer of us to produce players as fast as if they were turned out by steam. Yours, &c., BENDA.

## Scudo on Wagner.

In the April number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is a long article by Scudo on Richard Wagner and his music, in which the "music of the future" is criticised severely. The opinions expressed are so thoughtfully elucidated, and come from a man so generally acknowledged to be clear-headed and of long experience, that we translate a portion of them for the perusal of those who are interested in the welfare of musical schools. The great length of the article precludes our publishing it entire.

"M. Wagner pretends to bring dramatic music back to the absolute truth of nature; to cause it to express, not only the profound sentiments and dominant passions of the personages who appear in the drama selected by the author, but he wishes even to reproduce, by the means which are peculiar to the language of sound, by the hundred colorings of the orchestra, and the infinite combinations of harmony, the moral physiognomy of the fable, as well as the different phases of action; without forgetting the accidents of light and landscape, which indicate the hour, the epoch, and the space where the event takes place. He wishes, in a word, to transform the *opera of the past*, which is merely the fictitious frame around a common event quite conventional, to suppress those arias, those duets, those concerted pieces rendered arbitrarily distinct by the rhetoric of the piece, and forming so many isolated pictures in the general picture, whose truthfulness they impair; he wishes to transform all those worn-out combinations into a living grand drama, where the music accompanies the action, characterizes the personages by invariable traits, expresses the passions which excite them, and follows imperturbably the course of the poetry, as Dante follows Virgil in the city of tears, without preoccupying himself with anything else than the logical truth, which ought to be the supreme law of the dramatic composer. Such, in a few words, and disengaged from germanic pathos, is the theory of M. Wagner, which is no other than the old theory of Gluck, of Gretry, which was that of Lessing, of Diderot, and of all the *naturalists*. Under the first empire this theory was particularly advanced in France by Lesueur, a celebrated composer, the author of *La Caverne* and the *Bardes*.

"As to the theories and principles put forth by the creative artist, we are well agreed, and willingly accord all the liberty of action asked of us. We agree on this with M. Wagner: criticism has not the right to impose its arbitrary and absolute law upon the genius which desires to give utterance to its inner life; it cannot oppose its rigid precepts to the indefinite liberty of individual inspiration. Let the artist move then, in his strength and independence,—let him sing, let him paint nature as he sees it, let him evoke, as he conceives it, that ideal which presses upon his

soul or smiles upon his imagination; we wish that he should be entirely free to reveal himself as he feels himself, and let the earth and the heaven be open to him. There is, however, a limit to this indefinable liberty of genius. There is a point, beyond which criticism may say to the individual inspiration of the artist, as the God of the Bible has said to the sea, *'Ne plus ultra!'* This fatal limit, which the artist cannot pass without falling, like Icarus, into the void of space, is the law of the human mind itself—the form in which all genius must mould its creations. I leave you free to say all that you wish, to write, to compose, or paint the most comprehensive poems, provided that you use a language accessible to me, and that you make use of a form that definitely expresses your idea. If a being superior to human nature wished to communicate with mortals he would be forced to submit to the limits of our intelligence; for God himself is known to us only by the world which he has created, and which reveals to us his omnipotence.

"It results from this that a work of art is always composed of two elements, the inspiration of genius, and the form which it takes partly from tradition; that is to say, of liberty and a necessary order imposed upon it by human intelligence. Form in art is the work of all and belongs to no particular genius exclusively. It is not Malherbe, Boileau, Corneille, Racine, Pascal, who have created the French language;—it is the genius of the nation, throughout twelve ages of history. Dante did not call forth the Italian language from chaos, as some say sometimes in the excess of admiration, but he impressed upon it the seal of his soul, and elevated it to the level of his intelligence. Did Michael Angelo alone invent sculpture and statuary? Did not Raphael purify, with his divine pencil, the hieratic types transmitted by the tradition of the Byzantine school? The symphony, that great noble poem of instrumental music, emerged from the sonata, whose different parts became the divisions of the symphonies of Haydn, who first gave to this already existing form a regular beauty. Mozart scarce changes the internal economy of Haydn's symphony, but he pours therein the treasures of his living soul, the tears and enchanting smiles of his melodic genius. Beethoven enlarges all the parts of this symphonic poem, multiplies the episodes, fills them with a new and noble life, which sometimes outstrips the measure. The same remarks are applicable to opera, which, from Monteverde to Gluck, from Gluck to Mozart, from Mozart to Rossini, is continually changing on a persistent basis, which is the work of time and of the human mind. It is thus that the variety of geniuses harmonize upon a common foundation of idea, and that the liberty of individual inspiration adapts itself to a necessary order, without which art cannot exist.

"The object of art," says M. Cousin, in his work, *Du Vrai, du Beau, et du Bien*, 'is the expression of moral beauty, by the aid of physical beauty.' Mozart, whose supreme taste was worthy of his genius, has expressed the same thought in the following manner: 'Music should always be music, even in the most horrible dramatic situations.' It is a profound truth, recognized by the masters of every age and country. Music is, with sculpture, perhaps, that one of all the arts where beauty of form is most necessary to the intelligence of moral beauty. Composed of three elements, melody, rhythm, and harmony, music cannot dispense with elegance and beauty to produce its greatest effects. The melody traversed by the rhythm, which gives it character, is the primordial and essential element, without which music cannot exist. Harmony is only the completion of the melody, and is that part of music which does not contain in itself its own solution. Music has existed for ages without harmony, and there live yet on the globe millions of men who know nothing of it. Harmony cannot live a day without a melodic idea to support it, and which explains its meaning. As soon as harmony forms itself in regular successions, it disengages from the mass of its chords a melodic line, more or less defined, as an electric flash separates itself from the action of the pile. Harmony, a modern ele-

ment in the musical art, is the coloring of the idea, which is and can only be, the melody. The verbiage of rhetoricians and sophists cannot destroy the nature of things.

"Whatever be your thought, the profundity of your genius, the vast conception you desire to manifest, you cannot reach my soul, move it, penetrate it with the breath of your inspiration, except through the medium of my senses, which are the first judges of the art. It is in vain for you to invent foolish theories, and disclaim everything which is not up to the level of your pretended spiritual aberrations. Man perceives the truth only through his senses, which are the doors through which his inner nature is reached; and the senses do not readily admit the truth unless it be dressed in beauty, and in a form which delights. I know that this is an old heathen doctrine, at which modern reformers smile and pretend to address themselves to the spirit; but this doctrine, old as man, will endure as long as he."

After thus examining the theory of the "music of the future," M. Scudo goes on to criticize in detail some of his compositions; and we shall select portions to translate in another number of our journal. CAROLUS.

#### The N. Y. Albion on the Academy of Music.

Come now, Messieurs, the Directors of the Academy of Music, let us reason together. In the very dog-days of the summer, so suddenly vanished, when we were less able than we should have been at any other time to bear the infliction, you saw fit to pile upon us a mighty advertisement setting forth what you were to do in the operatic campaign of the Fall. You irritated us by flaunting in our faces a gaudy banner inscribed with bombastic words of promise. You dragged into your placard poor old *Æschylus* and *Euripides*; you hopelessly involved yourselves in a discourse upon the Greek tragedies, and when you found yourselves beyond your depth—you lost bottom very soon, I notice—you awkwardly enough paddled off upon the fashionable tailor, milliner, hairdresser, and furnisher, declaring that the high mission of the opera is to stimulate the trade in gloves and Eau de Cologne, and mildly to excite the innocuous brain of the young man of American "Society." When you had floundered upon this very dry bit of land, you evidently felt that some apology was due to the spectators; so you proceeded thus:—"This exordium has been considered proper in view of the fact that the Directors of the Academy of Music have made for the coming season arrangements of the most important and elaborate character." I really don't perceive why this "fact" rendered it necessary or proper for the English language to suffer martyrdom at your hands; but never mind. You further said, referring to yourselves in the third person, "They have learned by experience, the best and dearest of teachers, that in order to command success, they must deserve it by presenting artistic talent of the highest order, a perfect ensemble in all its details, orchestra, chorus, and scenic effects, variety and novelty in the repertoire," &c.

Your "efforts to elevate the standard of musical taste in this country"—which is one of your own modest and truthful phrases—for the season of 1860-61 have now been going on for two weeks. You have given us artistic talent of a high order—this all honest critics will cheerfully admit; but as to the tautological promise of a "perfect ensemble in all its details, orchestra, chorus, and scenic effects," allow me to say, with feelings of the deepest consideration, that it was a sham—a word authorized by Worcester, not frowned upon by Webster, and, when moderately translated, meaning "an illusory pretext." You have given us a good orchestra, a tolerable, though scanty chorus, but no perfection of scenic effects whatever. You seldom do give us this. We always find a certain amount of well painted scenery, as theatrical scenery goes, but it stands alone on an ill furnished and utterly barren stage. We don't expect marvels of chronological or geographical consistency, but we have a right to ask that scenes brought into conjunction

shall not represent maddening impossibilities of vegetation, or styles of architecture separated by more than a century of time, or by distance greater than one-third of the earth's circumference. You know that anachronisms and inconsistencies as glaring as those here implied are made every night under your direction. We have had nothing new in the way of stage furniture; the familiar stock has been lugged on in the same ridiculous manner as of old; that cheap cloth has been, as always, put upon the same aged table which has served generations of operas; and that dreary pair of chairs has nightly been forced to do duty alike in banquet hall, drawing-room, or bed-chambers. You have tried, as they sometimes say, with a degree of perseverance worthy of a better cause, to destroy every shred of illusion your representations of opera may have produced, and you know that the opera, in its best modern manner, is chiefly successful in presenting an accurate picture of what can by no possibility happen in real life.

Then, as to the "variety and novelty in the repertoire." You have given us "*La Sonnambula*," "*Lucia*," "*Il Poliuto*," "*Il Trovatore*," "*Il Barbiere*," "*I Puritani*," "*Martha*;" we should have had "*La Traviata*," except for the sickness of Mme. Cortesi; we are promised the "*Sicilian Vespers*," "*Linda di Chamounix*," and heaven preserve us—"Norma." Here is novelty and variety indeed! These are some of the "important and elaborate" arrangements you have made for the season! You must have been kept out of your beds for many weary nights while planning such a brilliant succession of new things.

But you will say—for I know your tricks—you will say, with a shrug of your shoulders, and with much turning up of the palms of your hands, that you are giving the public a greater variety of good performances than they could have for the same money anywhere abroad, and you will glibly repeat the scale of prices at Her Majesty's Theatre, and other transatlantic places of amusement; then, with an expression of mingled sadness and commiseration, you will walk off to the box-office and rack your brains over a fresh advertisement. To this we reply, True, O Directors! the people of England and France do pay more than we, and sometimes they have no more novelty. But be pleased to remember that they are not stunned by the noisy blowing of managerial trumpets before each season commences. We probably should not complain that we hear only the old operas, if you had not, with such a gratuitous display of bombast and balderdash, expressly told us that we were to have quite a different state of things. You are continually crying, not only wolf, but a whole menagerie of strange and wonderful beasts, and you have so often deluded us, that we have a right to feel affronted. Perhaps we were green to believe your announcement; but, really, you did it so ingeniously this time, with your Greek tragedies, your hair dressers, and your fashionable young men, that we quite forgot your natural propensities, and thought we should see something like what you talked about. Then, too, as to your argument drawn from the English and French opera, be pleased to bear in mind that even the old pieces there represented are put upon the stage with a real splendor which would dazzle you into perpetual blindness if it appeared on the boards of your Academy. Every detail of the stage furniture, scenery and equipments is perfect, and more money is expended on one of these operas than would pay for the whole of your stage-worn, shop-worn paraphernalia.

Since you are ever prating about novelties, why do you not essay a really new thing and surprise us all? Just engage a stage manager who shall manage the stage; let as much care be given to the minor details of your pieces as would be given to a blood and thunderous drama in the Bowery, as much as you bestow upon your stupid advertisements; scrub up your antique furniture, if you cannot or will not afford that which is new; let your scene shifters be content to show the audience the results of their labor without so generously displaying themselves as they run out

the wings; let your supernumeraries cease their aimless and idiotic walking about the stage whenever they appear, and endeavor to drive into their heads the half or quarter of an idea of what they are supposed to be or to represent; make it an especial point, in dressing your armies, or your lords and ladies, or your peasants, that the large people shall not get all the small people's clothes, and vice versa. Finally, throw away your pens and ink, treat the public less as if it were composed of idiots and dotards, and show by your acts that you are worthy of an enlightened patronage.

I suppose I ought to apologise to my readers for making before them this serious talk with the men who want their money. But they are really crowding us, as the Western people say.

There has been very little in the performances of the week to call for notice. There has been one change of programme, and some contradictory announcements, and it appears as though the parts of the grand combination do not coalesce. All the houses in theatrical phrase, have been "sly;" that of Wednesday night, when Patti sang in "I Puritani," was the best of the week. Susini being taken sick, Barili supplied his place; the same artist also appeared as *Figaro* in "Il Barbiere," on Monday night. If exertion would make a good singer, he would stand high in the profession. "Il Trovatore" was repeated—by special request—on Tuesday. This special or general request is one of the stalest humbugs of the opera. Musiani's *ut de poitrine* makes too prominent an appearance in the bill, and does not wear well.

It would amuse the man who believes in the enthusiasm he sees and hears at the opera, if he would walk about the lobby during the evening, and mark how regularly the numerous young men and lads, *attaches* of the box office and the house, rush to the doors of the parquette, smite together their hands, and cry "bravo," whenever the least applause from within gives them the cue. It would also amuse the same man to see in what a business like manner the number of calls before the curtain is arranged in advance of each evening's performance.

On Thursday evening a small transparency at the door made known the fact that the opera was postponed. An inquiry produced the reply that Madame Cortesi was "very sick." We hope she will soon recover, do we not? Singers cannot be too careful; they sometimes take cold from a strong draught at the treasury; sometimes they are chilled by the public; occasionally they are really ill. Let us be Christians and hope that the last is not the case with Mme. Cortesi.

ROBIN.

(From the New York Mercury.)

### Hints and Helps for the Young.

#### MUSIC.

Among those recreations which are proper, as well as pleasant, the cultivation of musical ability takes high rank.

We say musical *ability*—for it is not everybody who possesses the necessary qualifications to enjoy true music. There are some people who find no pleasure in music. We do not believe that this is because they cannot, at any time, feel its charms, but because their sense of music has been allowed to remain in a condition of inactivity; and, consequently, they have no relish for "sweet sounds."

Properly to appreciate a painting or sculpture requires an educated eye. Rightly to value a musical composition requires an educated ear. Without there is some natural defect in the physical organization, we believe that the ear and the eye are both capable of education; and that all, or nearly all, can appreciate music and painting, if they will.

Music is the poetry of sound. It embraces harmony, concord, and melody. It moves on velvet wings, waded so gently and gracefully, that naught but onward motion is known or felt. Whatever sound produces the charm of melody in the soul, wakes up all its *Æolian* strings to breathing symphonies within, unheard, but felt like the spirit-notes of a rapt vision, is music. Whatever sounds, or succession of sounds, make us forget that we are dwellers of earth, and lifts us, for the time being, into a world of living harmonies, which come and go, entrance and bewilder, captivate, and hold in

trembling delight our minds—like the electric color-dances of the aurora borealis—is real music. It is a thing to be felt, not described. It is not sound simply—for all sound is not music. It is a peculiar, indescribable running together, or blending of certain smooth sounds of different heights, like the gliding together of the different colors of the rainbow. Its presence is tested only by the charm wrought in the soul.

When the soul is in ecstasy, occasioned by a succession of sounds, we may know that musical numbers are flowing. When a soft sound starts a tear in the eye, we may know that the spirit of music is there. Oh, the rapturous charm of Music! What power it has to soften, melt, enchain, in its spirit chords of subduing harmony! Truly, there is power in music—an almost omnipotent power. It will tyrannize over the soul. It will force it to bow down and worship, it will wring adoration from it, and compel the heart to yield its treasures of love. Every emotion, from the most reverent devotion to the wildest gushes of frolicsome joy, it holds subject to its imperative will. It calls the religious devotee to worship, the patriot to his country's altar, the philanthropist to his generous work, the freeman to the temple of liberty, the friend to the altar of friendship, the lover to the side of his beloved. It elevates, empowers, and strengthens them all. The human soul is a mighty harp, and all its strings vibrate to the gush of music. Yet all souls are not the same harp, nor are all affected alike by its power. Some will listen to the most exquisite music with only an agreeable pleasure, while others are carried heavenwards in a whirlwind of bewildering joy.

Different nations have different habits, customs, manners, modes of expression, and different words and languages to convey their thoughts and feelings. But music is felt alike by them all. A stirring strain will touch the well-strung souls of every nation alike. All will dance to a note of joy; all will weep at one of sadness. A lofty strain will bear all to heaven; a jarring discord lower them again to earth. The same masters have made the same music in Norway, Germany, Italy, France, England, America, and all have bowed before it like reeds before the wind. A beautiful proof is this of the kindred nature of all souls, of the existence of a mysterious link of spiritual union, that binds them all together. And the beauty of this proof is heightened, when we remember that music is the voice of love, and is closely allied to the infinite. Love speaks in tones of music. Love breathes musical airs. Love delights to pour itself out in song. The worshiper chants his praises in strains of lofty music. The lover of freedom speaks his love in song. The lover of beauty sings its praises. The lover of humanity softly breathes his love-notes in strains of sweetest music. Then how beautiful is this universality! The love of which it is the voice is equally universal. All souls have love within them. It is the all-pervading soul of the universe. Its voice is music. It is breathed in the harmony of the spheres, in the anthem of universal nature.

It has been beautifully said, that "Music is the voice of God, and poetry His language." It seems to bear an affinity to Deity. An eloquent writer, in speaking of the impression made on her mind by a musical performance says: "It expressed to me more of the infinite than I ever saw, or heard, or dreamed of, in the realms of nature, art, or imagination." And, again: "Music is the soprano, the feminine principle, the heart of the universe. Because it is the voice of Love, because it is the highest type and aggregate expression of attraction, therefore it is infinite—therefore it pervades all space and transcends all being, like a divine influx. What the tone is to the word, what expression is to the form, what affection is to thought, what the heart is to the head, what intuition is to argument, what insight is to policy, what religion is to philosophy, what holiness is to heroism, what moral influence is to power, what woman is to man, is music to the universe. Flexible, graceful, and free, it pervades all things, and is limited by none. It is not poetry, but it is the soul of poetry; it is not mathematics, but it is in numbers, like harmonious proportions in cast-iron; it is not in painting, but it shines through colors, and gives them their tone; \* \* \* it is not in architecture, but the stones take their place in harmony with its voice, and stand in 'petrified music.'" In the words of Betina: "Every art is the body of music, which is the soul of every art; and so is music to the soul of love, which also answers not for its workings; for it is the contact of divine with human."

The human voice is the most perfect musical instrument ever made; and well it might be, for it had the most skillful Maker. That voice should be cultivated so as to sing the tones of love to man and to God. Around the fireside, in the social circle, it

should sing the voice of love; and at the altar of God, it should pour forth melodious praise.

Who does not know the softening power of music, especially the music of the human voice? It is like the angel whisperings of kind words in the hour of trouble. Who can be angry when the voice of love speaks in music? Who hears the harsh voice of selfishness, and brutalizing passion, when music gathers up her pearly love-notes, to salute the ear with a stray song of paradise? Sing to the wicked man, sing to the disconsolate, sing to the sufferer, sing to the old, and sing to children, for music will inspire them all.

To all youth, we would say: Cultivate well the powers of music in your souls, for amply will you be repaid. You who possess the gift for music, shall it be unproductive within you for want of use? Shall the gem never be burnished? Shall you never present it shining to its Giver in a song of praise and worship. It is due to Him that it should be cultivated. How early should children be taught to sing; for what is sweeter than the songs of innocent childhood—so refining, so refreshing, so suggestive of a better world? Music sweetens the cup of bitterness, softens the hand of want, lightens the burdens of life, makes the heart courageous, and the soul cheerfully devout. Into the soul of childhood and youth, it pours a tide of redeeming influence. Its first and direct effect is to mentalize the musical performer; not to give him knowledge, more wisdom in the practical, business affairs of life, but to stir his mental being into activity, to awaken strong emotions, to move among the powers within as a common electrifier, touching here with tenderness, there with energy, now with holy aspiration, and anon with the inspiring thrill of beauty. It breathes like a miracle of inspiration through the soul, to elevate, refine, and spiritualize. No lethargy can exist in the soul that is pouring forth a tide of musical numbers. Its very recesses are all astir. Everything within becomes active; the perceptions acute, the affections warm, the moral sensibilities quick and sensitive. When we think how much the world wants awakening, we can think of no power better calculated to do it than that which dwells in the mysterious melodies of music.

But it not only gives an additional warmth, fervor, and vigor to the powers within, it gives refinement. It is opposed to the gross, the low, and the vulgar. Music never suggests vulgarity and baseness—never tends to the coarse and low; but to the shame of humanity be it said, that it has been prostituted to administer to base passions and vile feelings. And so has religion, and reason, and love. But not more are these directly opposed to the vile and coarse than in music. When musical numbers take hold of the mental man, with their powerful and vigorous sway, and raise it to that point of activity and fervor scarcely ever attained by any other means, the whole tendency is to the pure, the refined, and the perfect. It is true, the increased and cultivated sensibility of musical performers makes them so alive to discord, opposition, harshness, that at times they become much like that sensitive plant called "touch-me-not;" but this is rather the result of outward discord than of inward tendency to irritability. The outward world is not in harmony with their inward world. It is too gross and rough—too discordant and perplexing.

It is to be expected that the sensibility which music cultivates will influence the passionate as well as the moral nature of man; and will, at times, make anger more acute as well as love. It gives an increased activity to the whole being. And this would show the importance of cultivating all the mental powers in harmony with the musical talent. Much as we prize the influences of music—holy and enrapturing as we believe them to be—we would not press its claims beyond its proper limits. Harmony of mental development should be the grand object of life. The real and all-glorious influences of music are known and felt only when the whole mind is truly and properly cultivated. Then its charm is perfect; then its heaven is created. Music should be an essential part of education. It should be cultivated with numbers, with science, with literature, and poetry; for it is intimately blended with all these: is the spiritual expression of them all. It should begin ere words are lisped by the infant tongue, and be continued through the whole educational course—yea through life. On account of its mentalizing tendency, it assists rather than retards the educational progress. It renders more active all the mental powers; so that the whole educational work is promoted by the vitalizing power of the musical faculties. An education can be acquired more quickly and more effectually with, than without, the cultivation of the musical talent. The time given to that augments as rapidly as time spent in any other way.

the strength of the mental powers; while it relaxes, unbends, recreates, and strengthens them, and thus gives more time to the real work of education. Then let all youth be wise, and educate their talents for good music.

### Piano-Forte Composers.

John Field, who resided for many years at St. Petersburg—as indolent as Dussek and as eccentric as Steibelt or Woelfl—wrote some concertos, a few sonatas, and a vast number of less important works. These, though exhibiting a certain smoothness of character and graceful peculiarity of *trait*, or passage admirably suited to the finished manner of playing which eminently distinguished their author (a disciple—we cannot think otherwise, although Field being an Englishman,\* we should rejoice to proclaim him original—of Cramer) are not remarkable either for depth or variety of invention. Field deserves mention, nevertheless, if only for the extensive influence produced both by his playing (his many accomplished pupils—among whom, like Dussek, he boasted his Prince Ferdinande—to wit) and his music, sufficiently meritorious in its way, on a vast number of contemporaries.

CIPRIANI POTTER,† another Englishman, and one far more illustrious than Field, has distinguished himself in every branch of composition; and to his influence as a master must be chiefly, if not wholly, attributed the remarkable progress which this country has made of late years in musical intelligence. But, although Mr. Potter has left nothing untouched, and nothing, we may surely say, “unadorned,” especially in the department of instrumental music, it is of his pianoforte music alone that we have at present to speak. Mr. Potter is as thorough a master of the sonata form as Mozart himself, with a power of development no doubt derived from the great Beethoven, who, struck with his quickness and feeling, did not disdain to afford him his invaluable counsels. The specimens Mr. Potter has given us of the sonata for pianoforte *solus* (at least the printed ones) are not numerous, and are only published in Germany. Yet they are of such a solid kind, that, although sometimes wanting in fancy, they may with safety be constituted as models. Mr. Potter's Studies (two books) are justly esteemed among the very best of elementary works. Of his concertos, although, we believe, he has composed many, not being printed we are unable to speak advisedly; but some rare occasions of hearing them performed by the composer have unfolded their merits so plainly as to make us the more regret the impossibility of possessing them.

From men so gifted and so thoughtful we must take a great leap to descend upon such a level flat of commonplace as that occupied by FREDERIC KALKBRENNER, whom we notice simply because, as a pianist and a professor of the pianoforte, he has exercised considerable influence. His studies, possessing little musical merit, are decidedly useful; besides which, they facilitate certain mechanical peculiarities that, in the present age of executive wonders, are almost indispensable. As a composer Kalkbrenner had neither originality nor learning. His style, if style it may be termed, was a *melée* of the exuberances of Dussek and his contemporaries, the unmeaning extravaganzas of some of the modern fantasia-mongers, and the brilliant scale-passages of Henri Herz. We can find no vestige in the entire catalogue of Kalkbrenner's work, either of individual thought or musical ingenuity. True, some of his pieces attained an ephemeral popularity; but, of them, the variations on “Rule Britannia”—which are not so ingenious and scarcely more brilliant than those of Dussek—constitute a prominent example. We need hardly say, that such compositions cannot possibly have any influence on the progress of the art. Kalkbrenner essayed his talents in concertos and sonatas; of the former we need not speak—they are not worth the pains; of the latter we have a better opinion. We are acquainted with three of them:—that in A flat, generally known as the “Left-handed Sonata;” that in A minor, dedicated to Cherubini (!); and that in F minor. The first and second are the best by many degrees, and have some really beautiful passages, besides being, for Kalkbrenner, wonderfully symmetrical. The last, except a slow movement in C major, fantastically styled “The Song of the Quail,” contains nothing above mediocrity. Yet, as Kalkbrenner is unanimously admitted amongst the most notable persons who at a recent period devoted themselves to the progress of the pianoforte, we have necessarily included him in our *catalogue raisonné*.

Of HENRI HERZ, who still lives and belongs to our immediate times, we need say little. Singular, as it may appear, he adopted the *Fall of Paris*, of Moscheles, not only as a model for a single piece,

but as a foundation of a new school, which he developed as far as it could go. But Herz brought with him a lively fancy, an inexhaustible facility in the invention of graceful, elegant, and natural passages, and a knowledge of music by no means contemptible. How popular this writer has been (and is)—what a fortune he has proved to the music publishers—what a boon to young ladies in the drawing-room, and what a torture to their visitors—what an invaluable stock of display for pianoforte teachers incapable of executing better music—and what a universal favorite with all, musicians as well as amateurs—everybody knows. To say more of Henri Herz would be superfluous; to say less would have been unjust. Nor should we quit him so soon but that, as far as our knowledge goes, he has not written one sonata for piano *solus*, nor do his concertos evidence any extensive acquaintance with, or profound attachment to, the sonata form—the great test for all composers. Before leaving him, however, we must say one thing in favor of Henri Herz, which is wholly apart from the influence, good or bad, his music has exercised, or continues to exercise, on pianists and composers for the piano. Out of the large number of works he has written we do not remember a single instance of *enuni* produced by the execution of one of them, great or small. As much cannot be said of many composers. Although compelled to deny him a place among the really great men who have benefitted and advanced the art, we cannot, with any show of justice, number Herz among those whose ignorance renders them pitiable while their assumption makes them intolerable.

CZERNY, the most voluminous writer for the pianoforte of whom the whole history of the art makes mention,‡ must be content with this distinction, as the only one that has induced us to introduce his name here. He was a musician of some acquirement, and a professor of acknowledged merit. He lived a cotemporary of Henri Herz, and has written a great many pieces in imitation of that original, which by some might be accepted without suspicion as the compositions of Herz himself. He was a resident at Vienna while Beethoven flourished, with whom he was on intimate terms of acquaintance, and has written a great many pieces in imitation of that original, which nobody would, under the most difficult circumstances, accept as the compositions of Beethoven. Czerny has imitated almost every cotemporary, almost every predecessor, and, had he the gift of foresight, in all probability, he would have imitated some composer yet unborn. Luckily for posterity he did not possess that gift. The sonatas of Czerny—which are frequently wound up into interminable fugues, based on interminable *chromatic* themes—are not sonatas, and, but for the title-page, no one would surmise the classical intentions of the composer. We are pleased to be able to say, that we neither know nor care whether Czerny has written any concertos, but we have heard more than three hundred of his miscellaneous pieces, and we have no desire at present of seeking to hear any more.

CHARLES MAYER and PIXIS may be classed together, the first as a very good, the last as a very bad composer of pianoforte music. Mayer, we believe, lives in Russia; Pixis is dead many years. The influence of Mayer, who cannot boast of as much originality as musical knowledge, has been to improve the taste of his hearers, and the music of his cotemporaries; that of Pixis, who can boast of quite as little originality as musical knowledge, has been to spoil one and the other. We know of no sonatas by either; but we know of some very excellent studies (good music to boot) by the first, and we know of some exceedingly poor fantasias (bad music to boot) by the latter. Both are cited by competent authorities as men of note in what chiefly regards the art of composing and playing on the pianoforte. The former we accept without hesitation; the latter we have named only to question his right to the distinction.—*London Musical World*, August 25.

\* John Field—“Russian Field,” as he was nick-named—was, we believe, born in Ireland.

† Chief for many years of the Royal Academy of Music—master of Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mr. G. A. Macfarren, and other eminent musicians.

‡ It may be noted here that Kalkbrenner in his *Pianoforte Tutor*, while attempting to undervalue, betrays most extraordinary ignorance of the works of this great composer—speaking of his “Consolation” (a short theme with variations in B flat), as his most remarkable work!

§ We believe—thank heaven we have no practical experience of the fact—that the works of Czerny pass Op. 1100!!

### Garibaldi.

While the world is ringing with the great deeds of the Liberator of Italy, it is not unpleasant to find that he has good claims for honorable mention in a Journal of Music. While we give all honor to the

patriot, let us consider his merits as a critic and a singer.

An Englishman who made the voyage from Messina with Garibaldi, on board the transport *Amaran*, gives this account of his appearance and manner.

“Panting and sweltering all of us were, idle and listless enough; but the General moved among the various groups upon deck with a kind and apt word for each of them, evincing that readiness of recognition, that perfect accuracy of recollection, that memory of men and things and circumstances, however trifling, which are ranked among the innate privileges of royalty. He had on his usual dictatorial suit, consisting of the unfailing flannel shirt, with a silk handkerchief thrown loosely and widely round the neck by way of a scarf, light gray trousers, and the modern wide-awake hat with the turn-up brim.

“The prodigious breadth of the General's shoulders, his colossal chest, and the natural dignity and lion-like majesty of his countenance, again and again incline a beholder to overrate his real stature, which is certainly not above the middle size. You must go near him, and measure him by the standards of common men, before you recover from the error into which awe for that commanding figure leads you. The hair, on a nearer inspection, is dark hazel, almost black, darker by far than the beard, which is tawny or reddish. He wears the hair rather long. The beard is full, and relieves the length of the oval face, which might otherwise be thought excessive. The temples are somewhat compressed about the region of the eyes, and a very strong oblique depression is observable about the eyebrows. The cheek bones are high, and the nose comes down between them in a perfectly straight long line, even with the slightly slanting forehead. The complexion of the small part of the face which is not hidden by the beard is not merely bronzed or sunburnt—it has a peculiar sanguine hue, thickly studded with endless freckles. This remarkable tint, the features, the color of the beard, joined to the calm, but deep expression of the dark eye, all contribute to give his countenance that unmatched character which won for Garibaldi the appellation of the ‘Lionface.’

Towards noon the General had been engaged in a long conversation with Turr, when his attention was attracted by the sound of merry voices in the fore part of the steamer. He walked up to his companions, who had got up a kind of volunteer concert; walked nearer and nearer, till he first stood, then sat, in the midst of the delighted group. All the unsuccessful attempts at national songs, hymns, or melodies, which rose into ephemeral existence during the successful political commotions of 1831, 1848 and 1849 were tried with indifferent success. Garibaldi lamented that Italy alone, of all countries under the sun—Italy, which was great in nothing, if not in music—had nothing like a national air or anthem to boast of. “I could,” he said, with a slight touch of bitterness which has been felt by many an Italian patriot, “sing you the war-songs of ten barbaric and even savage nations, but I could not quote three notes to thrill the heart of an Italian as those of the *Marsellaise* strike to the soul of every Frenchman, or ‘God Save the Queen’ sink home to the heart of an Englishman. He made the trial of one of the many Italian failures, nevertheless, and his deep-throated mellow voice; mellow in singing, as it is rather sharp-ringing in conversation when raised above the ordinary pitch; his voice rose above the chorus of his old comrades, as they sang the ditty which seemed among the many to have most taken the hero's fancy. I took note of the lines as I was perfectly unacquainted with them, and write them down here as remarkable for being a melody in which Garibaldi sang first. It is Italy who is made to speak to her children:

“*Via toglietevi del capo*  
“*La corona delle spine;*  
“*Che una volta almen sul crine*  
“*Splenda il serto del valor.*  
“*Son l'Italia e son risorta,*  
“*Le catene ho tutte infrante,*  
“*Borgieri come gigante,*  
“*Al richiamo dell'onor.*  
“*Fui signora delle genti;*  
“*Poi fui schiava o pianis tanto;*  
“*Per più secoli di pianto*  
“*Questo di compenso arrà.*  
“*Tutti all'armi, o figli miei!*  
“*Tutta uniti in una schiera;*  
“*Benedetla la bandiera*  
“*Che a pugnar li condurrà,*  
“*Dal Ceniso alla Sicilia,*  
“*A noi splenda libertà.”*

“Many other songs more or less of a warlike or patriotic character were tried, mostly with indifferent success. We had three ladies on board, who had all joined the group, and to whom Garibaldi paid easy, affable attentions. There is no gall in the milk of this man's composition, or one would wonder how,



after Como, he can bear to look a woman in the face. Two of these female passengers belonged to a professional singer from Messina, and the latter was, after a little pressing, induced to favor the company with some more cultivated strains. Garibaldi had sat down on a water-butt, resting his feet on the chain-cable, with his elbows on his knees, and his chin on both his hands, with an upturned face, listening to civilized music with the attention of a man fitted by nature to appreciate the beautiful whenever it falls in his way. One of his companions, a draughtsman, was ready with paper and pencil to catch the attitude and the group. The moment was sublime, for the unconscious General had put on an ineffably calm and delighted expression. Presently the roughs again took up the strain, and the concert assumed that wild and desultory character which belongs to such extempore performances. There arose loud peals of laughter, in which it did a man's heart good to see Garibaldi take a hearty share—Garibaldi, the man on whose shoulders weigh at this moment the destinies of Italy. Accustomed as they must be to the exhibition of such unaffected cordiality, Garibaldi's companions were as fully charmed to see their chieftain in such high good humor as a comparative stranger might be. The love and devotion of all men who ever draw near Garibaldi are something that passes all understanding. He loves all, and is loved by all; yet there is none with whom his supreme authority is ever shared, none who is ever intimately taken into his councils. It is only his heart that is open to all. His mind is exclusively his own, and his will admits no doubt or dispute."

### The Boston Chime.

Under this head, the *Transcript* has a communication, giving the following facts relating to the chime of Christ Church, Boston, "which were obtained," he says, from some old papers found in the church sometime since:—

The church is furnished with a chime of eight bells, the cost of which was £560: the other charges for wheels, dorking and putting up were £93, exclusive of the freight from England which was generously given by John Rowe, Esq.

*Weight of the Bells.*—1st. 1,545 lbs.; 2d. 1,183 lbs.; 3d. 948 lbs.; 4th. 833 lbs.; 5th. 818 lbs.; 6th. 703 lbs.; 7th. 622 lbs.; 8th. 620 lbs.

*Devices and Mottos on the Bells.*—Tenor, 1st. This peal of eight is the gift of a number of generous persons to Christ Church in Boston, New England, Anno 1744.

2d. This church was founded in the year 1723. Timothy Cutter, Doctor in Divinity, the first rector 1745.

3d. We are the first ring of bells cast for the British Empire in North America. 1744.

4th. God preserve the Church of England. 1744.

5th. William Shirley, Esq., governor of the Mass Bay in N. E. Anno 1744.

6th. The subscriptions for these bells were begun by John Hammock and Robert Temple, Churchwardens, Anno 1743, completed by Rob't. Jenkins and Ion Gould, Church wardens, Anno 1744.

7th. Since generosity has opened our mouths, our tongues shall ring aloud its praise. 1744.

8th. Abel Rudhall of Gloucester cast us all. Anno 1743.

The chime though over a century old, is still perfect in every respect, and is regarded by competent judges as the best in this country.

Till within a few years, the bells were not "chimed," as at present, but eight men were trained to "ring changes," a custom which is still preserved in many villages in England; they were not rung "all at once," until none could be found capable of ringing them in the old way. The good old custom of ringing for Christmas and New Years is still kept up.

The number of Psalm tunes which can, at present, be played upon this chime, by the accomplished ringers, William Jewell, is almost incredible."

The *rétrés* of Mad. Tedesco will take place in the rôle of Fidès in the *Prophète*, to be performed Sept. 9, for the benefit of the pension list.

M. Calzado is introducing the new diapason into the orchestra of the Italian opera. In a fortnight all the new instruments will be ready. The diapason of this theatre was one of the highest of all the theatres of Paris. This measure, of which the director assumes all the expense, will be very favorable to the singers.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 22, 1860.

### Editorial Correspondence.

#### IV.

PARIS, August 10, 1860.

My short visit to Paris is in the unmusical season of the year; a mere lingering to make what may be seen and hear what may be heard on the way through to other countries. Brushing quickly past the gay flowers, and chiefly occupied in seeing, I had not thought to gather musical honey for these letters. But I have seemed to meet on all sides symptoms of a new musical impulse in France. Certainly the French have not borne hitherto the highest musical reputation; the French taste, even the French ear has not been reported very true to concert pitch; and the French as a people have been proverbially famed for singing out of tune. This is a slander so far as my small experience of the past fortnight goes. In the churches at Rouen, in the operas, the *cafés chantants*, the Conservatoire, and above all the singing classes of "the million," in Paris, one could not but be struck by the very opposite, by just that same exactness in regard to tune and time, which makes the whole every day movement of this most orderly and military nation. Here every thing goes in procession; all partakes of the controlling military rhythm; and with whatever latent discontent there is (doubtless not a little) under the purest despotism, there is still a certain lyric sense of glory and of pride in power, in art, in order and in beauty which goes well with music. There is a great educational work in progress over all France in respect to music. The people are becoming singers, in a more real and substantial sense (I cannot help thinking) than we are wont to boast of with our swarms of money-making singing masters and "professors" in New England. Here a great musical movement, real and sincere, seems to have sprung up in the people, and to have a living soul in it. It enjoys the fostering care of government. The empire, which styles itself "Peace," is shrewd enough at least to show that it is also Art, and also Music. And it does look as if that power, which, while it turns Paris into a camp, at the same time unites the Louvre with the Tuileries, builds noble palaces and boulevards and bridges, redeems to sight the beautiful old tower of St. Jacques, long hidden in a dirty mass of buildings, restores and renovates the glorious old cathedrals, and other monuments of Gothic architecture throughout France,—doing in fact everywhere a great æsthetic work and cultivating the artistic glory of the land,—was at the same time quickening a new musical impulse and preparing a new musical era in its people.

What I witnessed last Sunday was significant. "Orphéon" is the collective name of a great system of popular singing societies, for both sexes and all ages, within a few years organized, and still spreading out its branches over all France. The reports are still fresh of the impression which a delegation of some thousands of the male Orphéonists made on their visit to the Crystal Palace in England some weeks since. It was my good fortune to receive an invitation in company with an intelligent amateur of our town, to what

was styled a *Séance Solennelle* of the *Orphéon (Ville de Paris)*, held in the vast round of the Cirque Napoleon, at 2 P. M., on Sunday, August 5th. This "solemn session" was a free grand concert; there were no tickets sold; it was the people's own affair and open to the people, subject only to the limitation, for the sake of comfort and of order, (for here the rule is absolute and universal, in theatres, in cars, in omnibuses, never to admit one person over and above the actual number of seats) of invitations dated from the Prefecture of the Seine.

The assembly was immense. There could not have been fewer than five thousand guests; and these ranged in circle above circle (to the number of twenty circles), from the spacious area below to half way up the richly decorated walls of the great circus, made a most brilliant and lively spectacle, in itself enough to occupy the hour we were kept waiting. All classes were assembled, but chiefly of the people; mechanics with their wives and daughters, a vast brilliant flower bed of kaleidoscopic colors; here and there an actual blue blouse, or the picturesque Arabic costume of the Zouave. A wide section of the ground, from top to bottom, was filled or filling with the singers, numbering one thousand or twelve hundred voices in all. Above, on one side, sat the basses and the tenors, and below them the women. On the other side, the boys and girls. At the foot of all a patch of the tenderest plants, silvery-voiced youngest girls, found room upon the central area. The rest of this was occupied by dignitaries and distinguished guests in stately arm-chairs, such as Auber, who moved about a sort of oracle among them, and others of the musical celebrities of France; M. le Préfet also, whose entrance was unanimously greeted, as was that of several others; all scrupulously dressed, too, as if it were indeed a great occasion, and as if in solemn honor to what they recognized as a great cause.

Here and there among the younger singers stood their teachers, to reflect the hints of *tempo* and expression from the conductor, who stood below, upon their immediate neighborhood. There was much affectionate enthusiasm manifested towards some of these among the boys. For everything spoke out there; the scene was thoroughly French; and what a noise there was! what an infinite babblement of animated tongues, over the whole space, but especially among the boy singers as they came rushing down into their seats, and "thought aloud" of everything that passed before the call to order. They were bright-looking, handsome, intelligent boys for the most part; the handsomer for carrying so much of the air of cheerful discipline in their faces and in all their movements; lively, happy, noisy, but not rude; one is pleasantly struck by the faces and the manners of the boys in all the streets of Paris. If I could only sketch that quaint old figure of a teacher who stands up there on my left, answering the laughing, eager questions of a dozen tip-toe boys at once! He was a subject for a Cruickshank. With his back turned he seems the very image of a Scotch or Yankee country schoolmaster; but when he turns round the face is one of those picturesque oddities you only find in Europe; very tall and lank and bony; an old man with bushy grey hair and long grey moustache, a fabulously long beaked nose, and very high retreating forehead; face red, and

full at once of routine, discipline and good-natured humor and that enthusiasm in a good work which preserves youth; altogether a picturesque, quaint specimen! I think it was he, who, when the moment for commencing was announced, stepped downward a few steps, and placing a wreath of immortelles upon a bust, said in a clear voice: *A la memoire de WILHELM!* he being the patron saint as it were of the Orphéon, since of Wilhelm's singing classes for the million (now imitated by Mainzer in England) this Orphéon is the natural fruit. There was the clapping of hands and the enthusiasm, immense of course, after the French way; they always have a sentiment.

The conductor of the first part, M. BAZIN, a remarkably intelligent and wholesome looking man, gave the sign, when all rose, and the few chords of the brief introductory *Domine saluum* instantly revealed a wonderfully pure, sonorous, musical ensemble of tone. The pieces were all unaccompanied. No. 1 was for the whole choir, *Veni Creator*, by Besozzi, a dignified composition in contrapuntal church style, and was sung perfectly, as regards purity of intonation, precision of outline in the coming in of different sets of voices, light and shade, and all the qualities of good choral singing. The parts of the harmony were nicely balanced, and all voices told. We do not think we ever heard so large a mass of vocal tone that was so pure, so fresh, so vivid; the molten mass ran bright and without dross. No. 2 was humorous, a fable of Fontaine, set very happily to music by M. Bazin, in Opéra Comique style, about the two physicians, Dr. *Tant-pis* and Dr. *Tant-mieux* (so-much-the-better and so-much-the-worse.) It was rendered with most delicate esprit.

No. 3. *L'Angelus*, by Papin, was a chorus of children's voices; a sweet religious strain, flowing in upon an accompaniment of boy contralti, imitating church bells. The quality of tone was lovely, especially where the tender, silver soprano of these youngest girls took up the strain by itself, and the boy voices did not shout and blurt in that offensive, overwhelming manner which has been a fault in our musical school festivals in Boston. Insatiable applause, especially on the part of the grown up singers, compelled a repetition of this. Then the men took their turn and sang, in four parts, a delightful little *staccato* chorus from Grétry; *La garde passe*, representing the watch going the round of the streets at midnight, and warning everybody to go into the house and keep silence. The lightly marked, distinct *pianissimo* tramp of footsteps in the beginning was most perfect. The sense of near approach, conveyed by the *crescendo*, from verse to verse, equally so; and the retreat. Machinery could not do the thing so nicely as those five hundred voices. The children then returned the compliment of clapping, backed by the whole audience. No. 4 was a respectable church piece, short, in contrapuntal style, by M. Auber. No. 6, for full chorus, by Halévy, and in his most characteristic and dramatic style, full of modulations, interminglings and responses, had essentially the same poetic subject with the piece by Grétry, and was called *Le Courre-feu*:—very effective and completely rendered. It is a chorus from his *Juif errant*, an opera which he produced while the interest in Eugene Sue's novel was yet fresh, but which had not at all the same success as *La Juive*.

Part second was conducted by a plump, little, bustling, blonde individual, full of gesticulation, yet efficient, M. PASDELOUP, and opened with a clever composition of his own, a Prayer, for all the voices. Next came a "Spring Song," being one of those sweet and rather sentimental German-Italian part-songs for male voices, by de Call. But to our mind the freshest, happiest and most interesting morceau in the day's selection was a vintage song (*Les Vendanges*) from old Orlando Lasso, to which very pretty and poetic French rhymes had been adapted. There is a rare touch of fine, imaginative, graceful play in the music, which many would not expect from that "learned," "scientific" old fellow, that pioneer in contrapuntal art; and it was beautifully sung. So was the next piece, No. 10, one of a very different character and perhaps the next most interesting in the programme, by a living French composer, Gounod: a chorus for male voices from M. *Faust*, martial, stirring, grandiose in style, startling in modulations, and laid out evidently upon large orchestral background. The unaided voices made the most of it. A *Cantique* by Haydn, one of his elegant and faultless common-places, followed, and the *seance* closed with an enthusiastic *Vive l'Empereur!* vigorously composed by Gounod, and sung apparently with a will, to words which couple the occasion and the whole artistic impulse of the land with his name:

C'est l'élu de la France;  
Il fut son sauveur.  
Il ouvre un temple à l'industrie,  
Aux beaux-arts il rend leur splendeur,  
A nos drapeaux leur vœu honneur;  
A la France il rend son génie (!)

And so ended one of the most interesting and exciting musical occasions at which I ever have been present. Of course it is a greater thing to hear greater compositions. But one could not hear that singing, and feel that audience, without feeling also that it has a future in it; that the Orphéon really is a sound, live, vigorous musical movement, springing out of the life of the people and destined to identify itself with all that people's enthusiasms. It is pregnant with a great musical activity, hereafter; and whether it is to call forth composers of the true imaginative, creative stamp or not, it is at least moulding the ear and the soul of the French nation to a fine appreciation and a deep love of the art of music. There is more of *Future* in that, we fancy, than in all the theoretic products of the Wagners, Liszts and Berliozes; and we are far from thinking that the Art owes nothing to those men, especially the first named. D.

#### New Books.

THE KANGAROO HUNTERS; or adventures in the bush by Anne Bowman, author of "Esperanza," the "Cast-aways," "The Young Exiles," etc., etc. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co. 1890

CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE. Parts 1, 2, 3. Published on the 1st and 15th of each month. Price 15 cents.

This has a large quarto page, well printed, and profusely illustrated with good wood engravings.

CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED NATURAL HISTORY. Parts 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Cassell, Petter & Galpin, New York. Price 15 cents.

#### New Music.

PARISOL. Morceau de genre pour le piano par Theodor Hagen, 30 cents, New York. Published by Theo. Hagen.

"PRAISE TO GOD." A Choral and Instrumental work, composed by Geo. Fred. Bristow. Bound in cloth, uniform in

style with Ditson & Co.'s edition of Oratorios and Cantatas. Price, \$2.00.

Some of Mr. Bristow's instrumental compositions were performed here some years ago, and made a quite favorable impression. "Praise to God" is a sort of oratorio, composed to the words of the "Te Deum Laudamus" and so far as one can judge it in this form would be quite effective and pleasing in performance. It is well worth the attention of oratorio societies. It is beautifully printed and bound.

THE HOME CIRCLE. A collection of Marches, Waltzes, Polkas, Schottisches, Redows, Quadrilles, Contra Dances, &c. For the Harp. Price \$1.50; cloth, \$2.

THE SNOW OF PEARLS. A collection of duets, &c., (uniform with the above.)

To the oft repeated question, "what shall I buy to give to a friend," when we do not know anything about the friend or the musical attainments of the friend, we always recommend these collections. Not to real students of music, but to the people who "play on the piano a little and sing a little." But there are many gems of real music in them, beside the lighter pieces.

### Music Abroad.

#### Paris.

At the Grand Opera, *Robert le Diable* has been given with Mad. Vandenhuevel and Mlle. Marie Sax, both receiving most enthusiastic applause. The Opéra Comique has revived the *Cutd*, with Madame Ugalda in the principal part which she has made famous and her own.

The Théâtre Lyrique reopened September 1st., and promises a new opera *Odine* by Genet. Gounod also is about finishing a new opera for this theatre, *la Reine Balkis*.

Duprez gives an annual concert for the benefit of the poor of the commune of Valmondois, of which he is mayor. His daughter Mad. Vandenhuevel Duprez carried away the honors of the one given recently. She was assisted by Mlle. Marie Brunetti, Godfrend, and Leon Duprez, her brother. The master of these artists took his part also in the performance.

The Parisians are making great preparation for the winter season. The Grand Opera recently sold ten thousand costumes and twenty-five chandeliers, to clear the costume store-room, and has ordered new costumes for M. Auber's old opera, "Le Philtre," which is still attractive, and which is to be played with the new ballet Mlle. Taglioni composed, and M. Offenbach has set to music. Mlle. Livry is to be chief *danseuse* in it, and which is to see the footlights the latter part of this month. M. Wagner has given Mlle. Sax the part of Elizabeth, in "Tannhauser." It was she who, seeing Mons. Berliot superintend the rehearsals of Gluck's "Orpheus," as she had seen masters superintend their operas, cried out to him for some explanation, calling him "Monsieur Gluck"! She was discovered in some *café* concert in the Champs Elysees. The Opéra Impériale has had given two representations of "Semiramis," and the 426th of "Robert le Diable." A grand performance was to be given there for the benefit of the Christian sufferers in Syria. Mme. Vandenhuevel-Duprez is to repeat the role of Marguerite, in the "Huguenots," and Mlle. Sax in that of Rachel, in "La Juive." "La Petit Chaperon Rouge" has been revived at the Opéra Comique. "Le Roi Barbe" is the title of the new opera libretto by M. Scribe, announced for early production. Mme. Ugalda has quitted the Théâtre-Lyrique, and accepted a permanent engagement at the Opéra Comique. A new piece in three acts had been accepted at the Opéra Comique, entitled "La Villa Medici," by MM. Roqueplan and Sardon.

The young and pretty Polish pianiste, Mlle. Hedwige Brezowska, has just married the Count Mélen, consular general of France at New Orleans.

**BADEN.**—Berlioz has just given his annual concert here, which for four years has been the event of the season. It took place in the grand *salle de la Conversation* and Roger, Vieuxtemps, Jacquard, with Mad. Viardot and Mad. Carvalho took part in the performances. The orchestra, and chorus, were made up from the artists of Baden, Carlsruhe and Strasbourg. Berlioz gave his overture to the *Frances jugs* and a fragment of the *Damnation de Faust*, the solos being sung by Mad. Eberius and Eberhoffer of the chapel of Carlsruhe. These fine works were given with good effect. The success of Mad. Viardot in two fragments from *Orphee* was immense.

**WIESBADEN.**—Litolff gave a grand concert here, attended by an enormous audience, and this celebrated artist showed himself superior even to his great reputation. He played his fourth symphonic concerto with the power, vigor and expression that characterize him. He directed the execution of his overture to *Maximilian Robespierre* and a fragment of his opera *Rodrigo von Toledo*, which was sung by artists famous in Germany, Mlle. Schmidt, Carl Fornes and M. Schneider. The music produced a great effect. A young Hungarian violinist named Auer, fourteen years of age appeared with great success.

**FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.**—The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Cherubini was celebrated here on the 8th of September, on which occasion his opera *Funiska* was given, written by him at Vienna, in 1805, where it was represented February 6th in the following year.

**PROFESSIONAL SINGING IN CHURCHES.**—We have reason to know that the following letter has been addressed by the Lord Bishop of the diocese to an incumbent, in consequence of his Lordship's attention having been directed to an advertisement which stated that at the re-opening services of a church in the diocese, on Sunday last, a Miss W— had been engaged to sing select pieces of music:

"THE PALACE, RIFON, AUG. 9, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: My attention has been called to the form of notice in which the sermons to be preached at the re-opening of — church, on Sunday last, the 5th inst., were publicly announced. I allude particularly to the advertisement that a professional singer, Miss W—, had been engaged to sing select pieces of music during the service. I consider such an announcement as this highly objectionable, nor can I refrain from marking my strong disapproval of it. The church of God is not the place to which crowds of persons ought to be attracted to hear professional singing. Performances of this kind belong to other places altogether, and it is a profanation of a church to convert it into a place of attraction for the lovers of fine music to attend for the purpose of hearing select pieces of music by eminent musical performers. I delight in good music. I often hear in the churches of the diocese congregational singing which is scarcely equaled in any other portion of the kingdom; but the talent for music and the love of singing which are so peculiar to the West Riding, only render it the less necessary to invoke any foreign aid in the conduct of this portion of our public worship. I object to all singing in churches in which the congregation in general cannot take part, and, above all, I object to the announcement of any musical performers by way of inducement to the public to attend a particular service. The eminence or skill of the performer only makes such an announcement more objectionable. I trust, therefore, that I shall not again have the pain of observing any notice similar to the one which has made it my duty to write this letter.

"I am aware that you have been suffering of late from severe illness, and on this account it is more than probable that you were not consulted upon the form of advertisement, and are entirely free from any blame in the matter. At the same time you are the only person with whom I can officially communicate upon the subject, because in point of law the incum-

bent of any parish is the only responsible person for the mode in which divine service is conducted in the church which he serves.

"I will thank you, therefore, in future to use your authority to prevent any repetition of the circumstance to which this letter refers. I doubt not you entirely agree with me in the belief that to attempt to swell a congregation by an advertisement of professional singing may succeed to attract a crowd together, but it is a course wholly unworthy of a minister of Christ, and very ill-adapted to promote the glory of God, or the spiritual edification of the people.

I am, my dear sir, very faithfully yours,  
R. RIFON.

### Musical Chit-Chat.

The Draytons have been during the past week at the Boston Theatre, since the injunction against the Melodeon; the controversy being one between the proprietors of the two estates to determine their respective rights, and not in any way directed against Mr. Drayton.

At the Howard Mr. Booth has continued a successful engagement.... The Colleen Bawn, by Bourciault, continues to draw immense audiences, literally filling the Museum, every evening and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

We learn that the new hall in Bumstead Place, at which some concerts and the Artists' Receptions were given last winter has at last received a name, and is to be known by the appropriate designation of Allston Hall.

The Mechanics Fair is still open and attractive as ever and crowded as ever. In Section No. 1, occupying the armory floor above Faneuil Hall, are the Musical Instruments, from the following contributors viz.:

Messrs. Chickering & Sons, A. W. Ladd & Co., Hallet & Cumston, T. Gilbert & Co., Mason & Hamlin, W. P. Emerson, N. M. Lowe, A. G. Miller & Co., William Bourne, C. A. Adams, J. W. Brackett, W. P. Marvin, J. E. McNeil.

William H. Schultze, the violinist, who is so well appreciated as an artist and universally esteemed as a man, and, from his connection with the old Germania Musical Society, counts numbers of friends all over the country, was married to Miss Maria Fehmer, a young German lady of this city. On the evening before, according to the German custom, the friends of the couple assembled at the residence of the lady's mother, and celebrated the coming event by speeches serious and comic, short scenes in character, tableaux vivants, &c., all of which had reference to the object of the meeting. Perhaps the most noticeable, because the most absurdly comic part of the performances was a negro-burlesque, executed by gentlemen mostly well-known in musical circles, under the leadership of Carl Zerrahn (uncle of the bride). In the course of the evening the Orpheus Glee Club made their appearance at the door and sang a couple of their choicest pieces. Upon invitation they finished their programme in-doors. Somewhat later the full Germania Band serenaded. The good wishes uttered and the sweet sounds discoursed during the evening will long linger pleasantly in the memory of the young couple who have now entered upon their honeymoon.

**NEW ORLEANS.—THE NEW OPERA HOUSE.**—The enterprising and intelligent manager of this popular establishment, Mr. Bondouquie, has almost completed his arrangements for the coming operatic season, and, judging from what we know of the aforesaid arrangements, we are warranted in predicting to the musical public of our city a most brilliant and varied succession of stars and novelties.

Prominent amongst the late engagements made by Mr. Bondouquie stand those of Mme. Faure-Briere,

first chanteuse legere, and of Mlle. Lacombe, mezzo-soprano, for the grand opera. The reputation which these accomplished artists have already achieved in Europe is such that they need fear no comparisons with their predecessors upon the same boards. Mlle. Lacombe has sustained the leading characters in Meyerbeer's and Rossini's masterpieces in all the large French and Belgian theatres with great talent and success, and will doubtless meet here with quite as warm a reception as in the scenes of her former triumphs. Of Mme. Faure-Briere, the light soprano of the new company, we will merely say that she has run through the gamut of three successive engagements at the Grand Opera and the Lyrique Theatre of Paris, and that she has just closed a most brilliant and lucrative engagement in London, where her brilliant vocalization and faultless style have elicited the most flattering notices from the press and the public.

With Mlle. Lacombe in the grand and Mme. Faure-Briere in comic opera, our musical friends need entertain no fear of having a dull prospect before them.

In addition to the above gifted artists, Mr. Bondouquie has also secured the services of Mme. Haquette as jeune premiere role in the drama and vauville, and Mons. Gennetier as premier amoureux. The lady is said to be a most accomplished actress of the Parisian type, her histrionic apprenticeship having been made entirely upon the boards of that great metropolis of taste and fashion. Report speaks most highly of her dramatic abilities, as well as of those of Mr. Gennetier.—N. O. Delta.

**ITALIAN OPERA.**—We are pleased to learn that the Orleans theatre has been leased by the Italian Opera Company, and will open its doors early in November next.—N. O. Picayune.

Mad. Czillag, the celebrated cantatrice, says the *Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris*, has been engaged on the most brilliant terms for the next year by M. Ullman, director of the opera at New York.

**COMPLIMENT TO BUFFALO MUSICIANS.**—On the occasion of the excursion of the Prince and suite, by the *Rescue*, on Georgian Bay from Collingswood, on Monday last, Poppenberg's Band accompanied them. After the Band had performed a few pieces, His Royal Highness remarked to one of his attendants: "This is the best band I have heard since I left England;" and he forthwith deputed one of the Lords to wait upon Mr. Poppenberg. His Lordship said to Mr. P.: "His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales wishes me to express to you his utmost satisfaction with your performance." Mr. Poppenberg answered assuring the Royal messenger that he "should endeavor to deserve so high a compliment;" after which the Prince arose, lifted his hat and saluted Mr. Poppenberg and each member of the Band.

It should be very gratifying to the citizens of Buffalo and the Pappenbergs to know they gave such satisfaction as musicians, when there were twenty other bands present to compete with them.

The Prince subsequently enquired where the band was from; and on being informed again expressed satisfaction and surprise.

**THE END OF SUNDAY THEATRICALS IN NEW YORK.**—We are happy to record the general subjection of the Sunday theatre proprietors to the laws of the State. A single notorious offender still resists public sentiment and defies the authorities; but a little experience of the penalties of violated law, so soon as the indictments hanging over his head can be reached, may teach him a valuable lesson. We understand that Eustachi's Volks theatre has passed into new and better hands—the Sunday performances have been abandoned. The Stadt theatre—after a parting growl at the "Sunday fanatics," through the *Staats Zeitung*, for interrupting its Sunday profits, which formerly equaled those of the entire week, takes out a new license, and foregoes Sunday exhibitions. The Volks Garten did not fancy the suits of the "House of Refuge," for \$500 penalty for its Sunday "sacred concerts," and give up playing. The Broadway establishments early gave in to the law, and some of them have been compelled to apply for regular theatrical license. On the whole, a more general submission to the theatre and Sunday laws has been secured than has been known for twenty years.—N. Y. Times.

**FAIRHAVEN.**—Mr. S. Lasar gave an organ concert at this place recently, at which he gave the following programme:

1. Grand Chorus—"Hallelujah," from the Messiah.... Handel
2. Coronation March—From "The Prophet"..... Meyerbeer
3. Serenade—"Oh! Summer Night"..... Donizetti
4. Organ Fantasia—"God Save the Queen"..... Lasar
5. Grand March and Chorus—From Tannhäuser..... Wagner
6. Selections from the Opera—"Robert le Diable"..... Meyerbeer
7. Selections from the Opera—"Il Trovatore"..... Verdi
8. Grand Chorus—"The Heavens are telling"—Creation..... Haydn
9. Wedding March..... Mendelssohn

**CHRIST CHURCH CHIME, INDIANAPOLIS.**—The chime of bells for Christ Church has arrived. The bells are nine in number, and are from the manufactory of Meneeley's Sons, Troy, New York.

The following shows the musical scale of the bells, and the weight of each:

No. 1, F sharp.....	1617 lb.
No. 2, G sharp.....	1182 lb.
No. 3, A sharp.....	793 lb.
No. 4, B natural.....	624 lb.
No. 5, C sharp.....	506 lb.
No. 6, D sharp.....	388 lb.
No. 7, E natural.....	304 lb.
No. 8, F sharp.....	206 lb.
No. 9, G sharp.....	228 lb.

**THE HUMAN VOICE.**—The most beautiful and touching instrument, which man has received from the hands of his benevolent Maker, is the voice.—Through words he can impart life and signification to his melodies; he can call forth the most secret feelings of the heart, awaken every passion into living reality, and powerfully vibrate all the chords of the soul. What joyful sensations cannot the simple song of the shepherdess of Alps inspire! If such be the case, how great must be the effect produced by a cultivated singer, if his song be enlivened by art and a well regulated fancy; for how often do even experienced singers, betrayed by vanity or affectation, overstep the limits marked out by nature. And yet how much more frequently are the most excellent gifts, instead of being consecrated to the services of the art, perverted to a mere mechanical and unintellectual means of making a livelihood.—*Bentley.*

Concerning Spohr's rudeness *The Athenæum* tells this anecdote: For a reception made to honor him in the house of a great German musician resident in London, three artist-ladies—all singers of European reputation, and whose hours were worth so many gold pieces—had conspired to prepare the trio (one of Spohr's happiest inspirations) from "Zemire und Azor." The leading voice had hardly begun to sing this, when out of the small London room, and across the pianoforte, and through the three admiring gentle women, strode Spohr (and he was large, and bovine, and tall), calling to his wife, "Come let us go; it is too hot here."

The Italian journals are filled with accounts of the successes of a new musical star, Madame Galotti, who, from all descriptions, appears to be the genuine successor of Pasta and Malibran. Her voice is said to possess an unusual power of reaching the feelings, while her acting is incomparable. Her last character at Brescia was Norma, which is described by the papers as creating an enthusiasm quite unprecedented in that musical city since the days of Pasta. After the opera, her health was drunk in the principal cafés as the *Prima Norma del Mondo!* Making due allowance for the exuberance of Italian superlatives, there appears no doubt that Madame Galetti is really a great singer and actress. She is engaged for the next season at La Scala.

William Mason was some time since giving a concert in Newark, there was in one of the front seats a white-haired, respectable looking old gentleman. Mason had just finished a magnificent duet for two pianos with one of his pupils, young James Brown. "Well," says the old gent, "that Brown must be a mighty fine player; for they say that Mason is the best in the country, and there they played a long piece—as much as twenty pages—and Brown didn't come out hardly a second behind. If he can keep up that close, he'll beat soon."

**MUSIC AND PEACE.**—Music is the language of harmony. It is the highest mode of articulate expression, and the true voice ever speaks for peace and love. The devil has taken possession of all the best tunes, said an old divine, once upon a time, and he might have added that he had hired all the poets, too. But it is one of the hopeful signs of this transition

age that not only poetry and music, but the general arts, are returning to their legitimate offices of advancing the general harmony and elevating the general virtue. The poets whom Horace stigmatized as cowards and humble laudators of the deeds they were disqualified to perform, now stand like Lamartine, and Victor Hugo, and John Bowring, and Bryant, and Longfellow, in the van of liberty, and have brave oppression and wrong; and painters whose grandest tableaux were of battles, now present to the eyes of the people, like Edwin Landseer, the beauties of peace beside the horrors of war. Music, when attuned to the harmonies of nature, always subdues and softens the soul. Thibaut, the celebrated professor of law in Heidelberg, relates that a young man—his guest—who had listened to the performance of a composition of Lotti, exclaimed, when he left his house—"O, this evening I could do no harm to my greatest enemy." Zwingle, the Swiss reformer, when reproached by Faber, afterwards Bishop of Vienna, for cultivating music, said—"Thou dost not know, my dear Faber, what music is. I love to play a little upon the lute, the violin and other instruments. Ah, if thou couldst only feel the tones of the celestial lute, the evil spirit of ambition and the love of riches which possesses thee would then quickly depart from thee." When the child upon its mother's knee is weeping, she soothes it with a song. "The ancients pretended," says Madame de Staël, "that nations were civilized by music; and this allegory has a deep meaning; for we must always suppose that the bond of society was formed by sympathy or interest, and certainly the first origin is more noble than the second." Amongst the instrumentalities of peace and love, surely there can be no sweeter, softer, more effective voice than that of gentle peace breathing music.

**THE BLIND BLACK BOY PIANIST.**—Our readers will remember a recent news item giving an account of a musical prodigy, in the shape of a blind negro boy, "owned" by a Mr. Oliver, of Georgia, which (the property) plays the piano intuitively, with surprising power. A friend who knows Mr. Oliver (and is well known also to the public) writes the following enthusiastic account of his performance.

"The boy is an ugly little nigger till he touches the piano—then the little black phiz is turned upwards—it sways to and fro. The sightless eye-balls seem to be searching in the stars, and the great opera ear seems to be catching harmony from celestial spheres. I never heard such power, such emphasis, such marvellous fingering and sweetness, from the touch of Thalberg, Hertz, De Meyer, or Gottschalk, and yet this is an ugly little cornfield nigger of Georgia. 'Tom' does not know—never learned—a note of music; and played as well the first time, at midnight, in the plantation parlor, where he astonished and entranced the Misses Oliver, his young mistresses, as he does now. He plays two tunes at the same time, and during the performance, will laugh and talk with his master. A professor of music from Baltimore was present when I attended. He had come to test the prodigy. Tom accompanied him in a difficult piece—a new composition never played before. They changed positions; the professor changed the time, and otherwise rendered the execution difficult, but still the marvellous little darkey accompanied him without a false note. The professor raised up in his seat in excitement; his fingers flew with the rapidity of a humming-bird's wings—Tom with him. At last in despair, the professor struck out a crash on an octave, and sprang up; and blind Tom struck, and sprang sympathetically and simultaneously with him. What will you make out of this. Tom not only imitates immediately the most difficult and beautiful performances, but improvises sweet, celestial melodies. He speaks a language on the piano, his little dark soul never learned on the plantation."

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Love's sweet summer. Romance. A. Mellon. 25  
The Rose, the Zephyr, and the Dewdrop. Song. Lover. 25

Pretty melodies to charming words.

- Jamie. Ballad. F. Wallerstein. 25  
A smooth, flowing ballad, moderately difficult.

- Home of love. Song. J. H. McNaughton. 25

A pretty little fireside song, not unlike the same composer's "When there's love at home"

- Barney O'Shea. Irish Ballad. S. Lovv. 25

Lover's Irish songs are so well known and so fully appreciated as far as the English language is spoken that a new one will at once command the attention of singers. The above is very striking.

- Ever of thee. Quartet. Arranged by T. Bissell. 25

This is a very singable and effective arrangement of the most popular song of the day.

- Our hands have met, but not our hearts. Wilson. 25

The latest ballad of the day, sung with great applause at Morris Brothers' entertainments.

- Home Delight. (With Guitar accomp.) Ordway. 25

- Moss grown dell. " " " 25

The guitar part presents no difficulty to tolerably good players. The songs have long been favorites.

#### Instrumental Music.

- St. James Galop. C. D'Albert. 30

A dashing galop, with a portrait of the Prince of Wales on the title page, representing him in the uniform of a Colonel in the army. The portrait is an accurate likeness.

- Galop and Introduction from "Rigoletto." Violin and Piano.. Case. 25

- E il sol dell'anima, from "Rigoletto." Violin and Piano. Case. 25

- Quesia o quella, from from "Rigoletto." Violin and Piano. Case. 25

- Bella figlia, from "Rigoletto." Violin and Piano. Case. 25

Quite invaluable as parlor amusements for amateurs. Neither part is difficult.

- Gloria from Mozart's 12th Mass, arr. by Rimbauld, 15

- Marvellous Works. " " 15

- Vital spark of heavenly flame. " " 15

Sabbath strains, easily arranged. They can be performed on the Melodeon also.

#### Books.

- THE OPERATIO BOUQUET.** A collection of Quartets, Choruses and Concerted Pieces, from the Most Favorite Operas. Arranged for Choirs, Classes, Societies and Social Gatherings. By Edwin Bruce. 2,00

This is a volume of superior merit in every particular;—its contents are exceedingly attractive, and in typographical execution it is unexceptionable. As a collection of good pieces for the profitable practice of Choirs and Societies and as a repertoire of excellent compositions for public performance it has no equal. Judging from the many inquiries that have been made for the book since it has been in press it will prove one of the most popular issues of the season.

**MUSIC BY MAIL.**—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 443.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 29, 1860.

VOL. XVII. No. 27.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## The Coureur des Bois.

BY FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

The autumn storms are scarcely past;  
The twilight is cloudy and overcast,  
And through the forest, far and fast,  
Tramps the Coureur des bois.

Round him shudder dark hemlock boughs,  
Gloomy shadow the cedar throws,  
Gold-brown, ruddy, the maple glows  
Beside the Coureur des bois.

He sees the moose-deer stalking nigh,  
He hears the distant panther's cry,  
Wild-geese, in wedge-like phalanx, fly  
South, o'er the Coureur des bois.

He knows, by the rapids heightened roar,  
And by the snow-clouds, gathering lower,  
The night will be wild, and travel sore—  
Wary Coureur des bois!

Long has he travelled, and fast, and far,  
Under sun, and under star;  
Short rests, and weary marches, are  
The lot of a Coureur des bois.

But his word is given, his will is bent  
To reach the scanty settlement  
Before this very night be spent;  
Tireless Coureur des bois!

The untaught instinct of savage race,  
Something of supple southern grace,  
Doth character the manly face  
Of the Coureur des bois.

A forest wildness seems round him hung,  
An out-door freedom about him flung;  
As north-wind keen, the eye, the tongue  
Of the Coureur des bois.

At length, the plain about him lies,  
Faint lighted by the late moon-rise,  
And by the early snow that flies  
On, with the Coureur des bois.

What is that sound, on the wind away?  
The mighty cry of bird of prey?  
Or wood-cat's scream? or wild dog's bay,  
Behind the Coureur des bois?

He pauses; he listens with head thrown back;  
He whistles; he shoulders more tightly his pack;  
He knows the wolves are on his track—  
Lonely Coureur des bois!

And now he hurries with might and main,  
The wild pack darkens the edge of the plain,  
Shall a man by such beasts be ta'en?  
God help the Coureur des bois!

Nearer, nearer, over the heath,  
Ruthless fangs, and hungry breath;  
He shudders to think of such a death,  
The fearless Coureur des bois!

He looens in haste his heavy pack,  
Then drops it on the snowy track;  
Snuffing, the greedy brutes hang back;  
On file, the Coureur des bois.

Once more the wolves upon him gain,  
And yet before him three miles of plain!  
Now doth he nerve and muscle strain,  
The weary Coureur des bois.

His strength is almost spent and done;  
He turns; he loads and levels his gun,  
And now, of twenty bullets, not one  
Is left to the Coureur des bois.

Then, whether thinking his hour had come,  
And that a man should meet his doom  
With all the courage he could assume—  
Brave-hearted Coureur des bois,

Or whether—sharp and sore beset—  
Some hopeless hope seemed lingering yet,—  
Out he took his clarionette,  
Staunch-hearted Coureur des bois,

A jovial air that well he knew,  
Old French—"Mes belles, amusez-vous,"  
With mellow tone he boldly blew,  
Gay-hearted Coureur des bois!

And how they gape! how fades each eye!  
How wag their rough tails, pleasurably!  
Lo, down like tamed lambs, they lie  
About the Coureur des bois!

And now he plays a wilder strain,—  
Strong Spanish rhythm; and over the plain,  
Close followed by his wolfish train,  
Marches the Coureur des bois.

Piping "Bonne Jeanne de Lisle,"  
"Listen, my love," and "We'll beat them still;"—  
Ne'er had he played with such good will,  
The hopeful Coureur des bois!

Welcome the ruined Indian mound!  
The log-huts, sparsely scattered round!  
Food, fire, friends, welcome! safe and sound  
Is the Coureur des bois!

When, after the pack, as parting meed,  
Some shots the settlers prepare to speed,—  
"Down with your guns! 'twere a dastard deed!"  
Shouts the Coureur des bois.

"Of wolfish natures, what judges we?  
Something good in the brutes must be;  
They're better ears, at least, than ye,  
Trust a Coureur des bois!"

Orpheus, Chiron, Amphion,  
Timotheus, Gallus, Arion,  
Which of the tuneful legion  
Rivals the Coureur des bois?

## Thoughts on the Theatre Italien and the History of Music.

Translated from the French of P. Scudo, "L'Année Musicale."

The "Theatre Italien" is one of the ornaments of Parisian life. If it did not exist, it would be necessary to invent it, in order to maintain in the public and among artists a taste for that true vocal music of which Italy is still the most abundant source. Without any desire to speak ill of the age in which I have the happiness to live, and whose spirit of liberty and justice I prefer to all the false grandeurs of the age of Louis XIV. I am not deceiving myself, nevertheless as to the tendencies which are bearing us on to a world made up of positive interests, far from the sweet fictions of the ideal, and far from the simple and native beauty of art and nature. We are disposed to look with indulgence upon all forms that reveal ingenuity of mind, all that bear testimony to the power of labor and of the human will, and this easy admiration in an order of things in which the excellent alone is of any account, conducts us to an indifference for things simply beautiful that are presented to us, such as light, or the flower of the field.

Grimm, whose *esprit* was of more value than his character, has well said of that easy admiration which, even in his time, was among the signs of a great alteration in the public taste, "When one is in a state to feel beauty and to seize the character of it, one is frankly, no longer content with mediocrity, and what is bad makes you really suffer and torments you in proportion as you are enchanted with the beautiful. It is false, then, to say that one must not have an exclusive

taste, if by that is to be understood, that we must endure mediocrity in works of Art, and even draw something from the bad. These people who are so happily constituted, have never had the happiness of feeling the enthusiasm that is inspired by the *chefs d'œuvre* of great geniuses, and it is not for such that Homer, Sophocles, Raphael and Pergolèse have labored. If ever this indulgence for poets, painters and musicians becomes general in the public, it is a sign that taste is absolutely lost. \* \* People who so easily admire bad things, are in no condition to feel beautiful things." Never have these words that fell from Grimm in the midst of the eighteenth century been more true than in our own day. Where is the man of courage, with firmly founded doctrines, who knows how to resist the current of a factitious success, and who at his own risk and peril, dares apply to works of mediocrity that excite the transports of the multitude, a severe criticism, deduced from immutable principles? Do we not see, on the contrary, rare minds that have attained full maturity of talent and all the honors that they can pretend to claim, making base concessions to this degenerate youth which has risen around us, and has already produced a literature worthy of its morals and of the ideal to which it aspires? Courtiers of power and success, these ingenious sophists, who have analyzed everything, have lost, in this microscopic anatomy of infinitely small things, the sense of true beauty and the courage to defend it, when they perceive it in the modest works that are not recommended to them by the favor of the public or of power. It is not *esprit* that is wanting to our time, but moral courage, and intrepidity of conscience. Now, there can no more be criticism without an ardent and exclusive love for objects of beauty than there can be justice among soft and timorous souls who draw back from the application of strict rules of law. Doubtless it is easier to judge correctly of arts which come under the moral law than it is to classify and appreciate with equity works of intelligence that are addressed to the taste. In Music especially nothing is more rare than a sound judgment upon contemporary works. We seem to be maintaining a paradox when we say that the musical art is that which exacts the greatest amount of real knowledge and delicacy of sentiment on the part of the critic who makes it a point not to give his individual impressions as a deliberate judgment. The processes of the art are very complicated in music and have a very considerable influence upon the merit and the length of a composition that seems to be the spontaneous product of an immaculate conception. Finally, in no department of criticism is it so necessary or so difficult to know the origins and the monuments that have preceded and prepared the way for contemporary works, so that it is especially in the musical art that we should say with Bacon: *Veritas filia temporis, non auctoritatis*; which may signify that musical beauty is the daughter of tradition, much more than people are generally disposed to believe.

Composers may be divided into two great families, in which may be included more or less closely all the masters whose names have been preserved by history. The one comprises the five or six geniuses of the first order, such as Sebastian Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Rossini, in whom the musical fluid, if I may so speak, is in a pure state, in whom it makes a part of their being, circulating like the blood in the veins, raying out like light, and scattered abundantly and without effort upon the smallest objects upon which it falls. They are because they are, they sing as they breathe, and whatever may be the original differences of their inspiration or of the particular character of their finished works, these predestined geniuses have this in common, that music is the voice of their souls, their essence, and they alone can say with the Psalmist, "*Exsurge, gloria mea, exsurge, psalterium et cithara.*" In the other family are ranged the dramatic composers such as Handel, Gluck, Weber, Spontini, Meyerbeer and their fellows, vigorous singers of human passions, the complications of which they love, but with whom, music properly speaking, is only a subordinate element of dramatic genius. Aside from the contrasts of situation that excite their fancy in the absence of the characters who pose before them, and whose lineaments they please themselves in fixing, these essentially dramatic geniuses of whom we have spoken, lose a great part of their musical virtuality, and like Anteus, their inspiration diminishes in leaving the soil of reality. There are doubtless intermediate points between these two great families of composers, and I do not pretend to assert that those geniuses in whom the musical fluid superabounds are unfit for the painting of the passions: Mozart and Rossini have largely proved the contrary; so, we may point out among essentially dramatic composers, geniuses more or less abundant, who, by certain lyric qualities border closely on the family of pure musicians—Weber, for example. And Nature is so fertile in her combinations that it is always rash to limit her powers of creation.

The French school has produced little but some more or less prolific dramatic composers, among whom may be distinguished Méhul, M. Auber, and, above all Hérold, who, by an inspiration most rich and elevated in its manifestations, approaches both Weber and Rossini. Italy, more richly endowed than France, has however only given birth to melodious interpreters of the sentiments of the heart, to amiable and sweet geniuses who have made use of words and dramatic fable as a theme for their divine songs. The three greatest musicians of the land of Dante and Ariosto are Palestrina, Jomelli and Rossini, of whom the last alone, belongs to the great family of the pure geniuses,

"Che spande di cantar si largo fiume."

To Germany belong the sovereign creators of musical poesy, and no country can dispute superiority with her who has borne Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Sebastian Bach, and later, Weber and Mendelssohn. We see, by this rapid incursion into the domain of history that we have some choice among the elect of eternal beauty; but it is not enough to pronounce these names, if we do not thoroughly know the works to which they are attached, and it is precisely the works of the musical art which it is most difficult to appreciate through the dead letter of a complicated text. I maintain further that we can

have a full intelligence of a man of genius only by ascending to the source of his traditions which is not always simple and like a flower, lying at your feet. Rossini, for example, proceeds at once from Cimarosa, Haydn and Mozart; Beethoven from Mozart and Haydn. Mozart is the son of the father of the symphony and of the Italian school, whatever the Germans may say about it. Haydn proceeds from Emanuel Bach, according to his own avowal and from the old Samartini, whose name is scarcely known; the great Sebastian condenses in his great work the labors of the organists and obscure masters of his country, such as Jean Eccard, Stobæus, Henri Albert, pupil of Henri Schütz, etc., etc., whose ideas he recasts and, with these elements elaborated by his mighty hand he prepares the golden age of the great musicians of Germany. In the art of Mozart and Rossini, Gluck and Meyerbeer, the inspiration of genius is not, as we can see, a mere isolated fact of their time and of the schools which have prepared its birth.

One of those fine talkers who treat music just as they treat women, thinking that the younger she is, the more she is worth, attacked us one day with a smile on his lips. "Good day, philosopher," he says to us with a charming ease, how are music and the musicians, to-day, whom you treat so badly?"—"Music is well enough, said I, but the musicians are very well, and there is little fear, now-a-days, that they will die of misery or from any excess of modesty."—"So much the better, *monbleu*, every body must live and live well, and modesty is just as much out of fashion as the music of Mozart, whom you are reproached with admiring too much.—Mozart, said I, is worth suffering a little martyrdom for in defending his glorious memory, and one can afford to disdain the attacks of those who are not worthy to comprehend him.—La, la, says he, laughing, don't think now that I am talking seriously, and that I share the opinion of your contraditors, but where I do agree with them somewhat is in this, that you are a little too severe in your judgments and that, for a man of mind you do wrong to allow yourself to be vexed at mere songs. Why the deuce can't you let them give you false notes, just as they give you bad wine. France and Europe will be none the worse for it.—And the public? I answered timidly.—The public is an abstraction, he replied, as ungrateful and as vain as a republic.—But Art, what will become of that?—Another abstraction of the German philosophy. I know only composers and artists who execute their music, beyond that, all is a chimera. Serve the *maestri* and the singers, who will be grateful to you, and leave vain disputes of the schools to the professors of the Conservatoire who can not do anything better.—Do you know, said I, calmly, what your name was two thousand years ago?—I do not care, said he, to look so far back for my origin; my kingdom is in this world, and that is the reason why I love the song that you despise so much. You were called Georgies. And you, said he, what was your name in that age of innocence which I am unworthy to know?—I do not know exactly, said I, for I was probably lost among the obscure listeners who admired the strong and penetrating logic with which Socrates combatted the sophists and disentangled from their wretched fallacies the eternal principles of truth, justice and beauty; this doubtless is the reason that makes me so love Mozart, Weber, Rossini and so many other musicians of genius who fill the history of Art."

From the Berliner Musik-Zeitung.

### Spontini.

Towards the end of July 1831, there was a rehearsal, in the concert-room of the Theatre Royal, Berlin, of Marschner's opera *Der Tempeler und die Jüdin*, which was to be given on the 3rd of August, the birthday of the late king. The principal artists, the chorus, and the band were all assembled, and the worthy G. A. Schneider was the conductor. Among the small number of persons present as audience, was the amiable and estimable Prince Anton Radziwill, a clever artist and friend of art. The rehearsal had commenced some considerable time, when a peculiarly distinguished individual appeared in the room, and, advancing with a light silent step towards the Prince, held out his hand to greet him. Although by no means tall, the slim aristocratic figure of the new-comer seemed to exceed the ordinary height. Prince Radziwill cordially shook hands with the gentleman, who was a stranger to us, and who wore white trousers, a white waistcoat, and a white cravat, a rather light-blue dress-coat, decorated with orders, shoes and gaiters. A person connected with the theatre, to whom we were indebted for our admission, informed us that the individual who had just entered was Spontini. We should much sooner have supposed him to be an old French nobleman of the Faubourg St. Germain, an Italian Colonel in private clothes, the Spanish Ambassador, or the President of the Cortes, than a musician. After we had an opportunity of observing him more nearly, we recollected that, a considerable time previously, we had seen a portrait, which represented the author of the *Vestalin*, as a young man of some twenty odd years. The likeness between the picture and the original before our eyes was certainly not striking, but still there was a faint resemblance in some of the features.

Of all the portraits of Spontini, a Parisian lithograph by Grevedon is the best known, and is still to be found in the possession of many of the celebrated composer's admirers. Grevedon has, however, so idealised the head, that he may be said to have overstepped the right of the portrait-painter to treat his subject as favorably as possible. Spontini had a peculiar, imposing, and intellectual, but by no means a handsome face; his form was thin, but his carriage noble and aristocratic, while his manners were pleasing, though not, properly speaking, affectionate and engaging.

Neither he nor his wife, formerly a Mlle. Erard of Paris, by whom he never had any children, and whose conduct, like his own, was most exemplary, ever felt at home during a residence of more than two decades in Berlin. With regard to the German language, each of them learned just enough to speak on those matters which more especially concerned his or her position.

Spontini himself knew about sufficient German to say the most indispensable things, when he was perfectly calm, at rehearsal; but, as soon as he became excited—which he very easily did—he spoke French, and Möser, who, when the General Music-Director conducted the performance, always acted as leader, or the operatic stage manager, Carl Blum, was obliged to undertake the task of dragoman.

Of "Madame Spontini"—Spontini never called his wife otherwise—it is related that, in the course of twenty years she hardly managed to pick up a hundred German words, all relating to household matters, and the fact that she had all her own body linen, as well as that of her husband, washed in Paris and not in Berlin, excited among the matrons of the latter city who heard of it the greatest astonishment. It must, however, be admitted that Spontini's linen was always incomparably white and fresh, while his invariably white cravats, and more especially the so-called "father-murderers" (*vatermörder*)\* reaching up

\* *Anglice*: "Collars." I have been informed in Germany that the reason why these apparently harmless articles of dress were branded by so sanguinary an appellation as "Father-Murderers"—perhaps "Parricides" would be more elegant—was that some wicked young men, wishing to get rid of their father, but fearing to employ arsenic, the knife, or any other of the usual means of assassination, prevailed on their too confiding progenitor to wear immense shirt collars, so stiff that they absolutely cut his throat. I give the legend as I heard it, but I do not think I would vouch for its truth.—J. V. B.

to a level with the nostrils, and which, as we remember hearing from his own lips, he wore of this size "for the sake of warmth," attained a certain comical celebrity in Berlin. He produced the impression of a *Grand Seigneur* from the Faubourg St. Germain, and we are inclined to doubt that, even had he made himself perfectly master of the German language, he would ever have succeeded in becoming popular and sought after in the musical and social circles of Berlin. In the first place, he was really a man of too great intellect to be understood by the majority of those persons who, from the time he entered on his duties, thought they must attack him "in the interest of German art," and in the next place, he was, with justice, too proud to descend to an intimacy with individuals of merely moderate abilities, and flatter those whom he thoroughly despised.

If we are not mistaken, Spontini first came to Berlin in 1819. Among the persons who approached him with admiration and attached themselves to him was the genial E. T. A. Hoffmann, *Kammergerichts-rath*, who died, we think, in 1823—greatly to Spontini's disadvantage—and, consequently, could not protect him from the storms which one after another broke over his head. The circle of Spontini's intimate friends was a very limited one, particularly in a musical point of view. It was only with such persons as were masters of French that he could discourse freely without assistance; consequently, with one person who in purely Berlin musical and social circles was a most important and leading man, we mean old Zelter, an intimacy, such as should exist between colleagues, was completely out of the question.

Zelter was a very long-headed and practical man. Even his rudeness, since proverbial, was mostly cunning calculation. There was scarcely another person in the city so well acquainted with, and so able to form an opinion on, the social and artistic affairs of Berlin as he was. Had it been possible to establish between him and Spontini friendly relations such as became two colleagues, he would have found means to protect the General Music-Director against all the storms and plagues prepared for him by envy, falsehood, and calumny.

Two younger men, as musicians towering far above Zelter, Bernhard Klein and Ludwig Berger, were not on a more intimate footing with Spontini: nay, the former, equally worthy of respect, both as an artist and a man, was after the production of his opera, *Dido*, the small success of which was put down to the account of the General Music-Director, placed in a very painful position towards the latter. Neither Spontini nor Bernhard Klein, a thoroughly noble-minded man, was to blame for this misunderstanding, but solely and wholly some of Klein's friends, who pushed the just admiration they entertained for his musical capabilities—in many respects very considerable and highly cultivated—to the conviction, totally destitute of any foundation, that he must, in addition to everything else, necessarily be a great operatic composer.

Among Spontini's most intimate associates—and this is a characteristic fact—there never was any pre-eminent Berlin artist; there were only two or three musical *dilettanti*, ready to expire with endless admiration—either real or affected—for him. These persons, seated at his well-served table, used to regale him with the coarsest flattery, and think proper to deceive him continually as to the real feelings and opinions of the musical public in Berlin. After one of the most absurd pieces of calumny, namely, that Spontini had not composed *Die Vestalin* himself, had found credit, it was an easy task to sow other lies about him among the people, and these lies fell upon equally good ground. Some of them were, for instance, to the effect that he, being a foreigner, either excluded all the operas by German composers from the repertory, or when, despite his great power, he could not prevent the production of one now and then, that he knew how to arrange matters so that the work should have no success.—*London Musical World*, August 18.

(To be continued.)

### Piano-Forte Composers.

We have omitted TOMASCHKE, WORSICKE, BEGER, and a host of other pianoforte writers from our catalogue *raisonnée*, of the epoch immediately preceding our own, for the same reason that we have not spoken of LOUIS ADAM and some other composers of the time of Dussek. Though clever men, and the authors of a large variety of works, some of which have unquestionable merit, we cannot find that they have had much influence on their contemporaries; nor have any of them left examples of the sonata, to show their acquaintance with, and attachment to, that grand form of musical composition. But there is one, who, though we name latest, merits perhaps the very first place among all those who were his contemporaries,—we mean CARL MARIA VON WEBER, one of the greatest geniuses and one of the most original and distinguished musicians of all time. The gifted author of *Der Freischütz*, as our readers well know, ranked among the remarkable pianists of his age. He wrote a great number of works for the pianoforte in many of which the peculiar characteristics of his genius are prominently displayed. Perhaps the most generally popular concert piece ever written is the fantasia for pianoforte and orchestra in E, denominated *Concert-stück*. This *morceau* has been for many years the *cheval de bataille* of numberless players, from Mad. Pleyel, Liszt, and Litoff, to Alexandre Billet and Arabella Goddard. We have heard almost every pianist of fame execute the *Concert-stück*; Thalberg alone excepted. Weber also wrote a grand concerto in E flat, a brilliant effort, in which, besides a number of passages entirely new, there are orchestral effects of great originality and excellence. The variations and miscellaneous pieces of Weber are well known, as are his quartet in B flat, and other compositions for the chamber—the latter not by any means his best works, while the former are in their way incomparable. But after the *Concert-stück*, the most highly esteemed of Weber's productions are the four grand sonatas for piano solos in C major, D minor, A flat and E minor. All of these contain movements as remarkable for their freshness as for their ingenuity—as, for example, the *rondo finale* ("moto continuo") of the first, the *andante* with variations of the second, and the *allegretto* and *finale* (*tarentella*) of the fourth. But most perfect of all in many respects is the third, in A flat, a work of romantic loveliness—a masterpiece which every pianist who loves his art should know and profit by. The fault of Weber's sonatas—we say it with deference—is a certain diffuseness which damages the regularity of their form, and an occasional monotony arising from the too frequent employment of passages strong resembling each other in character. But the movements we have specialized are almost free from them, while in the sonata in A flat, from the exquisite grain of the principal themes and the captivating luxuriance of the subordinate passages, they become an absolute beauty. Weber, as everybody knows, has had numberless imitators, but few copyists of his pianoforte works than of his dramatic compositions and orchestral overtures, to which, and above all to his *Der Freischütz*, he owes his universal popularity. He may, therefore, be placed apart, like Beethoven—a lesser star, perhaps, but still of the first magnitude.

OF MENDELSSOHN we may say, as of Beethoven, that he shines apart from the rest of his contemporaries. He was, beyond comparison, the greatest genius and the most learned musician of the age in which he lived, and which he has undoubtedly influenced more than any other individual, Spohr not excepted. The number of Mendelssohn's imitators are legion; the shelves of the music publishers groan under the heavy weight of their productions; you cannot see a new catalogue without observing at least fifty compositions which you may safely swear, without once looking at them, are little better than parodies of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* (the most popular type), or of something else equally his and equally not theirs. But these copyists of a great original, like the other copyists of another great original—Dussek—have chiefly occupied themselves with his mannerisms, being, as we have already said, wholly incompetent to emulate his beauties or his scientific acquirements. The best of them are those who began to write before Mendelssohn, and were afterwards carried away in the vortex of his fascinating style. The most eminent of these, and justly so, are FERDINAND, HELLER, and TAUBERT. Whether either of these wrote sonatas we are unable to say; we have seen many specimens of their works, but not a single sonata—although some stringed quartets a pianoforte quintet, and a few orchestral essays of Heller, who is a very admirable musician, show that he had cultivated the form, however inclined to develop it with undue exuberance. Heller, nevertheless, chiefly owes his influence to his *Etudes*, which have been assiduously practised by pianists, and have

facilitated several peculiarities of mechanism. Most of Taubert's pieces which we have had the opportunity of perusing are caprices, fantasias, *et hoc genus omne*.

It is unnecessary here to enter into details about the composers of our own time. Nearly the whole may be dismissed as followers, more or less successful, of Mendelssohn, Thalberg, Henri Herz, or Liszt, according to their respective tastes and styles. Of Mendelssohn we need say no more; of Henri Herz we have said enough. Of Thalberg and Liszt we may speak in a separate review, since neither having revealed any tendency to the development of the sonata form, it is not requisite to introduce them now, and our future task will be merely to discuss the influence they have exercised upon the pianoforte as the original of particular schools,—schools of execution rather than of composition. Chopin, Stephen Heller, Sterndale Bennett—the three most distinguished composers for the pianoforte of our own times, with the single exception of Mendelssohn—of course demand a special consideration, and on more important grounds. Hence it, and a crowd of others, romantic, unromantic, and "middling," may also come in for their share of attention. Macfarren, Reber, and other thoughtful writers, whose pianoforte compositions, highly as they must be rated, only occupy a subordinate position to their other works, can hardly be ranked in the same category.

### The Sonata.

The noblest form that instrumental music can assume, appears to be going out of date. So much the worse for the art. Let the Sonata be once entirely laid aside, as antiquated, and music will rapidly fall from the high place it now occupies as a beautiful and intellectual pursuit. Sonatas continue to be written, it is true; the German and French catalogues of new music, the latter more rarely than the former, and the English still more rarely than the latter, occasionally announce a new sonata, by some unknown composer; but few of the tried and acknowledged writers ever venture on producing, certainly not on publishing, a work of this gravity and importance. A young musician not seldom begins his career with "a grand sonata," with all the four movements unusually long, which, for want of encouragement, he prints at his own expense. Finding that it does not sell, and that, excepting the few he may have presented to his friends, who do not thank him, the fifty or hundred copies originally issued remain a dead weight upon the shelves of his publisher, he abandons all idea of composing a second sonata, and at once sets to work upon capriccios, fantasias, romances, sketches, songs without words, and whatever he may consider the most marketable commodity. If he be ambitious, and a lover of his art, he will not descend to the variations, rondos, sketches à la valse, &c., with which our pianofortes are covered by those who are neither; he follows, however, in the train of his contemporaries, and gives birth to a series of short movements in the *capriccio* form—that is in no form whatever—which he dignifies by names borrowed from others, or names of his own coinage, having no intelligible connection with the works to which they are applied. Whether from all this farrago of the fancy, anything clear and symmetrical will arise, to induce us to regret the sonata no longer, it is for some commanding genius to prove. Mendelssohn invented a beautiful form, in the *Lieder ohne Worte*; but he exhausted it himself. To him it was but an exercise of the fancy, an easing of his continually inventive brain from some of the ideas with which it was overstocked, and which he did not find convertible to loftier purposes; but his imitators—for the most part unblest with one idea in a twelvemonth, destitute of fancy and invention—attempting to emulate him, have only demonstrated their incompetency. Their *Lieder ohne Worte* are little better than an empty figure of accompaniment to which a meagre and passionless tune has been made to fit, with infinite and unprofitable labor. So true is this, that the title of *Songs without Words*—in German, French, or English—affixed to a piece of new music, predisposes us against the author, and takes away all the inclination we might otherwise have felt to look at his work. To Mendelssohn, also, may be traced the endless forms which the *capriccio*, or caprice, has assumed within the last twenty years. But his imitators—who include, we may almost say, the entire race of modern composers for the piano—Independently of the barrenness of their invention, have altogether overlooked that element which in Mendelssohn's smallest efforts is never absent—the symmetry and consequence of form which ally them more or less to the sonata.

The fantasia used to be regarded, among the old writers, as a sort of improvisation, and was an exception, not a rule. But what would Mozart have thought, had he lived now, and found nine works out

of ten devoted to the pianoforte and other instruments, fantasias—long or short—in other words improvisations, without plan or order—unmeaning jumbles of themes, good or bad, which might belong to anything else than that in which they appear, with quite as much or quite as little propriety? Mozart would not have believed his ears. The ingenious development, for working out, of a theme—which was wont to signalise, not merely fantasias, but actual improvisations—he would have sought in vain; much more in vain the elaborate fugue, demonstrating the the composer's facility in counterpoint, that lent interest to the fantasias of the elder masters.

Some will have it that Beethoven completely exhausted the sonata. But this is a manifest error. Beethoven rather showed, by the infinite variety he imparted to it, that the sonata was inexhaustible. He was aware of all the latest resources of the art—as may be well supposed, since he had so large a share in their invention; but he could find no better or more convenient field for their development than this particular one, which already existed, and already, if constant use can wear, had been worn threadbare by Mozart and Haydn—to say nothing of Dussek, a composer too often disregarded by superficial writers, in considering the history and progress of the art. But Beethoven came to the sonata with a world of new ideas; in his hands it was as fresh, and vigorous, and young, as when it first issued from the prolific brain of Haydn, who by right of this one invention enjoys the undisputed title of "Father of Instrumental Music."

The numberless and prodigious inspirations of Beethoven still filling the world with new delight and wonder, it was an impossible task for any instrumental writer immediately coming after him to take him as a model, without becoming his slavish imitator. This shows Mendelssohn and Spohr, the two original composers of instrumental music in our day, in a worthier light. What they accomplished, when it is considered how near they were to Beethoven, must be admitted to be extraordinary. In their symphonies, quartets, and other productions of the kind, while adhering to the plan of Haydn, which cannot be profitably neglected, they revealed new thoughts, new means of development, and entirely new styles. There is not a shadow of resemblance in the writings of either of them to those of Haydn, Mozart, or Beethoven. Spohr, the elder of the two, may be said to have completely fulfilled his mission, while Mendelssohn, the younger, was unhappily cut off in his prime. Happily he lived to complete the oratorio of *Elijah*, the greatest masterpiece of modern art. Wholly original as are the manners of these great men, they emulated their predecessors—Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven,—in their reverent adherence to the one true form—that of THE SONATA.

### Scientific Music and Congregational Singing.

We contend for the feasibility of congregational singing only conditionally. We would not advocate its adoption by any church that is not willing to use the means requisite for its highest success. These are three:

1. The service of a competent leader or precentor.\*
2. Stated and frequent meetings for practice by the congregation.
3. Suitable books, in which both hymn and tune are brought under the eye at once, and which shall be in the hands of all the worshippers.

The expense, thus incurred, would doubtless, to a considerable extent be borne by individual worshippers. Still, "the poor ye have with you always." Some there will be who will need aid; and the church should see to it that such provision be made as will enable any and all who are willing to do their duty, to qualify themselves for doing it to edification. Especially should every facility be furnished to the children, and vigorous effort be put forth to induce them to make the best improvement of their opportunities.

In concluding these observations, we should like to enlist the conscience of the reader in the matter of direct effort for the cultivation of the musical powers. It surely cannot be obligatory on us to participate personally in the songs of Zion, without it being our duty to qualify ourselves for doing this the most happily.

Music, like every science, forms a department of God's truth. As such, it has its laws no less fixed and unalterable than those of any other science. These laws have been ascertained and systematized, just as in the other sciences. As in chemistry, it is found, by experiment, that certain gases, combining

\* We might add—AND A CROSS—the larger the better; provided only it be always mindful of its true place, and duly respectful of the proprieties of God's house.

in certain definite proportions, form water, so in music, experiment shows that to produce a given effect, sounds must follow each other according to a regular scale, in which the notes are separated from each other by intervals, some longer, some shorter, but so mathematically exact, that notes struck together in certain combinations, invariably produce harmony, while, sounded together in other combinations, they always produce discord. Only as these laws are observed, can sounds give pleasure, or awaken any specific emotion. The same sounds given out regardless of these laws, annoy the ear, and may even cause exquisite pain. Now, as one may have considerable practical knowledge of chemistry, without being a scientific chemist, so nature, practice, and observation, may have given one considerable acquaintance with music, who has never been taught it scientifically. Still, it is only as the natural musician really, however unconsciously, conforms to the principles enunciated by science, that he can produce any desired effect. Now, since the science of music embraces all that nature and experiment have taught all men in all time hitherto about this branch of truth, it is presmable there is no one so gifted as not to be capable of increasing his skill, by availing himself of instruction. The more nearly the praises of God's house are conformed to the true teachings of musical science, the more likely, other things being equal, their design will be accomplished.

There seems to be in the minds of many of the advocates of congregational singing, a repugnance to the idea of church music being scientific. But does not this spring from a misapprehension of the term? Any music that is music must be scientific. All that science does is to teach how the Creator has constituted things; and how, according to that constitution, certain effects are to be produced. Scientific is not opposed to simple and appropriate. The peculiarities of different occasions are not overlooked. Science, truly so called, will prescribe a very different style of music for the house of God, from that with which the sensibilities are plied in the temples of folly. But none the less will she aim at freedom from every violation of melody and harmony, and at bringing out as fully as possible every resource for expressing naturally and truly the sentiment sung, and for enhancing its impression on the heart. While, therefore, no one is to wait until he has made himself a scientific musician, before joining in singing, it is not still the manifest duty of every one to fit himself, so far as his means will admit, for serving God in this delightful and elevating exercise the best he can—on scientific principles?—Rev. J. R. Scott.

### Jullien.

Poor Jullien!—whenever the bill is first beheld of the new enterprise in Covent Garden, this will be the exclamation of every candid lover of music. Now he is gone we can do him justice. Remoteness seems to be essentially a condition of just criticism. Not but that M. Jullien managed, in the twenty years he was among us, very effectually to live down the solemn sneering he first encountered. There was a traditional dullness in our orchestras, which had so long been considered dignity, that when the little Frenchman presumed to outrage it in his appearance and vivacity, as a matter of course, he was called a quack. There was also something so strange and irregular in the novel resources he employed to give character and vigor to some of his dance music—his pistol-shots and whip-crackings, his gongs and orchestral shoutings—when his musicians seemed to grow envious of the glory of their instruments, and suddenly break in for a share, that among the dignified and somnolent of our musical cognoscenti, he was a charlatan forthwith. But all this was so much smoke—thin and transparent enough, it is true—that was sent up wreathing, to excite attention. People soon began to see that under it was flame! It was discovered after a time that this much scoffed at entrepreneur was not merely a being composed of a white waistcoat, striking gestures, startling pistol-shots and gongs, and a rather poetic style of literature. Year by year the fact came out that he had a purpose in him and a growth. As he found a public, he furnished music. He fed taste, he did not deprave it. He began by simply giving the world a round of polkas and quadrilles; he ended by presenting it with nights devoted to Beethoven and Mozart. He commenced with attacking the senses, he finished with entering the soul. His whole career had a progressive character, that gives us fair grounds to suppose he contemplated from the first a gradual improvement of the public taste. His very outset seems to show this. He started with giving expansion to the conception of Musard. With the latter arose the notion of addressing music to the million, which, however light and exciting, should be enjoyed for it-

self alone. With the former this idea expanded into a scheme for elevating the music, till at length it was of a character to refine as well as delight. That M. Jullien, in carrying it out, sensibly aided in the spread of a musical taste among us, it would be perfectly futile to deny. The art history of our time cannot fail to acknowledge the service rendered by such means as he presented, in its cheapness, excellence, and freedom, to the gradual diffusion of an improved taste among the million. We can look back, then, with respect to the career of our lost musician, and readily excuse his eccentricities in the presence of his achievements.—*Weekly Dispatch*.

### Madame Lancia.

Of Mad. Lancia the readers of the *Musical World* have already heard something. In April, 1858, our own correspondent at Turin wrote us a flaming account of the debut of Mad. Lancia, an English lady,—then only seventeen years of age—in the *Barbiere*. Our correspondent wrote evidently under the influence of much excitement. It was certain, however, that the young lady had made a great hit. Mad. Lancia came to London the same summer, but did not create a profound sensation in the concert room. She then went on a starring tour to the provinces, and was very successful both in English and Italian opera. In Dublin and Edinburgh, more especially, she grew into high favor, and some of the local journals attempted to establish comparisons between her and Miss Louisa Pyne and Mlle. Piccolomini, all of which went to assert the superiority of Mad. Lancia. We believe the fair artist also performed last year in a series of operas at the Surrey Theatre. We have now heard Mlle. Lancia twice within the week in *Norma*, and can speak with some confidence as to her powers and capabilities. If style and method alone were to constitute a great singer, Mad. Lancia would, unquestionably, be one of the greatest before the public. Her mode of producing the voice is most admirable, and has evidently been derived from the best Italian teaching. Her voice, a real soprano, is neither particularly full nor round in quality, nor has it yet attained weight to adapt it to the performance of grand parts like *Norma*. It is, nevertheless, a most telling voice, extremely sympathetic, and always full of meaning. When we add that Mad. Lancia—at least as far as we were enabled to judge from two trying performances—invariably sings in tune, it will be acknowledged that the lady's vocal excellences are by no means inconsiderable. Of her merits as an actress we can speak with no less assurance. She is certainly deficient in largeness of style, and wants breadth and power for high tragic parts, as may be easily surmised, considering her youth and her size, which is somewhat petite. Her conception of the character, nevertheless, is wonderfully true to nature, is striking, and at times even powerful. Moreover, the lady has great earnestness and feeling, and is as graceful as a fawn. We saw nothing in the whole performance, indeed, which did not please us infinitely, and much which surprised no less than delighted us. Weighing the lady in the scale of our critical consideration, we have no hesitation in saying that she is the best dramatic vocalist we have had on the English stage since Adelaide Kemble. Mad. Lancia is extremely young, and has many things to learn, but that she is destined at this moment to become a great artist is our firm conviction.

A NEW SINGER.—N. P. Willis, in the *Home Journal*, gives us the first tidings of a new lady singer, Miss Kellogg. The poet is on board a yacht on the Hudson. He says:

Fair was the craft, but there was another craft, of which she bore the witchcraft unaware! We will tell of it in prose—if we can.

The guests of the gay admiral (Stebbins) were a gentleman and lady, and a problem with which their two lives had been entrusted—a daughter, with not only wondrous music in her voice, but with what music expresses in her soul. Mocking-bird-like many have the utterance, but few know the full burthen of what they utter. Miss Kellogg feels genius while she sings the song of it—the heart-cry and its echo both her own!

The reader will see that we have been "sung to." It is a wonderful singer of whom we write—a young girl of eighteen, who is to shine like a rainbow for the Many, with an inner rainbow visible to the Few. Our friend Stebbins (brother of the inspired sculptress of that name) is one of those who walk the world seeing the inner iris of things beautiful; and, chancing to fall in with this bright creature, he wished to share his wonder at her gifts. He brought her up to sing to us—and she sang! And we thank him for a foretaste of a witchery that is to tried upon the world.



Mr. Kellogg informs us that his daughter is to appear in public in the coming season. Her friends have urged it as the destiny for one who is too gifted for private life, and her studies have been, for a year past, preparatory to this. She is delicate, and it is a marvel with what power she sings; but the *quality* of her voice, and the intensity of expression with which her music is laden, constitute a charm which seems to us wholly peculiar. With her intensity and impassioned force, the physical powers will undoubtedly be perfected, but the enchantment will be in the genius of which it is the utterance. We shall look forward with exceeding interest to the interpreting of her music by the world!

**A POET'S ADVICE TO POETS.**—The New York *Evening Post* is edited by one of our most noted native bards, a fact which gives weight to the following article from its columns. As it is capable of general application, we copy it entire:

"I would the gods had made thee poetical," says Touchstone, in Shakspeare's "As you Like It," to the country lass, Audrey. We cannot adopt Touchstone's wish in addressing our correspondents. So many of them are poetical already that we have absolutely no room for half the reasonably good verses which are sent us. We pray such of our correspondents, therefore, as are of poetical turn, and as have sent us their poems for our columns, not to take it for granted that we think them unworthy of publication if they do not see them in print, but charitably to suppose, which is the fact, that we have more such matter than we can find room for. Moreover, should they see in our journal verses not quite so good as their own, while their own do not appear, we pray them to suppose that, in sending them, as we are obliged to do, very hastily, it is easy to make a wrong choice among so many.

The anxiety which poets feel for the fate of what they have taken a great deal of pains to produce is natural, even if we suppose that, as a class they entertain a modest idea of their own merit. It is impossible for us, however, to do what so many of them wish, that is to say, to return their manuscripts if we do not use them, or to answer by letter, or in the columns of our paper, the inquiries they make concerning them.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

#### From Spohr's Autobiography.

From Munich Spohr writes as follows (1815):

"Our sojourn here was replete with musical treats. On the very day after our arrival we attended an interesting concert, the first of a series of twelve, given every winter by the Royal orchestra. These concerts are very well attended and fully merit their success. The orchestra consists, beside reeds and brass, of twenty-four violins, eight violas, ten violoncellos and six contrabassi. The Violins and Basses are excellent, and the brass, horns excepted, the same. The programme always contains one *entire* symphony—which deserves the more praise since it is elsewhere sadly going out of fashion and the taste of the public for this noblest kind of instrumental music decaying, an overture, and two vocal and two instrumental solo-pieces. As the Munich Royal Orchestra still retained its old reputation as one of the best orchestras of the world, my expectations were raised very high; in spite of which I was greatly surprised by the manner in which Beethoven's C minor symphony was performed. I think it is hardly possible to execute this symphony with more energy, power, and at the same time, delicacy, with a stricter observance of all degrees of soft and loud, than it was played there. The composition proved under such hands more effective, than I ever thought it could be, although I had often heard it performed, even under the direction of its author, at Vienna. Still I saw no reason, to change my opinion of it. Notwithstanding many single beauties, it is deficient as a whole. Especially the theme of the first part is lacking that dignity, which to my mind, is essential to the beginning of a symphony. Setting this aside, however, this short, easily-remembered theme is well qualified for thematic treatment, and cleverly interwoven with the other principal ideas of the first part. The Adagio in A flat is partly very fine, only the same thing is said over again too often, which at last becomes

tiresome, although the figure of the accompaniment grows richer and richer. The Scherzo is highly original and has a truly romantic coloring; the Trio however with its rattling contrabass-passages is too *baroque* for my taste. The last part with its hollow noise gives the least satisfaction. It is such a happy idea of Beethoven, here to introduce the Scherzo again, one might envy the composer for it. The effect is magnificent. What a pity that this good impression is so quickly dispersed by a renewal of the former noise."

It is hard to believe, that Spohr, admirer of Beethoven's genius as he professedly was, should not only so misunderstand the character of this symphony in 1815, as to misconstrue its veriest beauties into blemishes, but should never afterwards have corrected himself. It clearly shows how far the judgment of Spohr (and those inferior to him in musical knowledge and general education), can be trusted.

### Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 20, 1860.

#### Editorial Correspondence.

V.

Freiburg, (en Suisse), August 20, 1860.

One does not come to Switzerland for music. There has been plenty of poetry about Alpine horns and *ranz des vaches*. But this was always music for the unmusical and sentimental, for the seekers of the picturesque and marvellous, a rude affair at the best. The slender material it has furnished has been long since used up and despoiled of all it had of nature by the *genre* painter tribe of musical composers or mere concert virtuosos. What one now hears of Alpine horns and Alpine melodists, among the Alps, is utterly demoralized to a poor trade, and all its artlessness is affectation. It has become one of the petty annoyances that everywhere disturb the traveller who loves nature, and which do their best to break the spell of mountains clad in everlasting snow, with green *alps* and *matten* clinging to their sides, and lovely valleys, sprinkled with pretty cottages and chalets and churches picturesque if humble, down into the very midst of which the icy glaciers creep, reflecting double sunshine on the little flower-enameled, green and happy spots, where human industries and habitations cluster. But first let us resume the thread which brought us here.

I wrote last from Paris. A railroad ride of a whole night and half the next day, through monotonous wide plains where rows of spindling poplars everywhere stand guard as thick as Paris soldiers and no other tree relieves the eye (a good country for a night ride)—through the wide vineyards of the Champagne, a crop interesting to the *dry* imagination, but not half so handsome as our Indian corn—then, as day broke, and the blue mountains of the Vosges loomed up in the horizon, through more interesting fields of grain, with men and women reaping—costumes beginning to grow more picturesque, and houses too,—still everywhere the everlasting poplars, ludicrous scare-crow apologies for trees—and finally the darker backs of the hills of the Black Forest, beyond the Rhine, in Baden—scenes more and more exciting in themselves and in the eager expectation—brought us in a bright morning (one of the few such in a season of almost unprecedented raininess) to the famous

old Alsatian capital of Strasburg. Of course the attraction was the great Cathedral, which no one who has read Goethe would willingly fail to see. It was the crowning moment in my experience in the sublime and beautiful in architecture. It was more akin to the great Art in music, to Symphony and Fugue, than any work which ever won me and subdued me and at the same time gave me freedom through the sense of sight. The union of majestic, graceful outline and proportion in the general masses with the most delicate and lace-like detail carved in stone, both in its magnificently soaring tower and spire, the highest in Europe, and in the whole exterior and interior of the building, the perpetual revelation of unnoticed exquisite designs that seemed to grow and blossom out of the shade of pillars, walls and arches; the religious, unitary feeling of the whole, which reconciled and harmonized all this strange wealth of detail, even to the most grotesque freaks of fancy; the monuments which it contains, and the monument which it is, of Erwin of Steinbach, who designed it, and of his daughter who executed many of his designs, and whose statue at a side porch was to me as fine a monument to the inspired soul of woman as that of Joan of Arc; even the droll and pretty fancy which has placed Erwin himself in a little gallery beside the altar, leaning his chin on his hands and contemplating a beautiful pillar he had planned as one last touch of superabounding exquisite creativeness; the surroundings too of the great Dom, the quaint old houses in the square, with their steep, stair-notched gables, and their round port-hole windows thrusting themselves out all over the red and gray tiled roofs (a common feature in the town and of the region); particularly the house in which Erwin himself lived; then, too, the fine view from the platform of the tower, over the quaint city, over rich green plains, over the gleaming Rhine (my first sight of it! sing, Robert Franz! *Den Rhein, den heiligen Strom!*), a vast circle enclosed by the mountains of the Black Forest on the East and by those of the Alsace (the Vosges) on the West:—all this, and more which must be reserved for an especial chapter on cathedrals, made an evening and a morning at Strasburg one of the periods that can never fade out in the light of new experiences. The music which I chanced to hear in that cathedral was a droning chant of priests, at daily service; the organ-playing beastly bad.

That evening it was my rare good fortune (there and then so unexpected) to see RISTORI in the Italian version of Schiller's *Maria Stuart*. It was her only night in Strasburg: and the theatre a beautiful one, much like the Grand Opera in Paris, but finer and far more comfortable. The players were all Italian and all good. Ristori is noble in appearance, if not handsome. And what a soul animates her! what a high and true dramatic fire! Her voice is singularly rich and lends itself most musically to all the modulations and demands of feeling and of passion. I thought that human speech had never sounded to my ear so noble and so musical as in that large and sweet Italian utterance of Ristori. It was a luxury to find that, with but small experience in listening to Italian, I could understand her. She is truly a great actress; and without any of that chill, repulsive element which oftentimes disturbed the finest moments of Rachel.

The next evening placed me at the foot of

another exquisitely beautiful cathedral, that of Freiburg in Baden, or as it is commonly called, Freiburg in the Breisgau. It is not so great as that at Strasburg, but it is remarkable as being almost the only finished design of that kind, which is preserved entire. It also hails from the Erwin family; some think from Erwin's master, whoever he may have been: the builders in these times were too great to take care of their own fame. Outside it is a form of perfect beauty; you can look at it forever. The inside is comparatively uninteresting. But the old town nestled round it, in that rich wide plain, with green, vine-clad hills, half mountains, rising sharp against it on one side; with its clean streets through which fresh rills of water run, and dainty sidewalks paved with a mosaic of smooth pebbles; and its queer old houses, and queerer costumes, seems to retain more of its primitive simplicity than most old European towns through which the travelling current passes. It is not yet grown too civilized and Baden-Badenized, like many of the sweet spots of Switzerland. In the morning, a lovely one, it was market day, and the square on three sides of the Cathedral swarmed with peasants, women chiefly, from the whole country round, all talking as fast as possible and faces full of sunshine, selling strawberries and cherries and all sorts of little fruits as well as homelier matters, and exhibiting the most picturesque and odd variety of costume, only to be equalled, we imagine, in the towns of Brittany and Normandy; some in clean white caps; some in scarlet handkerchiefs; some with a helmet-like contrivance of black silk or satin, with great broad vans flapping on each side; and some with exceedingly high stove-pipe hats, of the masculine city style, made of bright yellow glazed leather or canvas—singular objects these last. From the neighboring hill top, where we took a charming walk among the grape vines and blue harebells, we stood over against the beautiful cathedral spire, and looked through its lace-like open work, and down upon the parti-colored swarm about its base. Strains of rich music swelled up from the town; a fine regimental band, rehearsing evidently with severe fidelity; and the music was Beethoven's, the overture to *Fidelio*! And did it not do the solitary traveller good to hear it? Such things are to the wanderer in a changed world like the stars; he hails them as of the few outward presences which he still has in common with those from whom he has so lately parted in the other hemisphere.

Again along the Rhine, in comfortable railroad car, past vineyards, pretty houses and old ruined castles, into Basle; sombre, quaint, historical old place, without much for the passing visitor to see; yet something to reflect upon as he sat sipping tea under an arbor on the bridge above the rapid Rhine. It rained repeatedly, as it had done ever since I first saw land in Europe. It would not do to undertake the promised first walk through the Münsterthal; and so by railroad I must push on doubtfully to Zurich, past the old ruins of the cradle of the house of Hapsburg, and past many charming views both of the mountains of the Jura, and first glimpses also of snow mountains on the south. In Zurich it still rained although I got a sunset picture of its lovely lake, and a fine panorama of the distant mountains from its *hohen Promenade*. But rain was still the rule, the habit of the season, and sunshine

the exception; and thus far had I experimentally ventured into Switzerland, to learn whether it would do to venture farther, and make the tour on foot of the Bernese Oberland and of Mt. Blanc. Providential perseverance! We will attempt at least the Rigi. Starting in fair weather, wrapped in cloud and rain in crossing the lake of Zug to Arth and Goldau, whence we were to ascend, we had the satisfaction of a clear sunset, and a splendid forenoon (although the sun rose in rain) for the complete enjoyment of that unrivalled view of lakes and mountains.

I shall not describe what has been so often described before; but only say that I was happy in coming just at the turning point of the weather. After a lovely day at Lucerne and passage of its enchanting lake, past the Tell scenes and monuments to Altorf, the foot-tramp up the St. Gotthard road, and over the Devil's Bridge, the Furca pass, the great glacier of the Rhone, the wild and dreary Grimsel, down, all day down, the beautiful, romantic Hasli-thal, to Meiringen, and past the blue glaciers of Rosenlauri and of Grindelwald, and again up, by the frowning sides of the great snow-topped giants, Wetterhorn, and Mittenhorn and Eiger to the summit of the Alp, where Jungfrau with her "silver horns" rose in all the splendor of her snowy purity immediately before us, and avalanches thundered down at harmless distance, and so down into the paradise of Lauterbrunnen and of Interlachen, was in eight days accomplished. Nearly two of these, however, kept us prisoners by rain; the rainy time had reached its climax, and the great flood of that Friday which kept me in the little village on the Gotthard road, while rocks and earth came tumbling from the mountain walls across the road, and while the village (in the Catholic canton of Uri) was in a state of apprehension and excitement, and the church bell was kept ringing, after the old traditional custom, as if to ward off danger, only made the following day more bright and lent life to the picturesque and grand scenes opening upon us everywhere, by creating innumerable streams and cascades, making it all "Lauter-brunnen"—fountains only. From that time the sun, and the good star of the traveller, have been victorious. Beautiful weather has become the rule; the first half of the long dreamed of Swiss tour is accomplished. Rich days they have been indeed, in many senses; but now there is no time to tell what they have yielded; we must hive and make the honey at more leisure; for still the flowers and the blue summer days invite to wander.

— So, after this digression, I must take another letter to say what little is to be said of the musical impression of Swiss life and nature, and of the famous Freiburg organ, and the fine one at Berne likewise. D.

#### Musical Chit-Chat.

ITALIAN OPERA.—We see by the daily papers that the Cortesi troupe commences a short season of opera at the Boston Theatre on Monday evening.

NIBLO'S THEATRE.—THE EXTEMPORIZED OPERA.—Last evening this theatre—imbedded in one hotel and opposite stacks of others, and hence so favorably situated that without malice prepense the travelling crowds who must go out after dark to find a substitute for distant firesides in the thirty-two States—not counting Territories—was well attended to wit, near the first representation of an opera troupe under the direction of Madame Cortesi, if a lady can direct

an opera, which we doubt. At the appointed time the exceedingly keen vital, and somewhat American looking, Karl Anschutz took the highest chair of the orchestra, and the introduction to the opera began: the violins with "mutes" on emitted the stifled, consumptive wail of the Tragedy in perspective; and to this poetry of the composer—which has no ictus of rude health or superficial glare to commend it, but is as delicate as Arry Schaeffer's *Christus Consolator*—was added a delectable double shuffle of an accompaniment in the noises of the lobbies—there being out-of-doors-wise accommodations of this kind at Niblo's only second to the curbstones of the streets. When, however, the curtain rose, and the Brindisi, or demirep drinking-song—which is as much like a drinking-song as a burcarole is, and no more, but has a very striking melody—and the audience had something which marked the time, then the attention was perfect and the applause huge. Madame Cortesi, who did Violetta, is a soprano of dramatic vigor and power, and commands the plaudits of the audience. Signor Musiani, the tenor, has a great deal of force, but is wanting in dulcet tenderness of tone, though his intentions that way are good. Amodio, who it seems has a brother—is engaged with him at this establishment; and the public is promised a sight and hearing of both. If Amodio's brother can beat Amodio he will do more than any other baritone has achieved here.

The public were very well pleased last night. New York has so many artists of one sort or another that a second opera is possible; but with a thin orchestra and thinner chorus, and such scenery and decorations as an Apollo of infinite mercy vouchsafes. This is a free country for artists, and if they vibrate betwixt the Academy and the sacred concerts of lager beer saloons, it is nobody's business; but, we think, if the harmony of the muses can be transferred to the Academic treasurer's box, it would be better to have one establishment, for certain it is that two opera-houses are one too many, and sometimes two too many. "Birds in their little nests agree," but we believe the poet says nothing about their union ticket after they learn to sing.—*N. Y. Tribune, Sept. 19.*

Meanwhile, the Academy—that abode of Caryatides and Cantabiles—still flings wide its portals to a generous public. Madame Fabbri, the puissant soprano, is there; Mr. Brignoli, having exhausted Newport and recovered from his Canadian cough, is there; Madame Colson is there. In place of well-worn operas, we are to have—see advertisements—*The Sicilian Vespers*, which was played often enough last year to make the singers familiar with their parts. This is an opera of large meanings and elaborations, and should command a crowded attendance.—*Ibid.*

A WORD ABOUT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC.—A word to the wise is never out of place, and any useful hints that we throw out for the benefit of those who seek them, (may their numbers never grow less!) will, we are assured, be received in a thankful spirit, and with "exceeding great rejoicing." We have at various times and on various occasions (to be explicit) remarked that where so many branches in that divine art, music, are progressing, and cultivating a refined taste among our musical masses, the particular department of orchestra music in our theatres never rises above that dull *niveau* of mediocrity, and too often vulgarity, (excuse the word,) which never seeks to raise the audience to its standard of refining emotions, but would pander to the popular taste, which, for want of that artistic impulse, can never be brought to a knowledge of better things. We hope to be able to chronicle an improvement in this branch of the heavenly art. This is, indeed, an age of progress, although in some things the truth is very slow in coming to the minds of those that would seek it.—*Fitzgerald's City Item.*

It is pleasant to say that it is not so with us in Boston. A few evenings since we happened to drop in at the *Museum*, where Dion Bourcicault's Irish drama of the "Colleen Bawn" has been raging for nearly four weeks. Expecting to hear between the acts the usual arrangements of hacknied overtures and trashy folk-songs,—always strongly suggestive of half a dozen instruments which are permanently absent,—we were agreeably surprised to find the music not only adapted very cleverly to the limits of the instruments, (not in the hands of first-rate artists either,) but abounding in fine traits of happy characterization and bits of beautiful, genuine melody. This was the work of Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG, the leader of the orchestra. It is remarkable how well the composer has improved his opportunities. We have no sympathy for the

Potpourri-style which prevails in the Overture; but we admire some of the incidental music, for instance, the strain accompanying the entrance of *Corregan* into the death-chamber of the murderer, *Mann*, which comes as unexpectedly and falls as deliciously upon the senses as a genuine Van Dyck in a second-hand print-shop. It is only a pity that among, that multitude, who convert the most touching sentence, if Warren speaks it, into a joke, these good things are nearly, if not entirely lost.

FATHER HEINRICH, a venerable musician well known to all the elder musical people hereabouts, desires us to "honor the programmatic prospectus" which follows with an insertion in our columns. It certainly gives promise of good things. When shall we hear the performance?

THE COLUMBIAD,  
or  
THE ROYAL EAGLE OF THE THURINGIAN FOREST,  
and the  
REPUBLICAN CONDOR OF AMERICA.

A free romantic Phantasy for full Orchestra, commemorative of a visit to *Dortor List* in *Weimar*.

PROGRAMME:

1. *Introduzione volante*: The eagle soars majestically in the lofty current of erudite Harmony.
2. *Allegro canonicale*: A Duetto Dance "scherzando, in Moto contrario," by the noble Birds.
3. *Incantazione*. A Tone-Picture "concertante," *The Spirit Bond*.
4. *Fuga al Prestissimo agitato*. *The Parting*.
5. *Finale trionfante*. The chivalrous Condor wings his return flight to *Fredonia*, the El Dorado of *Hail Columbia* and *Yankee Doodle*, as newly constructed with brilliant variations, and recently performed under the title of the *Columbiad*, with marked distinction, at the Author's Monster Concert in *Prague*.

A fragment of an artistic journey in Europe, and a humble contribution to the musical annals of both hemispheres, by Anthony Philip Heinrich, author of an heroic, vocal and instrumental oratorio: "The Ornithological Combat of Kings in the Air, or the Condor of the Andes and Eagle of the Cordilleras."

OPERATIC.—There should certainly be an opera written, taking the Tower of Babel for a theme; the polyglot company, now engaged at the Academy, could render the great scene when the confusion of tongues occurs, with uncommon effect. Fabbri, Stigelli and Muller might sing in German; Colson and Genibrel could take up their parts in French; Susini, Mrs. Strakosch, Brignoli and a few others would be ready to join in Italian; Patti, the American prima donna, as she is called, would proclaim her nationality in pure accents, and there certainly is an English woman in the chorus. Everybody remembers her. Sometimes, indeed, the artists appear to be rehearsing some such morceau as this: for instance, last week, when Genibrel sang John di Procidia in French, while the rest of the opera was performed in Italian.—*N. Y. Express*.

Mlle. LACOMBE.—A Paris paper says: "Foreign theatres continue to seduce away our best artists. Mlle. Lacombe, a singer of reputation and great talent, has been engaged upon splendid conditions, for the coming season, by Mr. Charles Boudousquie, the impresario of the New Orleans Opera, which is to reopen on the 1st of November next."

A PRIVATE OPERA HOUSE.—It is stated that Dr. Ward, the well known music amateur and composer, is about building a house on the Fifth Avenue, near Fortieth street, which is to have a front of 100 feet, and which will contain a private theatre for operatic representations.

GARIBALDI IN PESARO.—The Sardinian troops have taken the birthplace of Rossini. It is said that the mere proximity of Garibaldi has already awakened the people of the Roman States, and the town of Pesaro has the honor of inaugurating the liberating movement. Pesaro will long be remembered as the birthplace of that "Swan" whose music enchanted all Europe forty years ago, and who still leads a life of Epicurean ease at Paris. One would think that Rossini might ransack the treasures of his rich invention for something like a national air for his

liberated country, and thus suppl. the want of which Garibaldi so feelingly complained the other day. "Every nation," said the Liberator, "has some song which: it once rouses the patriotic ardor of its sons. France has the 'Marseillaise,' England 'God save the Queen,' America 'Hail Columbia'; but we, who if we do not excel in music excel in nothing, have not a single patriotic strain." Strange it is that a nation so overflowing with musical genius as Italy should not have given birth to anything more national than "Viva Enrico, il nostro re"! We have often wondered why Rossini, Verdi, Puccini, Cimarosa, Pacini, and their compeers, have done nothing in the patriotic line.

SAN FRANCISCO.—The Squires Escott English opera troupe has commenced a second season at the Opera House, having added a number of new operas to its repertoire.

PHILADELPHIA.—Patti has been singing in The Barber and as Violetta in La Traviata. The Natali sisters are also singing here. Lucrezia Borgia was performed on Saturday last. The *Bulletin* says of the performance:

Miss Agnes Natali has not heretofore exhibited such extraordinary dramatic power, nor such vocal executive skill. In the cabaret to the opening air, which most prime donne are unable to sing, and therefore omit it, she showed great flexibility. But in the more dramatic situations she was magnificent, and excited immense enthusiasm. Her sister, Miss Fanny, was a good Orsini; Signor Barili did better than was expected of him, and Signor Brignoli exerted himself to an unusual degree. We are requested to contradict the report that this gentleman refused to sing with the Misses Natali at their debut in the *Trovatore*. On the contrary he wished to sing, and complained of having a rôle that he is fond of given to another artist. The most friendly feeling exists between him and the Misses Natali.

The season is to close with the Misses Natali in *Norma*, the part of the Druid priestess being one in which Miss Agnes is especially great, having sung it a dozen times in Havana, creating an enthusiasm surpassing that excited by any other artist that has ever sung it there, from Steffanono great days down to the present time. Signor Stigelli, the great tenor of last season, is to play Polliouo.

DEATH OF T. D. RICE.—Thomas D. Rice, the originator of negro musical and terpsichorean delinquencies, died in New York recently, in the 52d year of his age.

As an actor in his peculiar rôle he had no equal in his palmy days, attaining a world-wide reputation as "Jim Crow." That character was his forte; he never attempted any other, and his comicality in that part established for him a name and fame. As "Jim Crow" Rice could fill any metropolitan or provincial theatre to overflowing, and from the very simplicity of his performance, excited screams of laughter. He danced with the negro grace, and the finishing touches of his "breakdowns" even exceeded those of the laziest Virginia negro.

But Rice was not satisfied with mounting the ladder of fame in his profession, and scarcely had he reached the topmost round when he fell; not at one plunge, but bumping and catching upon the rounds as he descended.

For many years Rice has been the victim of unfortunate habits, lost to his profession and to that future which at one time gleamed so brightly before him. He died of disease of the heart, the undoubted effect of his frequent indulgence in liquor.

The fame which he won for himself, and the ideas that he originated, have been seized upon by others who have made from the small beginning of "Jim Crow," a profession distinct and honorable. He has died in the lap of poverty.—*N. Y. Mercury*.

## Music Abroad.

VIENNA.—Mad. Czillag does not return to the Court Opera, as had been announced: this celebrated singer leaves for New York where she has an engagement for six months, it is said, at \$2,000 per month. Mad. Rose Czillag made her first appearance in England in April last, as *Leonora* in Beethoven's *Fidelio*, making a greater impression in that

part than any one has done since the illustrious Schroeder Devrient, whose mantle is thought to have fallen upon her shoulders. Czillag, whose name in her native Magyar language signifies "star," is indeed a star of the first magnitude. As an actress she resembles Schroeder Devrient and is equal to her. She resembles her in earnest simplicity of manner and the absence of the artificial conventionalities of the stage—in those delicate touches of nature and feeling which make her seem the very person she represents, and in that force and truth in the representation of passion which irresistibly commands the sympathy of the audience. In personal aspect she excels her great predecessor—her beauty is of a more refined and noble cast, and she has a finer voice than Devrient ever possessed. As a singer, she is a most accomplished artist, her style being more Italian than German, and her repertoire varied and extensive, one of them being *Elvira* in *Don Giovanni*, which it would be a treat to hear sung by a first rate artist.

Rubinstein's opera *les Enfans des Landes*, will be performed in the course of the month of November.

BERLIN.—The 28th of August, (Goethe's birthday,) the Court Opera company gave his *Finst*, with the music, composed in part by Prince Radziwill, and partly by Lindpaintner. The performance given for the monument to Goethe was preceded by an excellent prologue, written for the occasion by Adami and recited by Dessoir. His literary performance which will survive the occasion that inspired it, was received with thunders of applause.

NAPLES.—A new opera by Petrella, *il Foletto di Gresy* has met with remarkable success at the theatre *del Fondo*, exciting great enthusiasm. The composer was called out twenty times.

## Paris.

Vivier, the eccentric and amiable musician, has obtained permission to locate his private apartments in the right hand tower of Notre Dame Cathedral, the same, which, according to Victor Hugo's fanciful story, served as a place of refuge for Esmeralda. This tower is never visited by sight-seers, who, however, when mounting the other, are much astonished at hearing the sound of a piano at such a height. This is Vivier's piano, whose owner is finishing a comic opera, to which Messrs. Scribe and Cormon have furnished the libretto. He has fled to this tower to escape his too troublesome friends. A few of them started for his haunt, but the stairs proved too much for them, and they turned back. The keeper always gets their names and marks the number of steps which they ascend before their courage fails them. Vivier calls this daybook of the keeper, his "Thermometer of friendship." "SIGNALE."

The performance at the Grand Opera for the benefit of the Christians of Syria realized 10,000 francs, which is the largest sum the house will yield at the usual prices. This will help to swell the general subscription for this object, which, notwithstanding the great show or sympathy made by the French press, does not progress very satisfactorily, or prove that the people at large are very deeply impressed with the sufferings of their Christian brethren, to whose succor the Emperor has rushed so eagerly. The *Huguenots* was given on Friday, with Mlle. Caroline Barbot in the part of Valentine, and Mad. Vandenhuevel Duprez in that of Marguerite. This second debut of Mad. Duprez was fully as successful as the first, and has quite borne out the favorable expectations of her friends. It is generally regarded that this lady's engagement is a valuable acquisition to the Opera.

I have also another programme to communicate, viz. that of M. Calazdo, the manager of the Italian Opera here. I need not trouble you with a list of the works to be produced; an enumeration of the artists to figure in his troop will be more acceptable. Here they are, then, alphabetically ordered to avoid nice points of precedences. *Prima donne soprani*, Mmes.

Battu and Penco; *prime donne contralti*, Mmes. Albani and Edenska; *prime donne comprimarie*, Mmes. Varoni and Vestri; *primi tenori*, MM. Gardoni, Mario, and Pancani; *primi tenori comprimari*, MM. Capello and Morey; *primi baritoni*, MM. Badiali and Graziani; *primi bassi*, MM. Angelini and Patriossi; *primo buffo*, M. Zucchini; *seconde parte*, Mad. Lava, MM. Cazaboni and Soldi. *Direttore d'Orchestra*, M. Bonetti; *maestro alceballo*, M. Uranio Fentana; *maestro di cori*, M. Chiaromonte.

I hear from Naples, that notwithstanding the troubled state of affairs there, the subvention paid to the San Carlo Theatre has been raised from 60,000 to 80,000 ducats; and it is now the most munificently supported theatre in Italy. It is said that great efforts are to be made to restore the school of dancing, for which Naples was once so famous, to its early splendor. It was the school of Naples which gave to the world Taglioni, Carlotta Grisi, and Fanny Cerito. *Appropos* of Italy, Camillo Sivori has just returned to Paris from Milan, where he has been giving a series of seventeen concerts in succession. Two of these were for the benefit of the poor, and three to advance the cause of Garibaldi, to whom Sivori was enabled to forward 15,000 f. (£600). This is a very creditable act on the part of the little-great violinist, and shows the influence of the Garibaldi enthusiasm in a very strong light. M. Braga is also returned to us from Milan, bringing with him a libretto, to which he is going to compose the music. The opera is intended for Mad. Borghi-Mamo during her engagements at Bologna and Milan.

There has been a concert at the Salle Pleyel in honor of the veteran Moscheles, the programme whereof consisted entirely of music of the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries, selected by M. Farrenc, well known for his antiquarian researches. In giving an account of the concert, a French critic informs the world that *la grande fugue de Bach* was executed on the organ by M. Georges Pfeiffer, as though old Sebastian's progeny, under that style, were limited to one. Yet France claims the first rank in the world in musical connoisseurship! This, too, with the *Société Bach* in full activity, who, by the way, have just published their ninth volume of the works of the great master. Prefixed to it is a curious notice on the construction of the harpsichord by the editor, M. Rust. I told you in a former letter that the Concerts Musard were about to close. I was misinformed; they are to continue open till the commencement of October. They are still very attractive, and they fully deserve their patronage by the capital way in which they are conducted. An ophicleide player, M. Moreau, is at present winning great favor by his solo performances.

The distribution of honors, *à propos* of the Imperial *fêtes* of August, still continues. It positively rains crosses of honor and medals. Let the most bombastic and jejune of scribblers but indite an ode on the "Imperial theme"—annexation—and let him annex it to the effusion of discord, herself turned maestro, and both author and composer will immediately receive an enormous medal, and be inscribed in the muster roll of the legion of honor.

### Germany

VIENNA, August.—A singer in order to please the public, needs nothing, according to Rubini, but three little things, of which the first is voice, the second voice, and the third again voice. Of these three things Mr. WACHTEL, from Cassel, now playing here a star-engagement, has even to spare. He is the owner of a tenor voice, the like of which is not often heard. It is full and sonorous, and as much at home among the highest notes which a male chest is capable of producing as if the high C were mere children's play. Most tenors do not possess this precious note at all; a few serve it as a rare and racy dessert on solemn state-occasions, and are praised for it to the skies, every time. Not so Mr. Wachtel. He gives the high C with the soup, with the roast meats, or the pudding, just as often as you want to hear it, and with infinite pleasure, that is to say, with the greatest ease. Not only does he sing all the Cs in his part, but as this note has not been made use of by the composers often enough for the wants of Mr. Wachtel, he puts it into the score at odd times—*ad majorem vocis gloriam*.

Nothing else was wanted to take our public by storm, for the artistic education is here always the second consideration. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at, that Mr. W. was not only overwhelmed

with applause; no, that would not be saying enough: he was received with frenzy. An Arnold, in "William Tell" who thinks his part, which is for himself, so much dreaded by his brethren-tenors on account of its great elevation, too low and piles on notes and passages *ad libitum*—such a singer is perfectly irresistible for the good Viennese.

Of course Mr. Wachtel knew very soon whence the wind blew, and sang with such a hearty good will, that one might really fear the consequences. Every singer who is richly endowed by nature is tempted to shine by the richness of his voice (which is very natural to a singer at the outset of his career, and pays him better for the time being), instead of also paying proper attention to the art of singing and acting. In this manner such singers remain naturalists for the term of their mortly short-lived popularity. We hope Mr. Wachtel will take warning from the sorry fate of some of his fellow-tenors and devote some time to proper training. Fame will be sure to come, and—to last.

"SIGNALS."

Note. Wachtel is engaged for eight months, at a salary of 16,000 florins, which is equal to about 8,000 dollars.

BERLIN.—They are celebrating the anniversary of Goethe's birthday. Theatrical representations were announced for four consecutive days, as thus:—The 27th, *The Kings Lieutenant* by Gutzkow and a military concert, conducted by M. Wieprecht; 28th, *Frederick at Saengerling*, operetta by Eberwein: *Brother and Sister* by Goethe; 29th, *Goethe-Marsch* by Liszt; *Lover's Caprices* by Goethe; *Calm at Sea* by Beethoven; *Walpurgis Night* by Mendelssohn; *The Transfiguration*, a fragment of *Faust*, by Schumann; the 30th, the *Fair at Plundersweiler*, by Goethe, concert. The receipts are to be appropriated to Goethe's monument. At Hanover, M. Steger, the same who failed last season at Her Majesty's Theatre, in *Edgar*, has been engaged to replace M. Niemann, at the Court Theatre. At Weimar M. Chelard's opera of *Marbath* is to be produced at the Court Theatre. I believe it was performed in England, at Her Majesty's Theatre, by a German company, under the direction of the composer himself. From Vienna I hear that M. Rubinstein has just completed a new opera, and has placed the score in the hands of the manager of the Court Theatre. The management of the Italian Theatre has definitively been granted to M. Salvi, who will commence his season in April and continue it to the end of July. The season at Spa is said, notwithstanding the cheerless weather, to be unexpectedly brilliant. A grand concert has just been given there by the *Administration des Jeux*, whereof the chief attraction was Vivier, the horn player.

ROTTERDAM.—Is about to present itself with a German opera, the wealthy burghers of that ilk have ing subscribed to that end 80,000 florins, the interest of which is to be received by M. Vries, the Amsterdam manager, in support of the undertaking, which he is to organise and direct.

STOCKHOLM.—Is overhauling its Academy of Music with a view to reform. Several new professorships have been instituted; among them one of history, one of esthetics, and one—though more humble, far more useful I suspect than these—of the art of tuning pianos. It would be well if the French Academy would follow this sensible example, for it is one of the points in which France is greatly deficient.

PESTH.—At the German theatre, Mehul's *Joseph* is given out for study. M. Borhowitz, the pianist, has just given a farewell concert here, the proceeds of which were to be devoted to the Szechenye monument.

MILAN.—Rejoices in the prospect of two new operas, one by Bottesini, the *Assello di Firenze*, which failed in Paris, when the composer was himself director of the orchestra, the other by the youthful maestro, Cianchir of Florence, composer of several successful works, and among them of *Salvator Rosa*. The sisters Ferni are here and have given a concert at the Carignano.

GENOA.—The San Carlo Felice is undergoing a thorough restoration, which is to render it one of the most richly adorned and elegant theatres in Europe. The ensuing season promises to be exceedingly brilliant.

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**D W I G H T ' S**  
**JOURNAL OF MUSIC,**

*A Paper of Art and Literature.*

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**JOHN S. DWIGHT, EDITOR.**

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VOLUME XVIII

**B O S T O N :**  
**PUBLISHED BY OLIVER DITSON AND COMPANY, 277 WASHINGTON STREET.**  
**1861.**

Reprint Edition 1967

JOHNSON REPRINT CORP.  
NEW YORK—LONDON

ARNO PRESS, INC.  
NEW YORK, N.Y.

*Library of Congress Catalog Card No. 67-24725*

Manufactured in the U.S.A. by Arno Press Inc.

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# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 444.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 6, 1860.

VOL. XVIII. No. 1.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## The Princess' Bath.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PRUTH.

When the moon in azure heavens at the midnight hour is beaming,  
And the ripples softly murmur, as in quiet slumber dreaming,  
Downward to the lonely sea-shore goes the Princess proud and fair  
And with busy fingers looses all her wealth of golden hair;  
From her bosom throws the vesture, and with thirsty, panting motion  
Drinketh deep the cooling breezes, blowing landward from the ocean.  
Slowly lingering sinks her mantle, till in beauty unconcealed  
Timid shrinking, sweetly blushing, the fair woman stands revealed.  
Shyly first she wets her foot-tip, then her whole form boldly throwing,  
Plunges deep and sudden downward where the warm still waves are flowing,  
Till the water foams and sparkles, and in eager, sweet desire,  
Nestles round her heaving bosom with its waves of lambent fire.  
Then the sea begins to murmur, drawn by love's restless spell,  
Toward the beach in mad excitement all the billows foam and swell;  
And the dolphin gazes kindly, with his clear sagacious eyes,  
For he feels his cold heart glowing with a tender, glad surprise.  
Dost thou hear the sea complaining? Maiden, from its deepest caves  
Hearst whispering, hear'st inviting, the wild pleading of the waves?  
Maiden, thou hast fired the ocean, and the spirits from below  
Feel the magic of thy rosy lips, thy bosom's stainless snow!  
'Tis the fair-haired knightly striplings, who in ages long gone by  
From distant shores sailed hither in the flower of youth to die,  
While the lute resounded merrily, and foamed the circling cup,  
Till the Sea, the dread Insatiate, ships and voyagers swallowed up.  
'Tis the grey-haired men and heroes, stout in deeds and great in story  
Who met here in deadly sea-fight, all athirst for martial glory.  
'Tis the fisher-boy with golden locks, whose song thou oft hath heard,  
Whom thy beauty's cruel power [to the fatal plunge hast stirred!  
Ah, the sighing! Ah, the wailing! For they lie so long forsaken  
Buried deep in ghastly caverns with the hydra and the kraken!  
From above them, from below them, floating dim on every side,  
Shadowy forms of fairest women hurry onward with the tide,  
And the flowery bliss they tasted in their days of youthful pleasure,  
And the joyous warmth once throbbing in the young heart's eager measure,  
All, if all comes back to taunt them in the dreamy magic spell,  
Wish, and longing and desire,—but alas! no life as well!  
Now the spectres pale, at midnight when the quiet stars are burning  
Hover upward from their icy depths in speechless bitter yearning.  
Maiden, thou hast fired the ocean! And the spirits from the deep  
Long to rest upon thy bosom, long to kiss thy rosy lip!  
A bright sea-flower, never fading thou shalt bloom for them below,  
And the poor, dead, frozen bosoms pressed to thine, again shall glow.  
From the sunken, stony eye-balls wild their longing glance is thrown,  
"Come! oh, come! Soon strikes the hour; soon the sea will claim its own!"  
But the fair and lofty Princess heareth not their whispered sighs;  
Sees no shadowy phantoms watching with their spectral, eager eyes.  
Slow she rises from the water, gliding swan-like to the land.  
And her golden locks anointed, turns majestic from the strand;

Calmly moving, sweetly smiling, to the stolen garden meeting.  
When her lover's life warm kisses wait to bring her happy greeting.  
And the poor, sad, frozen spirits cast one glance of helpless pain.  
Stretch their arms once more despairing—sink back to their depths again.—

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Confessions of a Musical Soul.\*

(From the posthumous papers of a Moravian Sister.)

My earliest impressions of music, after my entrance into the world of active thought, were derived from my father's performance of the simple airs of Mozart and Haydn.

How often did I listen with a deep exhilaration of feeling, bordering on rapture to these simple compositions, which, supplying all the wants of our musical nature, are never listened to without creating a longing to hear them again.

In moments of listlessness, "*Nel cor non piu mi sento*" was a favorite theme of his, and it was seldom played without being followed by variations either of his own invention or of some genial composer.

My parent was wont to give me critical explanations of his music, and as my own intellectual growth kept pace with my instinctive love of this fine art, I was early awakened to a comprehension of some of the more obnoxious principles of this species of philosophy. My elementary impressions of music were simply those of pleasure, and, previous to my father's questionings on this and kindred subjects, I have never thought of making any analysis of this pleasure; of what it was constituted or through what medium it acted upon the intellectual system; nor did I ever dream of its capabilities in the way of description or its powers of representation. I know music to be an art which at all times relaxes the jaded mind, fills up the vacant hours of life, and delights the soul in a way that is but feebly described; because the attempt to truthfully paint the various shades of feeling seems utterly ineffectual; or to say what feeling is, is so problematical, that no describer of our inner life may be said to have ever been successful. When I was questioned by my Mentor, therefore, what "*nel cor non piu mi sento*" presented to me in regard to the inner imaginings of a peaceful and quiet life, a state of happy, placid resignation, leaving out of the question all the word-poet had attached to the sounds of the tone-poet, and drawing my conclusions from those sounds and their combinations only, I was unable to say

\*In Goethe's "*Wilhelm Meister*" we find an interesting episode in the "*Bekanntnisse einer Schönen Seele*," in which the character of a woman of fine culture is drawn with philosophical depth and skill. In delineating the character here presented, Goethe is known to have chosen for his model a Moravian sister, although I have no certain data as to the circumstance under which he became acquainted with her.

In the female portrait which the poet has given us, he chiefly strives to show the various phases of progress from a worldly intellectual, to a purely religious and emotional life, without reference to the musical condition in which every Moravian sister may be supposed to live. I have, therefore, adapted that tone of sentiment, more consonant with her nature and capabilities, which disavows the highest intellectual cultivation as the end of our being, and have allowed her to illustrate her devotional autobiography with musical themes, which she regards, at the same time, as the hand-maid of her faith.

what I thought of his real intents. My parent had told me the piece described feeling; but then what is feeling?—What were the incidents in that ceaseless drama of life in which "we live and move and have our being," that gave rise to these feelings, whose portrayal was here signified? A still more mysterious question was involved in the form of composition which followed the theme, termed the variation. I felt deeply, sincerely in the theme, but I became yet more deeply drawn within the mazes of a delicious and indefinable tone-thought, when variation succeeded to variation, and when one complex idea was developed from the simple conception, and that was followed by one yet more complex, and by another always augmenting in beauty, intricacy, subtlety, elaboration.

I was instructed in the maxim that music was a necessity; a necessity in its simpler elements, as well as in its radiations into a myriad forms. Hence the variation was a natural sequence of the theme, and the variation in the variation came forth as irrepressibly as the corrosion of fire or the crystalization of the metals. "These are the representations of the phases of life," said he, "as it passes within us, without reference to the outward, the objective part of our being; all these combinations of melody, set together and multiplied upon each other by the weird art and productive fancy of the master, are revealed truths of the inner principle of man, which, coming forth in the shape of tone, strike me so forcibly with their melodious effects. The theme represents the subject, and all that ornamentation called the variation is but a further illustration of the same subject, on application of the laws of musical rhetoric to a species of emotional narration, similar to word-language when used to illustrate and render attractive any topic of human thought."

At a very tender age I had imbibed a passionate love of flowers, and in the numerous marked localities of these my artless friends of nature, in the colored productions themselves, in the very fragrance they breathed forth, in the characteristics of their form and fascinating types of loveliness and innocence, I found a medium through which I might chronicle my affections in a permanent record. Through this power of association, for the flower spake to me in no other language, I was at all times able to recall events of the past; these pretty creations of an hour as they sprung up out of the fertile spot of earth, in their well known abodes, became a fond medium of communication between myself of to day, and myself of years gone by. But when the language of tone, the poetry of sound, superseded that of the floral world, I found myself transported to a new and higher sense of enjoyment. Hence I embraced with avidity all my father's teachings on the subject of musical æsthetics; the theme was so pure, so devoid of all the grossness of materialistic thought, that I sought it and dwelt upon it, and chose it as an enfranchisement from the duller things of earth.

I might date my earliest discoveries in music at that epoch when the heart softens and leaps instinctively at the melody of the dance. The Italian, with that widely known and universal instrument of mechanism termed the hand-organ, fully met the necessity of my musical nature, by the popular pieces of tact-composition which springs out of the elements of our emotional being. In our youthful and early struggle for the utterance of tone, we seek the music of the dance; and although a later stage of culture modifies and tempers this inclination, the impressions of ballet music are never lost. It seems to act in concert with the beatings of the heart, and when heard in the street, amid the turmoil of life and the strife of humanity, where the millions are toiling for bread, it gladdens the soul and brings on an oblivion of care. This gaiety of heart represented by ballet music resides within us and forms a portion of the history of emotion; it dates its growth back to our earliest years and never forsakes us; it is an unflinching element in all popular composition; a ready material in the hands of the composer and never dies out of life, until morbid thought succeeds to that healthy tone which lives in the ballet and makes it the companion of buoyant and effervescent joy.

In the forms of worship to which I had been trained, the Moravian hymn was kept in daily practice, and I exercised myself in all its most beautiful accords. Emanating from early times, and belonging to a school in which Bach himself was reared, the music is deep and imperishable, and, as some of the German writers are wont to express it, it comes up out of the profoundest depths of the human heart. These sacred melodies were intermingled with all the avocations of our family life; they made the festival a joyous occasion; they threw an odor of sanctity over the pleasures of the Birth-day! they beautified the solemnities of the tomb. The tidings of every death in the village were announced in this peculiar language, and each sex had its appropriate death-song. The dirge was sung at the interment, and when the remains of this earthly habitation were deposited in the earth, the trombone was the instrument used, and its long drawn and sombre notes were the significant emblems of a life to come. Among the earlier people of our sect, the events and circumstances of life were so closely interwoven with this and other kindred music, that the whole year passed away in a round of melodious history, and as I grew up amidst these musical associations, I continued to enter more deeply within myself and retreat from the actualities of a commonplace existence. The sounds of the Moravian Chorale, in common with those of the old Lutheran school, to which they are nearly allied, though occasionally represented by words, in which their spirit and meaning are feebly set forth, are in themselves, without the aid of word poetry, the fullest exponent of all that the soul can imagine, portray or aspire after. They claim but little sympathy with secular music in this one marked circumstance, that they disclaim all the passions of our worldly nature; never swell into that unbridled emotion in which the Italian is wont to indulge, nor sink into that hopeless despondency into which Beethoven so frequently casts himself before allowing entrance of the sunshine of hope.

These old and exquisite chorales, therefore, be-

came an indispensable portion of my early education; but in order to remain free of that morbid, sensitive, and overwrought emotional enthusiasm which usually invests an ultra religious nature, music in all its departments was sedulously cultivated among us. With exception of the practical ballet, for the theoretical ballet is found every where to a greater or less degree in tone poetry of a lyrical type, no species of musical composition was left untouched; and social life partaking of German conviviality and feeling, naïve and joyous in action and demeanor; simple in its tastes, profound in its thinkings, beautiful in its ideale, was fully adequate to all my wants.

From that cradle state of musical perception which leads to no other inference than that music is a mere combination of pleasing sounds, in which the ear loves to indulge, to the higher stage of an inner appreciation, my progress under a father's tutelage was easy and natural. He taught me that the inner life of music was like the inner life of poetry—that music was poetry itself, although conveyed to the mind through the medium of tone. There was no prose language in music, since all its imaginings, all its ethereal tone-figures, were the creations of a purely practical element within us, identical with that principle which treats all the objects of surrounding life and nature with the glow of emotion and impassioned description. In earlier times such masters as Haydn, Mozart and their whole school of disciples followed the natural graceful rhythm of the classic age of English poetry, and, like Pope and Dryden, they exhibit a flow of numbers natural to the workings of the human mind, under the influence of a simple desire to express, calmly, gracefully, cheerfully and felicitously, all that nature is awakening within us, previous to that new birth of transcendentalism which excessive intellectual education is apt to engender, and of which this modern age throws in our way so many unfortunate examples.

The English word-poets, therefore, and the German tone-poets of a nearly similar epoch were recommended to me, in my first studies of poesy in its universal form, in combination with a love of the visible creation and of the art of pictorial design, that begins with simple mimicry and ends with philosophy.

It was explained to me that musical history had passed through stages of development similar to those of written poetry; from the Homeric or sensual to the intellectual and spiritual. As in the earlier forms of the *Epopée*, nothing was ever attempted but outward description, with no reference to surrounding impressions on the mind, so in the earlier periods of modern music there was a more frequent imitative power at work in the representation of battles, storms, changes of seasons, the language of animals, and the whole visible machinery of nature. In its application to the uses of mimicry, music loses its true and higher attribute; that of utterance to the soul's pensive moods; yet, like in painting and written poetry, an inherent beauty, a faculty of captivation still remains. All poetry, be it ever so grossly misapplied or derogatory in its aims; all painting, even when made subservient to the worst of ends, still retains what some philosophers have termed the beauty of ugliness; and, by analogy, all music preserves, under every condition, portions of an ineffaceable charm.

As before observed, music of all grades was diligently cultivated in our village, and, besides the many who made it a means of support, no one who could devote himself to the pursuit omitted to take some instrument that accorded with his taste or was commensurate with his facilities.

In common with my female friends, I was addicted to the piano; some learned the guitar, some the harp, while others, whom nature had gifted with fine voices, took their places in the concert room, and, ranged in prim attire in front of the orchestra assisted in rendering to a select audience the classical compositions of Haydn, Mozart, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Romberg, Neukomm, and a host of others, to whom the past century has given celebrity and who have received the apotheosis that is due to all the master spirits of the divine art.

Many of these works of the early masters of tone resemble the productions of the painter, in the enduring impressions they leave on the mind, and that inherent power of thought, which is constantly calling for study, analysis, criticism and repeated contemplation of their strong points.

A thousand passages are nothing more than the every day language of the soul, to which no utterance is ever given; leaving itself to be felt or recited by the imagination; a day-dream of hope aspiration, joy, tempered by fits of despondency and even temporary despair. To this latter phase of mental anguish the Zinzendorfian authors allowed no admission; all was forgiveness, love, gentleness; the Redeemer of mankind was a brother, a father, and, not unfrequently, a spouse. The poetry which flowed from this sacred fountain was eminent for its peculiarly anthropomorphic tone, and for these figures of heart language which bring God and man into such close companionship.

Thus our village education became strongly imbued with a love of that form of Art which has its outlet in tone: which, instead of offering its finest creations to the contemplation of the eye, enters the soul through the ear alone. All art is emotional, since poetry is applied to all its exhibitions, in whatever shape they appear, and wherein the culture of one village social life was so strongly tinctured with that kind of education, its whole tone became emotional. It is seldom that all behold the two faculties of music and painting united, since emotion in the same individual is not wont to exercise itself in these two different though fraternal modes; hence our chronicles have handed down to us the names of few painters, but a great number of musicians. Our isolation from general society, or, as it is termed, the world, furnished a much better opportunity for the growth of all that relates to an inner development than that contact with society which receives the impress of its follies and its weaknesses and is ever borrowing its standard of thought and action. Shut out in a great measure from such distractions, music invested our little secluded world with a halo of tranquil happiness, which it is pleasant to look back upon. For the repertoire from which we drew our musical recreations, every department of composition occupied a place. Our religious festivals were not only distinguished by the chorales to which I have referred, but choice extracts from Haydn and Mozart rendered our solemnities, occasions of sacred gladness, replete with chaste joys and

heavenly imaginings. But divine love was not alone the subject of thought among us; the study of secular music brought with it, and communicated a fondness for, poesy in all its various forms.

We had the *Nocturne*, wherein our vocalists displayed their best talents in the service of that species of night song which devotes itself to all the poetical imagery that accompanies the romantic passions. Many and beautiful were the quartets sung by the Männerchöre, young and old, after the evening had sunk into its deep, still and impressive quiet.

In the concerts given by our Philharmonists every grade of music was introduced; the solemn, the gay, the sublime, the ludicrous; and it was listened to with due appreciation.

One of the most marked epochs of my life was my introduction to the spectacle of the opera. It was at that more mature stage of education and experience when judgment has fixed and settled the intellect, and the young imagination can no longer be led astray by the spacious glare of theatrical fictions. A chain of circumstances, which it would be superfluous to relate, brought me into this temptation, for as such I viewed it at the time, and the impressions induced thereby are not yet forgotten through the long years that supervened. In an animated struggle between the consciousness of doing wrong and the extreme delight of listening to such fascinating music, amid all the accessories of painting and poesy made visible, I sat and listened through that long evening of fear and joy.

The charming Italian song was melody in its bewitching form; fading quickly away, but always returning again in some new attractive colors; a succession of evanescent hues that leave no durable impression on the soul; yet as music in its absolute sense it was pure; but mixed with this purity came the alloy of worldly love, rendered hideous in my eyes by the contamination of licentiousness, crime, and the contending passions of man and woman. It is true, as a student of Beethoven, I had observed in some of his tone-fictions, a similar exhibition of purity and impurity; but then no visibility was given to the birth, triumph and fall of human passion; and being divested of all that material clothing which enables the melodrama to appeal to the senses of the multitude, human thought, though under the excitement of wildest passion and evil sentiment, comes up before us in the purity of form which characterizes all melody.

The origin of Art lies so deep, that it has never yet been clearly shown why and how it has become such an abiding necessity of our nature. Like many other abstract problems which engage the attention of the intellectual and the spiritually minded, its tendency is to divide and distract the judgments and opinions of its votaries, who can never agree as to whom it comes and whither it is tending.

This truth forced itself upon me when I studied that strange incongruity termed Opera. Such a beautiful fiction, so engaging, fascinating, so full of true poesy, and so much melody incorporated with and become a part of material life; active in its coldest forms, not even fit for the sculptor's uses, transformed into melody; all blended together by the skill of the master in so forcible a manner as to become perfectly reconcilable.

But opera retains an able argument in its favor

in the perpetuation and the enduring hold it has obtained on the tastes and affections of races and ages; with all its incongruities and apparent untruthfulness, it still lives and spreads its sway wherever the love of tone is in the ascendant. Like all the heart poetry of our literature, it proves that the ebullitions of the heart presented in their simple rhythmical arrangements constitute the only true poetry, and the perennial freshness that always marks such compositions secures for them the worship and esteem of generations. But written poetry need not be drawn from those elements of corruption and moral rankness which are so often used to place beneath the superstructure of the finest musical creations, and when we shall have seen such an era of moral opera dawn upon us, as draws from these sources whence high Art is supposed to spring, we may hope it will have arrived at a realization of its true mission.

My father was fond of indulging in musical conversations with me, and as he was not ignorant of the rules which underlie the philosophy of the sister arts of poetry, painting and sculpture, he was led to draw comparisons between them and his favorite, the fine art of tone. He frequently discussed the question of imitation, and observed that although imitative in itself is a lower step in Art, yet it is sometimes subservient to the highest efforts of imagination, both in music and painting. "The painter," he said, "is often condemned for a servile imitation of nature and action, in which he aims at so close, minute, and perfect a mimicry of external objects, as to deceive the eye of the beholder and lead him into the belief that he is looking at the reality. But it were unjust to despise that grade of painting which arrives at a successful imitation, for the highest talent and even genius is elevated to such service, and complete success in works of that class is rare. There are masterpieces in this grade of composition as well as in every other, and when the pure gems of artistic talent are exhibited, we must admire them, even if the subject be material or sensuous.

Not only were many of the best works of modern painters founded on the laws of imitation and mimicry, but the "Creation" of Haydn, the "Pastoral Symphony" of Beethoven, and the *Freischütz* of Weber adapted these principles to the worthiest productions of all time. He held that although the subject of thought elevated the character of the composition, still many of the components of melody were never lost; that the most seducing harmony clung to the vilest tone pictures; as an exemplification of which I was referred to the "Don Giovanni" of Mozart. And herein music may be said to serve similar purposes to those of painting—the glory of the art is never lost; a certain tone of beauty and harmony shines forth from every effort of the artist's pencil, should he even descend from the spiritual and sublime to the sensual and groveling. Another marked endowment of my parent was his universality; the artist, he said, was never sufficiently philosophical to allow himself to embrace one school without despising the others. It was essential to true genius to admire all, since the productions of every school are the emanations of genius.

This disparity in the origin and growth of the peculiar self-nurture of imaginative thought renders it so difficult to find these positive laws

and rules which every art student seeks, but never finds. Amid the mazes of such conflicting theories, he either becomes sceptical as to the existence of positive beauty, or swears allegiance to a single master, becomes the adherent of one school and discards every other. But in true art my preceptor taught me there was no school, and that he, who, by a regular system of logical reasoning on the simple laws of beauty in tone and colors, could develop from the works of the masters all that fell within the scope of his own consciousness of beauty, arrived at the highest realization of art.

The mind of the individual seldom disagrees with itself, whereas separate minds rarely correspond in all the divers points of emotion excited by the study of art and nature. The mind should be at peace with, resign itself to, and cultivate a fondness for its own images of beauty, and from this source derive the enjoyment which springs from eclectic art. To subserve this end, it should draw its recreations from every school.

As long as the Moravian village remained isolated and shut out, as it were, from the world, it retained in all their warmth and festivity the musical rituals and the annual celebrations that bore reference to the various stages of the history of our church. The common appellation of brother and sister was upheld, and the costume of the latter on sacred days was marked by its simplicity, and the chaste emblem it disclosed gave significance to our religious pleasures. The forms of worship, however, which were cherished within the secluded village could suffer no contact with the grosser element of worldly life. In those days of comparative seclusion, my associations and friendships were only with those I really loved, with those whose sympathies were alive to my own. In going beyond the limits of this narrow social existence, I found it impossible to assume that ready conventional tact which makes friends of all, of even those in whom we can find no congeniality. I found it hard to comprehend how those artificial friendships spring up, where the heart is always at war with itself, finding no real attraction in other beings, or that magnetism which draws soul to soul. This narrow life, however, was inclined to bring on fastidiousness, for even in our closest intimacies we are known to rebel against the most cherished objects, and, recoiling from our fondest attachments, seek refuge within ourselves, and even there to feel lost and dissatisfied. In such a crisis, I found music my safest refuge. Unlike many, who, from being its most impassioned votaries, leave it for a time with an indifference approaching disgust, awaiting the season when some new bloom of harmonious fancies shall have put forth within them, and reawakened all the old affection; my melodious impulses were always active, and led at times to an estrangement from all around me.

I am now speaking of a later stage of my life; although opportunities of marriage were often laid in my way, that growing fastidiousness, to which I have alluded, turned away from the object which fell so far short of my ideals.

(To be continued.)

MR. VARYAN JAMES, a rising native prima-donna, who is now giving concerts in the Eastern States, and who is endorsed by critical persons as a high, genuine soprano of brilliant quality, will visit Boston towards the middle of the month.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

### From Spohr's Autobiography.

From *Darmstadt*: Spohr furnishes an amusing chapter. It must be borne in mind that the time is 1815.

"Being obliged by the illness of my good wife to make a four weeks' stay here, I had ample time to become acquainted with the state of musical affairs in this city. I cannot report very favorably. The Grand-duke is very fond of music, and spends a good deal of money for it; but this fondness is one-sided, selfish and confined altogether to operatic music. His greatest pleasure is at rehearsals, to act as both orchestra-leader and stage-manager in his own august person. Not only does he, from a music-desk placed on the stage, direct the corps of musicians below, but superintends the smallest minutæ of the stage business. As in both capacities he thinks himself infallible and neither conductor nor manager dare oppose him, many blunders are committed. For although among the Grand-dukes he may be the best conductor it does not follow that he is even a tolerably good one in the common estimate. This is amply shown by his selection of works to be performed. The theatre is so richly endowed by his munificence that the taste of the public needs not be consulted at all. If the management could only have their own way, they might—and would probably—establish a *repertoire* of good, sterling works. But as the Grand-duke constantly interferes it happens that not only many indifferent works are constantly performed but many excellent ones are totally excluded, as, for instance, *Cherubini's* Operas, against which the Grand-duke is prepossessed. He makes an occasional exception in favor of this composer's "Water-carrier," but even of this work he only tolerates the first act. Even *Mozart's* operas do not appear to be to his liking, for when, one or two years ago, *Don Giovanni* was performed, after an opera, *Athalia*, by Ploissl had been rehearsed for thirty consecutive days, and the orchestra, glad to have escaped from the killing ennui of Ploissl's creation, played the first Finale with great warmth and energy, the Grand-duke remarked confidentially to the conductor: "After the Ploissl opera *Mozart* tastes rather stale."

The singers might be much better than they are, considering the high salaries which they are paid; it is said, however, that the Grand-duke is afraid to engage first-rate artists, lest they should not so readily conform to his wishes. The chorus (thirty men and thirty women) is excellent. The orchestra is numerous and contains some very good musicians, but also many of common stuff. The Grand-duke prides himself a good deal on its ensemble, especially the *pianissimo*; still intonation and distinctness are far from being perfect. Probably no other orchestra in the world is worked nearly as hard, for all the members are required to spend every evening which God has made, from six to nine or ten o'clock in the theatre. Every Sunday an opera is performed, and twice a week dramatic plays; on the remaining four evenings the Grand-duke holds his opera rehearsals. There is no rest except in case of his illness, during which no operas are performed or rehearsed, as he either believes or wants to make others believe, that without him nothing in that line could be done.

"It is indeed a singular sight to behold the old gentleman, bent with age, in military uniform, with the big star on his breast, indicate the time from behind his desk or see him arrange the chorus and hear his remarks to the orchestra, singers, and supernumeraries. There could not be a better manager if he only understood these things, as he has energy, perseverance, and, in his quality as Grand-duke the necessary authority. But unfortunately all his knowledge of a score is confined to his being able to read the first violin part tolerably well, and as he has had some lessons on this instrument in his youth, he is constantly tormenting the poor fiddlers with remarks,

without ever improving anything. In the meanwhile the singers may sing as false as they please, or the wind instruments may be a bar ahead or behind—he does not hear it."

### Scudo on Wagner. II.

The detailed criticism upon Wagner's music is confined to certain pieces performed at three concerts given him in Paris. Of the overture to the *Phantom Ship*, Scudo says:

"We see how much the poet and musician, combined in the person of M. Wagner, have wished to express in the overture, which is an assemblage of sounds, of dissonant chords, of strange sonorities, where the ear is utterly lost and wherein it is impossible to detect any plan or design whatever which may convey the composer's idea to the mind. It is literally chaos portraying chaos, where surge forth only a few blasts of harmony given out by the trumpets, which instruments the author greatly abuses in all his writings. This is where we are led in music, by symbolism and the pretensions of a false profundity which wishes to refuse to the senses the enjoyment which belongs to them in the manifestations of art."

Of the march, with chorus, from the *Tannhäuser* he says:

"The march consists of a very fine phrase which belongs to Weber. . . . This remarkable piece, which the whole world at once comprehended without commentary, proves that when music remains faithful to its own laws, the composer attains the high point at which he aims, and that then the ear is satisfied as well as the intelligence."

Of the introduction to the third act of *Tannhäuser* with the pilgrim chorus, he says:

"On this text the composer has placed a phrase somewhat well conceived, expressed by the stringed instruments, particularly the violins and repeated by the wind instruments, particularly the brass. After this gross opposition which is common to M. Wagner, a hollow antithesis which dispenses with the necessity of an idea, one perceives why a confusion of strange sonorities, painfully far-fetched harmonies, a waste of colors without any design to bear them or to direct the lost ear; and we listen to an immense effort of will, destitute of grace, and which ends in nothingness. At the appearance of the chorus, which joins its monotonous lamentations to the orchestral clamor, the intent becomes more perceptible, to again relapse into veritable chaos. It is difficult to listen to anything more monstrous. As to the overture to *Tannhäuser*, which we have known for a long time, and which the admirers of M. Wagner would have pass for a chef d'œuvre, it is a vast machine of symbolic and picturesque music, badly constructed and of desperate length, in which there is nothing to praise but the beginning and the peroration, which produces an increased energetic effect because the confusion and impotence of the musician have endured so long a time. The ear, anxious for order and light, eagerly seizes the opportunity of escaping from the torment which has been inflicted on it during the five minutes that this rare *morceau* occupies."

Omitting M. Scudo's description of the plot of the pieces performed, we give only his *résumé* regarding their merits. He says of the prelude and introduction to an opera called *Tristan and Isolde*:

"On this text the composer has certainly surpassed anything that we can imagine in the way of confusion, disorder and impotence. One might call it a wager against common sense and the simplest demands of the ear. If I had not heard this monstrous piling up of discordant sounds I should not have believed it possible. They assure us that the author sets a great deal on this composition which, contains the revelation of his second manner. I do not think that M. Wagner, with all his boldness, can ever reach a third transformation of this fine style."

Of the *Wedding March*, with chorus, and the *Nuptial fête with epithalamium*, from the opera of *Lohengrin* he has the following praise:

"The march has a fine character, although the musical idea on which it rests belongs to Mendelssohn, as one may convince himself by consulting the march in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Interrupted by the wedding chorus, which is charming and marvellously accompanied, the march resumes its theme with a power and vigorous, sonorous brilliancy, which produced the finest effect. The whole of this scene from the third act of *Lohengrin* is a masterly conception."

"The result of the different impressions that we have received is that M. Richard Wagner is no ordinary artist. Endowed, like almost all the remarkable men of our time, with more ambition than fecundity, more will than inspiration, M. Wagner has wished *per fas et nefas* to obtain celebrity. Not being able to act in the manner of true poets and predestined geniuses who sing their love as the bird warbles, as the flower exhales its perfume, as the brook murmurs while fecundating the shore which it bathes with the limpid waters, M. Wagner has made himself a reformer by the necessities of his own cause, and to cover with the éclat of a system the infirmities of his nature. . . .

"With an uneasy spirit, discontented, despising everything, pretending a contempt for popularity, but, in reality, very desirous of obtaining public favor, M. Wagner has been deprived by nature of the two qualities most necessary to a dramatic composer; imagination and sentiment. The author of *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* only conceives well those scenes of great stage display, exacting striking and opposing colors; he disposes of only two elements of musical art: rhythm and harmony. His instrumentation, powerful in grand effects, lacks variety and flexibility. His orchestra, almost constantly divided into two extreme parts, the stringed instruments in direct opposition to the brass, has no body, no continued theme which fills the ear with that sonorous paste which the great colorists like Beethoven, Weber and sometimes Mendelssohn, know to knead so well. A very skillful harmonist, M. Wagner shines but little by the brilliancy and novelty of his modulations. His style is monotonous, notwithstanding the efforts of a vigorous will and incontestable talent. He looks well to color, relief, oddity which he takes for profundity; but one soon perceives that the effects which he seeks and obtains are rather the results of the curiosity of the ear than the experiences of the sentiments of the soul. Like all the materialistic poets of our time, M. Wagner proceeds from the exterior sensation, not the inward emotion; he coldly seeks for and combines an effect before possessing the idea or having experienced the sentiment which he wishes to manifest. But the human heart is never deceived by this, and is only moved by realities."

We have translated most of this article which refers directly to Wagner's compositions. A great part of it is devoted to an examination of him as a man, and this we omit. It is curious to note the severity with which all new theories are treated by the adherents of the old ones. In politics, religion, music, it is the same. He who takes a step outside of the beaten track is considered a wanderer, whether his new path lead to unknown beauties or inextricable confusion. We cannot any of us, say what will form the delight of music lovers a century hence; as certainly those who lived a century ago would have looked on Meyerbeer and Wagner as bedlamites in music. Yet they are both worshipped by their special admirers, and it is a sure thing that much music wins upon our affections through simple familiarity. The long habit of hearing certain music will give it an interest to us which springs almost entirely from that habit. The changing fancies of the world, the gradual love for new things and putting by of old, is due quite as much to thirst for novelty, for new sensations, for new combinations, as to the real superiority of the new over the old. We get accustomed to the peculiarities of the new, they become even beauties, and the old forms lose their charm from disuse. Whether Wagner be a light which is to brighten the distant future, we cannot say; but it is certain that while many hail him as the ris-



ing sun, others turn from him as an *ignis fatuus*. Scudo's article will have a certain interest to both parties.—*Boston Musical Times*, Sept. 22.

### The Opera before Gluck.

In a general view of the history of the Opera, the central figures would be Gluck and Mozart. Before Gluck's time the operatic art was in its infancy and since the death of Mozart no operas have been produced equal to that composer's masterpieces. Mozart must have commenced his *Idomeneo*, the first of his celebrated works, the very year that Gluck retired to Vienna, after giving to the Parisians his *Iphigénie en Tauride*; but though contemporaries in the strict sense of the word, Gluck and Mozart can scarcely be looked upon as belonging to the same musical epoch. The compositions of the former, however immortal, have at least an antique cast; those of the latter have quite a modern air; and it must appear to the audiences of the present day that far more than twenty-three years separate *Orfeo* from *Don Giovanni*, though that is the precise interval that elapsed between the production of the opera by which Gluck, and of that by which Mozart, is best known in this country. Gluck, after a century and a half of opera, so far surpassed all his predecessors that no work by a composer anterior to him is now ever performed. Lulli wrote an *Armida*, which was followed by Rameau's *Armida*, which was followed by Gluck's *Armida*; and Monteverde wrote an *Orfeo* a hundred and fifty years before Gluck produced the *Orfeo* which was played only the other night at the Royal Italian Opera. The *Orfeo*, then, of our existing operatic repertory takes us back through its subject to the earliest of regular Italian operas, and similarly Gluck, through his *Armida*, appears as the successor of Rameau, who was the successor of Lulli, who usually passes for the founder of the opera in France—a country where it is particularly interesting to trace the progress of that entertainment, inasmuch as it can be observed at one establishment, which has existed continuously for two hundred years, and which, under the title of *Académie Royale*, *Académie Nationale*, and *Académie Impériale* (it has now gone by each of these names twice), has witnessed the production of more operatic masterpieces than any other theatre in any city in the world. To convince the reader of the truth of this latter assertion we need only remind him of the works written for the *Académie Royale* by Gluck and Piccini (or Piccini) immediately before the Revolution, and of the *Masaniello* of Auber, the *William Tell* of Rossini, and the *Robert the Devil* of Meyerbeer, given for the first time at the said *Académie* within sixteen years of the termination of the Napoleonic wars. Neither Naples, nor Milan, nor Prague, nor Vienna, nor Munich, nor Dresden, nor Berlin, has individually seen the birth of so many great operatic works by different masters, though, of course, if judged by the great number of great composers to whom they have given birth both Germany and Italy must be ranked infinitely higher than France. Indeed, if we compare France with our own country, we find, it is true, that an opera in the national language was established earlier, and an Italian Opera much earlier there than here; but, on the other hand, the French, until Gluck's time, had never any composers, native or adopted at all comparable to our Purcell, who produced his *King Arthur* as far back as 1691.

Lulli is said to have introduced opera into France, and, indeed, is represented in a picture, well known to opera-goers, receiving a privilege from the hands of Louis XIV. as a reward and encouragement for his services in that respect. This privilege, however, was neither deserved nor obtained in the manner supposed. Cardinal Mazarin introduced Italian Opera into Paris in 1645, when Lulli was only twelve years of age; and the first French opera, entitled *Akabar, Roi de Mogol*, words and music by the Abbé Mailly, was brought out the year following in the Episcopal Palace of Carpentras, under the direction of Cardinal Bichi, Urban the Eighth's legate. Clement VII. had already appeared as a librettist, and it is said that Urban VIII. himself recom-

mended the importation of the opera into France; so that the real father of the lyric stage in that country was certainly not a scullion but in all probability a Pope.

The second French opera was *La Pastorale en musique*, words by Perrin, music by Cambert, which was privately represented at Issy; and the third *Pomone*, also by Perrin and Cambert, which was publicly performed in Paris. *Pomone* was the first French opera heard by the Parisian public, and it was to Perrin its author, and not to Lulli, that the patent of the Royal Academy of Music was granted. A privilege for establishing an Academy of Music had been conceded a hundred years before by Charles the Ninth, to Antoine de Baif,—the word "Académie" being used as an equivalent for "Accademia," the Italian for concert. Perrin's license appears to have been a renewal, as to form, of de Baif's, and thus originated the eminently absurd title which the chief operatic theatre of Paris has retained ever since. The Academy of Music is of course an academy in the sense in which the Théâtre Français is a college of declamation, and the Palais Royal Theatre a school of morality; but no one need seek to justify its title because it is known to owe its existence to a confusion of terms.

Six French operas, complete and in five acts, had been performed before Lulli, supported by Mad. de Montespan, succeeded in depriving Perrin of his "privilege," and securing it for himself—at the very moment when Perrin and Cambert were about to bring out their *Ariane*, of which the representation was stopped. The success of Lulli's intrigue drove Cambert to London, where he was received with much favor by Charles II., and appointed director of the court music, an office which he retained until his death.

Lulli had previously composed music for ballets, and for the songs and interludes of Molière's comedies, but his first regular opera, produced in conjunction with Quinault—being the seventh produced on the French stage—was *Cadmus and Hermione* (1673).

The life of the fortunate, unscrupulous, but really talented scullion, to whom is falsely attributed the honor of having founded the opera in France, has often been narrated, and for the most part very inaccurately. Every one knows that he arrived from Italy to enter the service of Mad. de Montpensier; some are aware of the offence for which he was degraded by that lady to the post of scullion, and which we can no more mention than we can publish the original of the needlessly elaborate reply attributed to Cambronne at Waterloo\*; and a few may have read that it was only through the influence of Mad. de Montespan that he was saved from a shameful and horrible death on the Place de Grève, where Lulli's accomplice was actually burned, and his ashes thrown to the winds. The story of Lulli's obtaining letters of nobility through the excellence of his buffoonery in the part of the Muphti in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, has often been told. This was in 1670, but once a noble, and director of the Royal Academy of Music, he showed but little disposition to contribute to the diversion of others, even by the exercise of his legitimate art. Not only did he refuse to play the violin, but he would not have one in his house. To overcome Lulli's repugnance in this respect, Marshal de Gramont hit upon a very ingenious plan. He used to make one of his servants play the violin in Lulli's presence, upon which the highly susceptible musician would snatch the instrument from the varlet's hands, and restore the murdered melody to life and beauty. Then excited by the pleasure of producing music, he forgot all around him, and continued to play to the delight of the marshal.

Lulli must have had sad trouble with his orchestra, for in his time a violinist was looked upon as merely an adjunct to a dancing master. There was a King of the Fiddles, without whose permission no catgut could be scraped; but in selling his licenses to dancing masters and the musicians of ball-rooms, the ruler of the bows

\* Cambronne is said to have been very much annoyed at the invention of "La garde meurt et ne se rend pas;" and with reason, for he didn't die, and he did surrender.

does not appear to have required any proof of capacity from the purchasers. Even the simple expedient of shifting was unknown to Lulli's violinists, and for years after his death to reach the C above the line was a notable feat. The pit quite understood the difficulty, and when the dreaded *démachement* had to be accomplished, would indulge in sarcastic shouts of "gare l'ut! gare l'ut!"

Strange tales are told of the members of Lulli's company. Dumenil, the tenor, used to steal jewelry from the soprano and contralto of the troop, and to get intoxicated with the baritone. This eccentric virtuoso is said to have drank six bottles of champagne every night he performed, and to have improved gradually until about the fifth. Duménil, after one of his voyages to England, which he visited several times, lost his voice. Then, seeing no reason why he should moderate his intemperance at all, he gave himself up unrestrainedly to drinking and died.

Mlle. Desmâtins, the original representative of *Armide*, was chiefly celebrated for her love of good living, her corpulence, and her bad grammar. She it was who wrote the celebrated letter communicating to a friend the death of her child "*Notre an fan ai maure, vlen de boneure, le mien ai de te voire.*" Mlle. Desmâtins took so much pleasure in representing royal personages that she assumed the (theatrical) costume and demeanor of a queen in her own household; sat on a throne and made her attendants serve her on their knees. Another vocalist, Marthé Le Zochois, accused of grave flirtation with a bassoon, justified herself by showing a promise of marriage which the gallant instrumentalist had written on the back of an ace of spades.

The opera singers of this period were not particularly well paid, and history relates that Mlles. Aubry and Verdier, being engaged for the same line of business, had to live in the same room, and sleep in the same bed.

Marthé Le Zochois was fond of giving advice to her companions. "Inspire yourself with the situation," she said to Desmâtins, who had to represent Medea abandoned by Jason; "fancy your self in the poor woman's place. If you were deserted by a lover whom you adored," added Marthé, thinking, no doubt, of the bassoon, what should you do?"

"I should look out for another," replied the ingenious girl.

But by far the most distinguished operatic actress of this period was Mlle. de Maupin, now better known through Théophile Gautier's scandalous but brilliant and vigorously written romance, than by her actual adventures and exploits, which, however, were sufficiently remarkable. Mlle. de Maupin was in many respects the Lola Montez of her day, but with more beauty, more talent, more power, and more daring. When she appeared as Minerva in Lulli's *Cadmus*, and, taking off her helmet to the public, showed her lovely light-brown hair, which hung in luxuriant tresses over her shoulders, the audience were in ecstasies of delight. With less talent, and less powers of fascination, she would infallibly have been executed for the numerous fatal duels in which she took part, and might even have been burnt alive for invading the sanctity of a convent at Avignon, to say nothing of her attempt to set fire to it. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that Lola Montez was the Mlle. Maupin of her day; a Maupin of constitutional monarchy, and of a century which is moderate in its passions and its vices as in other things.

One of the most interesting and one of the latest works represented at the Royal Italian Opera was Gluck's *Orfeo*, and the reader has already seen how the *Orfeo* of Gluck takes us back to Rameau, Lulli, and the earliest days of the musical drama. We might have given this explanation beforehand. Perhaps the reader will be kind enough to accept it now?

Mr. B. J. Lang has returned from a tour in Europe, which we doubt not has passed both agreeably and profitably to himself. His many friends are glad to welcome him home again.

**PROFESSIONAL VOCALISTS.**—The churchwarden of the church in the diocese of Ripon, England, has written a long reply to the letter of the bishop of Ripon—published in our last justifying the employment of professional singers in churches, on four grounds: 1. The custom in cathedrals. 2. The requirements in the Book of Common Prayer. 3. The ordinary practice of announcing, on special occasions, particular preachers. 4. The difficulties which churchwardens experience in obtaining the funds which are required for the repair of churches, etc. The bishop answers at length, adhering to his previous opinion, and points out the difference between a regular choir and a professional singer. He says: "You are mistaken in supposing it is the custom to announce that professional singers will take part in cathedral services. Each cathedral has its own staff of singers, who are trained to the practice of music, and to whom devolve mainly the due performance of the musical portions of the service. I am not aware of any instance in which professional singing has been advertised as an attraction to bring persons to attend cathedral service. The practice is in reality indefensible. It is derogatory to the honor of God; it is at variance with the spirit of your Church service; it is fraught with many evils. Its tendency is to degrade our churches to the level of the concert-room; to make persons lose sight of the real ends of public worship, and in their admiration of musical talent to forget that we meet in the Lord's house for united prayer, united praise, and in order that our souls may be fed with the wholesome food of God's holy word and sacraments. When a parish is blessed with an active and laborious minister of Christ, in season and out of season abounding in his Master's work, preaching to his people both by word and example, and showing himself "in all things a pattern of good works," I am sanguine enough to believe that such a minister will succeed to rally around him an attached and willing people, ready to uphold to the utmost of their power the due observance of our holy religion. There will be no need in such a case to employ any doubtful measures for creating an interest in behalf of the Church or her services. I am desirous to see these services upheld with the utmost propriety and efficiency. There is not a parish in the diocese in which there may not be found a sufficient number of persons competent to lead congregational singing. I think it important to cultivate the taste for music. We ought to give to God of our best; but it is no gain to the cause of religion, whenever by the introduction of highly artistic music the congregation are deprived of the privilege of joining in the praises of God; or whenever, for the sake of replenishing a churchwarden's exchequer, the season for the celebration of public worship is employed as an occasion for calling together a multitude to have their musical taste gratified by the performance of select pieces of fine music."

**MUSIC OF THE REFORMERS.**—The feeble rays of divine truth which broke from the mind of Wickliffe, on a dark and corrupt age, and which increased their radiance, until the deformity and impious domination of the Romish Church was broken at the Reformation, carried with them some alteration in the choral service of the Church. A more simplified style of singing was practiced by the followers of Wickliffe which was carried forward by the Hussites.

With these examples before him, Calvin gave a still greater impulse to dissent from the choral service of the Popish Church, with which, on many other accounts, it is well known he had but little sympathy. With the assistance of Theodore Beza, he introduced a new version of the Psalms set to music by Guillaume Franco, in one part only. These compositions soon became popular through all the reformed Churches.

Martin Luther from having an ear no doubt more correctly attuned to melodious sounds than those of the two foregoing celebrated men and a soul on which devotion ascended more readily on the sublime strains of devotion, retained more of the splendor of the established choral service. He composed many hymns, some of which he himself set to music; specimens of both remain to the present time. The hymn beginning, "Great God, what do I see and hear," etc., and the "Old Hundred" tune, are considered, amidst some doubts, to be of the number.

In England, many of the Reformers disapproved of the secular spirit and cumbersome ceremonies of the musical part of the Church service, and Latimer went so far as to forbid singing of any kind within the limits of his diocese.—*Hirst's Music of the Church.*

ALBANY, N. Y.—The piano factory of Boardman, Gray & Co., was burnt Sept. 16. with 150 pianos. Loss \$90,000; insured \$59,000.

PHILADELPHIA.—The *Bulletin* says of Patti's performance in *La Traviata*, in which she appeared on Monday evening of last week.

The whole of the music of the first act was exquisitely sung, and there was enough of vivacity in her acting. But it was difficult to reconcile the character of the fallen woman of the opera with the youth and innocence of the singer, and we pay a compliment to Miss Patti when we say she did not well represent Violetta. But her singing was beautiful, and at the first fall of the curtain the applause was hearty.

In the subsequent scenes of the opera the physical and dramatic deficiencies of the young artist showed themselves, and though no fault could be found with her singing, the want of force and intensity, and the inadequacy of her young and sunny face to represent the anguish and passion that the situations call for, were very obvious. With delicious singing, perfect propriety and grace in movement, and intelligence in every phrase that she uttered, Miss Patti still failed to make an impression as Violetta, although the applause, especially in the last act, was very generous. It is not to be regretted that a young artist, who is so charming in other parts, and who sings the music of Rossini, Bellini and Donizetti so much better than any other woman in the country, should not be equal to the stormy music of Verdi. With increasing years and vigor, and with some harsher experience of a world that has thus far treated her only with kindness, Miss Patti may acquire also the power and the passion essential to the proper performance of Verdi's operas. At present we prefer not to see her in them.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.—At the "Golden Eagle" we also found one whose name is a "household word" in thousands of homes on both sides of the Atlantic, Hans Christian Andersen, beloved of children, for whom he has written so many exquisite stories. M. Andersen looks to be about fifty years of age; is very tall, fair, rather thin, of very simple, gentlemanly bearing, with a long, placid, benevolent face, that seems to be always on the point of breaking into a smile, large white teeth, clear, blue, child-like eyes, light hair, and an entire absence of beard and whisker. He spends his summers—in long frock coat, lavender kid gloves, and his inseparable umbrella under his arm—in wandering leisurely through the loveliest portions of Switzerland and Italy, visiting old friends, making new ones, and filling his mind with the noblest and loveliest imagery of nature. After which he turns his steps to his northern home, and adds some new tale to the long list of charming creations which have made his name so pleasant a sound to his readers. Though one of the kindest and most affectionate of human beings, M. Andersen is not only unmarried, but is believed to have never been in love. He is a universal favorite, and his heart has been invaded and taken possession of by such numbers of appreciative and affectionate friends of both sexes, that he seems to have found it impossible to give himself up to any more exclusive sentiment. He is a great admirer of the scenery of Lake Lucerne, and comes every year to the "Golden Eagle," for whose owners he professes great regard.—*Corr. of Saturday Evening Post.*

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 6, 1860.

### Italian Opera.

The Opera has come to us at an unfortunate season. The Presidential Election, always an exciting event, brings this year an unwonted interest. Mass meetings break out sporadically by day, while nightly processions with prismatic torches, rubber capes, sulphureous fumes, and indefatigable drums fill all our streets and penetrate to the quietest of our suburbs. A never ending rub-a-dub, from dusk on to the small hours. *Inter arma silent cantores.*

The fashionable world meanwhile acknowledges a gentle flutter of interest in the Renfrew Ball. Diamonds are re-set; antique laces are taken from perfumed cabinets; and all the resources of millinery will be employed to dazzle and bewilder. With an anticipation of an evening in the presence of royalty, and the possibility of contact with a princely hand, what belle could be content with the tame pleasure of an evening at the opera? No, Mr. Servadio, you have fallen on evil times. The shilling gallery has

been recruited for tantara clubs, and the dress-circle will glisten no more with jewels until The Event.

The season opened with *Il Poluto*, never a favorite in this city. We were not able to be present, but have been informed that it was, in mercantile phrase, a fair average performance.

"The Barber" drew a better house on Wednesday evening, although there were some appalling blank spaces, and, in consequence, breaks in the magnetic circle on which sympathetic enthusiasm runs. The melodies sparkled gaily and the whole performance went off smoothly and without jar. But that is not enough for an opera like "The Barber"; the brisk action, the laughing volubility, the *vis comica* were sadly wanting. *Figaro* requires the sprightliness of Mercury, *talaria* and all; it is not enough that he sings the music without mistakes, and follows the traditional routine of stage business. We must say, however, that Signor Ardavanni has a fine figure, a rich voice, and a good method. Signor Tamaro is a singer whose short-comings are due to Nature rather than himself. He always strives to please and generally sings well, but he rarely interests the audience; perhaps because people do not fancy a hero five and a half feet high. His *Count Almaviva* suited the general tameness that prevailed upon the stage. Signor Bellini is one of the stereotyped buffos, whose fun lies mainly in a *quasi parlante* style that is neither singing nor talking,—a hoarse jollity, like Captain Cuttle disporting through a speaking trumpet,—walking meanwhile with legs wide a-straddle, and grinning with a portentously painted visage. Funny, but not artistic. Signor Amodio as *Don Basilio* is always amusing and his occasional extravagances and English interpolations may perhaps be pardoned in a character meant to be grotesque. Miss Philipps showed little trace of her recent severe illness, and confirmed the favorable impression she made in her former appearance as *Rosina*. Her full tones were never more beautiful; her manner, though not so coquettish (it seems to us) as the character requires, was lively and engaging. Perhaps a tenor of more spirit would have brought out her reserved force and stimulated her to a more brilliant style of acting.

The orchestra was ably directed by Mr. Anschütz. On Thursday, Signor Amodio the younger was to make his debut in the rôle of *Germont* in *La Traviata*. None of the new stars up to this present writing have appeared upon the stage. We are promised two new and beautiful *prime donne* also a new opera, *La Juif*.

### Musical Chit-Chat.

This evening a complimentary concert is to be given to Mr. Gilmore at the Music Hall. The orchestra will number sixty performers. We trust the benefit may be a substantial one.

The Handel and Haydn Society commenced their rehearsals last Sunday evening at Chickering's new hall. The room was very much admired both for its acoustic properties and for the simple elegance of its decorations.

Mr. Mills, the English pianist whose first appearance we chronicled some weeks ago, we hear is coming here soon, to give a series of classical concerts—partly, it is said, for the purpose of introducing the Steinway pianofortes.

We have received a letter from our correspondent the "Diarrist" (too late for this number) dated at Bonn, Sept. 9th.

LYMAN W. WHEELER, a very successful teacher for several years in the West, sailed for Europe on Wednesday in the "Europa."

Mr. ZERRAHN contemplates establishing a vocal class or classes for young ladies on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. The course will begin with the rudiments and carry the pupils to reading at sight. The success of Mr. Zerrahn's vocal teaching in the Normal School seems to have given rise to this plan, which is certainly a good one and deserving of encouragement.

THE CONCERT SEASON will probably commence about the last of October. Rumors are rife of a series by the Philharmonic Society; another by Mills, the young English pianist; and the regular series by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. In case the Philharmonic Society fail to give concerts, Carl Zerrahn will offer a subscription series, as heretofore. The Handel and Haydn Society also have several novelties in the course of preparation, and there is every reason to anticipate rich and rare musical treats during the winter months.

SOBOLEWSKI, composer of an American opera in the German language, which was performed at Milwaukee last season, not without success, has lately been induced to remove from there to St. Louis, where a Philharmonic Society, under his direction, has since been established—something that was very much needed in the Babel of orchestras and brass bands, as St. Louis has been termed. The new Society starts with a fund of 15,000 dollars, contributed by citizens.

WACHTEL, the great new German tenor, of which our last week's Viennese report spoke, was formerly a hack-driver in Hamburg.

OFFENBACHS' comic operetta, "Orpheus in the lower regions," has reached the 229th representation in Paris. It was brought out first a little over a year ago. A German version of the play is now being performed in Berlin and Vienna with the same success. The comic points are mostly in the text.

BIRTHDAY ONCE IN FOUR YEARS.—Rossini was born on the 29th of February, 1792, consequently his birthday occurs but once in four years.

THE SUNDAY COURIER.—We find in the *Macon Republic* the following well-deserved notice of the *Sunday Courier* of New York. Charles F. Briggs, the editor, is one of the ablest literary men in the country. He edited Putnam's Monthly during its palmy days, and under the *soubriquet* of "Harry Franco," wrote many admirable tales and poems. "The New York *Sunday Courier* is the best and most scholarly of the Sunday journals published in the great metropolis. Its leading articles are always full of sound logic, and well written. There is also a dash of satire in its comments on public men and things, as cutting as the edge of a small sword, and much more dangerous. Our contemporary, we know, must be a pleasant, as well as a gallant gentleman, for he says so many good things of the ladies, and never touches their dresses without being spicy. All respectable people, we should think, would take the *Courier*, since it discards politics altogether."—*Home Journal*.

Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, with her husband and two children, has arrived at her native city (Stockholm), where she received a most enthusiastic welcome. The family are spending the season at a villa in the neighborhood of the city; but we believe M. and Madame Goldschmidt have made England their permanent place of residence.

A FOOLISH VIOLIN PLAYER.—The latest bit of gossip that has come to our ears, is of Wieniowski, the celebrated violin player, who may have delighted many of our readers. Previous to his marriage with

Miss Hampton, the niece of Mr. Osborn, of musical fame, he thought he would take a run of a day or two up the Rhine, not, like a wise man, waiting till he had some one to take care of him. The consequence was, that he must just take an hour's look in to see old friends at Wiesbaden, and then to pass an idle moment looking at the green table doings. But the enticements were too great for a Pole, and from a florin to forty thousand francs was a rapid step, and he came away to his bride a sadder and a wiser man, and will be able to expend a little real knowledge of the feelings of the gambler in the composition of a brilliant fantasia, entitled "Le Jeu," which, in a grand diminuendo roudade, will show the way the money went.—*Home Journal*.

The *Home Journal* says:

Lamartine has written a biographical and critical sketch of Estelle Anna Lewis, the poetess, for the *Cours de Littérature*. Alfred Montemont is translating into the French language her poem, comprising "Records of the Heart," "Child of the Sea," "Loves of the Minstrels," and "Helemar, the Last of the Montezumas," a tragedy.

We wonder what the belle monde of Paris will think of the state of poetry in the United States? Could Lamartine find no better employment (in the intervals of his princely mendicancy) than the translation of poor poems?

HUMOR AND MUSIC.—When humor joins with rhythm and music, and appears in song, its influence is irresistible; its charities are countless; it stirs the feelings to love, peace, friendship, as scarce any moral agent can. The songs of Beranger are hymns of love and tenderness. I have seen great whiskered Frenchmen warbling the "bonne Veilla," "Soldats, au pas, au pas," with tears rolling down their moustaches. At a Burns festival, I have seen Scotchmen singing Burns, while the drops twinkled down their furrowed cheeks; while each rough hand was flung out to grasp its neighbors; while early scenes and sacred recollections, and dear, delightful memories of the past came rushing back at the sound of the familiar words and music, and the softened heart was full of love, and friendship, and home. Humor! if tears are the arms of gentle spirits, and may be counted, as sure they may, among the sweetest of life's charities—of kindly sensibility, and sweet, sudden emotion, which exhibits itself at the eyes, I know no such provocative as humor. It is an irresistible sympathizer; it surprises you into compassion; you are laughing and disarmed, and suddenly forced into tears.—*Thackeray*.

WORCESTER.—The Germania Band played finely at the concert last night, and drew hearty applause from a large and appreciating audience. They have always been the favorite concert band of Boston, with a large portion of the New England public, and they will always find a welcome in Worcester. They accompany the third battalion to Leominster.

CHOPIN.—He was a delicate, graceful figure, in the highest degree attractive—the whole man a mere breath—rather a spiritual than a bodily substance,—all harmony like his playing. His way of speaking, too, was like the character of his art—soft, fluctuating, murmuring. The son of a French father and of a Polish mother, in him the Romanic and Slavonic dialects were combined, as it were in one perfect harmony. He seemed, indeed, hardly to touch the piano; you might have fancied he would do quite as well without as with the instrument: you thought no more of the mechanism, but listened to flute like murmurs, and dreamed of hearing Æolian harps stirred by the ethereal breathings of the wind; and with all this—in this whole wide sphere of talents given to him alone—always obliging, modest, unexacting! He was no pianoforte player of the modern sort; he had fashioned his art quite alone in his own way, and it was something indescribable. In private rooms as well as in concerts, he would steal quietly, unaffectedly, to the piano; was content with any kind of seat; showed at once, by his simple dress and natural demeanor, that he abhorred every kind

of grimace and quackery; and began, without any prelude, his performance. How feeling it was—how full of soul! \* \* When I first knew him, though far from strong, he still enjoyed good health; he was very gay, even satirical, but always with moderation and good taste. He possessed an inconceivably comic gift of mimicry, and in private circles of friends he diffused the utmost cheerfulness both by his genius and by his good spirits. \* \* Halle has now the best traditions of his manner.

HAYDN IN HIS OLD AGE.—You knock at the door; it is opened to you with a cheerful smile by a worthy little old woman, his housekeeper; you ascend a short flight of wooden stairs, and find in the second chamber of a very simple apartment a tranquil old man, sitting at a desk, absorbed in the melancholy sentiment that life is escaping from him, and so complete a nonentity with respect to every thing besides, that he stands in need of visitors to recall to him what he has once been. When he sees any one enter a pleasing smile appears upon his lips, a tear moistens his eyes, his countenance recovers its animation, his voice becomes clear, he recognizes his guest, and talks to him of his early years, of which he has a much better recollection than of his latter ones; you think that the artist still exists; but soon he relapses before your eyes into this habitual state of lethargy and sadness.—*Aurelian*.

MADAME MALIBRAN.—One day an intimate friend accused her of being generally too tame in the opening scenes of her characters; her reply was curious. "I look upon the heads in the pit as one great mass of wax candles; if I were to light them up all at once, they would waste and soon burn out; but by lighting gradually I obtain in time a brilliant illumination. My system is to light up the public by degrees."

Malibran has been known to undergo the wear and tear of a five hours' rehearsal, with a song at some morning concert between its pauses, and then again in the evening, half an hour after having gone through one of her exhausting parts, to be found as energetic and animated as ever at the Philharmonic or Ancient concert, and then again she would leave for some private party, where after singing with a freshness little impaired she would wind up the day's exertion, perhaps, by dancing the "Tarantella."

APOLOGUE OF JEAN-PAUL RICHTER.—One day the guardian genius of all who possess strong sensibility thus addressed Jupiter:—"Father divine! bestow on thy poor human creatures a language more expressive than any they now possess, for they have only words signifying how they suffer, how they enjoy, and how they love." "Have I not given them tears?" replied the deity,—"tears of pleasure, of pain, and the softer ones that flow from the tender passions?" The genius answered,—"O, god of men, tears do not sufficiently speak the overflows of the heart; give, I thee supplicate, to man a language that can more powerfully paint the languishing and impassioned wishes of a susceptible soul,—the recollections, so delightful, of infancy,—the soft dreams of youth, and the hopes of another life, which mature age indulges while contemplating the last rays of the sun as they sink in the ocean;—give them, father of all! a new language of the heart." At this moment the celestial harmonies of the spheres announced to Jupiter the approach of the Muse of Song. To her the god immediately made a sign, and thus uttered his behests:—"Descend on earth, O Muse, and teach mankind thy language." And the Muse of Song descended to earth, taught us her accents, and from that time the heart of man has been able to speak.

A FEW QUESTIONS FOR INTELLIGENT MUSICIANS.—May not a bar of very exultant music be called a crow-bar?

In what bank are the eight notes you talk of raising?

Is an air called a "strain" on account of the labor of performing it?

Can you do a good turn in a natural way?

Is not the influence of flats rather depressing in hot weather?

Is there necessarily anything green about a pastoral symphony?

Are agricultural youths partial to the hautboy?

Can a French horn intoxicate?

Could you open a musical entertainment without the key?

## Musical Miscellany.

**TEACH YOUR CHILDREN MUSIC.**—You will stare at a strange notion of mine; if it appears even a mad one, do not wonder. Had I children, my utmost endeavors should be to make them musicians. Considering I have no ear, nor ever thought of music, the preference seems odd, and yet it is embraced on frequent reflection. In short, madam, as my aim would be to make them happy, I think it the most probable method. It is a resource which will last them their lives, unless they grow deaf; it depends upon themselves, not on others; always amuses and soothes, if not consoles; and of all fashionable pleasures, is the cheapest. It is capable of fame without the danger of criticism—is susceptible of enthusiasm without being priest-ridden; and, unlike other mortal passions, is sure of being gratified in Heaven.—*Horace Walpole.*

**A POPULAR BOOK.**—One hundred and thirty-five thousand copies of the "Golden Wreath," a volume of songs for children, schools, &c. have been sold. This sale is unprecedented in the music-book trade, no work having ever reached that number within the same period of time. A new book, similar in character, entitled "The Nightingale," seems inclined to follow in the footsteps of its illustrious predecessor.

**SINGING AT SIGHT.**—In 1741, Handel, proceeding to Ireland, was detained for some days at Chester, in consequence of the weather. During this time, he applied to Mr. Baker, the organist, to know whether there were any choir men in the Cathedral who could sing at sight, as he wished to prove some books that had been hastily transcribed, by trying the choruses. Mr. Baker mentioned some of the best singers in Chester, and, among the rest, a printer of the name of Janson, who had a good bass voice, and was one of the best musicians in the choir. A time was fixed for this private rehearsal at the Golden Falcon, where Handel had taken up his residence; when, on trial of the chorus in the Messiah,

"And with his stripes we are healed," poor Janson, after repeated attempts, failed completely. Handel got enraged, and after abusing him in five or six different languages, exclaimed in broken English, "You scoundrel, 'tis not you dell me dat you could sing at soite?" "Yes, sir," said the printer, "and so I can, but not at first sight."

**APPRECIATED.**—The numerous applications for Ditson & Co.'s extensive catalogue of sheet music and books indicates a just appreciation of their offer to mail it free to any address. The catalogue is the largest in this country, and its admirable classification of musical publications renders it exceedingly valuable.

**SACRED MUSIC.**—At first it was a whisper among the lowly in the dwellings of the poor. Stealthily it afterwards was murmured in the palace of the Cæsars. In the dead night, in the depths of the catacombs, it trembled in subdued melodies filled with the love of Jesus. At length the grand cathedral arose, and the stately spire; courts and arches echoed, and pillars shook with the thunder of the majestic organ, and choirs sweetly attuned, joined their voices in all the moods and measures of the religious heart, in its most exalted, most profound, most intense experience put into lyrical expression. I know that piety may reject, may repel this form of expression, still these sublime ritual harmonies cannot but give the spirit that sympathizes with them, the sense of a mightier being. But sacred music has power without a ritual. In the rugged hymn, which connects itself, not alone with immortality, but also with the memory of brave saints, there is power. There is power in the hymn in which our father's joined. Grand were those rude psalms which once arose amidst the solitudes of the Alps.

Grand were those religious songs, sung in brave devotion by the persecuted Scotch, in the depths of their moors and their glens. The hundredth psalm, rising in the fullness of three thousand voices up into the clear sky, broken among rocks, prolonged and modulated through valleys, softened over the surface of mountain-guarded lakes, had a grandeur and a majesty, contrasted with which mere art is poverty and meanness. And while thus reflecting on sacred music, we think with wonder on the Christian Church—on its power and on its compass. Less than nineteen centuries ago, its first hymn was sung in an upper chamber of Jerusalem; and those who sung it were quickly scattered. And now the Christian hymn is one that never ceases—one that is heard in every tongue; and the whisper of that upper chamber is now a chorus that fills the world.—*Rev. Henry Giles.*

**A GEM FOR SOCIETIES AND CLUBS.**—"The Operatic Bouquet."—Mr. Bruce has prepared this book in a manner highly creditable, and fully satisfactory to the hundreds of societies and private clubs of musical amateurs who have long wanted a collection of the kind. It will be one of the leading books of the season.

**DR. JOHNSON.**—The late Dr. Johnson's ear, in respect of the power of appreciating musical sounds, was remarkably defective; nevertheless, he possessed a sense of propriety in harmonic composition that gave him an unconquerable distaste to all unmeaning flourish and rapidity of execution. Being one night at a concert where an elaborate and florid concerto on the violin was performed, after it was over, he asked a gentleman who sat near him what it meant. The question somewhat puzzled the amateur, who could only say, that it was very difficult. "Difficult!" answered the learned auditor, "I wish to God it had been impossible."

De Lisle wrote his immortal Marsellaise Hymn, music and words, in a single night of excitement; Rossini, the famous *Di Tanti Palpit* in a restaurant while waiting for his macaroni; Mozart, the overture of *Don Giovanni* during a few hours of midnight, while his dear Constance, in order to keep him awake, had to ply him with punch, and tell him fairy tales and odd stories, which made him laugh till the tears came; and his opera, *La Clemenza di Tito*, he commenced in his travelling carriage, and completed in eighteen days. Bellini composed one of the most exquisite arias in *La Norma*, as he wandered in a fit of deep melancholy through a masquerade ball room.

**THE VIOLIN A PERFECT INSTRUMENT.**—It would appear that the violin is a perfect instrument, since, although more than two hundred and fifty years have transpired since its origin in Italy, and countless attempts have been made to improve upon its construction, it not only remains without material change, but connoisseurs esteem the oldest specimens of the greatest value—especially those made by the brothers Amati, and by Stradivarius, at Cremona, about the year 1650.

**LABLACHE** was born at Naples in 1792. He was at one time one of the most popular buffo actors in Italy, and would have passed his life as such but for the persuasions of his wife, who urged him to a career of more extended labors. As one of the results of his efforts we have "Lablache's Method of Singing," one of the most popular and meritorious systems of vocal instruction in use.

All nature's full of music: The summer bower Respondeth to the songster's morning lay. The bee his concert keeps from flower to flower, As forth he sallies on his honied way; Brook calls to brook, as down the hills they stray; The isles resound with song, from shore to shore, Whilst viewless minstrels on the wings that play, Consorted streams in liquid measures pour, To thunder's deep ton'd voice, or ocean's sullen roar.

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A very pleasing parlor song.

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Now made accessible for the first time to those who use the guitar as an instrument to accompany the voice. The arrangements are simple.

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A stirring piece of music by the popular composer introducing in the Trio the beautiful melody, from which the title is taken.

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# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 445.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 13, 1860.

VOL. XVIII. No. 2.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## To Laura at the Piano.

TRANSLATED FROM SCHILLER BY CLAUDE BOWEN.

When thy white hand o'er the ivory dances,  
Writing on the keys thy heart's romances,  
Soul-less, statue-like I stand.  
Thou hast power o'er the dead and living;  
While thy brain those gorgeous chords is weaving,  
Dead ideas waken—  
From memory's charnel taken,  
And living thoughts are lost on the Cocythus' strand.

Reverent and slow the breeze is soaring,  
Listening to thy soul's outpouring.  
Fettered to thy softly-purling  
Song, for ever round thee whirling,  
Listening natures must be quiet  
And drink in thy joy-songs riot.  
Sorceress as thou charm'st one by thy glance,  
So thou charm'st them by thy fingers' dance.

From the strings emanate, (as from their heaven  
Seraphs fair and young,)  
Soulful harmonies; and space is riven  
By this sensual throng.  
As the suns,—escaped from chaos' mighty arm,  
And moulded by creation into form—  
Rose, sparkling, from their cradle night,  
So flows thy song's bewitching might.

Sweetly now, as chrystal wavelets tinkle  
When thy golden pebbles oversprinkle,  
Grandly then as nature's moans,  
As the thunder's organ tones,  
Madly now flowing, like the foam-footed torrent  
When it rushes and leaps from the rocks high and horrent  
Soft and subdued  
Fawningly tender now,  
As through the aspen-wood  
Caressing winds blow,

Sadder now, thereby a tearful sobbing,  
Like the night winds through the Tartarus throbbing,  
Where the ceaseless cries of woe  
On the Cocythus' tear-waves flow.  
Maiden! placing on thy word reliance,  
Tell me, art thou not with higher spirits in alliance?  
Is not this the language given  
To the denizens of heaven?

Cincinnati, Sept. 1860.

## The Diarist Abroad.

UTILE ET DULCE.

[Had you stood—a little more than a month ago, —to be exact, August 3, about 7 o'clock, P. M.,—just outside the railroad station-house in Munich, near the cab stand, you might have seen emerging from one of the doors, a rather short and stout individual—several inches too short and thick to be mistaken for an Apollo—with a gray felt travelling cap on his head, and a straw broad brim in his hand, a bushy, whitening beard covering the south side of his face, an armful of shawl and extra coat, and two black travelling bags and an umbrella. It rained. This individual was the D——!]

He had come that afternoon from Salzburg, upon that magnificent railroad that skirts the great Bavarian plains and affords such exquisite views of the Alps through nearly its whole extent.

At the moment when our tale opens he had refused to employ a cab to carry him the few rods which intervened between the Station and the Stackus Inn, and was proposing to a laboring man, to take his bags and lead him to the Gast-haus. How he found the Stackus full—where he had spent so pleasant an eight days in 1851—and three other inns—and at last put up with a room in the new part of the Bamberger-hof, the undried plaster of which still dripped,

—how he ate fish and then went into the great beer hall of the inn and made ethnological observations—and how at last he rolled himself in his shawl, before he trusted himself to the tender mercies of the damp bed—all this and the like, we pass over.

It was hardly light when the D—— arose, and made ready to take the 5 A. M., train which was to bring him to Frankfort on the Main, at nine in the evening. It appears from the documents furnished us by the individual in question, that he found a great crowd of people pressing to the ticket office; that he and a strange gentleman waited until the crowd was less and reached the window at the same moment; that the stranger, whose baggage was already delivered, handed out the exact price of his ticket in Bavarian silver, a portion of which was in small pieces; whereupon the ticket seller, pushed it back, exclaiming in a rude tone, "I have no time to count it," and refused the ticket! Our hero, thereupon with misgivings offered the only money he had, Prussian bank notes—and a ticket was also refused him. The train was off. Four hours to wait and a night to spend on the road—pleasant prospect. The ticket man caught it, from the Russian, for such the stranger proved to be. The two companions in misfortune became acquainted and the D——, learned that his new friend was a large landed proprietor and Russian Senator.

Our hero undertook a long walk, but was driven back to the station by rain. The Russian invited him to visit the Schwanthaler Studio, where he had recently purchased one of Hautmann's beautiful statues for his seat in Russia. A welcome invitation.

The Studio—now the Schwanthaler Museum—a large rambling collection of rather rudely built rooms and halls, contains the models of most—perhaps all the great works of that master; the grand head of the Bavaria; colossal Goethes, Mozarts, Jean Pauls and others; kings, princes, warriors, artists.

But what interested the D—— most, was Sculptor Hautmann himself—a man in the best years, with a fine, noble head, and singularly modest and retiring. He spoke of his own works only in reply to the questions, which their beauty forced from his visitors. Two fine models of female figures, size of life, together with a remark made by the D——, in relation to Hautmann's knowledge of the English tongue, led to a story, which he told with a slightly sarcastic smile playing round his mouth, of an immensely wealthy English Mæcenas for whom he had wrought them in marble. The risk of breaking them was so great, that he went to England and finished them there. This risk he must bear himself—for if the statues were not delivered and placed upon their pedestals uninjured, Mæcenas would not have them nor pay him a penny for his labor. Mæcenas saw in the artist evidently, but the stonemason and the pecuniary results corresponded to this idea. The D—— was reminded of the rich New Yorker, who guessed "that sculptor had risk."

It was pleasant to hear Hautmann speak of Crawford's Works; especially of the Washington and the accompanying statues, and of the Beethoven, which, though as a portrait might as well be called by a dozen other names, yet as an ideal statue of a great musical artist, is magnificent. He exhibited some models and works half completed in marble—funereal monuments—destined for America; and wrought a few minutes upon a group of children, reclining in

a shallow vase-like basket, that his visitors might see the *modus operandi*. Altogether it was a pleasant hour and made up in some measure for the rudeness of the railroad official.

The D—— was in too great haste to reach Frankfort, to remain in Munich, and parting with the friendly Russian—who assured him that all difficulties were gradually disappearing in the emancipation of the serfs, and that his Czar would carry this great measure through—he proceeded onward to Bamberg, where he spent the night.

Next day, via Würzburg, per railroad, to Frankfort, and to the inn, "Stadt Darmstadt," which is as small, and neat, and clean, and pleasant, as it was, when Rev. J. A., who recommended it so highly, was there five years ago.

A busy week here: the forenoons mostly with Schindler, the Biographer of Beethoven—indeed two or three of the afternoons also. These long interesting, and exciting conversations, confirmed the visitor in the opinion at different times recorded in this Journal, that the so much abused Schindler, however much mistaken in many minor points in his book, owing to insufficient data, and to the errors of correspondents, is a perfectly honest writer, and fired with a love and veneration for Beethoven's memory, which seems to increase with advancing age—for Schindler is now a man of sixty-five years. He has a good memory—for he recognized in the D——, his visitor of 1854, and enquired about Homer and other Americans, whom he had seen at various times.

Schindler declares that nobody plays Beethoven's works now in the style of the composer himself, and the players of his time, whom he instructed. This *must* be so; for nobody now executes in his manner. Hawkins—is it not?—says, that when Handel played on organ or harpsichord, he held his hands so still that a guinea would not slip from them; this was Bach's, Mozart's and Beethoven's manner. How can the modern mode of tossing the hands, as if playing with balls, bring out the effects produced by those masters? Other effects, perhaps as good, but the effects which they intended in their music—is not that doubtful? Would it not be well for some good pianist to examine into this matter?

From Frankfort to Bonn, where after a busy season, the D—— at length writes us as follows:—]

Bonn, Sept. 8th, et seq. 1860.

I came down the Rhine from Mayence the other day, or rather two days, for I stopped one night in Coblenz. On the boat I met Carl Formes, who must now be with you again, for he told me that he was to sail for America on the first of September.

It is six years since I was last on the Rhine. Alas, they are spoiling it! The railroad on the left bank from Cologne to Mayence has been long finished, and another on the right bank, is drawing near completion. The shores are thus gradually becoming as stiff and uniform all the way as those of a canal. They are spoiling the Rhine—that is, just as you spoil a magnificent savage from the far West by civilizing him and dressing him up in swallow-tailed coat and stove-pipe hat.

So much the better for trade and business, I know; your civilized savage has far more wants

to be supplied by the trader, than the savage who still knows nothing of rum and religion.

Ten years ago the stream here and there could still undermine and carry away its banks; many of the little towns and villages, brooding in their nests between the river and the hills, which now show a thousand unmistakable marks of modern improvement, in new buildings of all sorts, promenades with rows of young trees, and the like, then looked so old and tumble-down, so neglected, sleepy and lazy, and sent out so strong a—say perfume, that Father Rhine held his nose as he rushed by—as to carry an American irresistibly back into the far legendary past and change for him a mere tramp on the Rhine into a journey in the middle ages. That is what we want, is it not? We can see enough of the New in the new world—indeed a vast deal so very new as to be worse than worthless—but when we visit Europe we ask the Old. We wish to see the Europe of which we have read all our lives.

When Paul Flemming stopped his coach and went up the ascent to Stolzenfels, the old ruined castle preached him a sermon, not over and above comprehensible, upon a Bishop of ancient time and his homunculus; now you find there a marvellously trim castle “with all the modern improvements,” and the man or woman who shows you about, describes this and that, shows you the sword of Napoleon, (a trophy of Waterloo), and at last astonishes and awes the auditor by the momentous information that in *this* room—this particular room—Queen Victoria slept in 1845! He does not tell you, though you may very likely hear it in Coblenz, that Victoria (the wife, not the Queen), kept her Albert here shut up for a time, away from the danger of prettier eyes than her own—which is probably a joke or a piece of scandal;—nor does he tell of the homunculus. There by Bingen, too, Bishop Hatto's Mouse tower, which used to have such a fine, old, decayed ruined look, all neglected on its island, has been renovated and looks as trim as a peasant girl in so tight a bodice that she can hardly breathe, and her hair tied back so fast that she can't shut her eyes.

Tall red brick chimneys of manufactories are increasing in number, until they bid fair to become the feature in the landscape, and reduce old doujon keeps and curious watch-towers to quite a secondary place. There is one comfort, though; many of the ruins are upon such barren, bare, God-forsaken pinnacles of rock, that they can never pay for modernizing; nor do I see how they can be made of any pecuniary value, unless some German, who has been in America, should have gained acuteness enough to buy them, surround them with a wall and charge twenty-five cents admission.

For the people who live here, they are *not* spoiling the Rhine; the peasants and laboring classes, have higher wages, and are better educated, fed and clothed than ever before. We are the sufferers, we who travel in search of picturesque antiquity. Is not a squalid, half starved, ragged, dirty beggar, a thousand times better subject for Barry, the artist, than you or I, ruddy from good beef and in our “Sunday” suits?

In Coblenz I asked young Wegeler about the man in the custom house, whilom the topic of a confab between Paul Flemming and his coachman.

“He is not on the custom house,” said he,

“but the Kaufhaus”—which proved to be a building, wherein are offices connected with the markets. It stands with the rear based upon the town wall, by the river Moselle, not far below the bridge, and fronts upon a market-place. Rising from the cave above, the main entrance is a low clock tower, and under this protrudes a large face and head of iron, wearing a helmet. The eyes are turned to one side, so that your own almost ache from sympathy; and this, with the great mouth and the huge black beard, make him look grim enough. It is only at noon that the head gives signs of life; so, next day, as noon approached, I *happened* to be taking a walk in that quarter, and found myself before the Kaufhaus a minute or two before the time. Two or three children of smaller, and two of us of larger growth, were the visitors to the man on the Kaufhaus that day. Small notice he took of us! His eyes were as fixed as ever in their side-ward glance. Giant Grim himself could not look grimmer. Did he await an enemy or a friend from that quarter? Was it fear or hope, that I read in his face?

The children of smaller growth made no secret of it, that the man on the Kaufhaus was what they “had come out for to see”; but we two put on such an extraordinary air of being innocent of all knowledge of and curiosity in regard to the distinguished personage under the clock tower, that doubtless there was “loud smiling” behind fifty windows at our expense.

There!—down goes the great under jaw, and, with the boom of the bell again flies upward. Twelve times the clock strikes, and twelve times the man on the Kaufhaus wags his black beard; but he never turns his eyes, nor speaks one word.

The steamboat, favored by the swift current, flew past the island of Nonnenwerth and Roland's (not R. Litchfield's) corner, on the left, than the Drachenfels or Dragon Rock, with the other of the Seven Mountains, on the right, and Bonn was before us, some three miles away seen across plain and river. A few minutes more and the boat was moored at the landing, and I once again trod the narrow streets of my first German home.

No Grande Hotel Royale, or costly Stern for me, but a quiet room in the Swan, Honecker's inn, where I can write and read undisturbed, and of an evening see, sipping their wine and playing cards for stakes of one and two cents, the same faces, now something older, it is true, that congregated at the same tables for the same purposes eleven years ago. Some have disappeared, new ones are added to list of regular guests; but enough of the same well known faces are there, to make me doubt as I draw up a chair to the table, whether since 1849 more than two or three weeks have elapsed.

Round the corner in Achter Strasse I find changes. Where I formerly lodged, father, mother and one brother have gone to the grave, the others are scattered, and strange faces only are to be seen.

But the town itself—how it has grown, and how it is still growing. Within the old walls the changes are principally in the rearing of new houses upon the narrow sites of the old: but beyond, splendid private dwellings, some of palatial extent with noble gardens and pleasure grounds,

are giving a new aspect to the town, as one looks down from the Kreuz or the Venus berg.

In fact, if change and improvement go on at the rate in which I have observed them during two years past, from the North Sea to the Danube, from Vienna to Cologne, the American traveller in a generation or two, will hardly find a nook or corner in which he can find himself transported back into the past. One of the greatest of jokes even now is to read in Congressional speeches and July orations of “effete and decaying Europe,” when single States of our own Union can show more of the effete and the decaying, than all Central Europe!

This little city, Bonn, heavily taxed as it is for State purposes, has spent some \$50,000 in widening the narrow, dirty passage, which six years ago separated the wall from the river, into a broad, handsome promenade and landing place, with walks and shade trees. “Effete decaying Europe” has always an eye and the money for the beautiful. Besides the two fine public promenades, back of the town, planted with quadruple rows of magnificent chestnuts, beeches and lindens, hundreds of acres of wooded land upon the heights a mile away, where one can get solitude, shade and exquisite views of river and mountain, are secured to the public for its enjoyment and benefit forever. I venture to say that the thirty-five to forty thousand people of Bonn and its neighboring villages, have a larger provision of promenades and parks than the three hundred thousand of Boston and vicinity.

“Well, suppose they have,” say you. “What then?”

Oh, nothing—nothing at all, only this:—if every little city can afford to give its poor such extensive pleasure grounds, and spend such sums to make them attractive, I pray you, the next time you make a political harangue, to be a little careful how you talk about Europe, lest you be heartily laughed at by some German or Frenchman, who happens to know that about the only provisions for the enjoyment of the poor, made by several generations of Americans, were cheap preaching and cheap rum. Moreover, don't boast too much of Boston and Cambridge commons.

Mem. To hint to the first old bachelor millionaire who asks me what he shall do with his money, that he leave it to trustees for two purposes, viz., the purchase of Corey's hill and neighboring grounds for a public park, and the establishment of an annual series of grand concerts, alternating with the Lowell lectures.

As I have nothing else musical to write about let us ride this hobby horse a little.

Fancy the fund established and in the hands of the trustees for the “Lowell Concerts.” How is its income to be appropriated?

Why not establish a Conservatory or musical college?

Simply, because our first object is to effect a general culture and improvement of the public taste. This will in the end secure a musical college, as the general diffusion of knowledge has brought with it better schools, public libraries and stated meetings of all kinds for the advancement of science. No, the fund is given, and is to be employed only, for concerts.

The directors, of whom a part are musicians by profession, and who are partly changed every year, are left free to decide what these concerts

shall be, save that they must provide for an annual series of vocal and instrumental performances of music of various epochs and schools so arranged as to deserve the name of "historical concerts." These performances are to be illustrated by a lecture, or by carefully prepared programmes. They are also to provide for one, two or three annual productions of new works, by native composers, beyond this the appropriation of the fund is left to their wisdom and taste. If they see fit to purchase and distribute—in some manner that shall exclude favoritism—five hundred tickets to the performance of an oratorio or of an opera in the English language so much the better, or if they devote a handsome sum toward the maintenance of a really full band to play upon the Common evenings, none the worse.

Different boards of directors will naturally have different views, and thus, one year with another, variety will be secured; while the old church, dramatic, and instrumental music of the historic concerts will form a basis for a wide and general musical culture.

I see in fancy one board of directors, whose efforts are directed mainly to grand productions of church music and oratorio; another whose labors and influence form an epoch in the history of English opera—or opera in English—as you will; a third which places orchestral performances upon a new, and very grand footing; a fourth which has developed new musical resources in the schools; and so on.

I look forward a few years and see the Music Hall crowded to its utmost capacity, for several days in May, and when I enquire what is the reason of the concourse, am told, to-day the four prize symphonies are to be given, to-morrow the prize cantatas are to be sung, and the day after come the miscellaneous compositions of our young composers.

And in what does the prize consist?

In a stipendium after the European manner which enables the successful candidates to spend two or three years in study, at home or abroad as he will.

And who are all these performers?

The orchestra is the splendid company which has gradually grown up since the foundation of the Lowell concerts. The singers are in part our fine English opera company, in part members of our old Handel and Haydn Society, in part from the schools, and in part, and a very valuable part, the choir of our musical college.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Herr T. Herr T."

"Well, what?"

"Mittagessen." [Dinner is ready.]

T.—Bless me! and so I am in Bonn, in 1860—and not in Boston, sixty years hence! 'Twas a pleasant ride on the hobby, though!

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Confessions of a Musical Soul.

(From the posthumous papers of a Moravian Sister.)  
(Continued from page 219)

In an earlier stage of our community, when it existed as such in its fullest sense, all the forms of life, worship and labor being made a common impulse, and tending to a certain end, little room was allowed for romantic attachments or the growth of the poesy of love, that forms a constituent of all female autobiography. Strange as it may seem to the world at large, where the mere

embellishments of life, and the vanities of romance form such an engrossing element of all pursuit and action, where the history of marriage is always a drama fraught with incident, excitement and tragedy—in our diminutive world partners for life are chosen not by, but for each other.

Equally strange will it appear, when told, that in these apparently blindfold engagements in which the happiness of all the coming future was at stake, there was but seldom a shipwreck of the heart or a blight of all those early hopes which, from childhood to maturity, form the perpetual dream of our existence. Excess of intellect, which some suppose to be an anomaly, of passion, of feeling, are the usual drawbacks of wedded life; and these elements of discord find more indulgence in luxurious ease than in a rugged and homely simplicity.

What the interior of wedded life proved to be in all its details, no Moravian auto-biography has ever disclosed. Nor have the diaries left behind ever shown that man and woman were bound in unwilling fetters. Like the overture which is a characteristic of the whole piece, the precedents of marriage were characteristic of the whole life's performance. Commencing, not in enthusiasm, which derives its chief nurture from the fiction of worldly happiness, but in what at once gave eclat to the men and women of the day I refer to, a total negation of egotism; the true Moravian marriage was not grounded on a love of self.

The divine being, under the impersonation of brother and bridegroom, was the absorbing thought of life, and to convey his personality among those who had never heard the name of Christ uttered was the leading idea, under which the whole Zinzendorffian creed, worship and activity had sprung up.

But to make trial of the destiny that might await me, and which this apparently singular institution of submitting to authority in the choice of husband and wife rendered still more problematical, never fell to my lot. My musical resources never forsook me; I had commenced my education in song, by the simple cultivation of the Moravian hymn and the tone-poetry of the classical composers of the last and present century; and when, more recently, new styles of musical thought were awakened among composers whose name is legion, I attempted, with how much skill I will not pretend to say, to warm myself into their beauties and intricacies. For those who write and labor for the future, and not for the present, and instead of taking man as he is, think for him when he shall have cast aside his present material predilections and become a more spiritualized thing of earth, I could never find any sympathy.

As in all modern intellectual poetry contrived in the most ingenious forms and glossed over with the superficial polish of art, its truest beauty is derived from these occasional passages of heart-poetry that are wont here and there to find an outlet; so in the most vague, dreamy and philosophical music of our day heart-melody is never entirely suppressed, although often dimly perceived amid the mists of instrumentation.

Is the present then a mere variation of the past? and is the theme which beat within the bosoms of the old composers always throbbing within that of every living tone-thinker? Ho-

mer wrote for all ages and so did Mozart. Those simple themes of the word and tone-poet never seem dull to the ear, even when the love of so-called scientific music has run its course.

Although addicted to reading in almost any department of literature, my parent, perceiving my strong musical bent, endeavored to foster it by leading me away from intense study; as he believed that nothing was more fatal to the growth and development of tone-poetry within us than strong intellectual exercise. He held that the finest musical organization was easily disturbed, its ethereal imaginings dispelled, by allowing the mind to be perplexed by the stern logical facts of life, or the thinking faculty to come into conflict with our musical instincts.

Zinzendorff's lyrics themselves, though a model for all sacred poets, and replete with the finest Christian imagery, are studied rather as an act of elevation rather than for their intrinsic literary merits, and I had recourse to the German and English poets, whenever I felt inclined to indulge in that species of fiction wherein words and rhythm supply the place of tone. The poetical gift was a characteristic of many of the Moravian women of a primitive day. In addition to an almost universal proclivity for music, they adopted the style of Zinzendorff and communed with the object of their adoration in verses of their own composition. Many of these are extant, and are forcible evidences of their living faith and their entire devotion to the theme of superhuman love sacrifice and atonement.

As this older school passed away, studies more literary and classical took the place of that entire consecration of thought to one engrossing subject; the mind became emancipated from its morbidly devotional condition, and more alive to what was transpiring in the actualities of life and the general progress of human thought. Fiction, therefore, in prose and poetry, was moderately indulged in by our people. Our very history was a romance embracing the material that makes up many an exciting tale; that furnishes biography with its most interesting traits of truthful sacrifice, disinterested heroism, philanthropic love, geniality of temper. Our stage of action was the whole surface of the globe. In the offices of humanity, our transactions with man extended to every condition of civilization.

But from the paucity of those among us who were engaged in literary pursuits, nearly every one being employed either in the work of the Gospel or the instruction of the schools, few fictions were ever attempted based on this romance of Moravianism. Zinzendorff was sometimes made the subject of an idealism; his life, trials and adventures have been embodied in a little tale, written with all the artlessness of the old tone of Moravian thought; but of all those ardent, devoted and marvellous spirits whose lives were spent under the same impulses of good will to men, no literary portrait worthy of the character and subject it might have personified, has ever been handed down. As a literary topic for the world at large, it had too little worldliness in it to make it attractive, but to the heart grown up within the abodes of that beautiful religious system of poesy, music and sacred symbolism the subject has ready access and admission. In all efforts of fiction, having for their object the portrayal of an inner Moravian life, the vicissitudes of the people, their reverses and misfor-

tunes throughout centuries of time, a religious tone must necessarily reign throughout, which to the mere reader of profane poesy but rarely possesses that charm he is naturally in quest of.

In the great work of philanthropy which gave character to our history, the cause of education was a marked feature. In most of our European and American villages schools were established, which, for a whole century, have been the cradle of many a fine mental structure among both sexes, and the retrospect of such individuals as they return in memory to the old precincts of an early parental love that hovered over them as they gathered the fruits of elementary training, is filled with pensive and grateful joy.

Among others selected for the grave office of instruction, I was chosen to watch the growth and budding of the youth placed under my charge, and in this responsible vocation I had an ample opportunity, in common with my cotemporaries, to test myself and gather those convictions in regard to my idiosyncrasy which the grand experiment of practical life forces upon us.

In this sphere of activity, the sounds of music were scarcely ever lulled; the piano, the guitar, the harp and voice were in constant requisition, and we lived amid the associations of tone; of a never-ceasing sighing of notes; amid a sea of song whose waves never subsided. In our schools in this country strenuous efforts are ever made to conduct the youthful pupil amid these idyllic scenes of pleasing rhythm and the simple melodious flow which characterized the earlier German tone-poets. In many instances where a departure from popular feeling gave rise to finer culture and preserved a choice musical nature from falling, the influence of the only true music we possess prevailed, and many genial spirits left these schools filled with the elementary principles of all that is good and really beautiful in the deep, the sublime, the limitless world of tone.

Many, on the other hand, were led astray by the monotonous fascinations of the Italian school and by the thousand forms of ballet music, under-rate its modern ornamentation of the polka, galop, and those oscillatory movements of tone composition, which demand no inventive powers, no Beethoven faculty, but are a simple product of the most elementary condition of musical feeling.

With the aid of a knowledge of thorough-bass, I was enabled to devote many hours to original composition, and in giving such vent to my musical inclinations, I was ever discovering some new form or image of unseen beauty, called into being by those chords of harmony that occasionally suffer an alliance with discord, in order to show forth more strongly and vividly their own tone colors. Yet in familiarizing one's self with the works of a classic school of music, many groupings and successions of sounds rise up before us, which would seem to belong to our own imagination and leave no claims for purely original thought. Paradoxical as this may seem, we shall find by analysis, that with means differing so little in themselves, such widely different results should be produced. I was often led to compare my essays at composition with the amusement of the Chinese puzzle, where an endless riddle is at work to disclose new designs of a mathematical beauty, which pleases because it solves a problem of art. Such a puzzle, in its application to music, I found to be exhaustless, and in all my attempts

at new forms, I discovered every new arrangement led to another as yet undiscovered by minds who had gone before me, and whenever a leisure hour would allow me to indulge in these congenial recreations, I proceeded to place before my mind some new figure of tone. In speaking thus of my own efforts at composition, I will probably be looked upon as an exception to the rule, which, from some obscure psychological law, renders it rare and unusual for woman to originate musical thought. Successful as she is in interpreting the conceptions of others, both through the instrument and voice, she rarely assumes the province of composer or imposes upon her emotions the task of invention. This problem is still more difficult to solve, when we bear in mind how conspicuous a stand she takes in pictorial art; not only by copying the designs of others, but by expressing her own views of nature with those impassioned means which the pencil places within her power. Of this riddle I never discovered a satisfactory solution; an inference drawn from it was, that the faculty of design in painting was essentially different from that of musical invention, and that although an equal exuberance of feeling takes place in either situation, the composer's genius must embrace elements of mental vigor which are peculiar to man.

To the pleasure I enjoyed in raising up before me these musical structures, I never added the labor of committing anything to writing. Many new discoveries were, therefore, lost and rendered irrecoverable, except when the memory treasured up little morceaux, that clung to it as the image of the wild flower had done before I had formed my attachment to art.

But I was never willing to admit, as many will have, that the simple heart-themes of the old masters had become obsolete. To me those artless forms of tone thought possessed the most intense and enduring beauty, and they always came up before me as the day dream of childhood is re-awakened and dreamt over again, when age invests it with new charms, and revives a lost picture for our study and perusal.

In the old and stereotyped themes of the Germans, in common with the Italian school, we find a large admixture of the plaintive element, traceable not only in the song, but in a marked degree in the language of the Teutonic and Italian races; and all airs wherein plaintive thought arises excite a ready sympathy, as often as the soul allows its chords to lose their tension, and those vibrations between hope and fear, in which we may sometimes be said to live, display themselves. By many of my pupils this plaintive subject was preferred, and was looked upon as an exclusive beauty in music; but wherever such a preference was too strongly shown, I strove to modify it and give a tincture of healthy feeling to that youthful taste which is easily led astray.

(To be continued.)

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

### L'Enlèvement du Sérail

"L'Enlèvement du Sérail" (and not *du* Sérail, as given in the bills of the Théâtre Lyrique, which is an absurdity) holds in the works and career of Mozart a place of far different importance from that of Abou Hassan in Weber's. Mozart wrote this delicious chef d'œuvre at Vienna, in 1782, and it has been played ever since in all the German theatres. Mozart was then twenty-six, and not seventeen, as the

critics have said who we should have supposed would have been better informed of facts so universally known. Independently of two or three operas composed in his early youth in Italy, Mozart wrote *Idoménée* in 1780 at Munich, a chef d'œuvre from which the Conservatoire has given so many admirable selections. "L'Enlèvement du Sérail" and the "Flûte Enchantée," written in the year 1791, are the only operas composed by Mozart in the German language. The libretto of "L'Enlèvement" taken from an old play of the German theatre, was written almost under the dictation of one Stephani. Mozart wrote to his father on the 1st of August, 1781: "Young Stephani brought me yesterday a libretto to set to music. It is pretty, and the subject is entirely Turkish. I shall compose the overture, the chorus of the first act, as well as the first chorus, with Turkish music. I am so pleased with my subject that the first air to be sung by Cavalieri, that intended for the tenor Adamberger, and the trio that concludes the first act are already finished. After a year of struggle against a formidable cabal, fully conscious of the greatness of the genius which it would prevent from being made known, the first representation of "L'Enlèvement du Sérail" took place on the 13th of July, 1782, with immense success. In a letter from Mozart to his father on the 7th of August, he writes that Gluck was so pleased with the music of his opera that he invited him to supper after the representation, at which the composer of "Armide" and "Orphée" had assisted. It is pleasant to see this high and noble impartiality in the lives of illustrious men. We all know Haydn's reply to the father of Mozart, when asked what he thought of his son: "On my honor and before God, I declare that your son is the first of living composers," said the great master who created the symphony and so many chefs d'œuvre.

Mozart had under his direction, when he wrote "L'Enlèvement du Sérail," a very remarkable body of singers. He wrote the part of *Constance* for Cavalieri, a brilliant singer, who possessed a soprano voice of great compass and flexibility. Fischer, a deep base and an excellent actor, created the part of *Osmín*, and the tenor Adamberger, who sung with a great deal of taste, that of *Belmonte*; to Mademoiselle Teyber was assigned the secondary part of *Biondina*, and to Dauer that of *Pedrillo*. Mozart, who was young, without position, having to struggle against powerful adversaries, was obliged to make numerous concessions to those fashionable virtuosi who enjoyed public favor, and who consented to sing the music of a German, well known and esteemed, especially as a composer of instrumental music. This explains the numerous bravura passages filling the airs sung by *Constance*, and the loud notes appearing so often in the part of *Osmín*, running to the *ré d'en bas*. In these passages and others that we might cite, Mozart paid his tribute to fortune and to the public taste which it was of importance to please.

Even a creative genius must consult the taste of his age. There are certain vocal formulas that have grown out of date in "L'Enlèvement du Sérail," as also in "Le Flûte Enchantée," and even in "Don Juan." They are accessory parts, little details that do not affect the eternal youth of the work. Need we cite the many passages from "L'Enlèvement du Sérail" that have been popular for nearly eighty years, and which still preserve their early freshness; the first air of *Belmonte*, the well known couplet of *Osmín*, the duo which follows with *Belmonte*, the chorus on a Turkish march, so lively and so original and the trio that concludes the first act; in the second act the duo for bass and soprano between *Osmín* and *Biondina*, so freshly comic, the air of *Biondina*, the piquante duo between *Osmín* and *Pedrillo*, the admirable air that *Belmonte* sings, and the quartet that serves as a finale? In the third act, we remark also the pretty romance of *Pedrillo*, the air of *Osmín*



so full of comic fury, and the finale which is at once in place and perfectly musical.

"L'Enlèvement du Serail," which would never have been performed without the patronage of Joseph II., who had just established a national theatre at Vienna, was a great event for Germany. This delicious chef d'œuvre of Mozart was received with enthusiasm. Since the little popular operas of Hiller, Dittersdorf, and other composers of the second and third order, the public heard for the first time, beautiful and original music written by a German on a national theme. On the subject of "L'Enlèvement du Serail," the emperor Joseph II. might have used those often quoted words: "Very well, my dear Mozart, but too many notes." "Not one more than is needed, Sire," would have answered the great musician, who had not the spirit that certain Parisian journals would give him, but who had the consciousness of genius, and the dignity of an honest man. Weber, who certainly understood music, passed upon "L'Enlèvement du Serail" a judgment worthy of the author of "Der Freyschütz," which obtained the approbation of Gluck. "I have a strong preference," said Weber, "for this charming production which overflows with the gaiety, ardor, sweetness and feeling of Mozart's beautiful youth. I seem to feel in this liquid and serene music that irrepressible charm, that grace, perfume of happiness that a first love gives. Yes, I think that Mozart has reached the perfection of art in this work, and that it would have been easier for him to write a second 'Don Juan' than to find again the serene inspiration that characterizes 'L'Enlèvement du Serail.'" In this way do the masters of art speak of their predecessors. To those writers without taste or style who take revenge upon the memory of great men, for the mistakes of a ridiculous and unsatisfied ambition, we may apply those fine words of Bacon, "No one denies the existence of a God, but he whose purpose it serves that there should be no God." P. SCUDO.

### Music as taught in our Schools.

By PROF. H. KAPPE, SKELBYVILLE.

We are obliged to the author for a copy of an essay read before the Educational Society of the Southern States, at Macon, Georgia. After a general introduction of the subject, he proceeds as follows:

Let us consider for a few moments, by what means a general knowledge of music both vocal and instrumental, may be attained. Education in the first may properly be commenced with the earliest attempt to develop a child's mind—indeed, it should go hand in hand with every essential branch of learning, and, to learn to sing well should be regarded as not less important than the ability to read well. And here, let it be remarked, that proficiency, both in the one and in the other is the work of slow, and almost imperceptible degrees. All that belongs to a child's education should be allowed to grow with its growth and strengthen with its strength. *There is no royal road in Music*; time and training are necessary here, as in all other acquirements. It is absurd to suppose, that the voice can be cultivated, the ear trained, the eye accustomed to musical notation, and all this effected "in a few easy lessons." Other things being equal, a child may be expected to learn to sing, in about the same time as will be required to make him a good reader. With instrumental Music, a longer period of training will be requisite according to the degree of perfection to be attained; and here, as in the former case, too great results must not be expected, in too short space of time. The piano is the instrument usually selected as the one best suited to the purposes of a general musical education. This, with the cultivation of the voice, is the task generally assigned to teachers of music in our schools. And here, allow me to remark upon the manner in which teachers are sometimes required to perform their duties. A musical education, so called, is regarded as indispensable to the list of accomplishments, with which every young lady, who graduates from our seminaries, must be furnished. She certainly must be able to play some popular waltzes and polkas, to sing a few sentimental airs, otherwise she will not be considered fashionable and possessed of the necessary passport to good society. The instructor then, who

can compass this object, in the shortest possible space of time, is caressed by the public and called a capital fellow! No matter if said young lady understands no more of musical literature and science, than the veriest child; she can, nevertheless, make a noise and silence all criticism by the *clamor* performance. Possibly, one or two good pieces may have been learned imperfectly by dint of continual repetition; but how painful to the educated listener, is the absence of expression, and entire lack of appreciation, which the whole performance displays. Too frequently, those teachers are preferred, whose only object seems to be that of pleasing pupils and patrons by catering to a depraved or uneducated taste, while they who are well qualified for their office, are often constrained to make compromise with their better judgment in gratifying that love of vain display, which interferes so materially with true progress in this divine art. This they must do, or themselves become a sacrifice to their love of truth. Look, for instance, at some of the advertisements, in our musical papers, of schools in quest of teachers. Mark you the qualifications there specified as being required, and if there be one found willing to stand up and say, "I am the man," he must be bold indeed, and possess a vanity and temerity capable of outbraving shafts of keenest ridicule. Observe the following, as extracted from the "Musical World" of January 17th, 1856, as illustrative of my meaning.

"Dear Sir: I want a well educated lady or gentleman for this Institute. If a gentleman, a fair linguist, say Latin, Greek, and French, and if Spanish and German could be added, all the better; a thorough English scholar as well, with fair mathematical attainments, and a fine correct perspective draughtsman, and a skilful painter; also a thorough musician in the theory and practice, vocal and instrumental, including violin, harp, piano, organ, guitar, and accordion. He must be a gentleman and an honest man; habits and morals unexceptionable, an example for a Protestant clergyman; good sound bodily health; great industry; an early riser, with a good, accommodating disposition; a Sabbath observer, with a disposition to lay hand on an organ and make the audience feel (what he himself feels) the awful majesty and incomprehensible mercy of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Salary to begin with \$1,000 and board in the Institute for the school term of ten months. Vacation from July 31st. to October 1st. When this person once suits and is suited, we shall not part on the ground of salary. The gentleman must also understand how to keep pianos in tune and repair. Now, if you could ship me such a gentleman by the first ocean steamer, it would greatly oblige your friend and well wisher,

"SAMUEL THORNTON,

"Principal of the S. Tennessee Collegiate Institute."

We know not whether the writer of the above was successful in finding the object of his search, but if so, we would respectfully suggest that the fortunate of so many varied accomplishments might do well to exhibit himself as a prodigy of acquirements, and if the salary should be enlarged to the extent of his merits, it must be sufficient to satisfy the most extensive desire.

The true teacher should be a man of modest merit, well acquainted with the wants of the age and of the community where he is called upon to exercise his talents. He should be strictly independent in his methods of imparting instruction, regarding only the true interests of his pupils, by aiming to develop and cultivate a refined taste, together with a correct and finished style of performance. Of the means necessary to accomplish this purpose, the instructor is, of course, best qualified to judge. He must not be influenced by the whims of pupils, regarding the pieces to be learned. The great abundance of trashy sheet-music, dedicated invariably to Mammon, or the goddess of Fashion, often gives the conscientious music-teacher a world of trouble. He is constantly beset with solicitations from bright eyes and rosy lips—"Please let me learn Bonaparte's Retreat," or somebody else's march—until, what with quicksteps, marches, and retreats, he is himself often disposed to beat a retreat and war no longer against existing prejudices.

"Tis true, 'tis true, and pity 'tis, 'tis true," that a large amount of money is annually expended in the so-called musical education of young ladies, and yet, without the results which ought to be expected. I know not that parents should be held responsible for a want of correct musical taste; but, they may at least refrain from the practice of fault-finding, so common among many who have never heard better music than "Yankee Doodle" or "Fisher's Hornpipe."

Not long ago, a worthy resident of this State, anxious that his daughter should be considered some-

what preëminent in the possession of an accomplished education, sent her to Philadelphia for the purpose of receiving further instruction from a distinguished Professor of Music. She labored diligently during her stay, and really accomplished more than could have been expected. Delighted with her acquisitions, she returned home, and, in obedience to a request of her father, made haste to exhibit her skill, by playing for him one of Mozart's sonatas in a style really artistic. The old gentleman listened perfectly silent, until the conclusion of the piece, when, instead of the coveted commendation she had so confidently expected, he gravely remarked, "Well, Sally, do you intend to inflict such torture as that on *all* who ask you to play? Be assured, I shall ask you no more."

So, in our own experience, after having labored faithfully for several sessions, and merited, as we thought, the gratitude of both parents and pupils for our efforts, we have been mortified exceedingly by remarks like the following: "True, my daughter can play a great many fine pieces, but she does not yet know 'Bonaparte's crossing the Rhine,'" and in consequence thereof said daughter was immediately withdrawn from further instruction.

The cultivation of public taste, we are aware, must necessarily be a slow process, and great patience will be required in its accomplishment. Those, however, who have gained access within the sacred temple of Art, and can gaze with eye unveiled upon its glories, must not stand forever upon its portals, and close the door to such as would enter; rather let them, with guiding hand, assist *all* to comprehend its mysteries, leading in such as would search for hidden treasures, until they are qualified to share in the higher enjoyments of a cultivated nature. But, it is not with those who are advanced in life, that we can expect to accomplish much in the way of reform and education; it is with the young, and here, we believe, a very general mistake is made by nearly all classes of society. The work of musical instruction is allowed to commence quite too late in life. A child of six or seven years may profitably learn to sing, and, at the same time become accustomed to the keys of the piano in the use of finger-exercises, &c. This process continued with daily assiduity, yet so as not to fatigue the child, will invariably prove a source of profit, and lay the foundation for future excellence. Musical instruction should, in the majority of instances, be continued much longer than is customary in this country. The reason why the harp, piano, and guitar are laid aside so soon after connection with the school ceases, is not that the possessors thereof cannot find time for the exercise of their talents, but, rather because their education was imperfect; they were not self-reliant and capable of becoming their own teachers.

The instructor in Music, then, must, as I have before intimated, be one who understands his business; not a man of enlarged pretension, laying claim to a variety of accomplishments, such as no ordinary mortal could be expected to possess; but one, who with a competent knowledge of his art, is independent and persevering in his efforts to lead his youthful disciples where they can appreciate and feel the power of true music.

The successful teacher must be a man of refined sensibility, of cultivated taste, noble and conscientious, with a high veneration for sacred things. These qualifications we hold to be indispensable, and having secured the services of such a one, interfere not too frequently with his plans. Allow him the free exercise of his judgment in the selection of appropriate studies, and, above all, let him have your sympathy and approbation; discourage him not by cold looks and still colder words. If he is faithful and energetic, he is necessarily an enthusiast; and, let me tell you, if he would conscientiously perform his duty, his is a thankless task. Far easier would it be, for him oftentimes to relieve his patrons of their money, in exchange for trifles of instruction, which merely tickle the ear and the fancy for a short period, and they, perhaps, would feel far better satisfied. But no, he will neither so degrade his favorite profession, nor falsify his better feelings; he will aim at the accomplishment of a praiseworthy object, and leave it for time to decide on the merit of his doings.

The standard of musical taste among the people must be elevated by making them acquainted with good compositions. Such music should frequently be rehearsed in their hearing; explanations, relative to its design and meaning, should be given by those qualified for the task; and, there is no doubt, even the uneducated would soon come to realize a degree of pleasure in listening, to which they were once entire strangers.

The music of our schools should invariably comprise an attention to Church Music, properly so-called; and we refer not, now, to the tunes so generally sung in our churches by choirs trained for the purpose, but to that higher, more dignified and sacred style, which

is alone appropriate to the worship of God; where the whole congregation unite their voices, as with one soul in the music, and on the wings of melody, rise to the throne of the Most High. The young should be taught to participate in this part of divine service, and where can a training for this purpose be more easily effected than during the period of school education? They should learn to understand the distinction between secular and church music. They should be taught that because certain airs are agreeable, they are not necessarily appropriate for the expression of religious feeling. Not simply because they like them, should certain airs be sung in church; rather should they be instructed to like what is appropriate in church music. Good congregational singing will no longer be regarded impossible, when the young of both sexes are taught to sing in our schools, well selected melodies, such as are adapted to the expression of genuine religious feeling. Then, as they grow older, their tastes having been properly formed they will possess a true idea of church music as it should be; and, we shall not find the hallowed strains of "Old Hundred," and "Gloria in Excelsis," giving way to some profane love-song or negro melody, whose only claim to merit is, "that they please," "they go well." Alas! alas! that both old and young should look for mere musical excitement and diversion in church music, instead of aiming at religious benefit.

To correct this, as well as other evils to which I have alluded, the axe must be laid at the root of the tree. Youth of both sexes must be adequately instructed in the principles and practice of the various styles of music appropriate to different purposes, and Normal Schools, for the education of teachers in this particular branch of study, must be established all over our land; then, and not till then, may we expect to see the work of reformation fully commenced. Then will the true glory of our country begin to dawn, and a brighter day arise, wherein all will have occasion to rejoice.

The various ends for which a knowledge of music ought to be cultivated, are so important and so numerous, that it seems to me no means can be disproportionate. It is worthy the efforts of all to inquire. What are the best means for a general diffusion of musical knowledge? and having so learned them, let those who occupy positions of influence lend their aid willingly towards the bestowal of this blessing on society. Then may we hope to see those grosser pleasures, in which many of the present day freely indulge, giving place to the refined charms of music. Men are social beings, they will congregate for various purposes, let them then be encouraged to exercise the musical talents acquired during the process of education. Listen, now, to those happy glees, as they rise up to Heaven's pure sky, and roll on and on, until lost in ether! or to the well-tuned orchestra, discoursing its delightful harmonies to listening thousands under the broad free canopy of Heaven, and tell me if it does not afford an innocent pastime which may well take the place of a lower order of entertainment! How cheering the influence, too, which such a scene exerts over the mind of the listener. He goes forth to his work, on the following day, with steady hand and placid brow, while ever and anon, the irresistible echoes of past sounds break forth over desk or counter into jovial or plaintive humming, as if the memory were rejoicing too much in her sweet possessions to be able to conceal them. Happy recollections these for wife or sister, to whose voice or piano he is frequently indebted for pleasures, it is a pleasure to give, and who lead him with those exquisite strains as with a silken string.

There is, we believe, but one class of men who condemn the practice of music, and they are *fanatics*: and there is only one order of beings, who, according to Dr. Luther, *hate it*, and they are *DEVILS*.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 13, 1860.

### Editorial Correspondence. VI.

Geneva, Sept. 1, 1860.

I set out, in my last, with trying to recall some musical as well as other impressions of these weeks in Switzerland. But music was of course the smallest, merest incidental part of it. Of music proper the account is summed up in a couple of organ-concerts, which but half seemed to make one feel at home again, in cities in the lowland after daily intercourse with snowy peaks and glaciers and wild

mountain passes, rushing streams and sprayey cascades, the picturesque, the sweet, the human everywhere nestling at the feet and on the very knees of the terrific and the grand. The first of these was at Berne, and wholly unexpected. After going upon the *Schanze*, to look off over the old city, and to seek in vain through clouds for that famed horizon panorama of the mountains, I had left behind me; after wandering through the curious streets, and under those gloomy, heavy, catacomb-like arcades which enclose the side-walks, and seeing the omnipresent emblem of the city of bears; the statues and the curious fountains, especially that one surmounted by the "Kinderfresser," grotesque Punchinello of a Saturn cramming a child down his mouth, with other children under his arm and in his basket ready to devour, while round the base of the statue march a troop of bears in armor; and the old clock tower, where the bears come out and walk round in procession, when the curious mannikin above brings down his hammer on the bell; I came at nightfall to the old Cathedral and approaching the portal, whence rich organ sounds were issuing, was asked by the sexton if I had a ticket. Here every one that thirsteth could not come "without money and without price," it seemed. Berne was copying Freyburg, making a good thing out of the summer travel, by giving organ concerts every evening at a franc a head. We gladly paid and groped our way along the aisle, amid the shades of twilight, to the furthest end of the church, where we saw, or felt, some scores of curious listeners about us. The organ is a fine one, not so large as that of the sister city, but very powerful; rich, sonorous, brilliant in its full combinations, and with a singularly interesting quality of reed tones. The organist, if not Mendel's *Sohn*, is Mendel. He was in the middle of his programme when we entered. What we heard was good—music of a solid, edifying sort, worthy of a good sound musician, although it did not prove his powers remarkable. A well known March of Handel's (from *Judas Maccabæus*, if I mistake not), was his theme, which returned several times with great emphasis amid clever variations and digressions. He played also one or two plain chorales, and tantalized with just a bit of fugue. To the wanderer, away from all society of friends or mountains now, the lingering vibration of such music chimed well with the walk upon the terrace round the church, with the full moon gleaming on the *Aar* that washed its walls a hundred feet below, and silvering the tiled house roofs of the streets down there, and the hanging gardens climbing to the Münster's feet, and showing the bronze statue of the old Count of Zähringen, the founder of the city, with a bear for squire and helmet bearer, in bold relief.

The tower of the Berne Cathedral is remarkably rich in great bells—a dozen I should think—each sacred to particular occasions, the largest weighing 27,000 lbs., and bearing curious figures and inscriptions. The tower-keeper was proud of his bells, and made me hear the story and the tone of every one. And very rich and musical they were. Upon a long beam near the biggest bell is notched a comparative scale of the diameters of all the famous bells in Europe; this one, if I remember, stands the next to the great bell in London.

Most travellers hurry past the strange old city of Freyburg, content with crossing its wonderful wire bridge, (which spans like a spider's web the chasm in which the city is built, half on a level with the river's banks, and half down on the beach two hundred and fifty feet below), with glancing at the old Gothic church, and listening a half hour to its organ. But it is well worth a day or two days stay. You dine at the very nice and comfortable hotel at the end of the bridge aforesaid, and on the edge of the high town, whose houses look so strangely, almost crowding one another over the sheer precipice—a very nice hotel indeed, and quite practically situ-

ated, where you can sit on a terrace amid masses of choice and beautiful plants, and great cages of many colored birds withal, and look off over the town and down the deeply excavated channel of the river—the "Zähringer Hof" the hotel is called—a famous name that in this region—the old bear-slaying Count was founder both of Berne, named from the bear, and Freyburg—and here you notice in the dining hall a portrait of a dark, stout, full-blooded, little man, improvising as it were most energetically at an organ, with the black eyes rolled upward courting inspiration. This is Herr Vogt, who plays the famous Freyburg organ in the St. Nicholas Church. Lithographs of the portrait are for sale there also. A little too much of the lion about this. However you are happy to pay your franc for the card which mine host offers you, and walk a few rods to the church, a fine old Gothic specimen, though not one of the greatest. Over the deep arched portal is a wealth of sculptured relief, representing, as in so many of the old Gothic churches, heaven and hell and the last judgement; but here the picture is wrought with a grotesque inventiveness somewhat peculiar. You see an angel weighing people in scales, a devil clinging to one scale and trying to drag it down: another angel lifting a poor wicked mortal by the shoulders, about to swing him into the scale: a devil with a swine's hand dragging a batch of sinners by a chain, and with another batch in a basket on his back, to a huge cauldron under which a smaller devil blows the fire with bellows; hell in the corner typified by the jaws of a devouring monster; the good inducted into paradise on the right, &c., &c. The interior is not very striking. The great object of interest is the organ, which is placed above the entrance, and does not look so very large, although it contains 67 registers with 7800 pipes, some of them of course of thirty-two feet. Albert Mooser, who died in 1839, was the builder. Haase built the one in Berne.

The studied feature of the programme, much of which was improvisation of the fantasia kind, was the representation of a festival and concert interrupted by a storm, with alternation and mingling of fancy stops, Alpine echoes, bells, rolling thunder, lightning, and all that—a standing dish, we judged, for it was repeated in the evening. It certainly was very skillfully arranged to show the instrument, and contained many beautiful and grand effects. There was a *Vox Humana* stop, which really sounded like a voice, a choir of fervent tenor voices, singing a religious strain in the far recesses of a great cathedral, and we knew not which most to admire, the beauty of the violin family of stops, the fine quality of the reeds, or the wonderfully liquid, bright and sweet tones of the various flutes. We never heard an organ voiced to so fine and various expressiveness. And the great stops, the trombones, the trumpets, the great basses, and the general mass of harmony, were wonderfully satisfying and imposing. The various allusions to Alpine sounds seemed to us, who had just come from the regions which they haunt, strikingly true and natural. One of the most striking was the regular stroke of a sharp, high toned bell, just as we heard it all day in a little village on the St. Gothard road, during the great rain that threatened to flood all the valley of the Reuss, suggesting not quite pleasant thoughts of the possibility of another Golgau catastrophe.

At sunset, after a long ramble through the strange up and down streets of the town, and over the green heights overlooking it, wondering at old towers and walls, peeping into curious little Catholic chapels, fascinated by quaint old houses, and finding the interminable stone stairs that lead from high streets into low ones more fatiguing than the mountain passes, I came round to the church again. They have two organ concerts daily during the height of the travelling season. This time the programme was more classical; for, besides the "Storm Fantasia," it con-

sisted in great part of Mozart. The organist had promised me a good fugue by Bach; but, not seeing me enter (how could he in the dark!) he did not feel emboldened to bring out such old wine before a modern crowd of travellers. But who will grumble when he can have Mozart! And this time we had the noble march from *Idomeneo* (repeated in the *Zauberflöte*), worked up into many very curious and interesting variations, well suited to the organ, and exhibiting the organist's as well as to composer's skill to great advantage. He told me afterwards, the variations were the work of a young man in Leipzig. He must have talent. Next we recognize the Fantasia followed by Sonata, which Mozart wrote for the piano. The characteristic expressions of the different movements were brought out by singularly felicitous contrasts and combinations of stops; and we must own we never felt the grandeur of the introduction and the other stronger parts, nor the heart-felt singing beauty of the slow movements, in that composition, so fully before. Even the "Storm" affair derived a certain interest from the impassioned warmth and vividness of color with which the organist worked up his picture; varying it somewhat from the afternoon's performance and yielding to his own mood with some felicity of inspiration. We were in no way disappointed in the famous organ. The performance also had great merits; yet it was not all one craves in presence of so grand an instrument. Our hope of hearing organ playing here in the old world of organs and cathedrals remains still unrealized. What has Germany in store for us? Alas, that Mendelssohn is dead!

There was much, however, to work on the imagination in the circumstances under which we heard this organ. Think of sitting there under the solemn Gothic arches of the vast church, with the dim outlines thereof and of indefinite columns, altars, monuments, stained windows, rather suggested than made visible by the slender rays of the lamp swung up there at the organist's desk, and of the lantern with which the old Küster (sexton) below conducts the listeners in and out! The marvellous flood of tones poured down upon you in such darkness, amid such surroundings, with all the changes and surprises of remote sounds entering, beautiful as strange, so life-like too, now sounds of nature, tone-spirits such as haunt the snow Alps or the cascades in the valleys, now wild echoes of the horn, now human voices,—all this gathered up into the great religious volume and full fugue and choral of so grand an Organ, in so grand a place, in so strange an hour, could not but touch the springs of mystery and poetry and feeling of the infinite within you. It was not like the clap-trap miracles of virtuosos whom we hear in brilliant concert-rooms.

I still hope to recall some snatches of a certain music which the sounds of nature among the Alps, left humming and ringing strangely in the mind's ear.

D.

Our notice of the opera is necessarily brief. Like some of our unsuccessful pin-wheels touched off for admiring children on a damp Fourth-of-July evening, the machine sparkled, gyrated once or twice hesitatingly, and then fizzled out, leaving only an odor of brimstone in the darkness that followed. Truth to say, the season was determined by events beyond the manager's control and we presume he did wisely to stop.

The only performance since our last issue which we care to mention, was that of *La Traviata*, which was really admirable in many respects. Madame Cortesi made the most of the consumptive heroine, singing with more taste and finish than we have ever observed in her style, and acting with consummate skill.

Signor Musiani acquitted himself with his usual success, although it seems to us that in the more pas-

sionate scenes, his tones, meant to be simply pathetic, sounded rather too much like wailing. Signor Amadio the younger was warmly received, and barring the inevitable awkwardness of a debutant, made a decided impression. His voice, though not so ponderous as his brother's, is full, clear and resonant, and his method is good. He promises to be a fine artist.

The second performance of *The Barber* we did not see, nor could we attend the matinee on Saturday.

Signor Servadio promises to return in the Spring with a larger troupe and (we trust) under more favorable circumstances.

We take pleasure in calling attention to Mr. THOMAS RYAN's card in another column. He is so well known in this vicinity as a public performer and a teacher that any commendation of his merits in either respect is almost superfluous.

The PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, we learn, is presently awaiting the subsiding of the tumultuous waves of the political campaign, which entirely absorbs the thoughts and time of the whole Nation just now, before making any stir about its doings next winter. But we are assured that it is neither dead nor sleeping.

THE BOSTON MUSICAL TIMES charges us with enjoying and appropriating the articles on "Wagner," admirably translated from Scudo, by Mr. C. J. SPRAGUE, (as may be guessed from the signature), and copied in this Journal. We plead guilty to the enjoyment and appropriation, but not to any felonious intent. In the best regulated families, accidents will happen, as is well known; how much more in an ill regulated one with no head, like ours, or at best, a head somewhat distracted by unaccustomed cares and often embarrassed by conflicting duties.

## Musical Correspondence.

HARTFORD, CONN., Oct. 8.—I have not written you of late, because nothing of an *extremely* musical nature has occurred to call for any particular correspondence from me. Lovers of negro minstrelsy have surely had no cause to complain of not having opportunities enough to gratify their tastes, in listening to stale jokes and thread-bare dittos, through the cheap medium of "burnt cork;" for the "Morris Brothers," the "New Orleans Serenaders," the Campbells, and I don't know how many more Ethiopian companies have of late chased one another in rapid succession in and out of the city, thereby illustrating again the Longfellowish idea—

"Never comes a 'Negro Minstrel,'"

But another's sure to follow,"—

And I see by the big bills that still another troupe is to follow this week. What were the "Dark Ages" compared with the present one?

Had it not been for the concerts of two of our own artists, this, I am afraid, uninteresting letter would never have been indited. I allude to the ballad entertainment by our favorite Soprano, MRS. PRESTON, and the Organ Concert of Mr. GEO. E. WHITING, organist at the North Congregational Church. MRS. PRESTON was assisted by a Mr. DRAPER, of New York, and Mr. OSCA MAYO, of this city, as pianist. The hall was quite well filled, and the performances, generally, very fine. The selections might have been better, and have given much more pleasure to the audience. MRS. PRESTON rarely fails to delight her friends in whatever she undertakes; Mr. MAYO is a good performer; but would have gained more admirers had he made a little different selection.

MR. WHITING gave his concert at the North Church, last Wednesday evening, upon one of Messrs. Hook's fine three-banked organs. He was assisted by Mr. and Mrs. STRICKLAND, Messrs. FOLEY,

WANDER, and CADY, and the Chorus of the "Beethoven Society," under the direction of Mr. JAMES G. BARNETT, who acquitted themselves in their usually fine manner.

Mr. Whiting gave us the following classical selections:—

"Grand Sonata in F Minor," by Mendelssohn; "Organ Fuge in G Minor," by Bach; "Overture to Guillaume Tell," by Rossini; "Pastorale," by Kulenkamp; "Chorus," by Handel; and a most meritorious "Fantasia for the Organ," by himself. These were all performed in an astonishingly facile and masterly manner—and would have brought down sounds of applause, but for a very proper reverence for the sacredness of the place. He certainly possesses a most remarkable talent, which has been well cultivated by indefatigable study and practice—placing him already among the very few *really* classical organ performers in the country. He is quite a young man—not yet twenty years of age—and, considering his present immense execution, must in a few years make himself famous.

THE DRAYTONS—the charming inimitable Draytons—are again to delight us with their fine singing and acting this evening. They are here for only two nights; and, accordingly, the house will be densely packed. What is finer than Mr. Drayton's impersonation and singing of old "Simon the Cellarer?" It is *insurj* a sable.

H.

## Musical Miscellany.

Citizens of St. Louis did not contribute fifteen thousand dollars towards the establishment of a Philharmonic Society, as the types had it last week, but only five thousand.

DRESDEN (Germany) has at last, on the 26th of July, been blessed with the first performance of Verdi's "Trovatore." It was a success of course.

WHAT IS IT.—There is a mysterious Opera which figured largely in the manifestos of the Opera Company just departed. It was sometimes printed *La Juiz*, sometimes *La Juif*, and again *Le Juise*, and in plain English "The Jew." It was evident that it was not Halévy's "Jewess," and just as evident that nobody knew much about it. It was turns out to have been an Opera by *Apolloni*, one of the very latest of Italian composers, and its real and proper name is *L'Elros*.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 6.—The Cecilia Society began their fifth season yesterday by a well attended concert, given to members exclusively, as all their concerts are, with the following programme:

Gipsy's Life, for mixed Chorus and Soli.....	Schumann.
Funeral March, by Chopin.....	Piano Solo.
La Chasse, by Hiller.....	
Ave Maria, Song.....	Schubert.
Psalm for Chorus of female voices.....	Lachner.
Scena and Prayer.....	"Freischütz."
Solo and Chorus from "Templer und Jüdin".....	Marschner.
The Forty-second Psalm, (As the hart pants), for Solo, Chorus and Orchestra.....	Mendelssohn.

VIENNA.—A new Opera by *Anton Rubinstein*, with the title "The Children of the Prairie," meaning probably the gipseys of Bohemia, has been accepted by the management of the Court-theatre. It is said that the composer received one thousand Florins for the score. The opera will be brought out for the first time in November.

A New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Press says that Mlle Patti gets fifteen hundred dollars a month for her services in the Strakosch and Ullman Opera Troupe, in the former city Max Maretzek has the musical directorship at one hundred and fifty dollars a week; and when Tamberlik performs, which will be late in the season, it will be at a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars for twenty-five nights. Valuable voices these are.

**A UNIQUE LETTER.**—The following letter was recently found among the old documents belonging to Trinity Church, Boston. There is no date to it, and the exact period when the writer was organist, is not known. The prices named for church music are in marked contrast with those now paid by the same church. The total expense now being about \$1800 per annum, of which sum the organist receives \$500.

P. A. von Hagen, Organist of the Trinity Church, Boston

Respectfully informs the honorable Wardens of said Church that their Organ is much out of Repair and Tune. By a close Examination of it he found; That the greater part of the metal pipes are onsodered and stoped with a Stuff, which generally gathers on lead; the wooden ones onglued; the Trumpet-Supporters are partly dislodged, and the principal part of the Reeds are eat up by Verdegreaase. The wooden pipes, as well as the metal ones must be voiced. The Keys wants to be regulated. The Cloth under neath of the Keys is eat by the moths. Ten pipes are missing. The great part of the Leather of the Bellows is cracked and must be new. The Conductors leak; the tops and bottoms of the leaders and Rollers are worn so much, that they cause a Rattling while playing; they also make they Keys stick fast. The touch has sunk an eighth of an Inch. The Levell-box is warpt. In short, there is no Article in the whole Instrument, but what wants more or less Repair. It is however a Common Case with an Organ which is getting old. The Reparation of it will cost by a moderate Calculation, about one hundred Dollars. The Organ might be greatly improved by an Addition of Pedals for to play the low Bass with the Feet, as it has an excellent Effect in slow Psalm Tunes. The Cost of which would not exceed Thirty Dollars.

He respectfully solicits, that his Salary, which is now \$150, may be raised to \$200 per Annum.

The Motives of this Request are as follows:

1st. Having a Prospect of a larger Salary some where else.

2d. House Rent and Provisions being unusually high, and

3d. Wishing to have the Instrument always in Tune, which ought to be examined every Saturday, and paying for Bellows blowing, he, in his opinion, ought in some regard be compensated. He has worked and spendd his time several Days in Order to make the Organ playable, for which he has not made any charge.

He hopes, that the above Request will not meet any Objection, as he is attached to the Church and would prefer worshiping there, to any other Place. Nothing could induce him to leave the church, excepting the Interest of his Family.—*Eve. Transcript.*

**THE ORGANIST OF TRINITY CHURCH.**—*Mr. Editor:* The Supplement to the Transcript of Saturday has an antique letter from P. A. Von Hagen, formerly Organist of Trinity Church in this city, but the exact period, as you say, "is not known." Allow me to say that he was the organist prior to 1810, and his immediate successor was Mr. James Hewitt, father to Mrs. Ostinelli, and grandfather to the distinguished cantatrice Biscaccianti. Mr. Van Hagen was the father of a late esteemed Marine Reporter of this city, who, with the rest of the family, was induced to assume his maternal name on account of the erratic movements of the father. Among other celebrities that constituted the choir while Mr. Van Hagen was the organist of Trinity Church, was the celebrated painter, Stewart Newton, and his lamented brother Hibbard, who fell at the battle of Salamanca. Gilbert Stewart, our own famous painter, was a frequent attendant in the organ loft, and I can well remember the diversion he caused by his peculiar method of taking snuff. His snuff was worn or carried in a leather pocket without a box, and on occasion he would take a handful of the article, into which he would thrust his nose instead of applying it "between the finger and the thumb." On one occasion, John, the bellows blower, was absent from duty, and it was ascertained that the cause was dissatisfaction with his pay. Mr. S. Newton, on the moment, passed among the choir the following impromptu;

\* \* \* strives in vain the choir to please  
Von Hagen's fingers travel o'er the keys,  
All strive in vain—ah foolish fellows,  
What can ye do while John won't blow the bellows.

To return to Mr. Von Hagen. In the year 1819 he was at Fort Independence as the teacher and leader of the band under Col. Eustis, and frequently came over with the soldiers and the band to assist in the music in St. Matthew's Church, in South Boston. Some eight or nine years afterwards he was employed in teaching a portion of the colored band, at the south part of the city. From that time I lost sight of him, but I think that he ended his days in one of

the eleemosynary institutions of the city. He was a man of kind feelings and of considerable musical talent for those days. His residence, when I was a schoolboy, was in Essex street, near the corner of Short, now Kingston street. The organ of which he had the charge in Trinity Church, is now, if I mistake not, in the church in Pittsfield, Mass. The organ builders must have worked cheaply to be willing to put in a pedal base for "thirty dollars." R.

**PAGANINI.**—Did you ever know that Paganini was desperately fond of gaming once? I shall tell you how he was cured of his passion. Paganini's favorite violin was a large Guarnerius, so called from Guarnerius, their maker, (these instruments are worth twice their weight in gold,) which a Russian Prince was anxious to purchase from him. He often asked Paganini to sell it to him, and at last, Paganini, tired of his repeated appeals, told him he would sell the violin for \$1,000. The Prince told him he must be joking to ask such a sum of money, but that he would give him \$500 for it. Paganini had lost everything he owned at gaming tables the night before; his jewels, his rings, his breastpins, his watch, had all been lost, and he had nothing in the world but thirty francs and his violin left. He was about to accept the Prince's offer, when he determined to appeal once more to the gambling table. He did so. He lost, lost, lost—nothing was left in his hand but three francs, and he was obliged to leave the next day for St. Petersburg! He staked these three francs. The run of luck turned, and he soon won money enough to carry him to St. Petersburg. "I was saved!" said Paganini, speaking of this incident. "I was sure of keeping my beloved Guarnerius. Since then, I saw that a gambler is the most contemptible being on the earth, and I have never since touched a card."—*N. O. Delta.*

**TAMBERLIK AND HIS UT SHARP.**—The fête at Blois is the only thing I have heard of which has broken the monotony of the season and political hemisphere. M'mes Ugalde, Wertheimber, Messrs. Faure, Levasseur and Tamberlik (by the way, it is said here Tamberlik has been offered \$80,000 for eight months; if you wish to have him, pay him any price to get him in his prime, and do not do, as you did with Mario and Grisi, wait until they were voiceless before you summoned them with your golden wand. It is as cheap, even pecuniarily, to get them in their prime: for singers, like the Roman Sybil, increase their demands as they have less to offer); Messrs. Sainte Foye and Ponchard were the seven singers heard. Let me tell you the origin of Mr. Tamberlik's famous "ut sharp," which is worth so much money to him. He is by birth a Roman, but his family is of Polish origin. He stuttered badly when he was a child, and his family destined him to slumber in the stalls of the church. He ran away from the theological seminary and entered the army. Discovering one day that he had a splendid tenor's voice, he quitted the army, and took Guglielmi (a son of the celebrated Guglielmi) for his singing master, under whom he made such progress he was soon engaged at the San Carlo; he and Fraschini (who was several years older than himself) sharing between them the tenor's parts, Fraschini singing the *forte* and Tamberlik the *tenorino*. Being wretchedly paid at this opera house, he quitted Italy for Spain, where he obtained an excellent engagement at Barcelona. One day, while rehearsing a new part in which he was to appear that evening, he lost his voice. Nevertheless, there was no such thing as closing the opera house, or changing the piece; for the Court had commanded the opera and the performance. "Then, if you can't sing, bawl!" exclaimed the leader of the orchestra, upon Tamberlik's saying: "By Jove! I cannot sing!" "Bawl," continued the leader of the orchestra; "I'll give you the pitch!" and he knocked the piano as hard as he could. All at once, Tamberlik, the *tenorino*, who never sang anything, except the softest, sweetest melodies, thundered "do sharp" in clear, bell-tongued tones—his fortune was made, a new "star" rose above the lyric horizon. 'Tis strange we have no altars to Accident; what miracles this god hath wrought!—*Id.*

**SIGNOR BRIGNOLI.**—It is growing out of fashion to decry Brignoli on account of his acting, to which he makes little pretension. There is never an occasion when an audience in Philadelphia is not glad to welcome him. The fact is, his voice alone is worth more than others' acting and singing combined. He is, besides, the most elegant gentleman upon the lyric stage. His fine person, his almost beautiful face, his incomparable voice, added to his manliness and gentleness, off and on the stage, will always render him a favorite *par excellence*, spite of the most ingenious critical industry.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Te Deum, in B flat. (Easy style.) *T. Bissell.* 50

This Te Deum will prove eminently useful to Episcopal choirs. The want of compositions of just this degree of difficulty has often been felt. Mr. Bissell has proved himself fully equal to the task of supplying it. The music is pleasing and light, yet dignified and church-like throughout.

Byron's farewell to the maid of Athens. Song.

*C. A. E. Ewing.* 35

A song of much power and originality for a tenor voice.

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Pleasing parlor songs.

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A new piece by the talented lady, whose "Maiden's prayer" is now or soon will be in the hands of all amateur piano players. It may not excite such lively admiration, but will prove very attractive.

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Good and recommendable dance-music.

On to the field of glory, for Brass band, arranged

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One of the well-known series of "Ditson's Brass Band" Music, printed on cards. The arrangement is complete for any number of instruments between 8 and 14.

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This is the first of a new series of charming pieces by this elegant and fashionable author, entitled "Bygone hours" (Aus holder Zeit), which, like the Sounds of Love series, will soon be immensely popular.

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A stirring galop, with a very striking picture on the title-page, representing the Italian hero on horseback at the head of his army, and illuminated in colors.

La Piemontaise. New Dance. *Renausy.* 25

A very pretty new dance, arranged by a conclave of Paris dancing-masters, and just now very popular in the gay French capital. It will be taught here at several academies during the season.

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Don Giovanni. " " 30

Excellent arrangements for young players, likely to surpass Beyer's Repertoire in popularity.

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**DITSON & CO'S STANDARD OPERA LIBRETTOS.**

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As the season approaches for operatic performances, we shall be doing our readers a favor by directing their attention to the above elegant and convenient series of librettos, an advertisement of which will be found in another column.

**MUSIC BY MAIL.**—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 446.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 20, 1860.

VOL. XVIII. No. 3.

[From the New York Ledger.]

## Italy.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Voices from the mountains speak,  
Apennines to Alps reply;  
Vale to vale and peak to peak  
Toss an old remembered cry:

Italy

Shall be free;

Such the mighty shout that fills  
All the passes of her hills.

All the old Italian lakes  
Quiver at that quickening word;  
Como with a thrill awake;

Garda to her depths is stirred;  
Mild the steep

Where he sleeps,

Dreaming of the elder years,  
Startled Thracymenus hears.

Sweeping Arno, swelling Po,  
Murmur freedom to their meads,  
Tiber swift and Liris slow

Send strange whispers from their reeds,

Italy

Shall be free,

Sing the glittering brooks that slide  
Toward the sea, from Etna's side.

Long ago was Gracchus slain;

Brutus perished long ago;

Yet the living roots remain

Whence the shoots of greatness grow.

Yet again,

God-like men,

Sprung from that heroic stem,

Call the land to rise with them.

They who haunt the swarming street,

They who chase the mountain boar,

Or, where cliff and billow meet,

Prune the vine or pull the oar,

With a stroke

Break their yoke;

Slaves but yesterday were they—

Freesmen with the dawning day.

Looking in his children's eyes,

While his own with gladness flash,

"Ne'er shall these," the father cries,

"Cringe, like hounds, beneath the lash.

These shall ne'er

Brook to wear

Chains that, thick with sordid rust,

Weigh the spirit to the dust."

Monarchs, ye whose armies stand

Harnessed for the battle-field!

Pause, and from the lifted hand

Drop the bolts of war ye wield.

Stand aloof

While the proof

Of the people's might is given;

Leave their kings to them and heaven.

Stand aloof, and see the oppressed

Chase the oppressor, pale with fear,

As the fresh winds of the west

Blow the misty valleys clear.

Stand and see

Italy

Cast the gyves she wears no more

To the gulfs that steep her shore.

## Autumn.\*

A SONNET BY LONGFELLOW.

Thou comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,  
With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,  
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,  
And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain!  
Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,  
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand  
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,

Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain!  
Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended  
So long beneath the heavens o'erhanging eaves,  
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended;  
Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves;  
And, following thee, in thy ovation splendid,  
Thine almoner, the wind scatters the golden leaves.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Confessions of a Musical Soul.

(From the posthumous papers of a Moravian Sister.)

(Continued from page 228.)

An event which forms an epoch in my life happened at this time; the death of my father, my guardian, instructor and nearest friend. Having belonged to the musical choir of our village, his obsequies were solemnized by more than the usual demonstrations that announce a death and impart the deepest interest to the scenes of interment. As soon as body and spirit dissolve their earthly alliance, the dirge is heard sending its pathetic tones through the calm quiet air of the village.

The performers of this death chorale are a Quartet and are stationed on high, near the belfry of the church. The first tones of their instruments bursting suddenly and unexpectedly upon the ear, suspend for a moment all other avocations, and the question occurs, in the phraseology of the Moravian, "Who has gone home?" ("Wer ist heimgegangen?")

During the church service a long and interesting auto-biography was read, compiled from my parent's manuscripts; for he as well as many others of his day, kept his diary of the little inner and outer events of a life distinguished by such an unruffled tenor. In this memoir, many peculiarities of thought, many artless incidents are introduced, expressive of a Zinzendorfian mode of life, worship and language.

A German by birth, his education and all the associations of his life were essentially of a German nature. He had been nurtured and trained in one of the German Moravian villages, had never seen the great organizer himself, Count Zinzendorf, but had been in such communication with those who had lived in the days of the "Disciple,"\* and listened to his teachings, heard his lyrical improvisations from his own lips and witnessed his life of philanthropy, so that he was aroused by, and animated with, all the fervor of that peculiar cultus, which distinguished our people of an earlier day.

In his auto-biography he presented a picture of the scenes of those primitive times, not the day of a religious fanaticism mixed up with a perfect religious drama, wherein worship became an actual stage representation, but of that unexceptionable piety and self-sacrifice which elevated the men and women of our past history into an unique model of humanity and rendered them a phenomenon to the world of callous and self-indulgent thought. Of his musical employments, his various discoveries in the philosophy or æsthe-

\* Zinzendorf was termed "Der Jünger," or "The Disciple."

tics of music, he left but a sparse record. He was not devoid of the musical temperament, and it was to that extreme organic sensitiveness that distinguishes all musical natures, he attributed much of his success in performance and conception. But of those vagaries of thought, those fitful moods of feeling and action that make his class a peculiarity of the race, he left no traces in his diary. How strange that the perversities, the contradictions, the loves, the hatreds, the attractions and repulses of a musical, or I might say of a poetical, temperament, embody so much soul; and that all this struggle at last finds vent in tonic, in poetical yearnings, in painting nature, in grasping at, though not reaching, the great unknown!

Why musical beings, why all artists of a delicate mould, are swayed and led by moods and impulse, can be explained in some measure by referring it to a too near contact with persons of more crude and practical natures. But another, a more easy and natural solution of the riddle of a musical nature may be found in the fact, that when we leave the province of tone and reënter the world of dull truth, there is a vast descent—we are liable to feel all the consequences of the change—reality is a disappointment, a thwarting of all the exalted aspirations into which tone-poetry had led us. Life is too real, and the more we live in music, the more unreal every thing around should become, to supply happiness. The anatomy of my father's nature, from whose strange composition there sprung forth so many beautiful effusions of lyrical music, was not an easy subject for my feeble philosophy, and in the course of his memoir, I was often reminded of those mysterious qualities that make up the artist's temperament and originate so many of the distresses of an inner life. Harmony and gentleness flow together and unite us with all surrounding congenial spirits; then comes the qualm of disgust, a feeling of repulsiveness; a dislike bordering on hatred; a disunion of our loves and friendships; a perverseness of tastes and inclinations; a wish for some vague nothing; and that proceeds till some new musical creation rises up and restores order, unity of thought, and a perfect ideal love.

In accordance with custom, no cenotaph or sculptural tomb marked the place of burial; but an oblong marble tablet, with a simple inscription of birth, birth-place and death, distinguished the resting-place of my lost parent. Much attention is paid to the cemetery, in laying out the ground, surrounding the tablet with flowers, and adorning the walks with trees, and every effort is made to render the place a resort of sacred pleasure, open at all times for friend and stranger. Here I now often repaired for meditation, and not unfrequently when a musical interment drew the multitude together, did I follow, to enter into the enjoyments of the dirge, played in the open air, among the trees, where the birds were singing, where, at a time of over-drawn excitement, the spirits of the departed seemed to hover; where Hope was the presiding angel, leading you on-

wards toward a place of final bliss; and where a general feeling of repose and quiet indicated that here was the symbol of man's eventual destiny. One link broken, I now more than ever before swayed between life the mortal and life the eternal; calling up before my dreamy vision images of a musical unearthliness, and so purely harmonious, so deep in the combinations of those exquisite chords that never fail in their effect, even upon untaught ears; breathing peace, hope, joy to the disturbed soul, and anon looking forward to an emancipation from this dull bondage of care, and a realization of all that, of which our finest tone images are but a shadow.

But during this later stage of thought and study, I felt as if my powers were ever putting on more and more of that maturity which belongs to the autumn of life, clothing its fruits in the mellow colored garb of mental perfection, and filling up all the vacancies of a youthful intellectual growth with the fullness and ripeness of old age. As this sunset of life approaches, and is indicated by these longer shadows and that far-off obscurity that throws many past objects into uncertainty and forgetfulness, reflections force themselves upon me in reference to the utility of my own performances upon the stage, where every human being occupies a higher or lower position and acts his part. Some of us live for and dedicate ourselves to others with a devotion that makes a perfect sacrifice of egotism, while many and by far the larger portion, live for themselves, and never allow their individuality to operate upon other minds, when its influences would be of service, and where that universal philanthropy which ought to be the end of our being could come into play. Many years had been spent in the discharge of those tutorial services, which among us have no adequate remuneration above the ordinary gratitude of the pupil, who sometimes evinces it by an occasional acknowledgement of love and affection for those who have instructed her. In this capacity, therefore, I was conscious of having surrendered all selfish gratifications, sacrificed many of the little vanities and those temptations to self-adoration, that characterize so many of my sex, to the pursuit of nobler ends.

But a more serious question, which I frequently put to myself, was, how had I been benefitted, or in how far had I contributed to the elevation of others, by my ceaseless musical studies? That I had lived in the poetry of tone, had discoursed in its language from day to day, and had even fancied I had wandered beyond boundaries to which others who had gone before me had been limited, was left me as a consoling truth, after the many years I had spent in these pursuits; and I felt unwilling to draw an inference from all this that to me music had proved nothing more than an inane gratification. I was conscious of the position it held among the sister arts, and that, in all its moral influence, it should never be ranked below painting, written poetry or sculpture.

The life I had lived, therefore, was in the æsthetics of religion, viewing a musical cultus in this peculiar sense; and with this avowal, I look forward to my withdrawal from the scenes of this outward life, with the conviction that my musical devotion was productive of good results. Many have seen fit to prescribe the limits of religion, in its relations to æsthetic morality, and have deemed that an infringement of the purity and

reality of a Christian belief, which adores the beautiful and thus jeopardizes its dogmatism and the performances of its mere duties.

But I feel convinced that no one has ever drawn that fine line of demarcation between religion and poetry, which limits each to its proper sphere; nor has it ever been shown how near poetry approaches the lofty and sacred province of the former, for those mysterious qualities of our nature, those incomprehensible instincts of our humanity which give birth to a love of beauty and solemnity of feeling, invariably mingle and fraternize, and leave us in doubt whether such elements can be separated.

Our primitive Moravian culture was æsthetic in all that relates to the inner or impalpable forms of beauty, such as we find in music and in religious poetry. For it cannot be said that all poetry is impalpable. Its imagery, when derived from the outward world, becomes visible and is of the earth. Music, in its purer and sacred forms, free from imitation or description of external life, is impalpable and proceeds from an invisible world. Our cultus was thus deeply imbued with a heavenly poetry, and by addicting one's self to its spirit and its usages, we could at times realize a foretaste of that unseen condition which is supposed to follow this material condition, whose investiture is marked by such strange contrasts of hideousness and beauty.

In some of these later days of calm contemplation of the nature and essence of music, moments of transient doubt have come over me as to the existence of any analogy between a musical *motive* and a stanza of written poetry—between a musical and a written thought; whether that totally abstracted thought which harmonized tone arrangements embody, is not altogether an unearthly conception and worthy of being ascribed to Heaven. Had I ever, in the study and works of the congenial arts, found myself as strongly drawn from earth or as deeply absorbed in the hope of a celestial life, as I was tempted to indulge in, while listening to the strains of the Moravian chorale? And could any word definition ever lay before the mind the disclosures of sacred song, or the sublimity of feeling engendered by the Oratorio?

These and similar reflections often excite within me a dilemma as to whether music really has an exponent, or whether its thoughts are its own and undefinable by any powers of criticism or rhetoric. And while yet delaying among those dim and uncertain shadows that flit around me, what a glorious solace to think that these forms of musical beauty shall soon have a realization in the world that awaits me!

Though happy is my present lot, I am prepared, at any moment to depart, whenever called, to the mansions of eternal rest. I feel assured that my hours of musical exaltation have all been prefigurations of an unseen life, and hence I regard my passage into an hereafter as a blissful transition.\*

J. H.

\* In reference to this sentiment it may be remarked that the Moravian always entertained æsthetic views of death. In illustration of this are the rites of interment, the localities of the tomb, and the cheerful avowal that death has no terrors and is merely a transitional event. Inordinate grief is rarely seen accompanying the catastrophe of death, and a hopeful tone characterizes all his expressions in relation to its bereavements.

DRESDEN (Germany) has at last, on the 26th of July, been blessed with the first performance of Verdi's "Trovatore." It was a success of course.

### The Diarist Abroad.

Dorm, Sept. 9, 1860.

I heard a story the other day, which pleased me. When Rau's absurd book on Mozart was appearing in parts, Prof. Jahn of course bought them as they appeared, he being at the time engaged upon his great biography of the composer. Rau's utter lack of comprehension of the real character of Mozart, his singular ignorance of the man's history beyond what Nissen had published, and the general feebleness of the whole thing, being without one spark of real genius from the first to the last, made the book a source of great fun to the professor, and, through him, to the gentlemen who dined at the same table in one of the hotels.

"Well, Professor, anything new on Mozart?" was the question one day just after Jahn had received and gone through with one of the most ridiculous numbers.

As there was a great deal of "new" in that number, Jahn proceeded to elicit "inextinguishable laughter" by giving them Rau's latest inspirations. All but one—a stranger—enjoyed it highly. He, however, seemed rather ill at ease. It was afterward discovered that this man was Heribert Rau himself, who, as it seems, had come down the Rhine from Frankfort to pump Jahn for materials to abuse, but who after this dinner thought best to sneak away without speaking with the Professor.

In the *Life of Mozart* Jahn has honored Rau and other *Mährchen* writers with a note of which I should not like to be the subject.

So I am not alone in my dislike to, and contempt for, false pictures of historical personages. For real *Mährchen*, i. e., stories, where the imagination invents the personages as well as the scene in which they act, my taste is strong. I consider them as among the best means of elevating and cultivating a genuine taste for music. Hence an intense love for Hoffman's writings, great pleasure in the musical sketches of Weisflog and others of their school.

But there is a side to this question, which we who search for facts—and facts are good things in spite of ridicule—perhaps alone feel. And this side is the labor, expense and disappointment in which these distorters of facts involve us. I am told in *Dwight's Journal* that such sketches are understood for what they are and nobody is deceived by them. With all due respect, this is not so. They get into currency and finally are adopted as history. And this sort of *history* has cost me weeks of labor and time, and of course all the expenses of living in a foreign land.

How so? do you ask?

Case I. There is a long and very interesting (to the general reader) sketch called "Beethoven in the beginning of his troubles." This I found in a respectable German periodical told as history, in the musical department of the Royal Library at Berlin. I could obtain no copy of the periodical and spent some days in copying it. It proved afterward to be the meanest kind of bosh. Last season, a gentleman who is editing a Biographical Dictionary, lent me this sketch as history, and was surprised to learn from me that it was mere fancy work—poor stuff, too, at that.

Case II. A gentleman directed my attention to a long and fine article (as he said) in a literary periodical, which would give me certain valuable facts and traits in Beethoven's character.

So from bookstore to bookstore, from library to library I went to find the periodical. After much loss of time and trouble it occurred to me that the Imperial Library must have it. Sure enough half a dozen bound volumes were brought me, and I set myself to work searching for my article. At last! It proved to be a lot of anecdotes printed with "pictures to match," the last of which was an old acquaintance, which I had ten years ago carefully copied, and found afterward to be — bosh. It is the old story how the tenor singer Barth visited Beethoven one day and found him just about to burn a piece of music. "Let me first sing it," says Barth. He did so, and Beethoven exclaimed, "No, we will not burn it." It was the Adelaide! Is it not a pity that so good a story should be met by this *fact*? Barth first came to Vienna in 1808, when Adelaide had already been printed over ten years.

Case III. The following capital story was related me in Vienna in relation to the composition of the "Battle of Vittoria." No, I will not tell it, for even if I state as preface and appendix that it is false, some ass will print it as fact, and when the death-angel has touched me, some other ass will come to my bedside and wonder that it found no place in the book — to be written. Suffice it to say, that this story was a main reason for a journey of a hundred miles or more, and was there shorn of nine-tenths of its dimensions; that the other tenth has nothing whatever to do with the "Battle of Vittoria," and Schindler has since confirmed me in the opinion that it cannot possibly be true in all that gives it any importance.

Case IV. When Gungl was in America, he used to tell a story with tears in his eyes, which story — not tears — I have also in in print, in a short biography of Beethoven published in Bonn, in 1845. The story has gone the rounds, I believe, in German, French, and English. It relates how Beethoven in the autumn of 1826, too poor to hire a vehicle, travelled on foot from Baden (in Austria) to Vienna; stopped over night in a peasant house; saw — for he could not hear — the members of the family play a piece of music arranged as a quintette: then looked at the music and found it to be his own Seventh Symphony; then burst into tears and exclaimed "I am Beethoven!"; and then there was a deuce of a fuss generally, &c., and he marched out into the cold night air, and next day reached Vienna sick, went to bed and was borne from the bed to the tomb. This whole story is certainly false from beginning to end, and yet it is printed as biography?

Case V. In the recollections of Madame Schröder which have appeared in the "Gartenlaube," and which profess to be historical and are received as truth, is a sketch of her first appearance in *Fidelio* — not the story of the Polko, though — which I took the time and pains to copy. Upon seeing Schindler afterwards, I asked him about it, and he assured me that Beethoven was not present at the performance! At the second performance he was; but so far from sitting "so enveloped in his cloak that only his glowing eyes were visible," the Vienna papers of the day state that he sat in one of the front boxes. "The whole story," says Schindler, "is a lie."

Case VI. In *Dwight's Journal* of Aug. 11, Article on Wagner, that composer's sketch "A Visit

to Beethoven" is mentioned. This article, done into German, has attained the currency east of the Rhine as history, which it, I suppose, still enjoys in France. Wagner never saw Beethoven, and the whole story is a fabrication. What trouble and time it cost me to prove this!

Case VII. A gentleman here in Bonn, who has long been a collector of Beethoven matter, placed before me the other day one of these sketches, I forget now what, with no doubt of its authenticity. I saw at once it was one of my abominable nightmares — or day bores — and told him it was a mere fancy sketch, to his great surprise and even sorrow.

Enough of these cases.

If there was any way of compelling writers of this class to live from hand to mouth a few years in a foreign land, and go through with the literary drudgery of making researches, and be continually and everywhere met by this sort of trash as history, being thus often led into the wrong track and to the loss of weeks of time and labor, this is all the punishment I would inflict upon them. So far from being punished they make money by their absurdities.

With Heribert Rau's book upon Beethoven, the matter has a worse side. It seems hardly worth while to speak of a so-called Romance, which in our country, when once its character is known, would only be read in a brothel, and by people of low tastes. Suffice it to say that he represents Beethoven's brother, Carl Caspar, as selling his handsome wife for vile purposes, and that too utterly without foundation, and notwithstanding that wife is still living near Vienna, and the family of Caspar's son, now a widow with a fine set of children, some of them grown up and married, still living in that city. Unfortunately there is too much of sad truth which the biographer must expose in the history of Beethoven, but what right has a miserable romancer to make such trash the basis of a tissue of vile, lewd scenes, which we cannot read aloud in mixed company without blushing, and which heap infamy upon the name of a respectable and most amiable family?

What would the people of Boston say to Sylvanus Cobb, should he make the sad Cambridge tragedy the subject of a romance, and that too, without changing the names, and even by dragging the unhappy wife into his plot as a criminal?

Could you see, as I have seen, and hear as I have heard, the tears and sobs, of a widow and mother, outraged in her holiest feelings, by the infamously false descriptions and pictures of Heribert Rau, you would share the indignation which rises in my breast whenever his name comes to my ears or meets my eyes. And this, this — what? — this filler of his pockets by an almost obscene book, in which he has multiplied tenfold the sins of the fathers, and then visited them upon the still living children — this getter of money out of the tears and sleepless nights of the widow and the fatherless — *this* man, as the newspapers inform us, has now in hand another romance, on whom? Ye Gods! on Alexander von Humboldt, which is to be rendered piquant by certain love adventures of his youth! If he has done this, as he has done Beethoven, God grant that the Humboldt family will have power and influence — which Carl van Beethoven's poor widow has not — to confiscate the book and punish its infamous writer with five years on bread and water in the state's prison!

It is high time that this sort of thing be stopped. See here. The late noble Wilhelm Grimm, when very young loved Dorothea Wild. Circumstances over which they had no control, prevented their marriage for several years. Meantime he and his brother had become inseparable. When at length their prospects brightened the marriage took place. Some years later a farce was written, entitled "One must Marry." This farce had a great success. Why? Because it was known everywhere, that those two great and noblehearted men, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, were the subjects of ridicule and low farce, in this piece!

Perhaps another "Letter to the D——" may overcome my objections even to Rau; I fear not, however, until certain facts related to me with sobs and tears, but in confidence, have passed from memory, but which seem now to be fixed there "as with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever." A. W. T.

#### A CHANCE FOR BARNUM.

In the villages of the Rhine valley there is an unusual festival called the "Kirmess," which is supposed to be a celebration of the dedication of the church in years ago. At least such is supposed to be the origin of the festival. We have nothing like it now, but the old country "muster" of thirty years ago, was not so very dissimilar. In large villages a Kirmess draws together all sorts of vagabonds, who set up their booths and open their exhibitions, as described in some of Dickens' works. Giants and dwarfs, jugglers, circus riders, the man with the young walrus, he with the double-headed calf, low theatres, and nobody knows what all. At Putschen, half an hour's walk from Bonn, we saw all these and long rows of booths besides, occupied with shows and with articles of all sorts, which the peasantry could need, for sale. Sunday is the great day of the feast, when the crowd becomes almost impervious, notwithstanding the great numbers who are within the booths witnessing exhibitions, refreshing themselves with eatables and drinkables of all (cheap) sorts, or in the dance houses, whirling in the waltz. What a music was that in the principal dance house — half a dozen old brass instruments, execrable in tone and execrably out of tune! Little did the crowd heed that, however: the main thing was the dance, and there was no lack of peasant girls, neat and clean in Sunday dresses for the constant succession of "danz-lust-ish" young men.

By the way, Byron *must* have been a poet, for a man, who could speak of these girls,

"Peasant girls with bright blue eyes  
And hands that offer early flowers"

as something poetical, must have been blessed with a double share of imagination.

But to Barnum's chance. His speculation with the *Swiss* bell-ringers (from Yorkshire, England) and that with Jenny Lind, we propose should be followed by another, also musical, and which we think might be made to pay. We confess, however, in our ignorance of the real "capabilities" of the new light in the singing world, except so far as they are developed in the following sketch, which we translate and condense from a German paper.

A few weeks since the Kirmess was in full tide at Brühl, near Cologne, and shows and booths were in all their glory as above described. One of the railroad trains from Cologne, which halted

at Brühl had a young Englishman for passenger, with a handsome sum of money in his pocket, and bent upon having a high time, during an excursion "up the Rhine." The station was crowded with people and as he looked them over, an old Cologne acquaintance caught his eye, who for his part greeted the Englishman joyously. A few words and the latter made up his mind to leave the train and "inaugurate" his jolly tour with the glories of Kirmess. After half an hour in the inn over good wine and in lively talk, the Englishman slipped away in quest of personal adventures. He wandered about from booth to booth, enjoying the oddities and drolleries of the crowds. Of this too, he in time, grew weary, and must find some new amusement. Why not he himself, take part in the business of the day! A happy thought!

There was among the shows one booth in which a Hercules exhibited his feats of strength. Thither he wended his way and proposed to the strong man to sing on his stage, four English national songs, gratis. Hercules should have the entrance fees—and he, the Englishman, only hoped that they would be abundant. Agreed; and now in front of the booth it was drummed and fided and shouted aloud that an Englishman was to sing four national songs. But nobody cared for the national songs of Albion. But the singer *must* sing—for had he not determined to do it—and must not John Bull carry out his determinations? "Fill the booth with spectators, I will pay the fees," said he, and in a few minutes every seat was occupied.

But the English national songs had no charms for the German ears—certainly not for those of German peasants, notwithstanding a Scotch song or two have saved a German opera. The singer's auditors laughed in his face. This was not pleasant, and the vocalist "waxed wroth." He grew indignant to such a degree as to draw off his coat, strike an attitude and challenge the laughers to fight. That was jolly, and a burst of applause from the sixty or seventy persons present followed. After some little discussion and hesitation, four strong, lusty young peasants mounted the stage, not doubting that they could make mincemeat of the slender Englishman, and without trouble. Four against one; but that one understood his business, and after a few fisticuffs, two of them lay at length.

The other two adopted new tactics. What cared they for boxing rules and regulations? Their intention was to give the Englishman a thrashing, rules or no rules. "They rushed in upon him, and being soon joined by the other two, who had picked themselves up and were not very amicably disposed towards the singer of national songs, the boxer began to get the worst of it. Indeed he was thrown down, and it rained fists from all sides upon him, while the audience laughed and shouted and hurraed in ecstasy. The noise called in Hercules, who rescued his singer from what had become an almost perilous situation.

After recovering himself, and getting breath once more, and finding no bones broken, he drew on his coat, and, satisfied with the humors of the of the Kirmess, returned to the Pavilion inn to his friend.

He related his adventures—his version of them—and when the whistle announced the approach of the train, he prepared to spend the night at Rolandseck or the Seven Mountains.

His bill must be paid. He put his hand in the breast pocket of his coat; his pocket-book was gone. It was sought in vain; the crier was sent through the village and among the booths, but no reward offered brought it back. The singer of national songs was at last glad to embrace the offer of his friend, and borrow of him money to pay his passage direct to London; where, for aught the Journal of Music knows he is ready to accept an engagement for Barnum's Museum, or even as *primo uomo* in an English Opera.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

### From Spohr's Autobiography.

"VENICE, October, 1816.

Paganini returned hither yesterday from Trieste, and seems to have given up the idea of going to Vienna at present. He called on me this morning, and I at last made the acquaintance of this wonderful man, about whom I have been talked to every day since I have been in Italy. No instrumental performer has ever so roused the Italians as Paganini. Although the Italians are not very fond of instrumental music, he has given ten entertainments in Milan, and five here. When you enquire by what witchcraft he enchants his public, you are told by unmusical persons that he is a genuine necromancer, and produces tones on the violin that have never been heard before. *Connoisseurs* will tell you, however, that the great dexterity of his left hand in double stops and all kinds of rapid passages cannot be denied, that however those qualities of his playing which transport the great multitudes, in fact lower him to a juggler, a *charlatan*, and that he is wanting in a large tone, a long stroke of the bow and tasteful treatment of cantabile passages, which are certainly sad deficiencies. These artifices, (which the Italian public are so much taken with, that they have given him as a nickname, "*The Unapproachable*," (which title, by the way, he has modestly adopted in the signature on his portrait,) consist in a lot of tricks such as in the dark times of good taste a certain Schiller used to perform in the small towns and petty capitals of Germany, and at which the good people used to stare with mouths wide open, viz., in flageolet tones, in variations on one string—the other three for the sake of effect being removed in sight of the public before commencing—in pizzicato passages, produced by the left hand alone, and in the imitation of sounds which are unnatural to the violin, as for instance the peculiar tones of a bassoon, the voice of an old woman and others. As I have never heard Schiller—whose motto was "One God, one Schiller" I should like much to have an opportunity to hear Paganini in his own manner, the more so, as an artist who is so much admired must certainly possess more real merits than those mentioned. The cause of his eminence as a player is said to have been a four years imprisonment to which he was condemned for strangling his wife to death in a fit of anger. At least this is the story told openly in Milan, and here. Not being able to entertain himself with reading or writing, as his education had been utterly neglected, he fell to practising the violin, and there it was where he invented and perfected those tricks which now astonish the whole of Italy. By unpleasant and impolite manners he has made several enemies among the influential musical people here, and these, after I have played for them, take every opportunity to praise me up at the expense of Paganini, which is not only very unjust, as two artists of such totally different style as Paganini and myself, should never be measured together, but also prepossesses all of Paganini's friends and admirers against me."

WORDER IF THEY DO.—They had a "Board of Music Trade Convention" in town the other day. *Vanity Fair* begs to inquire if the Board of Music traders take each other's notes for pay?

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Johanna Kinkel's Eight Letters to a Friend

ON INSTRUCTION ON THE PIANO.

(Translated by WM. GRACET, A. M.)

[MR. EDITOR: The author of these "letters" who met with so untimely a fate at London, has deservedly enjoyed a wide reputation in her country, both as a musician and a poet. Her "letters" will clearly prove how thoroughly familiar she was with the musical art. As to her excellency as a poet, allow me to remark that when once in the stirring times of the German Revolution, her husband, Prof. Kinkel read to a vast assembly a most exquisite poem on the aroused nation's struggle, and the listening multitude asked for its author's name, I heard Kinkel exclaim with the fervor of an admiring husband: *My wife* wrote it, and the thousands standing around the platform burst into a universal applause. Mrs. Kinkel introduces her "letters" with the following preface:

"This book is particularly destined for musically educated mothers who live in the country or in small towns, and are obliged for want of a competent music teacher, to undertake or control themselves the instruction of their children in this department.

The observations contained in these letters and acquired during a many years' experience, might also benefit some music teachers in their first start."]

#### I.

You ask my advice with regard to the instruction on the piano to be given to your daughter. I cheerfully avail myself of this opportunity to write down many an experience made in this department, with the hope of benefitting others beside you. I do not presume to teach professional musicians; but the class of talented and well educated performers on the piano to whom you belong, who with all their own acquirements might hardly be able to instruct a child will perhaps thank me for giving them some hints in order to obtain the method by which I enjoyed so much success. It is true that with the assistance of the many excellent "schools" and "studies" for the piano, published by masterly musicians during many years, any musical man with ordinary patience and clear conceptions may become a tolerable teacher; but it will none the less be desirable to have the path of our own experience somewhat shortened. For it is certainly detrimental to beginners to receive an impression of wavering uncertainty by the teacher's following various ways of instruction which he is likely to give up as his experience increases.

I need, of course, not tell you, in what manner you are to teach your pupils the notes and rests, as well as the general rules of performance. You need only take a standard Piano "Instruction Book" to get a guide for the entire course of instruction. But such a book being once selected, you must certainly go through it. You may, for the sake of encouraging the pupils, if they should become weary, allow some cheerful favorite piece as a temporary interruption; but you must return at once to the Instruction Book. If the latter does not contain a sufficient number of little pieces, you may find in every music store, a complete series of such pieces under the title: "*Exercices préparatoires*" by Aloys Schmidt.

I content myself, with regard to the first instruction, with pointing out such details as are most frequently overlooked or neglected, important though they are.

We direct your attention above all to the *correct raising of the fingers*, and the observance of the *grammatical accent*.

Both rules are so easy and self-evident, that I am ashamed to speak of them. But as many performers have wasted their time for years by futile instruction, and must retrace their steps, simply because they have impatiently skipped over those first steps; it is



not superfluous again and again, to direct the attention of every teacher to it.

It is with spoiled pupils, very painful to undertake opposing at once their various short comings, since this constant interruption and blame on the part of the teacher confuses and exasperates them. Turn, therefore, your entire attention above all, and first to the mechanism of the fingers required by the very easiest pieces, and consider that the more strictly you oblige the beginners to learn, that the sooner you will enter with them a more pleasant field.

I am aware that he who teaches music for the first time, very often becomes tired of instructing. He must alternately drive out deeply rooted habits of pupils, negligently taught by former instructors, or incessantly warn small children not to hold their fingers too flatly. He will impatiently ask if there is on earth a more futile and tiresome task. He has perchance looked deeply into the soul of music, and is now to impart to his pupils his beloved art as an external skill of performing something on an instrument, instead of teaching them to think and feel musically. He would much rather be the magnetic stone attracting all those around him to music's bourne, and prepare the way for the creations of the immortal masters which are lifeless to all such as cultivate music as a thoughtless plaything.

This vexation of the teacher, whose original zeal is dulled by the beginner's stiff fingers, and slow perception is very soon communicated to the latter. Children's fingers, in particular, are as yet lacking in the muscular power required to raise them elastically after each tone. The constant call: fingers up! displeases them, and if in addition, the teacher's aversion to the mechanical part of his avocation, becomes permanent and manifests itself by a sullen, impartial bearing to his pupils, he often destroys in them the germ of future good results.

The teacher's task for the first step, in developing the mechanism of fingers is, after all, like any other handiwork, during which he must not carelessly meditate upon some other entertainment. He must look out for the acquirement of the finger's skill with just the same interest, which the turner or metal-working man exhibits in polishing his material.

Whoever is impatient of detail, and insensible even to the most insignificant results of his toil, has no talent for teaching.

Just try it, and devote yourself once with close attention, to the simple task of teaching a child to play a scale perfectly evenly. The liveliness of your interest, the cheerfulness with which you will e. g. remark: "there were only two indistinct tones in it now! now there is but one! now you have played it quite correctly," passes over to the child. It will now of itself attend closely to its touch, and hear with satisfaction every success. If you conquer indolence and weariness in yourself, you will carry the pupil along with you. It would not be amiss to insert alternately a more pleasing composition between dry exercises, provided you choose so as to promote this study and not to spoil the taste. The pleasant is sufficiently intermixed with the useful in the studies of recent composers, and if the pupils have once reached this step, they should surely not complain of any want of pleasing variety in their exercises.

It is decidedly injurious to pass with restless haste from one piece to another before the former has been studied and performed to perfection. The pupils should from the first start learn to appreciate a finished purity of execution as an unavoidable necessity.

If you bear in mind that an insignificant fault in the attitude of fingers, will render afterwards an appreciative performance impossible, you will not, like so many dilettanti, regard mechanical skill as a sort of contrast to expressive performance. The former must exist as a means for the purpose before the latter can be expected from the pupil. How can a per-

former, be he ever so clear and understanding, represent beauty in music, if his fingers are obstinate?

Whoever undertakes, then, the task of instructing a beginner, should be honest to him and not hasten away over the prosaic portion of his avocation, in order to amuse himself on the expense of the pupil.

(To be continued.)

### Madame Clara Novello.

The retirement of Mad. Clara Novello from the Sacred Concert-room will leave a blank which at present there does not appear any likelihood of being filled up. Such a loss to sacred art is indeed to be deeply lamented, more particularly at a time when oratorios, become an entertainment for the people, are progressing rapidly in general estimation, and when their performances are no longer restricted to special localities and periods. Such an artist as Mad. Novello must have had some hand or voice in conducing to this progress. Many no doubt would at first go to hear the singer, with no particular predilection for holy strains, who subsequently, taught to attend and understand, would be attracted by the music itself. If ever a singer was constituted to exercise an influence over a large auditory, it was the lady who forms the subject of our remarks. Mad. Novello has not only a voice of surpassing quality and purity, but her style and manner are eminently adapted to sacred music. The beauty and purity of her voice were acknowledged from the first moment when, as a girl, she was launched into artistic life, and dared the fiat of the public alongside of Malibran, Grisi, Caradori, Sontag, Mary Paton, and other *cantatrices*, native and foreign, who were more or less remarkable in the roll of fame. A new star in such a constellation, the youthful Clara Novello was not obfuscated in the surrounding lustre. She gained hosts of admirers, who were enchanted with her lovely voice and the refinement of her style, and augured the most brilliant results for her future. That these auguries have not been falsified we need hardly say. Mad. Novello's career has been one of undeviating success, and no part of her progress has been marked by greater triumphs than that which dates from her return to public life after several years' interval passed in retirement. Indeed, our principal regret at losing the artist is bound up with the fact that her vocal powers are as transcendent as ever, and that time has only added to the purity and delicacy of her style. Mad. Novello's powers been on the wane our regrets would have been extenuated by the consideration that she was acting cautiously and judiciously; anticipating Time as it were, and succumbing to his supremacy ere he could lay too heavily his hand upon her—thereby exhibiting art to the last, as she stood on the threshold of the temple about to take her leave. Mad. Novello's reasons for quitting public life are alleged to be of a private nature. The loss to the public is the same whatever the cause.

The qualities which eminently befit Mad. Clara Novello for the sacred concert-room are the peculiar character of the voice, and a style essentially devotional. Mad. Novello's voice is a high soprano, pure, open, brilliant, clear and liquid as a well-tuned silver bell, and extremely sympathetic. In the upper register some of the tones are wonderfully touching. This rare organ, so available, it would seem, for all purposes, so capable, so beautiful and so telling, is toned down and sobered to a religious feeling that lends it its peculiar characteristic, and makes it almost sombre in expression and coloring. From this peculiarity, this sombreness of tone, Mad. Novello derives her special power in sacred music. Of that "demonstrative" quality so indispensable to the dramatic singer she exhibits but little, and is seldom outwardly energetic or forcible. Intensity without display, and earnestness arising from a manner full of repose and apparently absorbed, constitute the specialties which distinguish Mad. Novello from all other singers of sacred music. So rapt, indeed, is she at most times in her performance, that, even when singing, could our ears deceive us so, she might stand as an exemplification of Wordsworth's Nun, "breathless with adoration." Whether this be pure instinct or the most consummate art, we cannot say. In either case the result is the same, and the wondrous influence of the vocalist made manifest. When shall England be able to boast of another singer who can produce such extraordinary effects by such simple means? When shall England boast of another singer who, while disclaiming, if not failing in, that dramatic vigor and impassioned energy which all candidates for lyric honors, on or off the stage, have made the be-all and end-all of their acquirements, may be able to achieve such greatness and renown? The brightest luminary of the Sacred Concert-room

is about to disappear for ever—when to be replaced lies buried in the womb of Time.—*London Musical World*, Sept. 22.

### An Unknown Opera by Donizetti.

The following are particulars relative to the recently discovered manuscript opera of *Rita*. One day, as Donizetti was walking along the Boulevard des Italiens, depressed and sad, he was accosted by his friend, M. Gustave Vaez (author of the libretto of *La Favorite*). "I die with ennui," he exclaimed; "pray suggest something to occupy my mind, even if it be but one act." A comic subject was agreed upon; two days after, the first act was brought by the author to the composer, who soon accomplished his task; to be brief, within the week the opera (*Rita*) was finished. It was accepted with eagerness by the director of the Opéra Comique, M. Crosnier, but never produced, for the following cause. M. Auber, at that time the presiding deity of the Opéra Comique, had been vainly solicited to have his work ready at the period named, but replied that it was impossible, and chose the month of March following for its performance. In this dilemma, M. Crosnier addressed himself to Donizetti and an agreement was duly drawn up between them. M. Auber, who was in ignorance of this agreement, wrote a few days afterwards to the manager, retracting his first decision, and fixing November as the precise period he wished his opera to appear. Great was M. Crosnier's embarrassment; but by employing a little tact, he hoped to extricate himself. Donizetti, who did not at all understand theatrical diplomacy, was at first much puzzled by the manager's preliminary eloquence, but a light flowing into his mind, he divined the real state of the case, and coming at once to the point, said, "Oh, now I see; it is the engagement with me that is the difficulty in question; I am not in the habit of using a magisterial order to enforce a performance of my music," and taking up the paper he tore it in pieces. Feeling, however, much hurt, he refused to part with the score. Unfortunately for M. Crosnier, Auber within a few days again altered his mind, and gave notice that he should adhere to his original arrangement of producing his opera in March. Meantime the management of the Opéra Comique devolved on M. Basset, and the latter, finding an entry of the piece in the books of the theatre, proposed to M. Gustave Vaez to put it at once into rehearsal. The illustrious composer was already attacked by the cruel disease of the brain which, alas! paralysed his fine intellect, and his brother—chief of the military bands of the Sultan, at Constantinople—did not judge it right, while the poor maestro writhed in his bed of agony in a *Maison de Sante*, at Issy, to deliver over the fruits of that intellect to the anatomical discussions of the critic. Donizetti was taken to Bergamo, his native town, in a dying state, where he yielded up his last sigh. A seal was put on all his papers, amongst which was the score of *Rita*. Adolphe Adam, who was aware of the existence of this MS., wished to produce it while he was director of the Opéra Nationale, and M. Gustave Vaez wrote to M. Joseph Donizetti, and received the following reply, dated from Constantinople: "Sir,—It is out of my power to accept your polite offer at present, as no decision has yet been made of my poor brother Gaetano's effects, and I am only a co-inheritor." The matter thus rested during several years. M. Joseph Donizetti dying, his son bought the rights of the other inheritors, and came to Paris with the score, which M. Gustave Vaez proposed to M. Perrin, now manager of the Opéra Comique. M. Perrin inquired into the authenticity of the work, and M. Gustave Vaez pledged his word of honor to having seen each piece composed by Donizetti, according as the words were brought to him. "Your simple word is enough for me," replied M. Perrin, "but it will hardly satisfy those who may be tempted to surmise a speculation on our part." M. G. Vaez proposed forming a committee capable of pronouncing on the authenticity of the work. The proposal was at once carried into effect. Individuals were chosen, not only with reference to solving the question in an artistic point of view, but also those who were acquainted with his handwriting. The list included the following names: M. Duprez, M. Laborne, who had superintended the copying of all Donizetti's music for the theatre from the original MSS.; M. Vanthart, chief director of the choruses; M. Robin, chief copyist. The committee assembled under the presidency of M. Perrin. The question to be solved was the following: "Is the score of the opera (*Rita*) complete as it has been found, orchestrated, and ready for the copyist by the hand of Donizetti?" If the committee do not come to a satisfactory conclusion on this point, M. Perrin's agreement is null and void. The score was carefully examined, and the judges unanimously pronounced that no possible

doubt could exist of its authenticity. The committee signing their names, they further stated that there was positive evidence that the music had been composed after the receipt of the words, and expressly for the French libretto.—*London Musical World*, Sept. 22.

### Worcester Musical Festival.

SEPTEMBER.

*Tuesday.*—At 12 o'clock the musical performances were inaugurated by the first part of Haydn's *Creation*, in which the most marked feature was the singing of Mad. Clara Novello, whose voice told wonderfully in "The Marvellous Work," and "With Verdure Clad," bringing the selection to a fine close. Mr. Weiss is so thoroughly at home in this as in all other of our standard works, that we need do no more than remark that his delivery of "Rolling in foaming billows" was characterised by all those good qualities which have raised and retained him in his deserved position. After a few minutes' pause, Mendelssohn's oratorio of *St. Paul* commenced, and allowing half-an-hour's interval between the first and second part, did not conclude until just 4 o'clock. Our readers are sufficiently well acquainted with this masterpiece to render all criticism on its intrinsic and manifold beauties quite superfluous. Suffice it to say then, that the general execution is entitled to commendation—principals, band, and chorus alike exerting themselves to do justice to the great work, which twenty-four years ago was produced with such success at the Düsseldorf gathering, under the direction of the great composer himself. Mesdames Clara Novello and Rudersdorff divided the soprano music; Mad. Sainton-Dolby, assisted by Miss M. Wells, the contralto; Mr. Sims Reeves alone sustaining the tenor part, and Signor Belletti the bass, supported by Mr. Briggs, one of the lay clerks of the cathedral. The choruses producing the greatest effect were "Stone him to death," "Rise up, arise," and "O great is the depth," marred however, by people who could not wait for their refreshment until the end of the first part, but persisted in getting up and disturbing everybody else. The chorales, forming so distinctive a feature in this oratorio, were also given with great smoothness and attention. The one "To thee O Lord," performed at the funeral of the late Duke of Wellington, and "Sleepers, wake, a voice is calling," especially calling forth praise. The final chorus "Not only unto him," was altogether lost for the same reason we have above alluded to. Perhaps four hours is rather too long for a sitting, especially when we consider there are yet three full mornings and three long evening concerts to come. The attendance was larger by some 300 than is usual on the Tuesday morning (a good argument for continuing the same order at future meetings)—about 1,350 persons being present.

*Wednesday.*—The concert of Tuesday was a decided improvement in more respects than one on those generally given at these meetings. In the first place the length was not excessive, as it commenced at eight and would have terminated at eleven, but for the *entrées* in the second part. So much for the quantity. Next as to the quality, likewise praiseworthy, including, as it did, two works each equally great in its way, and sufficient to stamp the concert with the individuality of good music. We allude to Dr. Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen*, heard for the first time at Worcester, and now fairly making the round of the provinces (it only remains for Hereford to follow the example of Gloucester the "fayre," and this the "faithfulle" city to complete the circle of the choirs), and Beethoven's Symphony in D, No. 2, which occupied the post of honor, the opening of the second part. Mad. Clara Novello, as the heroine, Mr. Sims Reeves as the lover, Mr. Weiss, as Robin Hood, and Miss M. Wells as the Queen, one and all acquitted themselves to perfection; the chorus, too, was unusually good, and but for the orchestral accompaniment being far too loud throughout the entire execution, would have been entitled to unqualified praise. Of course for this the conductor is responsible, and it really was a pity to hear the voices of the principals all but drowned by the loudness of the instruments. We have so frequently eulogised this work that any further laudation would be superfluous, but it is sufficient to say that the intrinsic goodness of the music is such that the pleasure of the hearer is increased at each performance, a fact which never occurs with music of an inferior character, however attractive and catching it may have been at first hearing.

This being market day, the streets are crowded with farmers and dealers, their wives and daughters with butter, poultry, fruit, &c. and by their rustic garb and dialect contrasting with the throngs of elegantly dressed people who swarmed all over the town. About

1100 were present at this morning's performance in the cathedral, and certainly enjoyed a treat of the highest order,—for the execution of Spohr's *Last Judgment* was irreproachable from beginning to end. It was at first our intention to have specialised the most remarkable points, but we find upon consideration that so doing would involve a recapitulation of almost every piece from the overture to the final chorus, and so our readers must be content to learn that never perhaps has Spohr's masterpiece been heard to greater effect. The soloists were Mesdames Rudersdorff and Sainton-Dolby, Mr. M. Smith, and Mr. Weiss, all of whom were in excellent voice, and sang with great artistic skill, Mr. Weiss especially distinguishing himself in the arduous bass part, the descriptive recitative describing the approach of the lost day being given most admirably. At the request of the Dean, who is supposed to preside in absence of the Bishop, the quartet "Blest are the departed," was repeated. The second part consisted of a selection of the most striking pieces from *Judas Macabreus*, comprising the choruses, "Mourn ye afflicted children," "O father whose Almighty power," "Dreadful of danger," "Fallen is the foe," "We never will bow down" and "Sing unto God." The whole of these were given with the greatest effect, hand and singers working with a will. To Mad. Clara Novello fell "Pious orgies" and "From mighty kings." To say that she sang these to perfection would be faint praise; and so marked an impression was produced by the latter that no one could help feeling gratified when the Dean got up and requested its repetition, with which Mad. Novello gracefully complied by again singing the second part. It made every one feel a regret that we are so soon to lose such a voice from among us, and that future festivals must look long and far before they again find any one conveying the sensations produced by those clear ringing bell-like notes. No less magnificent was Mr. Sims Reeves' delivery of the two airs set down for him, "Call forth thy powers" and "Sound an alarm," both equally well sung, but the latter absolutely electrifying the audience. Mr. Reeves was asked to repeat this, but wisely forbore from overtaxing his voice by a repetition of such a terrifically trying song. Of course all audible manifestations of applause are suppressed in a sacred building, but after such a display as those of Sims Reeves and Clara Novello, a subdued murmur seems to run round, and a thrill of delight is visible in the face of every one. Mad. Weiss achieved a most decided success in the air "O Liberty," and made many regret that the air "Wise men flattering," had not also been allotted to her. Mad. Sainton-Dolby had but little to do, but what she had was done well. Signor Belletti, who has been suffering from indisposition throughout the festival, was consequently unable to do himself justice in "Arm, arm, ye brave," or "The Lord worked wonders."

*Thursday.*—Our notice of last night's concert must necessarily be short; and as there was but one novelty in the evening (the greater part of the remainder of the programme being of an uninteresting character) our task is easy. The plot of Niels W. Gade's cantata, *The Erl King's Daughter* (first time of performance in England), is remarkably simple. A certain Sir Oluf, on the eve of his marriage, appears to have been taking a post-prandial ride "while twilight around was closing;" very unwisely he decides upon also taking a nap on the Elfin Hill, although his mamma has expressed her objection to his being "out" at night. The elfin maidens, no doubt gratified at the presence of such a distinguished guest, serenade him, and invite him to dance, while the Erl King's daughter tempts him by the offer of a silk waistcoat ("a silken vest it shall be thine"), a decided novelty in the way of attire, as the young lady's mamma, who must have been a laundress of original ideas, seems to have bleached it in "pale moonshine." Whether he accepts or declines the gift is not altogether clear; however, the lady "hurries him on," and having attained her wish ungratefully dismisses him with a prediction that he will die on the morrow. As she tells him to "ride home to his bride clad in robe of red," we conclude that in elfinland an extensive stock of ready-made gentlemen's apparel is kept on hand. Sir Oluf's mamma, who has been terribly distressed at his absence, welcomes him on his return, as does also a chorus of what we may suppose to be his tenants. Unfortunately for Sir Oluf, but fortunately for the public, the prediction is fulfilled, and the hero expires promptly; and so ends the cantata. An epilogue is tacked on very much in the shape of the "moral" to the celebrated pathetic legend, of "Villikins and his Dinah;" only instead of the advice being addressed to "All ye young maidens take warning and nor," it is "Knights who will on horseback ride" who are counselled to "stay not, like Oluf, in elfin grove with elfin maidens till morning."

Of the music we need say little more than that in parts it is invested with a certain graceful flowing melody, and that Mendelssohn has been the model the composer has sought to imitate. The execution was good, Mesdames Rudersdorff and Sainton-Dolby, with Mr. Weiss as Sir Oluf, sustaining the principal parts. On the whole, however, it is not very interesting, lacking invention, and displaying a tendency, especially in the melodramatic part of the story, to run into commonplace. The audience were not very enthusiastic at its termination; but that says nothing, as enthusiasm does not appear to be an attribute of the Worcesters.

This morning the *Elijah* has been given with enormous success. The same remarks that we applied to the *Last Judgment* will serve equally well with reference to the performance of Mendelssohn's masterpiece, which has seldom been heard to greater perfection. Mr. Weiss sustained the whole of the arduous part of the *Prophet*, and well as he sings upon most occasions, was never heard to greater advantage than on this day—his voice being in excellent order, and his delivery throughout being unexceptionable. He certainly has taken his revenge for the treatment received at the last Gloucester Festival, and at future meetings, we can hardly imagine the conductors entrusting the part of *Elijah* to any other than Mr. Weiss. Of course, Mad. Clara Novello took the first soprano music, her fine voice producing the usual effect, especially in the duet with the *Prophet*, and "Hear ye Israel." Mr. Montem Smith sang the tenor part in the first, Mr. Sims Reeves in the second division, "Then shall the righteous" being magnificently declaimed. Mesdames Weiss and Sainton-Dolby were equally praiseworthy, and touchingly as the latter lady sang "O rest in the Lord," we are glad that its repetition was not requested "by authority," as was the case with the trio, "Lift thine eyes." We have protested so frequently and unavailingly against this barbarism (for it is nothing less, to destroy the chain of harmony in such a manner), that we fear until every one shall know the *Elijah* thoroughly there will be no chance of correcting such an egregious want of taste.—*London Musical World*, Sept. 15.

**THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE OPERA IN PHILADELPHIA.**—A correspondent of the New York *Commercial Advertiser* furnishes the following account of the visit of the Prince and suite to the Philadelphia Academy of Music on Wednesday evening of last week.

The beauty of Philadelphia was present; for a more charming gathering of the fair sex could scarcely anywhere else be found, so great was the number of "handsome faces." When the full blaze of the grand chandelier was turned upon the crowded house, nothing could have been finer.

At a quarter past eight the royal party entered the box, and as the Prince advanced to the front, the lights were raised to their fullest extent, and the whole audience clapped their hands in his honor. The curtain was then raised, discovering the whole corps of artists, and the orchestra played the first few notes of "God save the Queen," at which the audience rose en masse, and remained standing during the singing of the Anthem. La Petite Patti sang the first verse in a very fine manner.

Carl Formes delivered the voice composed in honor of the Prince's visit, and the full chorus sang the last. The curtain descended amid great applause. The royal party had remained standing during the whole time; Lord Lyons in the centre, having the Prince on his left, and the Duke of Newcastle on his right; the remainder scattered around the box. They now took their seats in the following order: The front of the box was occupied by the Prince, Lord Lyons, Earl St. Germain and the Duke. Behind the Duke was General Bruce, behind the Prince Mayor Henry, and between the two Mr. Kortright, the consul.

During the playing of Hail Columbia and the overture to *Martha*, the Prince perceptibly colored painfully several times, doubtless from being the object upon which a large number of "double-barreled glasses" were leveled. However, during the performance of the opera, he often cast side looks upon the ladies through his lorgnette. In the last scene of the first act of *Martha*, the Prince enjoyed heartily the boxing match between Plunkett (Carl Formes) and Sir Tristram (Sig. Barilli), which was carried out in true John Bull style.

When *Martha* (Patti) sang the gem of the opera in Italian, she was so rapturously applauded that she repeated the melody to the English words of Tom Moore's beautiful composition

"Tis the last rose of Summer,"

which caused still greater applause by both Prince and people.

Brignoli, as Lionel, was also applauded in the beautiful tenor aria in the third act, "*M'appari tutt' amor*," which he repeated.

At the conclusion of the opera the artists were called before the curtain, and bowing to the audience and to the Prince, retired amid loud applause.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 20, 1860.

### The Music of the Day.

The music for the day, just now, is all in the streets, guiding the march of torchlight processions of all parties, in turn, and the midnight air resounds with the cheerful sounds of innumerable full bands, and the incessant roll of drums, while the blazing torches and ringing cheers for the different favorites of the day, give to our quiet streets an unwonted life.

Gilmore's Band gave a benefit concert to Ralph W. Farnham, the venerable survivor of the battle of Bunker Hill, here among us alone of all his companions on that day at the age of one hundred and five. The Tremont Temple was crowded, and doubtless the concert was a substantial benefit to the old soldier. Long may he live!

In curious contrast to this are the preparations in progress as we write, to welcome to our city the Heir Apparent of the Throne of England, ALBERT EDWARD, Prince of Wales, not the least pleasant part of which we think, to H. R. H., will be the greeting of the children of the Public Schools in the Music Hall. This is to be a musical ovation, similar in character to the recent Annual Festival of the Schools, the arrangements of the hall and the programme, being about the same. We heard the rehearsal of the music, and anticipate a complete success.

The heart of a Prince must be more insensible than that of the average of humanity that can fail to be stirred "as by the sound of a trumpet," and touched to its very core by the singing of the noble and beautiful words written for this occasion by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, to the music of the glorious anthem of Old England, sung with the enthusiasm kindled in the twelve hundred youthful hearts of the singers, by the unwonted stimulus of the Royal presence, and the universal spirit of good will and cordiality that pervades this whole people, on this occasion without a parallel in our history. Good will, good wishes and a cordial welcome to the Heir of England are in every heart and on every tongue, and the abundant tokens of this feeling on every hand, must amply atone for any occasional annoyances, and for the constant fatigue of a progress like that of the Prince through this country. True Republicanism loses nothing of its self respect in these honors, so gladly paid to the English Prince and through him to the great Free People, and the good and gracious Queen whom he represents, and there are few who cannot heartily join in the prayer, GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

## Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, OCT. 15.—We are promised this winter six classical soirées by Mr. WOLFSOHN assisted by Mr. THOMAS and many other fine players. The programme will show the kind of music our people are gradually becoming admirers of, and if

Mr. Wolfsohn plays as well this winter as he did last, and there is every reason to believe that he will execute much better, we have a rare treat in store for us. The subscription list is rapidly filling up. The following is the programme of the first soirée:

1. Quatuor (D minor.—String instruments). . . . . Haydn
2. Solo Piano (Andante splanato—Polonaise, E flat major) . . . . . Chopin
3. Solo Violin (Tamtelle). . . . . Schubert
4. Sonate, Piano and Violoncello (Andante—Allegro Finale) . . . . . Mendelssohn
5. Quatuor, Piano and String Instruments (E flat major) . . . . . Schumann

## Musical Miscellany.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Orpheus Glee-Club, or, as their official title runs, the Orpheus Musical Association, have in active preparation a musical novelty, which they intend to bring out this season. It is an opera-travesty in two acts, entitled "*The Bards*," by Julius Frondenthal, Kapellmeister to the Duke of Braunschweig. As the title signifies, music and text are a take off, a travesty, on the modern, especially the Italian opera. And we may add, after hearing one rehearsal, it is a capital hit. Burton's Po-ca-hon-tas is a mere trifle in comparison. The libretto has the additional merit of being a temperance story.

The dramatis personæ of the male sex appear in the costume of the priests of Norma, the heroine, Freia, (being the name of the wife of Wuotan), the chief god of the ancient Germans, is attired in the garb of Norma. The scene is laid in a dense forest. The child of Freia—Norma and a stranger from Berlin, who answers to the euphonious name of Piefke is a youth of light complexion, attired as a boy. The part of Freia is sung by a baritone.

The object of the society of Bards is stated by their chief in a very emphatic melodrama as follows:

The society of Bards is founded on an oath that is binding, always to carry the bottle, but never to empty it. It is further stated that any transgressor is at once to be "butchered." The chief of bards, who is unsuccessfully trying to make love to Freia, discovers her in a loving interview with the stranger, yclept Piefke, a poet, who appears to have been a tailor, Freia herself being at that time servant girl at the tavern called the Pinetree. They do not disguise the fact that they have been married clandestinely, the fruit of their union being the long-legged individual of a light complexion who rejoices in the name of Fritzchen, and is believed to be four years of age. In his wrath the chief of Bards is going to have them "butchered," when a savior appears in the person of the second chief, who is discovered to be an uncle to Piefke, having been a cobbler before. He and the chief having privately enjoyed the forbidden drink of ardent liquor, he advises Piefke to accuse the chief of this crime in public convention, which he does just as he and Freia are going to be "butchered." This plot succeeds, not, however, without burying the second chief together with the first under the ruins of their offices, whereupon Piefke is made chief, much against his will.

This is a meagre outline of the plot, which we may translate, if time and opportunity serve us. The music abounds in "first-rate airs and choruses," and we have not the least doubt, that the opera will take vastly. There is capital fun throughout the whole piece, which may prove a very pleasant diversion after the excitement of the present political campaign.

SCH.

NIEMANN, the great German tenor, who has been engaged for the performances of Wagner's "*Tannhäuser*" in Paris, as the best representative of the principal character in this opera, has lately been performing in Leipsic. The *Signale* says of him:

"With a magnificent voice and an imposing person there is coupled a demoniacal element by which, in his personifications of dramatic characters he is so intensely effective; truly demoniacal is then, too, the sound of his voice. His best part is "*Tannhäuser*." In the contest of the minstrels at Wartburg, and in the scenes of the third act, his performance is truly great. Niemann is the proper man for this character. Most of our tenors, sweet creatures, sing their story of the Venus mountain, as if they had with much pain committed it to memory. But when Niemann sings it he makes you shudder all over. It is no longer Niemann; it is Tannhäuser himself, glowing in the memory of his past revels. You feel that a mysterious power urges him on to reveal more and more, till at last the fatal confession is wrung from his lips, 'I have shared in hell's bacchanals.' The *dénouement* in the third act is given with painful truth, and here, where most singers are tried, his voice seems to be more telling than ever."

THE OPERA.—The "season" which will to-night close at the Academy of Music has been neither brilliant nor successful. Commencing, on the 3d of September, with an inordinate blast from the trumpet of the management, it has comprised (or will have comprised, if no change in to-night's performance is made) twenty-four performances. "*La Traviata*" has been four times sung; the "*Sicilian Vespers*," three times; "*Il Trovatore*," "*La Sonnambula*," "*Linda di Chamounix*" and "*Don Giovanni*," twice each; "*Lucrezia Borgia*," "*Lucia di Lammermoor*," "*Robert Le Diable*," "*Nabucco*," "*Martha*," "*Norma*," "*Il Barbiere*," "*Il Poltuto*," and "*I Puritani*," once each.

There have been one postponement, several substitutions "at a moment's notice," changes and conflicting announcements almost innumerable. The audiences have been small, except only on one occasion, and a listless air has been their prevailing characteristic.

All will admit that the out door tendencies of the American populace in the great quadrennial campaign seriously interfere with the pecuniary good fortune of an operatic enterprise. In the case now under consideration however, there are other causes—causes not independent of the management—which could produce more disastrous failures than this which has crowned the season now to close. The first and most unpardonable of these is the unblushing want of good faith shown by the management to the public. While we have been taught by experience that the glowing promises of the advertisement preliminary are liable to fade before they are fulfilled, we still hope to see at least some resemblance between the two. When a series of new works is announced, we do not find ourselves fully gratified, or strongly drawn to the theatre by seeing daily upon our walls the names of the threadbare operas, whose every note we know, and whose melodies have even passed away from the hand-organs of the street. It is, nevertheless, possible that we determine to renew the pleasure of years long past by going to hear one of these old friends; we shall not bless the management, nor shall we be in haste to go again, when arriving at the Academy vestibule, we discover that sudden indisposition has seized some meritorious singer—it never attacks any other—and that our pet aversion is to take the rôle thus left empty, or that an opera the thought of which makes us yawn, is substituted.

Another cause which ever leads and always should lead to failure, is found in the monstrous improbabilities, the contemptible shabbiness, of the operatic stage itself. No inconsiderable latitude must always be allowed to the scenic department and wardrobe attached to any dramatic establishment. Much that would be beyond expression ridiculous in real life has merely an attractive brilliancy when exhibited in front of the footlights.—N. Y. Tribune.

HEARING IN LARGE CHURCHES.—This is now made as easy as in the smallest by the success of an experiment just completed in Trinity Church, in this city. It consists of a paraboloidal reflector of sound placed at the back of the pulpit, of which the speaker's mouth is the focus. A beam of sound about ten feet in diameter is thus thrown to the most remote point of the church, and by its side-flow fills the whole body of the building. All great public buildings, whether for singing or speaking, may have a similar arrangement adapted to their use. It is particularly suitable for legislative halls, as it works both ways. A person standing at the farthest door in Trinity Church can carry on a conversation, with one in the pulpit in the lowest tones, even in a whisper. Any person well acquainted with the higher

mathematics, and accustomed to make constructions in architecture, engineering or machinery, is competent to superintend such an erection. The one in Trinity Church was put up under the supervision of Professor HACKLEY, of Columbia College, in this city.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

PHILADELPHIA.—The *Evening Bulletin* prints the farewell card of the opera managers in that city, and appends the following comments. The same thing is true there that was true in New York and true in Boston, and it is not the political campaign alone that should account for the operatic failure.

This is a very neat way of disposing of the matter before the public; but it is not imperatively demanded that the story should be believed. In fact, it is growing into a proverb, that cards of opera managers are not to be believed. In September, a very flourishing announcement was made, containing promises most of which were broken. The same thing has happened repeatedly before, and will happen repeatedly again, unless managers learn from the public that such things will not succeed. They must be taught by experience that the people of Philadelphia, New York and Boston, will not sustain operatic enterprises undertaken without any serious intention of keeping faith with the public.

The history of the operatic campaign of this fall is a brief one and easily told. It began in New York, where a great array of artists was announced and many new operas were promised. But the new artists did not appear, nor were the new operas given. The season was a disastrous failure, every performance being before an audience small in numbers, a large proportion, also, being "dead-heads." There was a quarrel between the managers and some of their principal artists about salaries, like the quarrel of yesterday, and they seceded and set up a rival opera. In Philadelphia, in September, the same flourishing announcement was made, and there was the same failure to keep the promises made to the public; of course, poor audiences were the consequence. A new season was promised, beginning on the visit of the Prince of Wales. The managers made a large amount of money by that single performance, and now comes the old complaint of the artists, that they have not been paid, and there is a complete breaking up of the company.

The managers pretend that the election excitement prevents the public from taking any interest in the performances. But this is not the case. If the entertainments were good, novel and varied; if every thing was done that was promised, and if there were but three or four operas in a week, instead of six, the attendance would be larger, and the profits good. The election would not interfere to any serious extent. As at present managed, operatic entertainments do wrong in many directions. So little can the promises of managers be relied on, that artists will not engage to come to America, except at enormous salaries, as they feel assured that they will not be paid in full, and they hope to secure in one month enough to pay their expenses for six, counting on losing the pay promised for the remaining five months. On account of the same loose regard for truth, the public will not go to the opera, knowing that things will not be done as well as promised. The artists and the public are both wronged, and all array themselves against the managers. The public journals, on which success depends, are also wronged; for they are made the agents through which the public is deceived; the managers continually getting them to announce and promise great things, which are generally not performed. In this way there is a sort of quadrilateral irrepressible conflict, between the managers, the artists, the public and the press, in the midst of which the opera is broken down.

A RICH SCENE AT A PORTLAND THEATRE.—The Portland *Argus* states that during the performance of the Octoroon at the theatre in that city, last Wednesday afternoon, in the scene where Zoe is about to take poison, Mr. Nathan Winslow (a wealthy resident of Portland, and very rabid in his anti-slavery views,) astonished both audience and actors by rushing upon the stage and seizing Zoe, (Miss Kimberly,) shouting out in a highly excited manner: "Hold, Zoe,—don't take it! I command the underground railroad. Fly! fly with me and you are safe. Come to Canada to the possessions of Queen Victoria, and you will be free! free! FREE!" Manager Macfarland soon set things to rights and the excited gentleman left the stage. In addition to the foregoing we learn that this was Mr. Winslow's first visit to a theatre. The character of the piece drew him thither, and his active abolition sympathies led him to make this ludicrous "first appearance on any stage."

## OCTOBER.

Av, thou art welcome, Heaven's delicious breath,  
When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,  
And suns grow mild, and the meek days grow brief,  
And the year smiles as it draws near its death.  
Wind of the sunny South, O, still delay,  
In the gay woods and in the golden air,  
Like a good old age released from care,  
Journeying in long serenity away.  
In such a bright, late quiet would that I  
Might wear out life like thee, 'mid bower and brooks,  
And, dearer yet, the sunshine of kind looks,  
And murmur of kind voices ever nigh;  
And when my last sand twinkled in the glass,  
Pass silently from men as thou dost pass.

A SONG WRITER.—Henry Carey was a man of genius. He wrote for the theatre with immediate and lasting success. Next he handled satire; and Pope took his verses for Swift's, and Swift for Pope's. Lastly he settled down to lyrical art; with a rare combination of two rare talents he invented immortal melodies and the immortal words to them: inter alia, he wrote the words and music of "Sally in our Alley," and the words and melody of the national anthem. For this last he deserved a pension and a niche in Westminster Abbey.

In a loose age he wrote chastely. He never failed to hit the public. He was of his age, yet immortal. No artist can be more.

But there was no copyright in songs. Mark the consequence of that gap in law! While the theatres and the streets rang with his lines and tunes, while the fiddlers fiddled him and were paid, and the songsters sang him and were richly paid, the genius that set all those empty music pipes a-flowing, and a million ears listening with rapture, was fleeced to the bone. All shook the fruit tree except the planter. All reaped the corn except the sower. For why? The sower was an author; an inventor. And so, in the midst of successes that enriched others and left him bare, in the midst of the poor unselfish soul's attempts to found a charity for distressed performers, nature suddenly broke down under the double agony of a heart full of wrongs and an empty belly, and the man hanged himself.

They found him cold, with skin on his bones, and a half-penny in his pocket.

Think of this when next you hear "God save the Queen."—*Charles Reade.*

A new Oratorio, entitled Praise to God, composed by Geo. F. Bristow, Esq., has just been put in rehearsal by the Harmonic Society, who will produce it within a few weeks. This work deserves more than a passing notice, as it is worthy of great credit to the composer, not only, but to the art in this country. Mr. Bristow is an American by birth, and when quite young, exhibited a remarkable musical ability. His father being an accomplished professor, gave him a thorough education in every branch of the art. His first classical composition which attracted attention, was a symphony first brought out by the Philharmonic Society of this city, a society which never take up new compositions unless they are of great merit; since which, Mr. Bristow has composed several others, all of which have received high commendations from musical critics and the public. Julien, when in this country, was so much pleased with these symphonies that he took, I think, two with him on his return to Europe and brought them out in London, and also engaged Mr. Bristow to write others for his Orchestra. His opera of Rip Van Winkle, which had such a run at the time it was brought out by the Pyne and Harrison troupe a few years since at Niblos, established his reputation in that department. The oratorio just published, as a classical composition, will compare favorably with many of the works of the old masters. While it combines all that may be said to belong to the old school which is considered essential in a classical work, it is sufficiently modern in style, and adaptation to the libretto, to please all who can appreciate the higher order of music. The orchestral accompaniments show the perfect comprehension of the composer of the best effects which can be produced by the various instruments.—*N. Y. Corr. Georgia Telegraph.*

Song is the tone of feeling. Like poetry, the language of feeling, art should regulate, and perhaps temper and modify it. But whenever such a modification is introduced as destroys the predominance of the feeling—which yet happens in ninety-nine settings out of a hundred, and with nine hundred and ninety-nine taught singers out of a thousand—the essence is sacrificed to what should be the accident; and we get notes, but no song. If song, however, be the tone of feeling, what is beautiful [singing]? The balance of feeling, not the absence of it.

## Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE  
LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson &amp; Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Kindly remember the loved ones. *D. B. Worley* 25  
A very pleasing song of medium difficulty.There is a fountain filled with blood. Quartet and Chorus. *J. L. Ensign.* 35

A most excellent short piece for large choirs. It may be sung quite effectively, though, by a choir of eight. There is a lack of such pieces, and those interested should encourage authors in their production by liberally using the few that are offered.

Song of the Spanish Orange girl. (*La Naranjera.*) *Scotchdopole.* 30

Madame Gasmaniga's celebrated song with the original Spanish words and a fine English version. Prima Donnas will please take notice.

Nellie Brown. Song and Chorus. *Bishop.* 25

A new plantation melody, which will become a favorite with serenaders.

## Instrumental Music.

The maiden's prayer. Four hands. Arranged by *T. Bissell.* 35

This well-known piece will be liked all the better in this new dress. It has gained in fullness and brilliancy, and the task of performing it distributed among two players lessens the difficulty of each part considerably.

Wauregan Quickstep. *J. W. Lewis.* 25String of Pearls Waltz. *H. von Benzon.* 25March d'Amore. *R. R. Trench.* 25

Will be welcomed by young players as charming recreative pieces between their more serious studies.

Immortellen Waltzes. Four hds. *Jos. Gungl.* 75

Among musicians this set of waltzes composed in memory of Johann Strauss, the "Waltz king," is generally considered the best of the author. Certainly these waltzes when performed by two good players make as stirring a piece of dance-music as there is.

General Garibaldi's Quickstep. *C. H. Loehr.* 25

With a fine portrait of the popular Italian hero on the title-page.

## Books.

OLIVER'S COLLECTION OF HYMN AND PSALM TUNES, SENTENCES, ANTHEMS, AND CHANTS. A National Lyre, for the use of the Church, the Family or the Singing School. By Henry K. Oliver. 75

Few if any volumes of church music have been published of late possessing the merit of this work. The contents are selected and original, of the latter, much never before in print, the result of the compiler's labors in hours not occupied by his ordinary avocations. He has ventured to attempt the work, encouraged by long experience in the musical services of the church, and by the favor with which some of his own compositions have been received. Many admirable tunes are comprised in the work, which have been almost wholly ignored in the collections of the last thirty years, yet which really possess the highest merit. There are other compositions more suitable for Home and School use. In the selection of Anthems and Sentences, a leading object has been to combine novelty, variety and brevity.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 447.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 27, 1860.

VOL. XVIII. No. 4.

## Gone.

BY ROSE TERRY.

A silent, odor-laden air,  
From heavy branches dropping balm;  
A crowd of daisies, milky fair,  
That sunward turn their faces calm,  
So rapt, a bird alone may dare  
To stir their rapture with its psalm.

So falls the perfect day of June,  
To moonlit eve from dewy dawn;  
With light winds rustling through the noon,  
And conscious roses half withdrawn  
In blushing buds, that wake too soon,  
And flaunt their hearts on every lawn.

The wide content of summer's bloom,  
The peaceful glory of its prime,—  
Yet over all a brooding gloom,  
A desolation born of time,  
As distant storm-caps tower and loom  
And shroud the sun with heights sublime.

For they are vanished from the trees,  
And vanished from the thronging flowers,  
Whose tender tones thrilled every breeze,  
And sped with mirth the flying hours;  
No form nor shape my sad eye sees,  
No faithful spirit haunts these bowers.

Alone, alone, in sun or dew!  
One fled to heaven, of earth afraid;  
And one to earth, with eyes untrue  
And lips of faltering passion, strayed:  
Nor shall the strenuous years renew  
On any bough those leaves that fade.

Long summer-days shall come and go,—  
No summer brings the dead again;  
I listen to that voice's flow,  
And ache at heart, with deepening pain;  
And one fair face no more I know,  
Still living sweet, but sweet in vain.

*Atlantic Monthly.*

## The Diarist Abroad.

ВОНН, Sept. 1860.

It was quite a triumph for our side. You must know, that some half dozen young men, instructors in a sort of high school or teacher's seminary not far away, had come to Horecker's to spend the night, on their way to Brühl, where the next day was to be a musical festival of the common school teachers of this region. One of them being the music teacher of the institution, we soon fell into a conversation upon the modes and amount of musical instruction imparted in the common schools, i. e., in the schools of the peasant villages, so thickly scattered here in the Rhine valley, and so fully peopled.

The result—a result which they confirmed in so many words, when I announced it—was, that the musical instruction in all those schools is confined to the teaching by rote of loyal songs and church chorals, with (in catholic schools) more or less pieces of a higher character, suitable to public worship. There is absolutely no effort—according to these gentlemen—to impart a knowledge of reading music, and it may be asserted as a general fact, that no child leaves school with

more knowledge of musical notation than he brought thither half a dozen years before. They do acquire sometimes a remarkable power of learning pieces by rote, just as men who cannot read can often astonish us by the accuracy with which they will repeat a speech or a sermon.

But what are the grounds of confining music to this mere exercise of the memory in learning by rote? To this the reply was, there was not time to devote to anything farther, (as though one or two hours a week for years is not sufficient to teach reading simple music!); that if there was time, it would be useless to try (!); that peasants need not know anything farther of music; and that the Government will not allow it! Then I dilated upon our New England system of teaching notation, as perfected by Dr. Mason and others, which they did not seem to understand very well however, and expatiated upon what Lincoln makes his boys and girls do, as described to me by one of the Cambridge school committee, which they could hardly comprehend as being possible, and at which they expressed a hearty astonishment.

And this was the triumph of our side.

Next morning I went with them to Brühl.

Clemens August, Elector of Cologne, 1724–1761, was a great builder of palaces. One large one on the plain some half dozen miles south-west of Cologne was named Augustenberg, but is now known as the Prussian royal palace at Brühl. As the old Electors were at the same time Archbishops, it was natural enough that with their palaces should be joined the necessary buildings to accommodate any desirable number of ecclesiastics. Hence back of the palace extends a long range of building, once a monastery with its chapel, now a teachers' seminary.

Herr M. Toepler is the instructor in music. He is learned in ancient Catholic church music, and has now for many years devoted himself to its resuscitation, to its rejuvenescence, so to speak. Under his auspices the school teachers of the neighboring villages—none but men teach school here—have formed an Association and meet once a year for a musical festival. For these meetings Toepler prepares the music some months beforehand and distributes it among the members who learn it themselves and drill it into the heads of such of their schoolchildren as are able to learn it. When the time of the festival approaches a general rehearsal or two is sufficient.

This year the programme was, divine service with a musical mass in the forenoon, and, in the afternoon, a dinner followed by songs in one or more parts for men's voices. At the mass besides the regular Kyrie, Gloria, Sanctus, &c., some half dozen pieces, among them a Magnificat, were sung during or at the close of the service.

The sacred music consisted of selections from old Latin choral masses, arranged by Toepler for mixed chorus or for men's voices—mostly for the former, and was sung without accompaniment.

I was very curious to see the singers, and at eleven o'clock was gratified. Imagine the end

of the church under the organ railed off, the floor covered with a platform raised three feet, perhaps, and here some two hundred children collected, boys and girls, each with his or her part in the hand. Imagine these children just such as you have so often seen in our cities, progeny of the "finest pisantry in the wur-ld," or of just landed "Dutch." Little redheads, whiteheads, scrubheads, all sorts of heads—but scrubbed up, and made neat for the occasion. Peasant children out and out; and these are the sopranos and altos for the music of the mass which I held in my hand! Moreover, if my last evening friends are to be believed, not one of them can read music, and must all learn this by rote! But there they stood and besides them the platform had only men and youth, tenors and basses, in due number the proper balance of parts. There they stood, not interesting, not even interested looking children. Their want of animation was to me striking—how different from home! And they will sing all this music; and there will be no confusion, no lapses, no breakdown? We shall see.

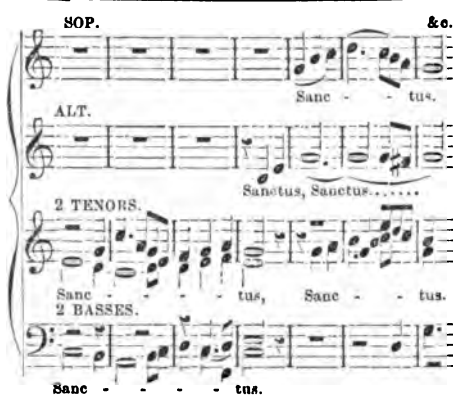
Toepler takes his place in the middle of the crowd, motions "attention!"; the priest at the altar intones the first words of the service, and the chorus falls in,

The image shows a musical score for a Kyrie. It includes four staves labeled SOP. (Soprano), ALT. (Alto), TEN. (Tenor), and BASS. The lyrics are written below the staves: "Ky-ri-e e-lei-son, Ky-ri-e e-lei-son, e-lei-son." The notation is in a simple, early 19th-century style with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat.

Here are eleven only of the 63 measures of the Kyrie: not difficult music, it is true, but sung by these children, and so sung, it was striking.

The difficulties arising from the rhythm, change of key, &c., of course do not show themselves in the first few measures, and I copy them only to give an idea of the sort of music in which these little peasants were entrusted with the soprano and alto, with no assistance from organ or other instrument.

Other pieces were more difficult. For instance, the short Sanctus, beginning thus:



The Agnus Dei was in three short movements; first, two tenors and two basses; secondly, soprano and two altos; third, soprano, alto, tenor and bass; the effect is very pleasing.

Just before the sermon the hymn "Komm heiliger Geist" (Come Holy Spirit) was sung; the melody was an old Cantus firmus from the 15th century, taken by the children, with an accompaniment of alto, two tenors and a bass (vocal) in the old contrapuntal style. Indeed this arrangement was made more than 250 years ago. This was not difficult for the children as they had merely to carry in slow, steady time the old choral melody.

I have had occasion often enough to write upon the great perfection to which boy choirs are brought in Europe, and your own boys at the Advent church in Boston have proved how much can be made of such voices by care and adequate instruction. It was not, therefore, that children at this festival sang as they did, which filled me with astonishment, but that *such* children, little peasants from peasant villages.

This was a triumph for their side.

I came down to Brühl intending to take a ticket for the festival dinner and hear the music for men's voices, but when the time came I was so ill as to be forced to forego that pleasure. Others who were present assure me that I lost a great enjoyment. I can readily believe it, for the pieces sung during the service in the church by the chorus of men were exceedingly well given.

Besides the music I had another gratification this day, for in the church opportunity was given to see and wonder at that grandest and most-elevating-to-the-beholder work of God,

#### A GREAT MAN.

I saw him standing in the crowd, against the iron railing leaned, all undistinguished from the mass, save through his own greatness, and this was hidden as under a bushel until my attention was called especially to him.

Now, I have looked in my day and generation upon divers whom the world by universal consent names great; with some of them have even spoken, and trust that I can judge of greatness; can feel its presence, as one much in society feels the presence of purity and refinement. Shall it be in vain that one has looked upon Webster, Clay and Calhoun, Story, Shaw and McLean, Humboldt, Rose and Ritter, Agassiz, Pierce and Henry, Grimm, Welcker and Boeckh, Allston and Rauch? Nay, I trow not. Not to speak of men of a younger generation, whose names will yet stand grandly in history.

Paint upon your mental canvass a man of forty odd years; the head covered and adorned by a

profusion of crispy locks, of the color politely called auburn; the forehead —

There are two sorts of fine foreheads. The one figures extensively in Bulwer's novels; "broad expanse of forehead," "lofty polished forehead of vast width and height," "dome of thought with protuberant brow and three perpendicular lines between the eyes, indicative of thought," "the lofty dome of polished marble," and so on. They say Bulwer's own head has nothing striking about it; I am inclined to believe it, for I have observed that imaginative writers make the most of that which they have not, but wish they had. The dweller in garrets, who earns his salt by attic salt, makes his characters revel in all the luxury of wealth; he, who dares not say his soul is his own, draws pictures of moral and physical heroes, to whom Achilles was a fool; and your humble servant, who is as fidgety as quicksilver, intends in *that* romance to give you a hero, calm and serene as a summer sea-gull, floating sublime in the blue empyrean and gazing downward into the mysterious depths of old ocean for fish.

The forehead of the other class is neither strikingly high nor broad; but one sees in it the expression of concentrated energy and immense power of subtle thought. The first mathematical and the first philosophical thinker in America have foreheads of this class. So had the Great Man, barring the energy and thinking power. His face was, upon the whole, not remarkable; perhaps it would have been more so, but for his beard, which, of a decided "auburn," was entire, save for a shaven stripe which meandered about his chin, as we sometimes see in pleasure grounds a ring of stagnant water encircling a bushy islet.

In truth he was not one of those rare individuals, godlike in person, whose presence one seems to feel, before whom one involuntarily bows and whose greatness we instinctively acknowledge. Indeed, it was some time before I noticed him, and began to feel that he was a great man. You will have already perceived that not his looks gave evidence of his greatness, although you must not think him like the chiefest of the Apostles, in personal appearance weak and in speech contemptible. When, however, attention was once called to him, then indeed he became the object of observation and the subject of speculation.

That the Great Man was an Englishman — nay, more, one of those Scotch-Irish Englishmen born within sound of Bow-bells, so often to be met with on the continent, and who compliment us Americans with the assurance that we "spake English varry weel" — this I determined at a glance. But who could he be? Brougham, Lyndhurst, Palmerston, Russell, are all too old; moreover, Parliament was in session, the period of bird shooting not having arrived. Macaulay was dead. D'Israeli's face is Jewish, this man's not. Carlyle's portrait I had seen. No, this man was not one of those whose names have penetrated to all the corners of the round earth. With a sigh I left the question of his identity to that serviceable creature, Time, to determine.

That, which attracted my notice and filled me with a profound conviction that a Great Man was before me, was —

But wait a moment.

The difference and distance between very great men and very little men is very great. Lit-

tle men are bound by and held to laws, customs, the usages of society, respect for the opinions and feelings of others; in short, by the rule "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," in so far as no sacrifice of principle is involved. The great man becomes a law unto himself.

Napoleon I. was a Great Man, a law unto himself; hence a republican New England divine has whitewashed him until his sins, though of scarlet, are white as snow. And now, the nephew, some say *son*, of his uncle, is he not a law unto himself? And are not his perfidy, treason, reckless ambition, perjury, murders, all washed white in the blood of his greatness? We see this, too, even in matters of art. Shakspeare could defy rules of grammar; Bach and Beethoven could write consecutive fifths.

You and I do not believe that during a certain ceremony a wafer of flour and water becomes the blood of one who died some two thousand years ago; nor can we, as matter of principle, take off our hats and fall upon our knees before it, any more than at the sound of harp, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music, we could fall down and worship the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar, the king, had set up. But we, being little men, when we enter a place where men do congregate to worship according to the dictates of their own consciences — be it a church, a synagogue, a mosque or a pagoda — feel bound so to demean ourselves as not to disturb the devotions of those, who, of another faith, engage in acts of worship in which we cannot join.

The principle holds good also for us, little men, in places where people come together for no higher object than amusement; to hear music, for instance. You and I may find it very good or very bad; whichever it be, there are always some who enjoy it. If it be too bad for us to hear, we quietly withdraw: if tolerable we sit quietly and speak not; for what right have we to destroy the pleasure of the man in the next seat, who has paid his perhaps hardly earned and ill spared money for what to him is satisfactory and enjoyable?

So that which attracted my notice and at length filled me with the profound conviction that a Great Man was before me, was —

But, not too fast.

Picture to yourself the chorus as above described, now all ready for the beginning of the service. A hush comes over the assembly, for the priest approaches the altar. He intones the *introit*, and the "Kyrie Eleison," Lord have mercy, streams sweetly and devotionally, from two hundred children's innocent voices, the tenors and basses falling grandly in and swelling out the full harmonies. In the hushed silence, broken only by those, now sweet now majestic, flowing tones, we, who believe not in all their dogmas, are touched sympathetically with their devotion and mentally join in the "Christe Eleison." We feel it to be an act of divine service and the place is sacred. Moreover, there is an influence in the music, which subdues us, and which, were the church a concert room, would hush us to silence — us, little men.

At this moment a voice talking and criticising the singers, subdued, it is true, but still distinctly audible, falls upon our ear. I gently "sshhd" as a hint or request for silence, not then noticing that a Great Man, a law unto himself, was there.

The hint was unheeded. Perhaps he did not hear it, or did not suppose it meant for him. So I repeated it more loudly. He still took no notice. Various were our efforts to bring him to silence during Kyrie, Gloria and Sanctus; but these efforts, the nervousness of men and women about him, whether worshippers or merely listeners, the sanctity of the place, the respect due to priest and choir—all were to him but as the idle wind—he heeded not. He stood there, following the choir in his printed score, and making his wise and weighty remarks to a favored individual or two with all the indifference and tranquility of a sleepy lion to the antics of the monkeys in a menagerie. The lion deigns not even a contemptuous glance to the monkeys. He vouchsafed us not a look, and I began to feel the greatness of the man. Once, during a pause, some one asked if there was no policeman present to keep order, and this word of fearful import hushed him for a time.

After the sermon, during which his conversation was doubtless as interesting as it was animated, like Cain I fled from his presence to the other side of the church. There I once had the satisfaction of seeing the Great Man's spectacles, with the eyes behind them, like two fine onions grown out of season under glass, turned upon me with that sublime and contemptuous indifference with which, in ancient times, a celestial cook in the Olympian kitchen of Jupiter Tonans may have looked through the golden evening atmosphere upon an eel, wriggling in the hands of Athenian fishwoman down at the Piræus.

I have a dim recollection that specimens of this kind of Great Man once existed in America, and at times made their appearance at oratorios and other musical performances.

Dear fellow-laborers in the field, whose letters have given me so many a half hour of enjoyment,—t—, Trovator, H. (of Hartford), Manrico, and the rest, not forgetting Stella, and him 'Out West,' who prefers the claim of two postage stamps for buttons,—please inform me when you next write upon some performances of fine music, whether any Great Men were there.

— (Some weeks later).

Did you ever experience the loss of a pet idea? a favorite thought? some notion, cherished until it had become a part of your thinking self? Have you ever been thus in a manner rendered mentally widowed and childless? Has your pet theory or hypothesis, say of the geology of the copper region, or of storms, or of the unity of the races, been dashed upon those terrible snags and rocks, facts? No wonder that you save the pieces and float along with them as well as you can, swimming or sinking as fate directs. It is nature, and the more worthless the theory, the more ridiculous the hypothesis, so much louder the outcry at its loss, so much greater the void it leaves.

Mrs. Pips has lost her son Bill.

"But, Mrs. P., your Bill was always feeble and liable any day to be taken from you."

Mrs. P. "I know it, but I loved him so much the better."

"Besides, Madam, he was a very bad, ill-natured, mischievous boy, whom nobody could love."

Mrs. P. "I know it, but I loved him so much the better."

"Moreover, Mrs. P., he was weak in his mind, and never could have taken care of himself."

Mrs. P. "I know it, but I loved him so much the better."

"He was a poor unfortunate creature in all respects, and it is a mercy that he has been taken from you to a world where &c., &c."

Mrs. P. "But I was not taken with him!"

Gentlemen and Ladies. Behold your humble servant. He has lost his pet idea. Look upon a mental Mrs. Pips.

Here follows how it came about.

For some weeks I had carried the thought of the Great Man with me; in the streets of Bonn, in my walks on the Rhine tow-path, or out to the hills and villages, down stairs to breakfast or dinner, up stairs to my chamber. It assumed, as you have seen, grand and important dimensions. It had become a pet idea. Now, a few evenings since, I sat at the long table in the dining room at Honecker's, listening to the deaf theological gentleman, who was giving me his memories of Schleiermacher, whose lectures he had heard in his youth. A rather lonely-looking, middle-aged couple, man and wife, sat farther down, towards the door, on the other side of the table as if awaiting visitors. At length they came; two or three gentleman and the Great Man! As the visitors seated themselves beside and opposite the visitees, the Great Man was brought into the very next chair to mine. Precious little do I now remember of the deaf theological gentleman's talk about Schleiermacher, at this juncture for the sudden presence of the Great Man had greatly disturbed my equanimity. How insignificant, how painfully little I felt!

As he took not the least notice of me, my normal condition, was, after a time, restored, and I was able again to follow with some reasonable degree of attention and apprehension the deaf theological gentleman's discourse upon Schleiermacher. You can decide whether I was desirous of knowing who the Great Man really was or not!

At the first convenient pause in the talk of the deaf theological gentleman, which had, until the Great Man entered, exceedingly interested me, I hurried into the large front "guest room."

"Who is that man sitting third on the left side of the table in the dining-room?"

Cassius did not know. One of the guests did.

Alas, for the pet idea! The Great Man was not a Great Man after all! He was not even an Englishman! Not even a Scotch-Irish cockney! He was the man who does the organ in a neighboring church; not religious enough to demean himself at divine service, not musical enough to listen to music in silence, and not gentleman enough to refrain from disturbing those who are both.

A. W. T.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Johanna Kinkel's Eight Letters to a Friend

ON INSTRUCTION ON THE PIANO.

(Translated by WM. GRAUERT, A. M.)

II.

It is, indeed, asking too much, to expect a music teacher to guide his pupil from the lowest step to the highest, while, in almost all other departments there is a special teacher preparing the pupil for the next teacher. The saying certainly holds good here that the most excellent professor is often the poorest schoolmaster.

We have, properly speaking, as yet no fit teachers for the preparatory steps. We possess all gradations of skilful and incompetent, conscientious and careless teachers, but hardly any that content themselves with

bringing up their pupils to a certain degree of attainments, and leaving them then to a more accomplished master.

A composer who has abandoned himself, even for a little while, to his poetical dreams, cannot possibly transpose himself, as it were, into the mind of a beginner when the hour strikes. If he thoroughly pursues a happily conceived air, and the pupil enters the room with his studies, before the composer could write that air down, he is very apt to feel very much like slapping his pupil and throwing him out of his sanctum! The creative man actually hates the intruding beginner, and instruction without love is also without effect.

No particular musical gift is required to control children in their pieces as to the correct use of fingers; all that is needed is patience and conscientiousness. Many individuals assuming the avocation of a music teacher solely for their support without feeling the want of penetrating deeper into the spirit of music, might become highly useful members of the musical congregation, if they fulfilled their duty exactly within circumscribed limits. Instead of giving as early as possible, Beethoven as a *prey* to their pupils, they ought to employ the first years exclusively in developing the ear, the time and the fingers. From this elementary class, a pupil accomplished in his way, would step forth to be directed by a more accomplished teacher into a more spiritual sphere, without being incessantly impeded by the material obstacle of stiff fingers. To content himself with this modest task, is the duty of the teacher of the first step, and he is a good teacher only as far as he does not transgress it.

If a temple of art is to be built, architects are not first to pile up and cut the stones; they should leave this to the working men.

But as sometimes highly gifted musical individuals are, by circumstances, compelled to a subordinate activity in the kingdom of art, we will return to our theme.

It is a widely spread misunderstanding, to judge the skill of fingers only by the degree of their quickness, while this is much less required than the capacity of the fingers to render each degree of strength or softness of touch correspondingly.

The fourth finger (in the American fingering the third), is naturally the most uncontrollable. If it so happens that a particularly expressive note is assigned to it, this one is generally lost, unless it was betimes developed so as to equal the others in power. The well known exercise, in which the fourth (third) finger alone plays vigorously eighth notes, while the others must firmly keep down their notes, is as necessary to a performer, as is the exercise of a weak register-tone to the singer. Such exercises cannot be dispensed with at once, but they accompany us through the entire term of instruction. If the fourth finger is thus daily practiced but for a minute, it will soon be equal to the others.

The little finger stands, on account of its smallness, generally above the key board, when the others are sufficiently bent to press down the keys. We do not perceive this as much in the right hand, but a great inconvenience arises out of this habit for the left. The notes of the fundamental bass are assigned to the little finger: it is to represent the foundation on which rests the entire harmony, but it seldom fulfils its task. Even if the note is not completely missed, it is still weaker than the middle parts, while the bass ought rather to have a more vigorous "coloring."

But very few performers are conscious of this defect. They want to strike the bass-tone; they feel too, that the fifth (fourth) finger touches the key, but they do not observe, that it pressed the key only half-way down, and that this tone did not distinctly correspond. Ladies especially are subject to this important defect, because they are wont to follow up in thought the melody, and have no idea of the great

importance of the fundamental bass. I have seen many a lady-performer playing a long piece with considerable skill, and—omitting for lines, the bass-notes without noticing it.

See to it, that your pupils (especially in full chords) keep the left hand always a little sideways toward the bass, so that the pressure increased in its heaviness is conducted towards the two weaker fingers. As to placing one finger above the other—a frequently occurring bad habit—there is a simple remedy against it. Just put to the place a small ring with a sharply edged stone, or tie around it a thread with a rough knot—and the other finger will soon remain in its correct position.

### The Organ.\*

TENTH STUDY—ON QUALITY OF TONE (*timbre*) AND ITS THREE PRINCIPAL CAUSES. FIRST PRINCIPAL CAUSE,—SCALE.

It is undoubtedly the duty of every pipe in the organ to give the sound of some one note of the gamut with the greatest possible perfection; but this one note may be given with equal perfection in an almost infinite variety of qualities of tone, and in as many different shades of the same. This one note may remain the same, without varying in the slightest degree as regards the pitch, in a hundred different pipes, but its special quality of tone may be different in every one of them. To take an example in illustration of this matter, in the works of two piano-makers whose works are everywhere most justly celebrated, Erard and Pleyel; how striking is the difference between the pianos of one and the other! The latter aims at giving to his instruments all those qualities of tone which are tender, delicate, and refined, though nervous; and in this the quality of his instruments approaches, generally speaking, more nearly of the two to that of the German and English makers. The first, on the contrary, gives to his pianos, both grand and cottage, a brilliancy, a roundness, and an elasticity of tone, which accompanies all the modifications of their sound without causing it to lose its chief characteristic—namely, roundness; and, what is not a little remarkable, from father to son, from uncle to nephew, the respective qualities of the two makers are perpetuated in such a way that, as we still find in the pianos by Pleyel a reflection of that grace and elegance which may be met with in the still musical, though now perhaps somewhat antiquated ideas of a composer of the same name, so we may find in the pianos of Peter Erard the vigorous, brilliant, and flexible organization of his great uncle Sebastian. With these two piano-makers the notes may be the same in each, the pitch may not vary; what is *fa* with one may be *fa* with the other, what is *do*, *do*; and yet, for all that, the *do* and *fa* of Pleyel are no more the *do* and *fa* of Erard, as regards quality of tone, than the *do* and *fa* of Erard are those of Pleyel. Any maker, any pianist, of even the most moderate experience in such matters, would detect at once the difference between the qualities of tone of both these makers.

Quality of tone, then, may be described as this or that particular shade out of those unnumbered shades which it is possible to give to one and the same note. Thus, a note or pipe of an organ may have this or that shade of tone—it may be delicate or cutting, sweet or tender, and still be the same note in the scale. For example, the note *do* of the scale may be given in any of these different quantities of tone in as many different organ-pipes, and still be the note *do*; for, without any change at all in the note, quality of tone may vary infinitely, and quality of tone alone.

This quality of tone depends mostly on three things—namely, on *scale*, *form* and *material*. Scale is not that which is usually understood by this word, but is the greater or less distance from one another of the sides of the pipes; in other words, scale is the same thing as the diameter of the pipe. The Germans call it measure, *mesur*. From this it may be seen that the very same note may be expressed by pipes of different diameters. There are also a great many varieties of scale or measure; but they may be all reduced to three principal ones, to the *full* scale, the *fine* scale, and the *mean* scale. The arithmetical proportion between three pipes made to sound the same note, but each in a different scale, is thus given by Dom Bedos:—"Let us take," he says, "a pipe, the height of which is six inches; if it is made to the *fine* scale, its diameter should be six lines; if made to the *mean* scale, and an open pipe, its diameter

should be nine lines; and if to the *full* scale, and an open pipe, it should be twelve lines; if a stopped pipe, and made to this last scale, its diameter should be fourteen lines." This writer takes care to observe that these measures are not absolute, and allows to builders, as we should also do, considerable freedom in every case. He would also grant that, besides the *fine* scale, there is another, the *very fine*, and, in a word, that the scale of organ pipes varies according to their situation, the special duties they have to perform, and the effect they are intended to produce. "Thus," he says, "the *do* of four feet, which is the third *do* of a series of pipes, the longest of which is sixteen feet, should not be more than three inches in diameter; but that, if this *do* of four feet is intended to be itself the first of a series of pipes, and therefore the largest of them, then its diameter should be increased to three inches and a half." In fact, the comparative shrillness in the tone of the pipes of this series must be compensated for by the vigour of their sounds. Now the more the scale enlarges the size of a pipe, the greater does the vibrating column of air become which is gathered within its walls; the more the scale is narrowed, so much the more also is the sound resulting from it diminished, so much the more refined does it become in the quality of its tone.

Pipes of the full scale, which absorb a great quantity of wind, are suited to the largest organs only, to sound-boards only of the largest dimensions. These sounds ought to be at the very greatest degree of roundness and force. The very fine scale, on the contrary, is a luxury in the way of sound that a bare sufficiency of means alone does not admit of. It is that sort of quality which represents the delicate and rather meagre sounds of the viol, and which gives point to certain foundation open pipes, which are indispensable to the general body of organ tone in its more perfect state. Pipes of this quality of tone are, in matter of fact, put upon all the clariens in greater or less quantity, and with good reason, because of the effect of this kind of pipes, which is sweet, though penetrating, and very useful as an accompaniment to the voice.

Pipes of mean scale have generally more sweetness than delicacy as compared with the others, though they are not deficient either in a certain amount of brightness. Like everything else of a mixed character, they do not at all times take after the stock from which they first drew their origin. Thus deprived, as they are, of the strength and mellowness of pipes of the full scale, they partake of the infirmities of the fine scale, without possessing, at the same time, the delicacy, the refined and pleasing quality of tone, which is its distinguishing characteristic. In a large organ they are placed on the choir sound-board, or, when their number is very considerable, on some subordinate sound-board, for it is usual to place some series of them on each of the key-boards. Regard, however, must at all times be had to the place for which the organ is being built. In a small church, where a large number of pipes of full scale would be simply deafening, it would be found very useful to combine with a sufficient number of those, pipes of the mean, and even the fine scale; but within the walls of a vast cathedral, all the efforts of pipes, more especially of this last scale, would be utterly abortive and without effect. Pipes of both the mean and fine scale do certainly occupy a most necessary place in organ building, but they should not prevail in it to such a degree as is too often found to be the case in those sham organ schemes to which poor congregations, and other good but simple persons, are asked to put their names by dishonorable organ-builders.

Writers on this subject do not find it difficult to give some notions of comparison between scale and scale as long as the question is only about open flue pipes, because these pipes are for the most part made in the form of a cylinder, the apex of which is the same size in diameter as the base. But the pipes of reed-stops being conical in shape and wider above than below, their diameter and their length depend on one another, and it is not therefore easy to establish so exactly in their case an arithmetical proportion between one scale and the other. Nevertheless, Dom Bedos gives some measures by which the lengths of reed-pipes as compared with their diameters may be approximately determined, and these are the measures commonly in use amongst builders. Following him, then, they speak of a trumpet of 6 inches, of 5, or of 4 inches for the three scales of the trumpets, which corresponds in its notes with the *do* of eight feet in the open flue pipes. Dom Bedos himself gives three different measures for the scale of the trumpet, and says that the first measure or full scale should be five inches and nine lines; the second, or mean scale, should be four inches and nine lines; and the third, or fine scale, should be four inches and two lines.\* This is a matter which it is important to study, and the comparison is one that should often

be made, with the compass in the eye, if not in the hand, for the diameters and speaking lengths of the pipes for reed-stops are some of those many things on which dishonorable builders speculate with cruel impunity, making use of far too many pipes of fine and mean scale where they should place pipes of full scale, and this even in large churches, and without any regard to what may be the importance of the instrument which they are employed to build.

As regards organs for accompaniment only, commonly called choir organs, and, indeed, as regards great organs for small churches, this class of builders always find an excuse for their avarice in the smallness of the locality and the position of the organ; and hence, if possible, we intend to give a graduated table of the scale of one note as compared with another for each scale of the three kinds, and for every note of the key-board. By this means, on inspecting an organ, the eye, however little practised, will detect at once the scale which the builder has chosen as his starting point, and the greater or less exactness with which, in the same series of pipes, he has observed the proportions of one note to another throughout this scale so chosen. I say the proportions, and not the progression, for a strict logical progression would be the cause of such magnitude in the largest pipes made to the full scale, that it would not be possible either to find a place for them, or if such a place could be found, to supply them with a sufficient quantity of wind. But still there are proportions for the lowest bass pipes of the full scale, which are not the proportions for the corresponding pipes of the mean scale; as there is also a means by which the size of the lowest bass pipes of the mean scale may be distinguished from that of the lowest bass pipes of the fine scale. Where these proportions are not attended to, there is not only the difference between what the diameters really are, and what they ought to be, but there is also the very great difference between the quality of the sound in such pipes from what it really ought to be; a difference which amidst the general body of full-organ tone may possibly escape the notice of the ordinary unpractical hearer, but cannot escape that of either the inspector of the organ—if he knows his business—or of the builder himself, who cannot be supposed to be ignorant of such matters, or of the professed musician.

Supposing for a moment that there was no difference in the quality of the sounds produced by pipes of different scales, the builder would no doubt do most wisely in choosing for his standard the smallest scale of the three, as being for him the least expensive; but when he does so, well knowing that there is this difference, then he takes you in. Not only does he do so by taking metal from your pipes and money from your purse, but also by taking the soul out of your organ, in depriving it of all its most pure qualities of tone, and leaving it with such qualities only as are for the most part dull and veiled in the open flue pipes, thin and cutting and without body in the reed-pipes. Or, if your organ has not all these defects, it still has one which is no less intolerable than these, and that is, that it is not the organ as at first contracted for between the purchaser and the builder, an organ that is of such and such scale in all its parts, and consequently of such and such a quality of tone. When we consider, and we know it to be the fact, that a reed-pipe will speak just passably at three-fourths of that length which is necessary for it in order that it may produce its better tones, we shall more easily understand what the injustice is which is committed by a fraudulent builder, who thus murderously cuts off the heads of his pipes. To such an one of course the more perfect quality of tone in his pipes is as nothing, as long as he can reckon with any amount of certainty, either on the profit he is about to make out of you upon his instrument, or on the fact that it will be placed in a church where there is no lack of resonance, or, more than all, on the ignorance of those who are to hear it.

A few words only remain to be said on the relations between the scale and the length of the speaking part of the pipe. As a general rule, this latter may be diminished in proportion as the former is increased, and, *vice versa*, the length of the pipe may be increased if its diameter is very considerably diminished. Thus an open flue pipe of fine scale sounding the eight-foot *do*, ought certainly to be more than eight feet long, because the amount of air necessary for the production of this note will be very considerably diminished by the narrowness of the diameter of the pipe. But this increase in the length of a pipe is only found to be necessary in the very fine scale, when it is used as a starting point; in the fine and mean scales the pipe of eight feet is cut to the same length as the pipe which produces the same note in the full scale; and the reason of this is, that these three scales, fine, mean, and full, are calculated upon a sufficient quantity of vibrating air; with this only difference,

\* From *L'Orgue, sa connaissance, son administration, et son en.* by Joseph Regnier.



that the fuller the scale of a pipe, the fuller also will be the tone produced by it. For it is clear that the full scale causing the air to vibrate in a greater space, and being provided with a vibrating apparatus in proportion to the size of this space, will produce much more powerful sounds than the other two.

To conclude: after having made these observations on the differences between the three chief scales, it would remain for us to consider the quality of tone in pipes which, owing to the directions taken by their sides, unite to themselves the characteristics now of one now of another scale, as is the case with some flue pipes, and the bodies of those trumpet pipes, which begin with being of fine scale, enlarge themselves gradually into full scale, and end oft with being no larger than the very fine scale. But this is less a question of diameter than of form, and as such it is more fitted to become the subject for another chapter.

\* It will, of course, be born in mind that the French inches are rather longer than the English, and that the *ligne* is rather less than the English 16th. N. Tr.

### Musical Culture.

I.

The complaint that good music is so little appreciated resounds like an echo from all quarters. At concerts, the higher the quality of the music to be performed, the smaller, we are sure to find the audience, so that musicians have come to consider concert-playing as the last resort for their subsistence, and many of them to prevent starvation, are obliged to waste their high acquisitions, their genius, their talents, in the unhealthy occupation of dance-fiddling at balls and parties, night after night. The Handel & Haydn society, Mendelssohn Quintette Club, Philharmonic Society, and similar institutions, are languishing for want of support; but when Negro minstrels, Oldfolks and Haymakers pitch their tents, they may count on full houses every time for weeks together. Our publishers, according to their own statements, make their money almost exclusively by music, frequently not worth the paper on which it is printed: and merely to save the reputation of their establishments, or to advance the cause of true art, they print the works of Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and other masters, at great sacrifices. They pay large sums to the manufacturers of that sort of fashionable pieces, which have as a theme an absolutely silly popular tune, dressed in picked up runs and stolen passages; but, if a respectable composer offers his work for publication, works formed after the best models, they shrug their shoulders, or subject him to the most humiliating terms. The result, then, is, that dabbling receives the prize, and true merit goes out empty. For the nobly striving artist, who disdains to cater for a corrupt taste, this is a bitter experience, one that paralyzes every effort and ultimately crushes out the last sign of talent or genius. But let no one believe that such a state exists only in Boston, in New York, or any other city of the United States; it is, with some difference the same in all countries, where music is practiced. Those who are in the habit of citing Germany as the Eldorado of music and musicians, are referred to an earlier number of the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, where Gustav Bock, the experienced senior partner of the large music publishing house Ed. Bote & G. Bock, in a carefully prepared article, gives much valuable information relative to the trade. He there plainly states, and at the same time laments, what no one at all acquainted with the circumstances ever doubted, that the publishers in Germany must likewise rely for their existence on ephemeral productions, while the master works are printed chiefly to adorn the shelves, or to add glory to the establishment. Besides, the names of Hüntten, Czerny, Beyer, Oesten, H. Cramer, and of thousand other manufacturers, that figure prominently in the German music catalogues, fully confirm the above statement.

It may be objected that it always will and must be so, since human society is composed of individuals, whose gifts, tastes, knowledge and pursuits are widely different; so that, while some find true delight in what

is pure and noble, others derive gratification from the rude and the vulgar. There is doubtless truth in this. But, why is it, that in literature for instance, things look quite different? Here, what is good is in most cases duly appreciated. Our lectures, unlike our concerts, are crowded, and crowded in proportion to the lecturer's ability; the ablest speakers command the fullest houses; high-toned periodicals, magazines, monthlies, etc., have subscribers sufficient to pay more than the expenses; good novels and poems, too, find ready purchasers. This looks more encouraging. The reason is that among the educated classes almost every man is capable of appreciating and enjoying a good lecture or book, while there are very few cultivated (musically) enough to find out, and delight in, the beauties of a fine piece of music; and yet there is in every house an instrument and frequently more than one player to it.

Now, if there is so much playing and yet so little genuine musical culture, we must arrive at the conclusion that the divine art, its nature, its power and destiny, have been grossly mistaken, perverted and turned to a wrong end. Facts proclaim it too loudly to doubt that music, as the common good of a cultivated community, has not yet risen above the first degrees. Let us examine for a moment a number of common amateur players and we shall find the greater part, though they have studied for many years, and under all sorts of teachers, wholly unacquainted with the highest productions of the art; they know nothing of the existence of these works, still less of their beauties, their purport, their meaning. If they hear such a composition performed and do not find it confused, dull and annoying, it is because there is no tone-poem so deep, but has as an effect certain light passages, plain melodies, sweet harmonies and the like; to these inferior parts our amateur is drawn, when unable to comprehend the work as a whole. But as a general thing they prefer a piece, which is a mixture of worn out runs and roulades, and then take an innocent delight in the readiness of the performer, as his fingers skip and dance like innumerable hobgoblins up and down the key-board with lightning swiftness. In short, these musicians are interested exclusively in the performance of a piece, while they care nothing for it as a composition. We say this with emphasis, since it proves best what we have stated above, that musical dilettantism is still scrambling up the first steps leading to the temple of the art. The natural course of improvement, with individuals as well as whole communities, in taste and judgement, is marked by a gradual turning away from the performance of a composition to the work itself, as it stands on the paper, mute, silent. In the first stage they go to a concert for the show; their object is to see, not to hear; they are interested in the performers, their movements, their dress or instruments (nota bene, if their attention is not absorbed in mustering and criticizing the audience); they care not at all what kind of piece is being played and who composed it; nor can they separate the piece from the performance, the composer from the player; if it is executed badly, it will be pronounced a bad piece, however beautiful it, in fact, may be; indeed, for them there hardly exists such an abstract being as a composer. Arrived at the last stage, however, they consider the work and the delivery of it apart, and it is mainly the composition, that commands their attention; they give all credit, all honour to the composer and regard the performers as secondary; the latter will of course receive their share of applause, if they do their duty; that is, if they render the work in the spirit of the composer, deny-

\* May, they can dispense with the performers altogether. There are, indeed, persons, who enjoy a musical composition by merely reading it. Comfortably seated in an easy chair, instead of a novel, they take the score of a symphony, an oratorio, or whatever it may be, and read it like a book, enjoying it as well as if they heard it performed.

ing their personal taste, style, or conception so much as to make the master's approval or praise their sole object. Individuals who have arrived at this stage are to be found every where; but it is said that there are cities in Germany where even the whole community has risen to that point; as for instance in Leipsic. Whether this is the truth, or not, we will not decide now; at any rate it should be so, and not alone in Leipsic, but every where. All who have an influence should work to attain this desirable end. Let the quality of the piece be the first that calls for your judgment and then measure the player's ability by it. In short, let us labor that more importance be attached to compositions and that executing ability, which has arrogated such undue predominance over the former, be reduced to its proper functions, which consist in faithfully rendering and interpreting the piece, instead of exhibiting its own artifices and trickeries. We undervalue by no means the mastery a player may have achieved over the mechanism of his instrument. It is a great gain to the art, this amplifying and widening of technical means. It must be clear that we do not contend against the mania for acquiring superior skill of execution, but against turning it to a wrong end. As a general rule it may, however, be maintained that when the creative part of the art flourishes the executing part, as a natural consequence, does the same. Beethoven's immortal creations, for instance, caused a marvelous industry among the performing musicians; to them is in a great measure owing the perfection, to which the modern orchestra has risen, and which is both the wonder and delight of our age. So, we come back to what I have said before, which cannot too often be repeated: let us labor that more attention, more regard, more respect, be paid to good compositions, and we shall see a better state. BENDA.

Translated from Riehl's "Musikallische Charakterköpfe," by Fanny Malone Raymond.

### Bach and Mendelssohn.

FROM A SOCIAL POINT OF VIEW.

I.

#### Music and German Burghership.

In the year 1850, when the hundredth anniversary of the death of John Sebastian Bach was approaching, I wrote the following words:

One hundred years ago, on the 28th day of July, the Thomas Cantor Bach, of Leipzig, was taken from earth by apoplexy, when an old, blind, harassed man. We read that in several cities a celebration is talked of to honor this cantor, who needed almost a century to make the fullness of his genius appreciated among the susceptible, and to grow in people's estimation from an organ virtuoso of "infernal dexterity" into a profound tone-poet. But it looks as though this celebration would take place in a very quiet, disjointed manner—and yet, who knows but that, after another hundred years, the 28th of July may be a national festival! What a contrast to the hundredth anniversary of Goethe's birth, which we celebrated a year ago, about this time, in such a brilliant and universal manner! But people are not very willing to keep fast-days, and are still less unwilling to have their sins generally known: Bach's memorial day, is for the present generation of artists, a day of atonement.

This is not the place to discuss Bach's position in regard to our newest musical conditions, although this would probably be an excellent mode of setting one's opinions right as to the present epoch. But Bach's character has its political social side, and as it is difficult to decide whether this wonderful man was not even greater from a social, than from an artistic point of view, it may not be altogether useless, as one way of celebrating the hundredth anniversary of his death, to throw some light on the political side of this thoroughly German character.

I see in Bach the proud representative of that sin-

core, unfeigned burghership, which, true to itself, withstood the corruptions of eighteenth century, and presented a social balance to the demoralization of the "polite" world, the superficiality of the scientific and the "old-fogyism" of artistic life. This honest citizenship has now almost disappeared, even among our trading class; but an artist-nature, deeply rooted in a worthy citizen's life, finding its noblest consecration in the cheerful love and fear of God, and its best support in the moral atmosphere of a rich, strong, affectionate family existence, would be, indeed, to-day, something very "new and strange."

Such a character reminds us of those manly artists of the middle ages, with whom, citizen-like solidity in trade went hand in hand with artistic geniality. And indeed, the whole man, as he lived and wrote, is the last echo of the greatness of the middle ages, that was heard in those days of pig-tails. In the believing mysticism of a child like soul, and with the fantastic overflowing of wondrously intertwined forms, he built up cathedrals in tones, when people had long forgotten how to create them from stones.

The circle in which he moved, too, was formed from the last remains of middle-age burghership. The revolutions at the close of the eighteenth century destroyed these relics. No musician can again practice his art like Bach, since he can not live or develop himself socially in the same manner. The artistic appreciation of Bach's works, ceased to be, when people were no longer capable of understanding the middle-age in their own existence; and it was resuscitated when the historical understanding of that great epoch began to revive.

It is really a pleasure to contemplate the genealogical tree of the Bachs. From John Sebastian's great-grandfather down to his sons, are only four generations, that represent a period something over a hundred years, and yet, from one heart, the race has increased to a male posterity of more than twenty, branching into seven lines, of which each might found, as head of a family, a new line for himself! And they were a race of men who might well be proud of their genealogical table! Yet this great family, which, according to human foresight, promised to blossom through an endless posterity, has now, about one hundred years since John Sebastian's death—died out!

The predecessors of the great tone-master were honest tradespeople and musicians; his great-great-grandfather, Veit Bach, was a master-baker, who had left Hungary for Saxony; his great-grandfather, was a carpet-maker, and also a musician; in the third and fourth generation from Veit Bach, the family began to stock half Thuringia with excellent musicians; John Sebastian's father was court musician at Eisenach, and, as he died early, John Christopher, an older brother, was Sebastian's music-master; he, again, formed, by means of his own lessons, ten sons into excellent musicians.

Such people are very far removed from the modern notion, that art-life is a sort of noble vagabondizing, and that emancipation from family bonds, and one's own hearth, belongs to artistic geniality.

Sebastian Bach lived in the vicinity of one of the most splendid courts of that time. This fact would be of little consequence, as the master was with difficulty persuaded to visit the court—but for another fact.

At this court a sybaritism reigned in the artistic circle, the equal of which has never since been seen. Music in Dresden was almost entirely dedicated to the embellishment of princely splendor, and was itself adorned to the utmost, and was recompensed with the heavy klang of German gold, for its light Italian tinklings.

Bach did not fight against this at all; he bore his cross in patience, and, while creating immortal works, he suffered himself to be cheated by the school-directors. He was harassed like his father, and made

music like him. But how much honorable greatness lay beneath these simple facts!

As publishers were then even rarer than to-day, the industrious cantor engraved his works himself.

When we think of this untiring energy, we can well understand that this man's face has been truly pictured in the following short words:

"When one looks at the firm set of the head, and the black eyes within it, it seems as though fire were breaking out of a rock."

And yet this never-resting man did so little for his "reputation," and for the circulation and preservation of his works, that we of to-day, after only one hundred years, must search for them as for the lost parchments of antiquity; and only a small part of his creations, and that but lately, has become generally known. Here lies the immense distance between modern artistic industry and the impulse to compose, which was so resistless with old Bach; our artists, to quote the apostle Paul "serve the creature more than the creator," and the contrary was the case with Bach. He was an artist without a public, who sang in honor of God, and for his own pleasure. He was a true aristocrat of genius. The idea of a public did not exist for him. I know of no artist since Bach, of whom this can be truly said. This idea has only too lively an existence with us. And the experience may well confound us, that precisely that body of artists, for whom the public is the most real idea,—actors,—have become the least independent among all, in an artistic sense, and, socially, the most corrupt. While the poets and the learned who belonged to the Gottsched period, contemporary with Bach's prime, fell into theoretic pedantry, because they had separated from the social burgher foundation, and because they were then venturing on the first attempt to form a literary class, a "polite and cultivating world"—par excellence—(a stupid fiction, the pursuit of which has brought such unspeakable mischief to Germany),—during all this, German burghership displayed, in Sebastian Bach, its last artistic embodiment.

To attach such a meaning to Bach's geniality may be called philistinish; I cannot help it; the man never looks greater to me, than when I see him as a cantor before me, surrounded by his ten music-making sons, to whom, art, in its purity, is a family legacy; who honestly fulfils the duties, and will not exceed the narrow boundaries of his position, as a simple citizen; who thinks in tones for the love of God, and not for the public, because it is his unquestioned custom, and was that of his fathers before him.

This is what gives to his works that iron, marrowy, chaste, pure character, that has not been equalled by any composer since him. Bach is our one speculative musician; and yet he never loses himself in his speculations, because form and expression have a historical foundation with him, and because he holds to the traditions of his fathers in artistic technicalities, just as firmly and intelligently, as to their family customs.

(To be continued.)

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 27, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the 43d Psalm: "As the Hart Pans." By Mendelssohn.

### The Prince's Welcome.

Of all the ovations offered to the Prince of Wales in his recent visit to the United States, none was more tastefully conceived and more admirably carried out than the Concert given by the children of the Public Schools, in the Music Hall, on Thursday afternoon [Oct. 18]. Although the Committee of Arrangements did not see the propriety of inviting the

representatives of the Musical Journals of this city, we rejoice that we were enabled, by the kindness of Dr. Upham, to whom the City is indebted so largely for the brilliant success which attended the occasion, to attend and chronicle the performance.

The festivals of the last two or three years have made all the details of the arrangements comparatively simple and easy. The general arrangement of the Hall was the same as that which we described a few weeks ago, the same lofty amphitheatre reaching from the stage to the cornice of the Hall, covered with tier upon tier of youthful faces beaming with pleasure and radiant with the beauty of youth, all neatly dressed, the girls mostly in white, and presenting a spectacle of delight for the eyes, such as is rarely seen. The *coup d'œil* was absolutely startling, of what a cotemporary happily calls "a cascade" of youth and beauty. The seats in the floor of the hall were all removed and a platform erected nearly in the centre for the honored guests of the occasion. The decorations of the Hall showed the taste of the artist, and not of the upholsterer or professional decorator whose conceptions are limited to a lavish display of bunting. Hangings of velvet, trimmed with gold were upon the fronts of the balconies, and the simple words, "England," "America," and "Welcome." Over the doors, tastefully arranged trophies of the English and American flags, alternated with the nodding plumes of the crest of the Prince of Wales; and, high over all, the American flag and the red banner and cross of St. George dropped in peaceful folds, side by side, from the lofty ceiling. The galleries were filled with ladies, and every standing place on the floor with gentlemen, and the stage bloomed from top to bottom with the children; and, as the Prince, accompanied by His Excellency the Governor of the Commonwealth and the Mayor of the City, entered the Hall, cheer after cheer, and a waving welcome of a sea of handkerchiefs, that looked like a perfect foam, gave him cordial and enthusiastic greeting. The orchestra, under CARL ZERBAHN, struck up Weber's *Jubilee Overture*, as the Prince took his seat, between two Massachusetts mechanics, who have risen by the divine right within them to those conspicuous posts which they adorn—not the least interesting feature of the scene to Republican beholders. The overture led into the National Anthem of England, when the whole audience rose, as the children, with one voice and all their souls rolled out, with full orchestra and organ accompanying, the glorious melody to the words of the International Ode.

### OUR FATHERS' LAND.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

SUNG IN UNISON BY TWELVE HUNDRED CHILDREN OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

AN.—God save the Queen.

God bless our Fathers' Land!  
Keep her in heart and hand  
One with our own!  
From all her foes defend,  
Be her brave People's Friend,  
On all her Realm's descend,  
Protect her Throne!

Father, with loving care  
Guard Thou her kingdom's Heir,  
Guide all his ways:  
Thine arm his shelter be.  
From him by land and sea  
Bid storm and danger flee,  
Prolong his days!

Lord, let War's trumpet cease,  
Fold the whole Earth in peace  
Under Thy wings!  
Make all Thy Nations one,  
All Hearts beneath the sun,  
Till Thou shalt reign alone,  
Great King of Kings!

The Prince and his suite, consisting of the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Lyons, Gen. Bruce, and other distinguished noblemen and gentlemen, showed marked attention during the singing and applauded the

singers most heartily at the close. After an interval of a few minutes, the next piece of the programme was given with like success. The whole performance occupied exactly an hour. The remainder of the programme was as follows:

II.  
CHORAL.—"SLEEPERS WAKE."  
FROM ST. PAUL.—Mendelssohn.

III.  
ALLEGRO-RETTO.  
FROM THE EIGHTH SYMPHONY.—Beethoven.

IV.  
GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.  
FROM THE TWELFTH MASS.—Mozart.

V.  
ANDANTE.  
FROM THE FIFTH SYMPHONY.—Beethoven.

VI.  
OLD HUNDREDETH PSALM.

From all that dwell below the skies  
Let the Creator's praise arise;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,  
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;  
Eternal truth attends thy word;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Of the performance of the programme, it is perhaps, needless for us to speak more fully.

During the singing of the Doxology, the whole audience reverently remained standing. The guests then withdrew amid the enthusiastic cheers of the children and audience.

Nowhere else in the country, has such a welcome been given—nowhere else could it have been done, nor indeed according to the *Dinriat's* letter in another column, could such a thing probably be so well done anywhere. The Schools of Boston are her pride and boast, and in no way could they be more pleasantly or creditably displayed than in the manner chosen for this occasion. All thanks are due to Dr. Upham and Mr. Zerrahn for their unwearied efforts in bringing the affair to so successful a termination.

The Prince has left us, having received all over the country the spontaneous and hearty welcome which was due from a nation of the same blood, history and laws as that which sees in him the Heir to its ancient Throne. It cannot be but that the seeds of good will and peace have been sown in his young heart of which the rich harvest is to be reaped in the future years of the history of both nations. Of "Young England" himself, we may say that his modest and truly gentlemanly, not to say princely, bearing and manners have left a most favorable impression on all who have seen him, and many heart felt good wishes accompany him on his homeward voyage, and in the career that probably awaits him in the future.

### Musical Chit-Chat.

We have reported in another place what seems to fall especially to a Music Journal, the School Concert at the Music Hall. The imposing reviews of Military and the splendors of the Ball do not come within our scope, but we are glad to copy the following notice of the excellent music at the Ball, by the correspondent of the *Tribune*, which we hear confirmed on every side.

The Boston Ball, although, as I have before intimated, not on the whole favorably comparable to the best of the Canadian balls, had some points of superiority over even these. The Prince had never danced to such excellent music. It is seldom that so brilliant an orchestra, with so capital a chief as Mr. Zerrahn, is heard in a ball-room. And the music was, I venture to say, more carefully selected than the wiles in the supper-room. I salute the taste which gathered so well together the brightest quadrilles that Strauss wrote, and the best morsels of the liveliest of other composers—Fry's "Lancers" most sparkling of all. The manner of the Prince's welcome, too, was a happy fancy. Instead of the unadorned anthem, which, although wanting nothing beyond its own austere simplicity on state occasions, may yield a part of its dignity in a festive time like this, Lindpainter's overture was played—the best, after Weber's, that has been written upon the English national theme—and Weber's, having been used at the Music Hall celebration could not well be here repeated.

Every good citizen regrets that an occasion so brilliant should have been made the opportunity of a

marked and studied neglect, amounting almost to insult, of the Governor of the Commonwealth, and his wife, the only invited guests of the occasion, beside the Prince and suite.

One thing too marred the pleasure of the Concert at the Music Hall, viz., a repetition of the same shiftless arrangement for the admission of the audience at the Winter Street entrance, which we noticed on the occasion of the School Festival. No intimation was given on the tickets (which were of two kinds) at which staircase they were to be presented. The consequence was a confused and alarming pressure in opposite directions, of a perfectly well disposed and gentlemanly crowd that did not know where to go. Many aged citizens, of the highest respectability and eminence, whose names we could give, were thus exposed for a long time to the swaying of this uncomfortable crowd, at the serious peril of life and limb. The whole matter was discreditable to the Committee of Arrangements, and could have been prevented by a couple of words on the printed tickets. In marked contrast were the arrangements of the interior of the Hall, contrived by Dr. Upham.

THE MECHANICS' FAIR.—The Judges at the late exhibition of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Exhibition have awarded the premiums.

We are glad to see that no competitor takes the "gold medal" from the honored house of the "Chickering's," whose instruments of every class were indeed admirable and worthy of their reputation. The silver medal for upright pianos also, was deservedly bestowed on them, as we know of no American instruments of this class that can compare with those made by the Chickering's. The Parlor Grands of Timothy Gilbert were excellent instruments; and a square piano, by T. McNeil, was worthy of especial notice, receiving a bronze medal. Mason & Hamlin had a large display of their admirable melodeons.

The following are those awarded for Musical Instruments. We copy from the list in the *Evening Transcript*.

Gold Medal.—Chickering & Sons; Best Piano.

Silver Medal.—Timothy Gilbert & Co.; Grand and Parlor Grand Piano Fortes. Hazelton Bros., New York; "Square Pianos N. M. Lowe; Square Piano Fortes. Wm. P. Emerson; Square Piano Fortes. Chickering & Sons; Upright Piano Forte. Mason & Hamlin; Melodeons.

Bronze Medal.—T. Gilbert & Co.; Piano Forte with Eolian Attachment. J. W. Brackett; Organ Piano Forte. T. McNeil; Square Piano Forte. J. H. Aray; Violin. E. S. Wright; Silver Bugle. F. H. Corney; Miniature Piano Forte.

Diploma.—G. A. Miller & Co.; Square Piano Forte. Wm. Bourne; Square Piano Forte. Dearborn & Severance; Melodeon. Phelps & Dalton; Melodeon. J. H. Gibson; Melodeon. J. H. Aray, Boocawen, N. H.; Superior Banjo. H. Westman, East Boston; Banjo. Samuel Pierce; Organ Pipes.

MRS. VARIAN JAMES.

My Dear Editor pro tem:—If it be a matter of interest to you, among the immediate musicalia of the day, please afford me space to record that this lady whose name has perhaps scarcely been known to your readers, until introduced to them by you in a very brief allusion, a week or two ago, I have lately had the fortune to hear not only repeatedly in private, but also in two Concerts in Providence, where she sang various brilliant cavatinas as well as simple ballads in so admirable a style as to receive from the critics of the morning papers of that city,—the *Journal* and *Post*, the most cordial and well-merited eulogiums.

Let me, without either entering, on the one hand, upon an elaborate criticism, or, on the other, falling into any extravagance of enthusiasm, add my confident prediction, that when the favorable opportunity presents itself for her to be heard in this city under such auspices as she richly deserves for a debut before the Boston public—to wit, in the Music Hall,—on a crowded Philharmonic night—with an orchestra under Zerrahn—the faultlessly charming quality of her pure soprano voice, the ease and grace of her execution, her finished and artistic method, combined with the fine personal appearance which indicates both the woman of character and the lady of culture,

will not fail to captivate her audiences here, as they are said to have done those of every place she has visited, and to win for her the metropolitan renown which may be so efficient a help to the attainment of those material successes and rewards that should crown the aspirations and studies of the conscientious artiste.

S. J.

OHIO NORMAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—We have received the Catalogue of the Institution at Ashland, Ohio. It is a sort of *Conservatoire* for instruction in Music. The following persons compose the Board of Instruction.

Principals.—B. F. Baker, Boston, Mass. W. H. Ingersoll, Hudson, Ohio.

Teacher of Vocalization.—Dr. Clara W. Beames, New York City.

Teacher of Education.—Robert Kidd, Esq., Cincinnati, O.  
Teacher of Pianos and Organ.—E. C. Kilbourne, Ashland, Ohio.

MUSIC IN NEW YORK.—As has been already announced, the operatic kaleidoscope, after much turning, presents an attractive picture. Madame Fabbri, Formes, and Stigelli, are to sing the principal rôles in "Robert le Diable," on Wednesday evening, and this agreeable opening of a new season is to be followed by "Les Huguenots," "Der Freischütz," Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," Mercadante's "Il Giuramento," and several other fresh works, if only the liberality of the public adequately rewards the enterprise of the artist. If there is shown by the latter an honest endeavor to deal justly with their public, a true regard for their art, and that respect for themselves which the since artist ever has, it cannot be doubted that pecuniary encouragement, which is always the most tardy, will cheer the treasury of Messrs. Fabbri and Formes. It is as certain as anything connected with that fickle and incomprehensible body, The Public, can be, that there are enough people in New York who are able and willing to do it, to well support an operatic company; it is also certain that excellence in public entertainments will be soon appreciated by these people; after the irritating disappointments to which they have been subjected, they may at first be inclined to look with coldness on any Irving-place undertaking; but this apathy can be quickly overcome, and the managers will see that a broad mantle of charity will cover the minor deficiencies which we may expect at the outset, provided they result not from negligence, but from want of ample resources. The Public is not by nature unkind, or severely exacting; but it is not entirely idiotic, nor will it be made by fancy advertisements to believe that a stone is excellent bread.

Beside this immediate project, there is a rumor which says that another combination is to be made, having Muzio at the head, and including Madame Colson, Miss Phillips, Miss Kellogg, Stigelli, Brignoli, and Susini; that the Academy of Music has really been leased to this company, and that it will be opened for their performances by the middle of November. This enterprise, however, has not yet taken definite form.

Messrs. Mason and Thomas announce that their sixth season of classical musical entertainments will commence with a concert at Dodworth's Hall, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 30. The artists composing the club, are Mason, Thomas, Bergmann, Mosenthal, Matzka. The concerts will take place at intervals of three or four weeks, and during the season will be performed nine quartets, three trios, three sonatas for piano and violin, two quintets, together with a variety of solos for piano, violin, violoncello. A concert for which many have long eagerly looked, is at last definitely announced. Miss Carlotta Patti will make her first public appearance in New York at Dodworth's Saloon, on Thursday evening. Aside from the interest attaching to the debut of a member of a remarkable family, expectation has been raised by the reports which those who have heard her in private give of the uncommon musical ability of Miss Patti. She will doubtless be warmly greeted by a large audience. In this concert, Madame Colson, Madame Strakosch, Brignoli, Stigelli, Susini, Ferri, and Saar, will take part.—*Tribune*.

### The Norwich Festival.

ABRAHAM AND UNDIENE.

This followed close upon the Worcester festival of which we gave an account last week. The novel features of this were a new oratorio and a new cantata, of which we find the following account in the *Athenaeum*, Sept 29:

Herr Molique's Oratorio was performed on Thursday week, at the Norwich Festival, with a success which must gladden every one desirous of seeing real merit acknowledged by genuine reward. It is a composition not to be dismissed with common-places,

—one which few living musicians besides its writer could have produced.

The book of "Abraham" has many good points; not the least of which is that the words are directly derived from the Scriptures, without any admixture of inferior modern composition. It is, further, not too long. The departure of the Patriarch to the Land of Canaan his separation from Lot, his victory over the Kings of the Cities of the Plain, make up the first part of the Oratorio.—The second part is devoted to the destruction of the Cities of the Plain, the story of Hagar, and the sacrifice of Isaac, with a final Thanksgiving Chorus. Here, it will be at once perceived, are scenes admitting of great variety and contrast; but, in one respect, the selection might have been reconsidered to advantage. After the destruction of the Cities of the Plain, Abraham's part is principally one of trouble and agitation, as in the last two episodes mentioned. This damps the interest towards the close. Again, during the first half of the work the music for the *soprano* is of too small consequence or interest; the author having been too exclusively occupied with the protagonist, who is a *basso*, as in "Elijah." As in "Elijah," too, the occupation given to the other voices is fragmentary—no character being carried throughout the work. This (even with Mendelssohn's masterpiece as the exception in proof of the rule) has an inevitable tendency to weaken the interest, and "throw out" the comprehension of the listener. In no work of Art is firm-knit and continuous purpose so indispensable as in a story carried out without action or scenery, or change of dress.

We must now come to the music. It was not to be expected that at this stage of Herr Molique's career he should be able to add to the riches of his musical nature that which was wanting to them. He cannot be rated among the born melodists from among whom the greatest musicians have come. Nor like others, in whom the natural gift has been spare, has he been led by circumstance or self-knowledge to nourish an indication into a reality,—even as by the art of floriculture petals can be doubled, size enhanced, and a thousand new tints added to the original wild blossom. But those familiar with Herr Molique's manner, as one leaning towards what is intricate in detail, must have been surprised in "Abraham." The most stirring and vigorous portions of the score are the best. The war-scene (Nos. 13 and 14), a recitative, aria and chorus, is the most striking piece in the Oratorio. Among the others numbers which we prefer (for a reason presently to be stated) are the Quartett (No. 5),—the Tenor-song (No. 9), tuneable and exceedingly elegantly scored—and, the Chorus (No. 35), in which it is shown how grandeur, strictness and freedom can be combined. All the fugal movements are conducted with that grasp over resource which has no limit save in the hearer's patience. The music is throughout written with a master's hand, if not from a master mind. Every voice is displayed advantageously, without meretricious allurements being resorted to. The force of the choruses attests the excellence of Herr Molique's writing—since with every crudity admitted there must come a loss of power. The instrumentation is clear, rich, various—nowhere fantastic, nowhere dull,—in many of the songs admirable as an example of felicitous result produced by simple and unhackneyed means. The score should be in the hands of every student of orchestra writing.—The Oratorio, in short, from first to last, is, as we have heretofore said, sustained in a manner to claim more than common esteem and admiration.

With all this merit an objection must be urged against "Abraham." We recollect no example showing how a clever, conscientious man of talent can be penetrated, oftentimes to the verge of self effacement, by the spirit of a man of genius, more forcibly than this same Oratorio. By nothing more than the many essays put forth since "Elijah" appeared, have we been taught how entirely original a work that this is;—by none more emphatically than by "Abraham;" for since Mendelssohn wrote, no German has attempted an oratorio with claims, in any respect, comparable to those of Herr Molique. It is needless, and would be ungracious to specify the passages in which, not only a leaven of peculiar quality is to be tasted, but where, also, the very forms of rhythm and construction are to be recognized with a simplicity of reproduction remarkable in proportion as we believe it to have been unconscious. Herr Molique, be it remembered, does not range among the scholars to whom their own master is also model elect. To have been so powerfully tintured by the influence of a junior cotemporary, is a fact containing a testimony too significant to be passed over. One more remark—Herr Molique has not been sufficiently regardful of variety. All the choruses, save one, are in common time,—such examples of triple time as "Abraham"

contains, being (with this exception) reserved for the solos.

The performance was one to satisfy the most fastidious and exigent of musicians. Not only did "Abraham" from the first to last chord, go without "stop, let, or hindrance," but it was executed with that ripeness and force which can only come of thorough study. The choruses were sung with enjoyment (another proof, by the way, of their being well written):—the principal singers, one and all,—Madame Novello, Mrs. Weiss, Miss Palmer, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Wilbye Cooper, and Belletti, did the best of their best. It is impossible to sing with greater purity and pathos than did Madame Novello throughout the scene of Hagar in the Wilderness. A separate notice is due in highest commendation of Mr. Santley, to whom the long and responsible part of *Abraham* had been entrusted. The work, to conclude, was listened to with close attention, in places breaking out into applause. The composer was cordially welcomed on appearing in the orchestra, and enthusiastically cheered after the close of the oratorio.

It was not merciful on the part of the managers of this Festival to produce a second novelty in the evening—after a morning, during which attention had been so largely drawn upon as in listening to "Abraham." Mr. Benedict's "Undine" is, without question, one of the best of modern Cantatas, and their number is happily on the increase. These fairy legends have generally a strange attraction for composers,—this one, in particular,—though the spirituality and subtlety of La Motte Fouqué's delicious tale might have been fancied too exquisite in their delicacy for Music, for the same reasons as, to our thinking, make Hamlet, Mignon, Miranda, difficult of approach by the art. The above, however, may be but an individual conceit;—more certain it is that Mr. Oxford has treated the favourite subject hastily. There are waters and waters. "Undine," like "Lorely," is a spirit of lakes, streams and pools—not of ocean. "Tritons" and corals have nothing to do with whispering reeds and water-lilies, yet here we find them. In another respect, some want of thought is evident: a want that may have pressed on the musician more than either author or his comrades have been aware. A Cantata is not an opera. The less action that it contains the better, and the action must be described so as not to render personification and motion necessary. In spite of the capital groupings and gesticulations of the crowd on the stage, and Mr. Stanfield's pictorial scenery, the chorus, "Wretched lovers," in Gay's "Acis and Galatea," is more effective as concert-music than it was when forced into dramatic form by Mr. Macready. To illustrate from another period—disregard of this distinction, which, however it be, is, nevertheless one essential to be kept in mind—took away half its effect from one of Mr. Macfarren's very best works—his Cantata, "The Sleeper Awakened."

In "Undine," from the moment that action begins, it will be felt that the composer has lost some power, and that, having been compelled to write with the stage before his mind's eye, he has written that which requires action to complete its effect. No matter; "Undine" is, to our thinking, by many degrees Mr. Benedict's best and most spontaneous work. It is full of beauty—full of fancy. The overture is delicious as a prelude to a fairy tale of lakes and streams. The opening of the *allegro* may be expressly commended to those who are disposed to be rapturists (Miss Burney's Johnsonian word) over the overture to "Tannhäuser." The effect which Herr Wagner has there tried for is got here. The second subject is elegantly flowing; the third, marked *scherzando* (page 7 of the Pianoforte score), happily fancied, as an enhancement—not an intrusion. We know no modern overture better than this. The opening chorus (with the episodic entrance of *Kuhleborn*) is in the same humour, excellent and unaffected in variety. In particular, the passage, pp. 22 and 23, may be specified, and, as a matter of detail, the use of the harp throughout this chorus. Undine's *solo* with chorus is thoroughly graceful, though it will tax any voice less certain in its high notes than Madame Novello's. The *Terzett* (No. 4) is not less good. The *Scena* for the tenor (No. 5) is excellent as a piece of display for the tenor, with its intimation of the march (No. 5) which, when it arrives proves to be a new Wedding March. After Mendelssohn's this was difficult to find, yet Mr. Benedict has found it. The first movement of (No. 8) a *contralto scena* is again good and calculated to tempt every *contralto*. From this point the cantata becomes stage music till its very close—where the introduction of the single voice of the Spirit after the violent chorus which precedes it, is a touch of poetry after melodrama. "Undine" should keep its place among cantatas; it pleased honestly all who heard it at Norwich. It will please yet more on every repetition.—*Athenæum*, Sept. 29.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The charmed gifts. Song. H. von Bezon. 25

A simple but pretty parlor ballad.

I think of thee. G. Leander Eberhard. 25

One of the best of late sentimental songs.

O give me my dear sunny home in the South. J. W. Cherry. 25

A pleasing, heart-winning strain, worthy of the author of the popular "Shells of the Ocean."

The wise old bachelor. T. N. Towns. 25

A new, humorous song, which, if put in at the right moment, cannot fail to amuse.

The wishing gate. N. J. Spörle. 35

Another song of the humorous kind. The old superstition on which the text is built, is well-known. This song, differing totally from others of the same name, which were current years ago, tells of a young girl who did not wish wisely, but bethought herself only of wealth and station, thereby rendering herself miserable, when her wishes were granted. The music is capital. It is altogether very recommendable to ladies.

### Instrumental Music.

Mazurka. Thekla Badarzewska. 25

Pretty, and not difficult. As something new from the pen which wrote the famous "Maiden's Prayer," this mazurka will at once command the attention of all amateurs.

Lucia di Lammermoor. Franz Nava. 30

Les Huguenots. " 30

New numbers of Nava's Operatic Favorites, a new and capital set, in point of difficulty about mid-way between Bellini's "Bada" and Meyer's "Repertoire."

Les Soupirs. Reverie caractéristique. F. Godefroid. 50

One of the most charming pieces of this composer whose "Dance of the Fairies" was made so popular once by Jaill. It has been heard frequently in the best musical society of all countries. It is endorsed now as a piece that will live and be studied by hundreds, which task will be found somewhat difficult.

Savin Rock Polka. Carl Trautmann. 25

Quite a pretty polka.

Sound the loud timbrel. (Sabbath strains.) Rimbault. 15

In Jewry is God known. " " 15

He was despised. " " 15

O had I Jubal's lyre. " " 15

It was a very good idea to familiarize these sterling old airs by placing them into the hands of the young, arranged as pleasing little pieces. They are also well adapted for the Melodeon, and will make such music for the Sabbath as nobody can object to.

### Books.

THE WESLEYAN SACRED HARP. A collection of Choice Tunes and Hymns for Prayer, Class and Camp Meetings, Choirs and Congregational Singing. 50

A very compact and convenient 12mo. volume of words and music for the Methodist Church, and one that will prove quite welcome for public and private use. It contains nearly 300 pages of the best hymns and tunes, most of which are standard old favorites and the remainder those that will soon become such.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 448.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 3, 1860.

VOL. XVIII. No. 5.

Translated from Niehl's "Musikalische Charakterköpfe," by  
Fanny Malone Raymond.

## Bach and Mendelssohn

FROM A SOCIAL POINT OF VIEW.

I. (Continued.)

### Music and German Burghership.

No artist of that period, in any department of art, so successfully overcame the inward corruption and ostentatious flourish of that day of big-wiggery, as Bach,—the honest, upright, lonely spirit, who yet needed that very loneliness in order to remain, musically speaking, honest. He, the German citizen, was never possessed with the notion of musical cosmopolitanism, that then haunted some of the greatest musicians—Hasse, for instance; and even Handel, for some time. Bach remained national to the back-bone—perhaps the only German artist on the boundaries of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, of whom this can be boasted, in the strongest sense of the word. How, indeed, could it possibly be otherwise? German burgherdom then began to be inoculated with those cosmopolitan fancies that gradually destroyed it.

To-day, when music itself has engrafted so many sickly, enervating influences on the imagination, it is good to remember, that in a far more corrupt time it was precisely music that sustained the health, freshness, and honor of the German world of art. And it was not Bach alone, who effected this, but a great group of masters with him, who at least worked on the same firmly laid foundation, even if they were outgrown by the proud height of his genius.

Among these masters, we may point to his sons; and Charles Philip Emanuel does not make an epoch in art-history, only because he was the son of such a father. Old Fink has said a true thing in regard to this remarkable musical group of the sons of Bach.

He says; "If the world could only see the admirable master-works of this great family laid together, it would be astonished at their immeasurable richness, and would admire their truly German profundity and strength."

It was by a peculiar accident, as it were, that one of Bach's sons—and the most gifted, the only one that can in any way be placed in competition with his father,—has furnished us with a negative proof of the truth of our conclusion; that only in the narrow circle, in the hereditarily bequeathed purity of family and citizen life, could the artistic greatness of John Sebastian Bach have acquired its solid individuality.

William Friedemann Bach "émancipated" himself from the restraint of a Cantor's circumstances; the solidity of citizenship, rooted in a happy family life, was treasore to him; the noble vagabondizing of a travelling genius was far more attractive to him; his great father's unassuming character was transformed in him to an experienced artist-pride; and when his enthusiasm ran out, he sought to find it again in the wine-glass. Instead of uniting talent with industry, both

melted away to foam. In short, he was the origin of the modern-genial-art-proletarian.

Highly gifted as he was, at first the pride and hope of his father and brothers, yet all his talent completely failed; and while his works are hardly extant, his example has come down to posterity as a warning. He declined from that true Bach spirit, in which we recognize the strength and manhood of the good old citizen customs, raised to be an artistic power.

John Sebastian Bach was one of those wonderful spirits, who, like the Cid, can win a battle even in death. When he died, it must rather have been said of him that he closed one epoch, than that he commenced a new one. But when he had been dead almost a hundred years, he began to form a fresh epoch. What we recognize as the newest development of musical classicality, the reform that was commenced with Mendelssohn, has this peculiarity about it, that it returns to Bach, is nourished and strengthened by his spirit. The revival of his Passion-music was an event whose importance we do not yet understand. As the study of the newly revived Shakspeare lighted the revolutionary fires of the "storm and drive" period,—as this great literary event spread through the succeeding developments of the romanticists, and gave an impulse to the present,—so the study of Bach has led to a musical reform, less warlike than the literary one, to be sure, but on which a great part of our musical future reposes.

When one considers how few, out of the immense number of Bach's works, have become generally known, we must regard it as a fortunate thing that on the hundredth anniversary of the master's death, a Bach-foundation will be grounded, with the intention of publishing his entire work by degrees. When we remember how deficient is the ordinary knowledge of Bach's creations, and with what magic force the master attracts to him those who approach him in all sincerity, then we may feel a presentiment of the revolution which a new acquaintance with his works will create in the musical world—of course, in process of time.

That the present generation is desirous to study and capable of understanding Sebastian Bach's music, we hold as a favorable sign, not only of its musical, but also of its social strength and inclination. He who cannot appreciate the citizen Cantor, in the family circle, surrounded by his ten musical sons, supported by the worthiness of his position, and by the historical traditions of his art, cannot appreciate the genius of Bach. The celebration of the hundredth anniversary of his death comes just at the right time, for the events of the last year have encouraged us to a revivification in social life; and while we are striving to rebuild the noble edifice of German citizenship, a glance towards the artistic embodiment of its cardinal virtues; namely, fear of God, greatness in limitation, historical custom, and natural and moral strength, will inspire and support us.

Cotemporaries wrote: that when Frederick

the Great, who could not possibly have had any sympathetic appreciation of Bach's artistic aims, had seen and heard the Thomas Cantor, he was "in great emotion." There is a deep meaning in this "great emotion." It was the emotion of a great man, who feels that an equally great man stands face to face with him. And it is an admirably naive description of the peculiar impression that Bach's genius makes on all susceptible minds; we are overcome by "great emotion."

And our entire musical development will be influenced by "great emotion," when once Bach's works, in their completion, as we can see before us, at a not very distant time, have found an entrance, and full scope for their unrestrained operation.

## Musical Culture.

### II.

#### INSTRUCTION.

Now and then a man appears in public either as a writer or a speaker, who, impelled by philanthropic motives, endeavors to demonstrate that the salvation of the world depends upon making the multitude musical. He considers the practice of music as of the highest benefit to humanity and demands that instruction shall be provided for every one, high or low, at public expense if need be. Our man even goes so far as to insist that the beggars from the streets shall be called in, and instead of receiving bread to satisfy their hunger and garments to clothe their naked limbs, shall receive lessons in music.

However extravagant this may appear, it cannot be denied that music possesses all the elements for being the art of the people. Still, it is of not so much consequence that every one should study music as that those who study it should do it rightly. On this the progress of the art, and the happiness of those connected with it, depend. No reasonable man will say that our age is poor in music; there is plenty of it; the complaint is that it is of too superficial a nature. We will leave it, therefore, to those philanthropists to teach the illiterate crowds singing or playing, or both together, if they think it possible; while we shall rest content, if for the present those only will come forward to be taught, who have the requisite means,—a certain degree of intelligence as well as talent, so that they may derive the proper benefit from the art, which they labor to acquire, and the art from them; and they are many. If their studies are conducted in the right manner, they will one day form the nucleus of a musically cultivated public, and we know not how much farther their influence, as prominent members of society, for the sake of true art may extend. We desire to see at least a similar good taste diffused in matters of music as in poetry and literature. This is possible, and we hope will become a fact sooner or later,

The instruction, therefore, should correspond with the importance of the subject and aim to impart a higher degree of culture than is gener-

ally the case. Leaving aside singing and the instruments which are now rarely practiced, we shall only speak of instruction on the pianoforte. This instrument has, in our time, risen to such universal popularity that "to study music" commonly means to study the pianoforte. It is the favorite instrument of professional musicians as well as amateurs, and justly so, for it is the most efficient for obtaining a comprehensive knowledge of the tone-art with all its branches. Its efficiency in this respect is proved by the circumstance that in conservatories and similar high institutions for the study of music every pupil is required to learn the pianoforte in addition to the instruments, for which his taste and talent peculiarly fit him. The principal virtue of the pianoforte lies in the fact that, besides the works expressly composed for it, any compositions, for any instrument or body of instruments, voice or voices, they may have originally been designed, may be represented on it, with all their melodies harmonies, counterpoints, imitations, &c. Paradoxical as it may sound, because of the colossal abuse to which it is daily doomed, the pianoforte is the true instrument for true music.

Instruction, then, has for its object to educate the pupil so that he shall be able to render, and what is no less important, to understand and appreciate the works of the best composers. These works, according to their contents, may be divided into two classes. In the first class belong those, that contain chiefly musical ideas, or thoughts, embodied in a form corresponding to their nature. The music is here a language, for which the instrument, if we may say so, serves as a tongue through which it finds utterance. The music may be dissevered from the instrument, may be taken abstractly, and it will remain as beautiful as before. Works of this class are at the same time inestimable studies to the student of composition for their perfection in form and style, and the masterly manner in which the manifold resources of the creative tone-art are employed. In popular language such compositions are said to be written in the classical style. Most of the works of Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and other masters, are in that style. Those of the second class are of inferior value regarded from a musical point of view; for, they rarely contain ideas or thoughts; the tone-art as a language of the soul is not glorified in them. In the former the instrument is made subservient to the music, in these the opposite takes place; there, we hear music through the instrument; here, we hear the instrument through the music. Nevertheless, they display the finest qualities of a modern pianoforte, and the manual dexterity of the player in an admirable manner; besides being excellent studies for the acquirement of an elegant touch, a brilliant execution, and similar properties of a finished player. Our time seems peculiarly favorable for their growth; they are heaped by thousands on the shelves of the publishers. Although, strictly speaking, this class of music is nothing but an excrescence on the tree of true art, still it would be one-sided not to notice it. The musician, who is no fanatic, but entertains broad and liberal views of his art, cannot but regard it as one of the remarkable phenomena of the musical literature of our time. Liszt, Thalberg, Doehler, Prudent, Goria, and a host of greater and smaller spirits have exclusively cultivated this, called the "brilliant style."

As material for study we take the works of both classes together and notice them once more in four distinct sub-divisions. In the first division we will reckon the pieces that are composed, or transcribed, for the pianoforte alone, that is, *solo-pieces*. They are the most numerous and for many plain reasons must be regarded as the most essential for instruction. The second division contains the pieces for four hands, most of which were originally composed for other instruments, and afterwards arranged for the pianoforte. If the arrangements are faithful to the original, and yet well adapted to the nature of the instrument, they are of manifold use. Such of them should above all be selected for study, as the pupil may have an opportunity of hearing performed in their original costume, if we may say so. A Symphony by Beethoven, for instance, studied in a four-hand arrangement at home, will afford both the highest enjoyment and instruction, when subsequently heard at a concert, represented by a full orchestra. In the third division belong the so-called *concerted* pieces, those in which the pianoforte is connected with one or more other instruments; such as Duos for the pianoforte and violin or violoncello, Trios, Quartets, &c. The study of this kind of compositions should be deemed of the highest importance; the accompanying instruments—the magic strains of the violin, the melancholy notes of the violoncello—will be most powerful in kindling the true fire in the pianist. The fourth division comprises those to which the pianoforte serves merely as an accompaniment. As every player should learn to accompany well, these compositions must be included among the necessary studies. One may render far greater services to the art as a good accompanist than as a soloist. Besides, the player will have opportunity to make the acquaintance of many a fine work in this way, and thus improve his taste and enrich his knowledge.

The works here enumerated and classified comprise the whole literature of the pianoforte. They appear in various forms, with all of which the pupil must be made acquainted; those alone excepted, that have become antiquated and are no longer of value to the musician of our time. As the most important of these forms the Sonata claims our attention first. It is a conspicuous sign of the superficiality which characterizes the musical doings of the present age, that the Sonata is so much neglected; and, if we desire to see good music more appreciated, we must turn our attention again to the study of this species of composition. The Sonata is the ground-form of all great works of instrumental music, such as the Symphony, Overture, Trio, Quartet, and the like, which, as every one is aware, are least appreciated in public, because least understood. It is, therefore, necessary to explain the structure of the form to the pupil; to point out the leading subjects and their manifold transformations, define their nature and explore the means by which the different character of each subject is effected; above all, the impression which the work as a whole makes, the poetic idea pervading it, should be understood. To develop the critical faculties of the pupil he should always be asked how he likes the piece he is studying, and be pressed to give the reasons for his favorable or unfavorable verdict, which are approved or rejected by the teacher, according as they hit or miss the truth; so that finally, by analyzing its

beauties and defects, the piece is judged rightly. Although it is not advisable to attempt instruction in harmony and counterpoint when instruction in pianoforte playing is the object, still a striking harmonic passage may give occasion for some remarks on consonant and dissonant chords, the effect of which on the ear may be tried; while a piece written wholly or partly in the fugued style, will of itself require to show what a tone-edifice may be built of a few notes, how artfully constructed, with the aid of counterpoint. There are everywhere opportunities for useful and pleasant instruction, if the teacher only knows how to use them. So, for instance, already in the beginning, when the mode, key, tact and tempo must be considered, it is most instructive and necessary for the proper appreciation of the piece, to show that every mode and every key has its character, its own peculiar expression. In general, major may be defined as the hard, strong and cheerful mode, minor as the soft and plaintive one. Aside from the mode, the key exerts an influence on the character of a piece, so that, while in this key it is distinguished by a tincture of brightness, in another it appears more gloomy. And so with the different kinds of tact, the explanation of which will make it necessary to touch on that all-powerful agency, called *rhythm*, and to show its mysterious workings, its throbbings and pulsations, in the thousand shapes and figures into which it is banished by the magic wand of the skilful composer. And so, finally, with the tempo, the many gradations of which are indicated by those Italian words, such as *Andante*, *Allegro*, *Andantino*, *Allegretto*, &c. It should be practically illustrated how important the correct tempo of a piece is; how, when played too slowly, it loses all its spirit and becomes dull and monotonous; or, on the other hand, when played too quickly, its solemnity, its dignity and stateliness are gone. We need hardly add that in all cases regard must be taken to the pupil's capacity, and not more attempted than is necessary to thoroughly understand and appreciate the piece in question.

In a following article we shall briefly mention a number of other forms, which, though not so important as the Sonata, deserve to be known. This will, at the same time, afford opportunity for more remarks as to how the right culture may be attained through the right instruction.

BENDA.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Johanna Kinkel's Eight Letters to a Friend.

ON INSTRUCTION ON THE PIANO.

(Translated by WM. GRAVES, A. M.)

#### III.

Beginners should of course, only be compelled to observe the *grammatical* accent; the *oratorical* accent can only be acquired after some years. Although one would suppose that every musician knows the former accent, it is strange enough that most teachers silently overlook it. We need only listen to an orchestra of any smaller town to perceive the want of grammatical accent. No inner connection keeps the instruments harmoniously together, everything is dispersed and scattered to be overthrown the next moment. This feeling of insecurity tormenting the listener, the indistinctness of chords even where no decidedly false-tone occurs, originates solely from ignoring or overlooking the accent.

Thus it is not at all sufficient to impart, once for all, this rule in a superficial manner, but its non-ob-

servance must, every time be strictly blamed as a fault; the teacher should stop the pupil, just as much as if a wrong note had been touched, and must make him correct and repeat the accent which has been overlooked or wrongly executed, till it stands in its right place.

Children understand the accent easiest when they are taught that it agrees with poetical rhythm. Circumscriptive or puzzling terms, as, thesis and arsis, used in Piano Instruction books in connection with this simple rule, are apt to be confounded or the accentuation is exaggerated by an affected stiffness. But, if you succeed in finding a well-known little poem of the same rhythm with this piece, you need only to recite it with false intonation to convince them of the intolerable effect of badly marked beats. Suppose a child plays his first little piece in common time and you tell him, the first and third beats must be marked more strongly by one degree than the other two, he will not understand the reason of it and plays alternately a staff *forte* or *piano* with great perplexity. The above mentioned method, on the contrary, settles at once in the mind. For example, *one* and *three* are intoned like the words, *loving, better*. You do not say *loving, better*, thus accenting the short syllable, nor do you place both syllables beside each other equally long in broad, sleepy tone. Just as in speaking you insensibly accentuate one syllable and drop the rest, so must you accustom yourself to give the strong beat its soft emphasis. If you exaggerate this pressure, the performance becomes rough and ugly; it sounds like the declaiming of poor actors who fall with a cry upon one syllable and whisper the other inaudibly. If it be omitted, each melody sounds like the stammering of children or the jargon of a foreigner, when speaking our language.

It almost always happens with the ignorant that the tone does not clearly correspond on the strong beat and that the next tone on the weak beat blunders in so much the more forcibly. To do away with this bad habit it is best to use again the first little hand pieces and the simplest "studics." Pupils bringing along the wrong accentuation as a rooted custom, can, indeed, only be cured by obliging them, for a while, to mark in an exaggerated manner the strong beat and to grind off the surplus accent afterwards. Treat their other mistakes meanwhile with some indulgence, but ridicule them mercilessly every time they declaim their fingers falsely.

The six-eighth time may be impressed upon children by such words as "heavenly, finally," to be declaimed several times instead of "one, two, three, four, five, six."

An anecdote has been published relating how the celebrated philosopher Mosos Mendelssohn wanted to learn the theory of music from Kirnberger, the latter vainly endeavoring to make the former understand that the 3-4 time differs from the 6-8 time. He should have simply said, "3-4 are three trochees and 6-8 are two dactyles," and his learned pupil would have understood this better than his nomenclature "triple time and square time."

Whoever has been early impressed with a correct musical declamation possesses this advantage, that the strong beat in his performance is felt like a soft pulse beating in a live organism without intruding upon and thereby interfering with the gracefulness of the performance. In the performance of those who learned this rule late the accent rather ticks like clock-work and makes the impression of its being an automaton. But I should rather endure this tastelessly violent accentuation than miss it altogether. How easily will those who feel the strong beat in their very nature, take part in four-handed pieces at first sight or in orchestral performances, while everybody else, lacking this guide must stop with the slightest mistake!

If you hear performers having a totally indifferent

touch, you may, notwithstanding their remarkable skill, be sure that they have never heard anything about the difference of beats. If their attention is directed to it, they do not want to own their ignorance and throw the matter off as something immaterial, thinking the principal point to be "expression"; as if a person could play feelingly, in whose fingers false accentuation has settled!

Immense confusion has taken place in musical instruction in consequence of the ignorance of the earliest authorities establishing the theory of beats. Open their books on thorough bass and you will find the strong beat called thesis, while metrics designate the corresponding place in the verse as arsis. Although in vocal music its accents must coincide, this idea is allowed to contradict itself when applied to music or language. Old theorists give us an amazingly naïve explanation of it; they say, arsis and thesis mean rising and sinking. As with the strong beat the time-beater is lowered, it is self-evident that the accentuated note must be called thesis.

It it much to be wished that some musician of universal reputation would put an end to this ludicrous confusion of words and ideas by a public declaration.\*

I remind you, finally, of a certain nicety in the observance of grammatical accent, viz., that each beat, be it strong or weak, is divided into smaller particles manifesting more or less weight among themselves. Passages of sixteenths or triplets, for example, gain much by our softly marking their little groups in "triple" or "square" time by an imperceptible pressure of the finger. But it requires a pretty skilled hand to execute such niceties of touch down to the best consequences, and the beginner may well be spared this requirement.

There is much futile talk in the musical world about touch; I wished, therefore, to remind you only of its defects mentioned above, because they are reiterated (with few exceptions) by all my new pupils. Those adhering to the Rococo-school of piano-performance, understand by a fine touch only a kind of half staccato in the runs which they are fond of comparing to a string of pearls. One might by this touch be just as well put in mind of a basket of dry peas being thrown down, not to speak of the tastelessness of this manner when applied constantly, it is perverse to attribute importance to it as a fundamental principle of touch, because the runs and ornaments for which it may be adapted are rather secondary, while grandeur and depth of feeling are realized by the performers only by correct accentuation.

\* The theory of music has recently been brought to such a high degree of perfection that the works of "old theorists" are only fumbled over by such as are altogether aware of that "ludicrous thesis;" so that our present "theorist" wisely abstain from criticising former unindicative terms.—TRANSLATOR.

## Musical Correspondence.

CHICAGO, OCT. 22.—The following is the programme of Miss Tillinghast's third Organ Concert, which occurred recently.

1. Fantasia upon a Russian Hymn, Composed for the Organ by.....Freyer
2. Concerto, in three movements, composed for the Organ by.....Mendelssohn
3. Credo.....Mercadante  
Mrs. Paddock, Mrs. Mattison, and Mr. De Pasilo.
4. God Save the Queen, with variations for the Organ, by.....Bink
5. Consider the Lilies. Sung by Mrs. Thomas.
6. Grand March, from Tannhauser, arranged for the Organ.....Wagner
7. Hymn, composed by.....Neithardt  
Sung by a male chorus of twenty voices.
8. Andante, from Symphony No. 1, of the Salomon series, arranged for the Organ by Pittman, Organist in London. Haydn
9. Introduction and Fugue upon the name Bach, composed for the Organ by.....Bink

These concerts have all been attended by highly appreciative audiences. They seemed always to regard the merits of the performance in a high degree commensurate with the merits of the programme. That shows for itself, as containing a good proportion of the "legitimate", instead of the round of "Operatic selections" so common.

We have a new "Philharmonic Society," of which Mr. Balatka, late of Milwaukee, is conductor. The chorus is not fully organized yet, I believe. The orchestra, unlike any other of home formation we have had, is complete in the several departments of string, wood and brass, and numbers over forty performers. They intend to give their first performance soon after the election.

The Musical Union are preparing to give the "Haymakers," under the direction of the author, Mr. Root, who remains after the close of the session of the Normal Institute for that purpose.

The Walnuth Co. (Wis.) Musical Association held their annual session at Elkhorn, commencing Oct. 16th, and continuing three days, under the direction of Mr. Tillinghast, of this city, assisted by his daughter as pianist. Mr. T. has for four years been a teacher of singing in the public schools of this city, but recently he resigned the post, designing to devote his time to holding conventions. On retiring he received numerous testimonials of esteem from pupils and teachers in various schools.

Mr. Bird, late tenor in the quartet at the 2d Presbyterian church, Dr. Patterson's, has become organist at the 1st. Presbyterian church, Rev. Mr. Humphreys.

## The Sentry.

LORRA.

They're gone — the watchfires they have set  
Glow round the mountain-passes yet;  
Out through the darkness of the night,  
They flash a silent, flickering light.

They shine on victory's distant track:  
Whence none, alas! for me comes back;  
They let me bleed to death to-night,  
True sentry, on the field of fight!

Hushed is the tumult of the fray,  
The powder-smoke is blown away;  
Faint, broken shouts fall on my ear;  
My comrades all are far from here.

Yet, though my comrades all are far,  
There gleams full many a golden star,  
And angel-bands light up, on high,  
The eternal watchfires of the sky.

On, comrades brave, to victory!  
Farewell, ye banners, high and free!  
I can no longer be with you;  
Another camp is near in view!

C. T. E.

## Private Soirees.

Private musical soirées are the infallible indices of the exact development of art in our own country. The gifted prima donna from the sunny clime of Italy, flits into the American arena upon the pinions of a reputation acquired under vastly different influences from those which compass us around; and the applause bestowed upon her achievements merely constitutes an index of our natural fondness for the art, and not of our actual progress in the mastery of its theory and practice. In order to determine properly the musical status of plain American John Jones or Cornelia Smiggers, in the mysterious depths of harmony, it becomes necessary to scrutinize closely individual efforts around the domestic fireside. We, for our part, have been, for some years, an interested "looker-on in Venice," in this very particular; and while, in our last issue, we presented an array of data, such as cannot have failed to impart a fair idea of art progress in our own city, this article may serve as a sequel to the foregoing, inasmuch as it may tend to throw still greater light upon the state of art in our midst at this very day. Philadelphia contains at this moment a large number, proportionably to its population, of lady and gentleman amateurs, whose studies and performances command the unqualified admiration of all true connoisseurs, and who, in some cases have elicited warm encomiums from such like artists as Thalberg, Gottschalk, Jaell, and others. And in

substantiation thereof, need we more than advert to the recognized talents of the Misses H—, W—, E—, and others of the fairer sex; or to the splendid musical abilities of many professional and amateur gentlemen? The writer of this has latterly attended three delightful soirées, in which the performances of the above mentioned ladies, while they afforded him the liveliest gratification, simultaneously strengthened his confidence in the rapid and beneficial development of art within our own precincts. In one instance a young lady, who, four years since, rated an ordinary pot pourri à la Beyer, the uttermost limit of her progress, performed the piano parts to a trio, by Reissiger, and a Beethoven quartet with much fidelity to the text, and intelligent appreciation. In another, the evening's programme was composed of classical trios, quartets, and quintets, in each of which the hostess performed the piano parts most admirably, while she also regaled her company with such like solos as Liszt's arrangement of the overture to Wm. Tell, and Henselt's *Invitation à la Valse*. And in yet a third instance, a distinguished lady amateur in our midst read a classical duo for piano and violoncello, by Sterndale Bennett, with Mr. Chas. Schmitz, of this city. Other cases might be cited as tending to illustrate how private soirées are the most accurate indices of the true state of art in our midst. The private rehearsals and public performances of our Handel and Haydn and Harmonia Societies constitute another medium whereby the development of the divine art may be fairly determined; yet not so conclusive as the efforts and progress of individual amateurs within the precincts of the social circle. It is a source of the highest pleasure to find a more judicious sentiment among the majority of our teachers, in the matter of elevating the art standard, as compared to the same a few years since. Those who take an interest in this subject, cannot fail to remember how the profession was compelled to adapt its operations exclusively to the mandates and wishes of parents.

"Hurry my child up into some polkas and waltzes," was the invariable dictum of the parent, anxious to have said child figure in social reunions at the earliest possible date, "a fig for your prosy exercises!"

And thus the teacher, however his heart revolted from such a force-pump system, was compelled to sacrifice his own *modus operandi* to the will of his patrons. Gradually, however, a vast change has crept into social circles. With the advancing development of art, as brought about by the efforts of foreign and home artists, people at large have begun to experience more delight in a Beethoven sonata or Thalberg fantasia, than in the flippant productions of pretending dabblers; and a large proportion of parents seem perfectly willing to endure those prosy exercises, better aware than ever before of the greater benefit which must result from a perseverance with the rugged rudiments. Whoever doubts this position, has only to gain access to the many delightful private soirées constantly in progress within our midst.—*Amateur's Guide*, (Phil.)

**CONCEITS OF CERTAIN ORGANISTS.**—The taste of your organist must influence the character of your congregational singing. It is a sad reflection that your ranting organist, like your ranting preacher, is most admired by the mass of hearers. We have repeatedly heard loud praise of a performer for his wonderful execution on the instrument, when he had shown it by such feats as engraving on his chants rapid passages from "Rory O'More," or "Pop goes the weasel." Such a man may be efficient in an opera, but for church music he has no soul, nor can congregational singing ever flourish under his guidance. He is destitute of devotional feeling. "Now," says Mr. Latrobe, very justly, "of all inanimate creatures the organ is the best adapted to portray the state of mind of the individual who performs upon it. If pride and musical soporiness possess the seat of intelligence, the faithful instrument will be sure to proclaim it in the ears of the congregation. Every fond and frivolous ornament, proclaims his conceit, however he may seek to smother it under high sounding stops and loaded harmonies. A person accustomed to mark the style in which an organ is played cannot be insensible to the devotion or want of devotion of the performer—a fact worthy of the continual remembrance of every organist."

"What do you think of our organist?" asked a clerical friend of us not long ago, after his service, and waited for an answer of approbation. "My opinion is," was the astounding reply, "that he is neither more nor less than a puppy!" and immediately the gentleman himself stepped into the vestry where we were, with a doctor's hat in his hand and a silver-headed cane, and an air of unusual self-complacency. "A puppy!" said our friend after he had left, "I

grant you that he is personally; but what do you think of his playing?" "That he is a greater puppy in his playing than in his person, if that be possible," was our very ungracious reply. About half a year ago we heard a somewhat celebrated organist in a go-ahead city playing all sorts of fantastic tricks with one of Tallis's sober anthems, when we ventured to inquire of him whether it would not be better to adhere to what was written. "O!" said he, shrugging his shoulders, and turning up his coat cuffs, "we go with the times here, sir! we go with the times!"

Your highflier of an organist is a pestilent fellow. He can carry with him the fanciful part of a congregation, and snap his fingers at the clergyman. It is not long since we heard a choir, under an organist of this kind, sing the "Gloria in excelsis" of Pergolesi as the congregation were leaving the church—a performance in decidedly bad taste, and of somewhat doubtful legality. "Well, James," we said to an old man who had been a famous singer in his day, and could give you interesting anecdotes about many an ancient Lancashire "Rorytory," "well, James, what do you think of this?—a fine display of skill, is it not?" "Why, sir," he replied, "the music seems grand-like; but I dunno see why Macaster Pack's omnibus has so much to do wi' it." "Pack's omnibus, James," we explained; "nothing of the kind; it is *pax hominibus*—it is Latin, James." "Lat'n," growled the old Protestant as he walked away—"Lat'n! waur and waur! blasts fro' Babylon, sir! blasts fro' Babylon!"—*Fraser's Magazine*.

**AN AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA AIDING GARIBALDI.**—At a concert given at Bristol, England, in aid of the Garibaldi fund, it was indebted for its *clat*, if not, indeed, for its origin, to the kind heartedness and patriotism of a *cantatrice*, who though not an Italian by birth, has won renown in what may be termed the very cradle of song—Milan. Madame Guerrabella, formerly Miss Ward, of New York, being at Clifton on a visit, and feeling her heart glow within her as she heard of the sympathy displayed by the English people on behalf of beautiful but too long oppressed Italy, generously offered an evening's services in aid of the fund being raised for the illustrious liberator; and the proffered favor being gladly accepted by the friends of Italian independence resident there, other aid was asked and secured, and the concert was arranged and announced. An English journal, in speaking of the concert, says, as might readily be supposed, Madame Guerrabella's performance constituted the principal feature of the evening. She combines with great natural attainments artistic powers of a high quality, and there is a dramatic fervor in her style which at once conveys an impression to the hearer that she would be found most at home on the lyric stage. Her voice has great compass and power, and if once or twice it seemed a little hard, we should be inclined to ascribe that circumstance to the fact of its being too voluminous an organ in so small a room. Her musicianship is undoubted, and gives her an immunity in essaying the most daring flights of *fortitudo*. She sang the well-known aria, "*Ah forse lui che l'anima*," from the "*Traviata*," with sweetness and expression; her rendering of the vivacious phrases of the song being particularly happy.—*Horne Journal*.

**MUSIC IN GERMANY.**—Every inquiry and research made in Germany yields, for the present, only one result so far as music is concerned. Not a name of the slenderest promise in composition is to be heard of. Even the open air bands (delight of enthusiastic English travellers unused to home music in the open air) which fifteen years ago were always giving out something new (for better for worse), must now, for overtures, recur to the weary platitudes of Reissiger and Lindpaintner, while a good new waltz, or polka, or polonaise, or mazurka, is no more to be heard. The spell of Strauss and Lanner, magicians of dance-music, has died with them. Most of all (we are assured) is the decay of the art to be felt in Vienna, in the management of whose splendid and subsidised opera-house there has been as much malversation of Imperial money as in other more important branches of Austrian finance. The German town, north or south, in which the greatest variety of operatic music may possibly now be heard, is Frankfurt. There only, during many years past, has the repertory of the theatre included Cherubini's magnificent, though difficult opera of *Medea*. Cherubini is elsewhere only known in opera, throughout Europe, as having written *Les Deux Journées*. At Frankfurt, for a Cherubini centenary, to be held this very day, his *Faniaka* has been announced; an opera rich in idea and science, though these were somewhat encumbered by the perverse nature of the rugged Italian to whose career, as a predominant composer, tact alone was

wanting. There may come a Cherubini revival as well as a Gluck revival, though the former may possibly involve the necessity of a re-consideration, which the latter does not. Herr Silcher, one of the pleasant Swabians (and how pleasant the Swabians are as poets, singers, musicians, and comrades, from Herr Uhland downwards, every one conversant with Germany must know), is gone. His collection of national tunes should keep his name alive among all who love national music.—*Musical Correspondent of the Athenaeum*.

**CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.**—PROF. LOWELL MASON.—This well-known Musician has been in Chicago for several weeks, presiding over a Musical Institute. He is a decided advocate of Congregational singing in church, and has given his influence in that direction. He gave a lecture on this subject a week or more ago, in which he took the following sensible positions concerning Church music. We think all will endorse them:—

"Prof. M. was emphatic in his condemnation of all exhibitions of artistic music in connection with public worship. They were as irreverent and as much out of place as exhibitions of mere elocution in the prayers or the sermons. When he was in Dresden he inquired one Sabbath morning where he could go to church and hear the best music. 'Music,' said his host, 'you will hear no music in the churches to-day.' 'Why?' he replied with surprise, 'Is not singing a part of the public services?' 'Oh, yes, there are psalms and hymns sung, but no music. To hear music you must go to the gardens in the afternoon.' This was an important and proper distinction—music is an artistic performance—singing should be worship."

The essential requisites of good Congregational Singing are three. First, the whole congregation should enter into the spirit of the service, and let out their voices in full chorus. Secondly, they should have 'a good lead,' either a single voice, or what is better, a good choir; and Thirdly, the tunes should be simple and easy within the range of common voices, and not difficult in time. He defended the recent change of time in Old Hundred as published in some of the music books, because, first, this was the original time of the tune; it is found as far back as 1543 written in this time. And secondly, it is better adapted to keep the attention of the words than the slower movement which was introduced about 125 years ago. He did not quite convince *all*, however, that it is better to sing the *doxology* to the quick time. The slower form seems to some more reverent for a *doxology*.

MADAME L. GOMEZ DE WOLOWSKI, a prima donna who is said to have had great success at the Italian Opera in Vienna, as well as in Paris and Madrid, has arrived in this city, and will probably be heard in the Italian Opera before the winter is over. Her voice is described as a soprano-soprano, of extensive compass, fine quality and high cultivation, and she is said also to possess the charms of youth and beauty.—*Phil. Evening Bulletin*.

The little musical phenomenon, Martha S. P. Story, who has not completed her fourth year, played upon the organ in one of the churches in Essex, at public services on Sunday, Oct. 7, at the invitation of the organist. She played the first tune sung in the afternoon, accompanying the choir through the entire hymn of six stanzas, and playing the introduction and the interludes in such accurate time and with such expression and regard to pauses, that the congregation below did not for once surmise that the performance proceeded from any other person than the regular organist, who sat near her. She has now played upon the melodeon for more than a year, and is in the enjoyment of perfect health, having grown more than half a head since the commencement of her playing.—*Salem Register*.

**PARTANT POUR LA SYRIE.**—It is a well-known fact that the words of the above song, which during the last few years has enjoyed a new career of publicity, were set to music by Queen Hortense. It is not, however, so generally known, perhaps, that the instrumentation of the song was the work of an artist still living, very advanced in age, but still hale and hearty, in Germany. The ducal Capellmeister at Gotha, L. Drouet—a near relation of the postmaster at St. Menehould, who recognised and arrested the fugitive Louis XVI.—was, in his youth, a member of the band at the court of the King of Holland, and for some time music-master of Prince Louis, now Emperor of the French. It was he who scored the above song, since become so celebrated. The Emperor has not forgotten his former master, to whom, some year or two back, he forwarded a valuable golden snuff-box, set with brilliants.



## MOSS-MUSIC.—"POEMS" BY SARAH GOULD.

Now radiant joy sits smiling in my breast,—  
 These fragrant pinks and pansies fair, fresh culled,  
 Wood Violets and Mosses, lately lulled  
 In shady nooks, by rippling brooks, to rest;  
 With the rich grandeur of each mossy crest  
 So green and moist, the blossoms seem to lie  
 With their bright hues, as lovingly they lie,  
 Dasy from their own perfumes, unconfest,  
 Green mosses from the brookside, mosses sweet!  
 Say, have ye heard the singing of the Wren,  
 The Thrush, or Blackbird, by your brook? oh, then:  
 I pray you, if you can, some strain repeat:  
 Bend closer still, bright mosses; now I hear,  
 A bird like music, sylvan-sweet and clear.

## Rimbault's History of the Piano Forte.

A musical work has just appeared in London, from the pen of Edward Rimbault, J.L. D., which gives a History of the Piano Forte and an account of the instruments of the same class which preceded it, namely, the Clavichord, the Virginal, the Spinnet, the Harpsichord, &c. As this volume relates to a branch of musical history which has not received much attention, and as the Piano Forte years ago attained the appellation of the "household orchestra," we shall make a compilation of some of its chapters, and give brief extracts from the pages.

For the true history of the Piano Forte we are carried back, as of necessity, to the wild regions of fable and mythology. Whether Mercury or Hermes invented the lyre we must ever remain in blissful ignorance; but there can be little doubt that the germ of the Piano Forte existed in the first musical instrument of stretched strings, no matter by what name called. Admitting it to have been the lyre, the advance from this primitive model to the harp is one that the imagination can compass without effort. Ages seem to have rolled away before any very sensible stride is manifest. The psaltery, dulcimer, and citole stands out in bold relief among the mediæval instruments that preceded the clavier. But what a mighty chasm yawns between! With the introduction of the clavier the Piano Forte is strongly shadowed forth. All the early instruments with keys applied, such as the clavictherium and clavichord (rectangular in shape,) seem to embalm the idea of the first square Piano Forte. The clavicymbal took another form, which subsequently grew into the harpsichord, the strings being disposed after the fashion of the harp. But, lest we should trench upon Dr. Rimbault's ground in defining the instruments of this period, we will let him speak for himself:—

"Guido is said to have invented the clavier, or keyboard; and it is not at all improbable that he was the first to apply it to the mediæval instrument of many strings; at any rate, the monochord seems to have been the same with the clavichord, and as such was the progenitor of the harpsichord, the spinnet, the virginals, and the Piano Forte of modern times."

At the end of the sixteenth century the virginal was the most popular keyed instrument in England, and was to be found in the house of almost every person of education. In the following century the virginal became common, the spinnet usurped attention, and this, in turn, gave way to the Piano Forte. The sounds of the spinnet were modified by having their wires carried over a bent bridge, whereas those of the virginal were stretched from the points of support to their screw pegs. It is quite clear that the harpsichord was only a large-sized spinnet with the addition of a second string to each note. Harpsichords were not much used in England before the latter half of the seventeenth century; it was then called the harpsicon and the harpsicol. The great power of the double string and the application of pedals to the instrument produced a wonderful reformation in the taste of the age.

The English harpsichords of the eighteenth century, notwithstanding the vast workshops of the Continent, took the lead; but just as these instruments had attained their greatest elevation, a note was sounded that predicted a thorough change in the principal of action. The quill was about to give way to the hammer; and in the course of about three years three makers, in three different nations born, put in an almost simultaneous claim for the invention of the Piano Forte. This, of course, gave rise to much disputation. Dr. Rimbault has devoted a liberal share of his pages to the examination of the merits of the various claimants, and has awarded a judgment quite in consonance with our views of the matter. He says:—

It is singular that these three ingenious men, Cristofali, Marins, and Schröter, should have conceived the same idea, within a few years of each other, and without any apparent communication or collision. But the priority is certainly due to the Italian maker, (Cristofali) whose claims are now fully established. The object of centuries was at length accomplished. The quill, pig's bristle, thorn, ivory tongue, leathern

tongue, were soon to be banished. A small hammer was made to strike the string, and evoke a clear, precise, and delicate tone unheard before. The "scratch with a sound at the end of it" was doomed to a lingering fate. The harpsichord had been changed into an instrument of percussion, and it only remained for later manufacturers to perfect, extend and popularize the now "world-wide Piano Forte."

As the new instrument was viewed in the light of an innovator, its early steps were not rapid ones. There was a world of prejudice to remove, and a different mode of treatment to be adopted. In France the brothers Erard had to contend against existing interests, which at times seemed sufficiently powerful to drive them from the kingdom. But all turmoils have an end. In course of time horizontal grands, in a great measure through their agency, came into fashion. In England an impetus was given by the arrival of twelve German mechanics seeking employment, and who obtained from this circumstance the appellation of the "twelve apostles." Charles Dibdin is recorded as having been the first to perform publicly on the Piano Forte. This event occurred on the 16th of May, 1767, and is announced as follows:—

End of Act I. Miss Brickler will sing a favorite song from Judith, accompanied by Mr. Dibdin, on a new instrument called Piano Forte.

Mason, who was a poet and a musician too, paid considerable attention to the improvement of the instrument and projected models for the removal of several defects. The original scale was from F F (octave below that immediately under the base staff) up to F in alt, comprising five octaves; the first addition was of half an octave upwards to C in altissimo; then the scale was carried down to C C C. Thus by degrees the keyboard became extended. The compositions of Clementi tended very much to establish the Piano Forte in favor, while he also helped to improve the mechanism of the instrument. "The Piano Forte," says Dr. Rimbault, "was now firmly established in the public favor, and the date of Clementi's commencing manufacturer (i. e. 1800) gave the death blow to the old harpsichord."—*Evening Transcript*.

## Music Abroad.

NORWICH FESTIVAL.—This began on Monday evening, Sept. 19, with a cheap concert, at which *The Creation* was given, with Mad. Novello, Sims Reeves, &c. On the next evening a miscellaneous concert was given, at which selections from Gluck's *Armida* were sung, and on Wednesday evening Stern-dale Bennett's *Mary Queen*. The Detingen Te Deum and Spohr's Last Judgment making the day programme for the day, as nearly as we can make out. On Thursday, Herr Molique's new oratorio of *Abraham* was performed, which is hailed as the most successful attempt at composition in this direction since Mendelssohn's *Elijah*.

BRUSSELS.—By the repetition of his Paris Concerts, Richard Wagner has produced a sensation here also, a fact that was inevitable, considering how the public are so satiated, as I have before mentioned, by the eternal monotony in musical matters. For a considerable length of time, his concerts were the sole topic of discussion in all the local papers, as well as in all the coffeehouses and other places of public resort. The majority of the patrons of music here have left the future to decide on the real value of Wagner's compositions, although they are convinced the composer is very anxious that his works should be appreciated by the present.

Good orchestral music is to be heard only at the concerts of the Conservatory, under the direction of M. Fétis. The band has made considerable progress during the past year.

M. Fétis does not, however, confine himself merely to classical masterpieces; so little does he exclude the productions of his contemporaries, that he performs even unpublished overtures and symphonies. It cannot, of course, be asserted that he is invariably lucky in his selection. During the last series of concerts we heard an overture to Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, by M. de Hartog, a Dutch composer, who resides in Paris, and composes for his own pleasure—and that of his friends!—and has already published several works. The composition of characteristic overtures to tragedies is something peculiar; the only models of this kind of writing, Beethoven's overtures to *Coriolanus* and *Egmont*, stands too high to be equalled by the efforts of mere talent, and what have we, now-a-days, among composers but talent at the very most?

Herr Meyenne, one of Fétis' newest pupils, may also, by the way, lay claim to the possession of this quality. He has now come forward, although somewhat tardily, with an unpublished symphony. It was successful, as was likewise, and perhaps more deservedly, a symphony by Samuel, which contains a great deal of originality.

There was a remarkable performance, at the last concert of the Conservatory, of the finale to the second act of *Le Nozze de Figaro*. Irritated at the mutilation of this magnificent piece of composition at the Théâtre Lyrique in Paris, Fétis determined to let the public of Brussels—that is to say, the "small Parisian" public,—hear what was the real effect of it when played as Mozart wrote it, and he succeeded completely in carrying out his intention.

GRISI.—The report that Mad. Grisi intends to sing at Her Majesty's Theatre, proves, as we hoped it would do, for her sake, a mistaken rumor.—*Athenæum*.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—This establishment is announced to commence its third season, under the management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, on Monday, October the 1st.

ROTTERDAM.—A society has been formed to establish a German opera. Herr Skrus, of Prague, has been engaged as conductor, and has already arrived to enter on his new sphere of action. It is said that Mad. Prausse, from Prague, is to be the *prima donna*; Herr Grimminger, the tenor; Herr Brassin, the barytone; and Herr Carl Formes, the bass.

COBLENZ.—A short time since, Mlle. Marie Cruvelli gave a concert, at which she sang airs from Rossini's *Tancredi*, and Donizetti's *Favorita*, a romance from Verdi's *Traviata*, and two German songs by Schumann and F. Schubert. Her beautifully full alto voice and admirable style, especially in the Italian pieces, gained for her enthusiastic applause.

PARIS.—The Grand Opera still goes on with *Semiramis*, and the sisters Marchisio are still the life and soul of Rossini's great work. *Pierre de Medicis* makes an occasional appearance in the bills. *Le Prophète*, whose advent has been imminent for some time, is retarded by the illness of Mad. Tedesco. Meanwhile *Guillaume Tell* is in preparation, and Mlle. Carlotta Marchisio will sing the part of Mathilde, restoring the air and scena which had been omitted since the reduction of the opera to three acts.

Before I leave the operas let me mention that the manager of the Opéra Comique had determined to cast the part of Hoel in the *Parillon*, which, as I have said, he is about to produce, to Mlle. Wertimber, who had already played parts written originally for bass voices. Meyerbeer is said to have approved the arrangement. The opera in three acts by Scribe and M. Offenbach is in rehearsal, and it is to be produced with great splendor of scenery and decoration.

The Italian opera season is expected to be very brilliant this winter, and it is said the subscription list is already crowded with the highest names among the wealthy and the aristocratic.

The spirit of musical and theatrical activity last week has left us languid again. I have nothing more important to inform you of than the production of the *Trouvère* (*Travatore*) at the Grand Opera, with Michot for the first time in the part of Manrique, and Mlle. Barbara Marchisio in that of Azucena, also for the first time. Both *debuts* were successful, but especially the latter. The fine contralto voice of Mlle. Barbra, and her power of expressing deep emotion, brought out the characteristics of the gipsy mother with great force. M. Michot was much applauded in such passages as demand feeling and tenderness, but in the more vigorous portions he was not quite up to the mark. The Opéra Comique gave last Monday a *representation extraordinaire* for the benefit of the Christians in Syria. The bill was of the most miscellaneous composition, commencing with the *Chaises à porteurs*, followed by *L'Etoile du Nord* (first act), *Ma Tante Dort* (transplanted from the Théâtre Lyrique), the second act of *Fra Diavolo*, a scena and duo from *Chateau Trompette*, and three pieces from the *Parillon*. A new opera in three acts is about to be put into rehearsal at this house. The music is by M. Victor Massé, and the book by M. Dumanoir, who gives to his work the title of *Le Lutrin*.

I have already informed you how the company of the forthcoming Italian Opera here is composed. The opening night is fixed for the 2nd of October, and the first opera produced will be *La Sonnambula*, with Mlle. Ratta and Signor Gardoni in the principal parts. The next opera will be Flotow's *Maria*, in

which Mario, Grazini, and Mlle. Edenska, the new contralto, will sing. I hear from Milan that M. Bottesini's opera, *Il Assedio di Firenze*, has at length been produced there, but did not meet with a very enthusiastic reception. The composer was applauded, but not called for at the end of the performance. The blame is kindly laid by my informant on the feebleness of the execution. Another young composer, M. Cagnori, author of the famous *Don Bucefalo*, has had a new opera performed at the Scala with great success. It is entitled *Il Vecchio della Montagna*. Mad. Carvalho has made her first appearance at Berlin in *Il Barbiere*, and she has made such an impression on the German critics that they proclaim her the Jenny Lind of France. It is a proof with how little disturbance of the ordinary course of things the Neapolitan revolution has been effected, that in the midst of the Liberator's triumph and the king's flight, a new opera has been produced by Signor Petrella. It is called *Il folletto di Greasy*, and met with the most brilliant success, the composer being called before the curtain, I am told, at least twenty times.

An interesting discovery has just been made in the royal library of Munich, consisting of an autograph piece by Mozart, not hitherto known to exist, and of which there is no mention in any list of his compositions. It is an Italian air for a soprano to words commencing *Fra cento affanni e cento*. From the inscription it bears, this air would appear to have been written by Mozart while at Milan, in the year 1770, when he was only fourteen years of age, and while his fourth dramatic composition, *Mitridate di Ponto*, was being played with striking success.

The Paris correspondent of a Belgian paper relates how a considerable stir is being made in diplomatic circles here, in order to have another posthumous work of the Russian composer Bortniansky performed. The Prince W—— is said to be at the head of this movement, and in order to popularise the music of this composer he is about to organize a number of concerts; to which end he has sent for a Russian choral society composed of artists whose execution is said to be unrivalled throughout the world. The Greek Church allows no musical instruments to be used in its religious services, and the choristers are therefore accustomed to execute pieces without accompaniment. It is only in Russian churches that the *contra basso* voice, less rare in Russia than elsewhere, is employed, the compass of which extends to the lower A, two notes below the C *a vide* of the violoncello. The effect of these voices singing an octave below the basses is beyond conception. They are, in fact, human double basses. In the choral troop brought to Paris by Prince W. are several of these *contra bassi*, among whom one in particular, M. Ivan Norrowine, enjoys a high reputation, and is destined, it is said, to make quite a sensation. The opera of Bortniansky, which it is sought to get performed in Paris, was found, it is said, among his papers. The libretto is by the celebrated Russian poet, Pouschkin. Several unaccompanied choruses occur in this opera, and these are the choruses which will be performed at the concert in question. Bortniansky occupied the post of chapel-master to the Emperor of Russia from 1782 to 1826, when he died. His music is chiefly dependent for its effect on the employment of choral masses, with all the resources of which he was thoroughly acquainted.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 3, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the 42d Psalm: "As the Hart Panta." By Mendelssohn.

### Music Here and Elsewhere.

There is absolutely nothing to be chronicled of what has been done musically here. The disjointed parts of the various opera companies are giving operas and concerts in various parts of the country, but none of them come near us or give any promise of doing so. But, as they give no promises, they will have none to break.

Those, however, on whom we depend, and never in vain, for the regular home supply of the best music, seem to be stirring in good earnest. Their promises are never broken, and we know what to expect when we read their announcements.

First, the Handel and Haydn Society are in

the field, offering us the best of the good things in their repertory. They ask, however, the guarantee of a subscription large enough to cover the expenses of a series of concerts, and no one can deem this request unreasonable. Having the advantages on the one hand of age and long established reputation, and on the other the advantage of the life and enterprise and fresh voices of its younger members, this Society has the means of giving performances in no respect inferior to those that have given it its reputation, and equal, if not superior, to any thing of the kind that can be heard in this country. For the particulars of their scheme for the coming season, we refer to their advertisement.

Then comes the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, with the announcement of its *twelfth* season, to commence about the twentieth of the present month, for which their subscription lists are open at the music stores. The regular patrons of the Club need only this intimation to ensure their names being placed upon the lists at once. The concerts are to be given in the new and beautiful saloon of the Chickering, which will more than make good the loss of the old one in the Masonic Temple, which had become so endeared to all lovers of good music among us.

The Quintette Club have already commenced their soirées at private houses in Cambridge. There is no way so pleasant of hearing good music as this sociable way, in the midst of your own friends and neighbors, in your own parlors. This is the time to make arrangements for such parlor concerts among circles of personal friends and acquaintances, and we would call the attention of our readers in the city and its vicinity to the fact.

We learn that Dr. S. Parkman Tuckerman has been appointed organist at St. Paul's Church in this city. No one among us has given more attention to Church Music, especially to that of the English Church, than Dr. Tuckerman. He is also a most finished organist, and our readers doubtless will recollect with pleasure his agreeable letters, "A Tour among Organs," published in a former volume of the Journal of Music.

So having looked at the promises for the future at home, let us glance at what has actually been done elsewhere.

M. FLOTOW, the author of "Martha," "Alessandro Stradella," &c., is now engaged upon the score of a new opera, the libretto of which is written by M. Emile Pohl.

FLORENZA, who was well known here as a baritone singer in one of the Italian opera troupes a year or two ago, has arrived in Paris.

The German "Handel Society" has just delivered to its subscribers the 7th volume of the works of the great composer, which contains *Semele*, an oratorio composed by him in 1743, in the space of one month; the first performance took place Feb. 10, 1744; the text is taken from an old tragedy. To the full score is added a piano arrangement, by Richter.

NAPLES.—The order of the Dictator opens the theatres again. Madame Bina-Steffenone has been engaged and the barytone Guicciardi.

Franz Liszt has made a very brilliant arrangement for the piano of Meyerbeer's *Schiller*.

Marsch.—Thalberg has lately arrived in Paris.—Alfred Jaell is in Vienna.

M. J. Lotaky, who has long resided in Australia, has brought thence a National hymn, the origin of which is attributed to the Aborigines. It is said to have a fine melody, of very original character, and is shortly to be published. We hope it is better than the music of our aborigines.

TRIESTE.—The theatre opened for the season with *I Puritani*. Mad. Ortolani, "of the sweet and silvery voice," being *prima donna*. Tiberini, "the delicious tenor, and Beneventano, the barytone, justly celebrated in Europe and America" taking the principal parts.

VIENNA.—The Court Opera has taken up *La Juive* of Halévy, Wachtel singing the role of Eleazar. A Prussian architect, M. Langhaus, has made the plans for a new theatre for this city which, if they should be carried out, will give Vienna the largest and most beautiful theatre in the world.

BERLIN.—Here Madame Cash has had good success as Valentine in the *Huguenots*. (Would not this lady be an acquisition to some of our American companies at this time?)

For the anniversary of the birth of Schiller (Nov. 10) at the theatre of the Court opera, the cantata and march written by Meyerbeer for the great festival at Paris of the last year. During the march the principal personages that figure in the dramas of Schiller will be grouped upon the stage, a dialogue will then be recited written for the occasion by M. Pfan, and the performance will close with the cantata. Mad. Miolau-Carvalho continues her triumphs here, having sung in the *Barber* and *Lucia*, with immense success. Some critics say that her voice lacks volume and that she leaves something to be desired in situations that require passion and energy, but they agree with the general public which admits that no cantatrice has ever been heard in Berlin, possessing in so high a degree the true art of singing and who vocalizes in a manner so facile and so brilliant. It should not be forgotten that this public has heard Mad. Sontag and Jenny Lind.

ST. PETERSBURG.—The Italian opera opened Sept. 23 with the *Prophet*, sung by Tamberlik, Mad. Nantier-Didiés and Mad. Dottini. The house was crowded, and Meyerbeer's *chef d'œuvre* was received, as usual with the most enthusiastic applause. Mad. Lagrua made her reentrée as Norma, in which she won laurels last year. Tamberlik replaced Mongini, who, it is said, will not return to St. Petersburg, and Mad. Bernardi sang the part of Adalgisa, Debassini took that of Orovoso, which was too high for Marini.

SAN FRANCISCO—ESCOTT.—The opera season of the English troupe in this city has come to an end. Mrs. Escott was the *prima donna* of the company and appears to have made quite an excitement. We find in the *S. F. Herald* of Sept. 18 the following report of the last performance:—

At the end of the first act, Mr. William Lyster appeared with Madame Escott, and presenting her a splendid gold enamelled watch, ornamented with diamond sprigs and a superb chain, spoke to the following effect:

"Madame Escott—I am commissioned by a number of your friends and admirers to present you with

this beautiful and valuable gift, as a feeble expression of their admiration for you as an artist, and regard for you as a lady. I also avail myself of the occasion to tender you my heartfelt thanks for your untiring exertions and great merit as prima donna of my company, and beg to add my felicitations upon the unequivocal success which has attended your efforts." Madame Escott, quite excited at the unlooked-for compliment, returned her acknowledgments in pretty much the following terms: "Mr. Lyster—I beg you to convey to the gentlemen, in whose behalf you now act, my most heartfelt acknowledgments for the precious and elegant gift, and assure them that it will ever be regarded by me with sentiments of profound appreciation and gratitude. Permit me also to return you my cordial thanks for your undeviating kindness and gentlemanly conduct toward myself from the time of leaving New York to the present moment." Then, turning to the audience, Madame Escott continued: "Ladies and Gentlemen—The memory of your many favors and repeated expressions of kindly feeling, will ever be cherished by me with truest gratitude. I thank you from the innermost recesses of my heart."

NEW YORK, OCT. 29th.—The musical season commenced last week, very unexpectedly, with a series of operas in which the principal parts were taken by Mme. Fabbri, Formes, and Stigeli. It can be imagined that with these three no representation could be bad, or even indifferent. But Robert le Diable, with which the season opened, was not as well given as it might have been. Formes, evidently presumed on his position of favorite with the public, and took no pains to overcome his old fault of false intonation, which has rather increased than diminished. Fabbri, as Alice, was pains-taking, as she always is, but the rôle was evidently new to her. Stigeli was the only one who was really good throughout. On Friday the same artists appeared in Martha, and the charming little opera went off with a spirit that made everybody enjoy it. The only thing to be regretted was the substitution of d'Ormy for pretty little Borkel in the part of Nancy. Her great, gaunt figure, and bold manner, was very inappropriate for the arch little soubrette, and she seemed to feel this, too, to judge from the stiffness of her acting at times. To-night the Huguenots are to be given, and for Wednesday the Freyschütz is announced.

Concerts are also commencing. On Thursday one was given for the début of Carlotta Patti, an elder sister of little Adeline. The young lady has a pleasing exterior, a fine voice, and excellent training; she sang several Italian airs very well, and was very flatteringly received. She was assisted by several artists of our standing Italian troupe; Brignoli, Ferri, etc., and Mr. Saar, who played several pieces of his own, fantasies on Rigoletto, and the "Abendstern" from Tannhäuser, an Etude, and his arrangement of Mozart's Minuet from the E flat symphony. The concert was well attended, and altogether successful. One cannot help wondering where will be the end of this talented Patti family. Its name seems to be Legion, and if it continues to turn out an artist every year or two, we shall fairly be flooded with Patis and Barilis.

To-morrow night Mason and Thomas give their first Soiree. Many of their hearers will rejoice that they have returned to Dodworth's charming little hall, where the music sounds twice as well as in all other rooms of similar size. The performance for to-morrow consists of a Trio by Beethoven, a Quartet by Schubert, Piano Quintet by Schumann, and a Piano solo.

The Philharmonic Society have had two rehearsals, and give their first concert on the tenth of next month. The orchestral pieces are Schumann's Symphony in B flat, Beethoven's second Overture to Lenore, and Mendelssohn's Meeresstille und Glückliche Fahrt.

NEW YORK.—The *Tribune* speaks thus of the début of Miss Fanny (Natali) Heron.

"A word must, however, be said concerning the début of Miss Fanny Heron. Her voice is a contralto, with a tendency to the mezzo soprano, rich in quality, full in tone, and remarkably fresh. She has also a sufficient facility in execution; and an excellent method. Her knowledge of stage business is very good, and her performance generally was marked by a rare intelligence. The part of the Page is an ungracious one for a débutante, the costume usually worn being, to say the least, not becoming to most women. In almost any other character, Miss Heron would have appeared to even greater advantage, than in the one she last night filled, and that, under the circumstances, she made so decided a success, shows clearly that she is an artist of great ability and much promise."

Jenny Lind Goldschmidt has just returned to England from a visit of some weeks to her native city of Stockholm, where she was cordially received by her friends, from whom she had been absent several years. Her successor upon the musical stage of Sweden, Louise Michal, whom the Swedish critics agree in considering little if any inferior, has lately been married to her cousin, and in imitation of her predecessor, now signs her name Louise Michal Michaeli.—*N. O. Delta.*

Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison commenced their season of English opera at Covent Garden, London, on the 1st inst., with William Vincent Wallace's "Lurline." The house was crowded from the floor to the ceiling with a most enthusiastic audience. Mr. Henry Wharton, Miss Loffler, and Miss Albertazzi, were the new additions to the company. Miss Loffler, who possesses a fine contralto voice, is said to be a great addition to it.

THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES.—Many of our readers doubtless recollect a stout, plethoric German, with flushed and austere features—indicating a somewhat unisatiric turn of mind—who might have been seen promenading Chestnut street, a few years since, with measured tread, and clutching nervously a stout cane; airing himself upon the fashionable thoroughfare, or perchance dropping in at the music stores to gather the latest musical *on dits*. That individual was Charles Zeuner, a pupil and follower of J. N. Hummel—a man of large European reputation, and one of the profoundest theorists in this country. Later in life, this tone-master allowed his mind to become filled with spiritualistic hallucinations, even unto the distraction of the same; and he perished wretchedly at his own hands, during an aberration of mind of unusual violence. Without any next of kin, his property (about \$15,000) reverted, as we have been informed, to Camden County, N. J., of which he had been a resident. Parenthetically, a snug outfit this might have proved to some worthy, struggling musicians; or to the impoverished widows and children of many an art-servant, who after a life of enthusiastic devotion and self sacrifice to the most refining of all professions, sank down into his grave, unrequited and unappreciated. No doubt the unfortunate Zeuner, in the healthy possession of his faculties, would have bequeathed his worldly goods in some such beneficent manner.

His musical library and MS. compositions were put up at sale in Camden and are now scattered to the four winds, in various hands. Mr. Wm. A. Newland, a musician for many years identified with the development of music in our midst, secured a score of the "Feast of Tabernacles," an oratorio of great merit; and discovering in each of its component parts, evidences of the splendid genius of its author, he has placed it in rehearsal, with a view to a public performance on Nov. 16th. Mr. Newland has kindly allowed us to peruse the score, and we

can safely promise to those who may attend the concert, a musical entertainment of no ordinary character. The bass solos and choruses are fully equal to many from the greatest masters. Those who desire to realize fully what manner of man passed from our midst, when the words "Chas. Zeuner has shot himself" startled the community, will have an excellent opportunity in the concert thus announced.—*Amateur's Guide, (Philadelphia.)*

This was originally brought out in Boston some twenty-five years ago. The poem which Mr. Zeuner set to music being by the late Rev. Henry Ware, Jr. Many of our older readers will recollect it.

BUFFALO SANGERBUND.—At the election of officers for this Society, held last week, the following gentlemen were unanimously re-elected to office: Director, Wilhelm Braun; President, Otto Schuggens; Vice-President, A. Holzhausen; Secretary, C. Bruehl; Treasurer, H. Doerffel. The Society now consists of a hundred and twenty-seven members.

SINGING.—The following from an Animadversion on the Church Music, written by Aelredus, Abbot of Rivaux, in Yorkshire, who died, A. D., 1166, so well describes the kind of singing we too often hear, that we reprint it in the hope that some singers may have the power given them "to see themselves as others see them."

"Let me speake now of those who, under the shew of religion, doe usurpe those things for the service of their vanity, which the ancient Fathers did profitably exercise in their types of future things. Whence then, I pray, all types and figures now ceasing, whence hath the Church so many Organs and Muscical Instruments? To what purpose, I demand, is that terrible blowing of Belloes, expressing rather the crackes of thunder, than the sweetness of a voyce? To what purpose serves that contraction and inflection of the voyce? This man sings a base, this a small meane, another a treble, a fourth divides and cuts asunder, as it were, certaine middle notes. One while the voyce is strained, anon it is remitted, now againe it is dashed, and then againe it is enlarged with a lower sound. Sometimes, which is a shame to speake, it is enforced into an horse's neighings; sometimes, the masculine vigor being laid aside, it is sharpened into the shrillnesse of a woman's voyce; now and then it is writhed, and retorted with a certaine artificiall circumsolution. Sometimes thou mayest see a man with an open mouth, not to sing, but as it were, to breathe out his last gaspe, by shutting in his breath, and by a certaine ridiculous interception of his voyce, as it were to threaten silence, and now againe to imitate the agonies of a dying man, or the extasies of such as suffer."

In the meantime, the whole body is stirred up and downe with certaine histrionical gestures: the lips are wroathed, the eyes turne round, the shoulders play, and the bending of the fingers doth answer every note. And this ridiculous dissolution is called religion; and where these things are most frequently done, it proclaimed abroad that God is there honorably served. In the meantime, the common people standing, trembling and astonished, admire the sound of the Organs, the noyse of the Cymbals and muscical instruments, the harmony of the Pipes and Cornets; but yet looke upon the gesticulations of the singers, the meretricious alternations, interchanges, and inflections of the voyces, not without derision and laughter; so that a man may thinke that they came not to an oratory or to a house of prayer, but to a theatre; not to pray, but to gaze about them; neither is that dreadfull majesty feared before whom they stand, etc. Thus, this Church singing, which the holy Fathers have ordained that the weak might be stirred up to piety, is perverted to the use of unlawful pleasure, i. e., the vanity of the singers.—*Banner of the Cross.*

The scheme for the nineteenth season of the Philharmonic Society of New York is published. It comprises five concerts, which will take place on the 10th of November, the 22d of December, the 2d of February, the 16th of March, and the 20th of April. Each concert will be preceded by two afternoon rehearsals, and one which will take place in the morning. The former will commence at 3 1-2 o'clock, and the latter at 10 o'clock. Those for the first concert will occur on the afternoons of October 10 and 24, and on the morning of November 10. The first programme will include Robert Schumann's Symphony, No. 2, in C; Beethoven's Overture, "Leonora," No. 2, in C (first time); and Mendelssohn's Overture in D, "A Calm Sea and Happy Voyage." The rehearsals and concerts will take place at the Academy of Music. The orchestra will be under the direction of Mr. Theodore Eisfeld.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Miss Kellogg, who made a kind of a debut at a matinee last season, in New York, will make her first formal appearance in opera during the present fall. She has been vigorously prosecuting her studies of late, and may be seen almost nightly at the Academy, listening and learning as hard as she can, while the great prima donnas display their different styles. Miss Kellogg's friends, and they are legion, predict for her a brilliant career.—*N. O. Picayune.*

The Conductor, Muzio's opera of *Una Scomezia*, written expressly for Patti, Brignoli, Ferri and Susini, will be produced at the Academy of Music during the present month.—*Ibid.*

For next year, on *dit*, Mr. Ullmann has engaged the famous London prima donna, Czillag; for 1862, Johanna Wagner and the sisters Marchisio. It is understood that Gye, of Covent Garden, having lost Mario, wishes to retain Tamberlik, so that his American engagement will probably go over to September, 1861.—*Ibid.*

Ullmann, besides Jenny Ney, above mentioned, has engaged Signorina Inclini, (why will she not be native and democratic enough to call herself plain Miss Hinckley,) the new American star on the lyric stage in Italy, to be here in the commencement of November, while the famous contralto, M<sup>me</sup>. D'Angri, is upon her way. Also, Carl Formes's brother, William, a baritone.

The Brooklyn Academy of Music is now nearly completed, externally; and (the *New York Tribune* says) it makes a much finer appearance than we supposed it could, judging from the elevation of the architect. But no one would imagine from any external indications that it was a building devoted to music and the fine arts. It is the most massive looking and imposing structure in Brooklyn, and there is none on this side of the East River that look so much like a monastic or collegiate building. Keeping out of view the purposes for which it is intended, it is a noble piece of architecture. We hope that some amends will be made in the interior decorations for its external solemnity.

M<sup>me</sup>. Anna Bishop has returned from her Southern and Western tour, and at last accounts is enjoying herself in the country near New York.—*N. O. Picayune.*

General Washington's Harpsichord, now the property of the Mount Vernon Association, has lately been re-varnished and repaired. It is a singular looking affair, about ten feet long, and varying from four feet to eighteen inches in width. It was sent on Friday to Mount Vernon, so that the Prince saw it.

**SHEPHERDS' CHORUS.**—The *Ranz des Vaches* echo from every Alpine height; but no idea can be conveyed in words of the peculiarity of these mountain choruses. They are not tunes or melodies, and are not governed by the ordinary rules of music; yet they have rules, and in their native air are thrilling beyond description. There is very little motion of the lips or mouth, and the breathing is scarcely perceptible. Their character varies in different parts of Switzerland, and corresponds to the character of the people, and also of individuals, being gay and lively, or sad and melancholy, with the temperament of the singer and the occasion which calls them forth. Sometimes two or three sing together, and keep time and tune, but it is not usual. It is the song of the solitary shepherd on the hills, and invented not for communication with men, but with the animals, who are his life-companions. The literal translation of the French and German word is *cow rows*, and evidently refers to the manner in which the cows arrange themselves when coming at its call. Those who are

in the habit of marching farthest have bells, and the moment they hear the *kührei* they wend their steps homeward, and are followed by all in a row.—*Cottages of the Alps.*

The following is a list of the opera company which has been engaged for the Tacon theatre, Havana, for the approaching season. The prime donne are Lotti, Fanny Natali and Volpiti; contralto, Triex, Natali; tenor, Pausani, Volpani and Testa; baritone, Cresci and Manousi; bassi, Biati, and Rocco.

Two concerts given, by Camillo Sivori, the great violinist, at Milan, in aid of the cause of Garibaldi, produced fifteen thousand francs, (three thousand dollars,) which have been forwarded to the victorious commander.

**THE LIBERATOR AND THE LEVELLER.**—We hear from Paris that great preparations are being made for the production of *Tannhäuser* at the Grand Opera. The only person in Paris, to judge from the newspapers, who likes Herr Wagner's music (of which specimens, it may be remembered, were presented to the Parisians a few months since in a series of some half dozen concerts) is the Emperor Napoleon. The Emperor has had several interviews with Herr Wagner, and the result is that he is charmed with his music; though it is scarcely probable that at these interviews Herr Wagner either sang or played to his Majesty. On the other hand, it is satisfactory to know that Herr Wagner is charmed with the Emperor Napoleon. The Emperor has directed that no expense shall be spared in putting *Tannhäuser* on the stage in a style worthy of the great Republican and German Unitarian who composed it; and Herr Wagner has shown his appreciation of the great Liberator of oppressed nationalities by introducing into his perfect chrysolite of an opera the meretricious and altogether foreign element of a ballet, so as to qualify it for production at the Académie. This is very civil on both sides; and, even if *Tannhäuser* does not succeed in Paris) which, however, it must do if enough money is spent on it), the French Emperor will be sure to have some sort of success in Germany—that is to say, among the party to which Herr Wagner belongs, and over which he has an influence which will not appear unaccountable to those who have read any of his writings. We wonder what Napoleon I. would have thought of Herr Wagner's operas—supposing that he had heard them at a moment when there was no question about the possession of the Rhine country. He liked Méhul's *Imto*, which was written in the Italian style, but not Méhul's other operas; and, when he was asked why he had not appointed Chorabini director of his concerts, replied—ignominiously, but with a meaning that some will understand—that it was "because he liked music, not noise." It suits Napoleon III. just now to pretend that he likes noise, not music. However, we will say no more about *Tannhäuser*, until it is brought out at the Royal English Opera—which, it is said now, will open the first week in October.—*Illustrated Times.*

**THE SIFFLEURS IN PARIS.**—The late Parisian papers speak of a singular association which is organizing in that city, under the significant title of the "Blackbird's Club." It is actually composed of twenty young gentlemen, whose number may be increased to thirty, and who will distribute themselves, by bands of six, eight or ten, to attend all the principal performances of the theatres in the French capital. Their aim is to restore the whistle in all its pristine prerogatives, and to crush the organization of paid *claqueurs* who applaud so tremendously the artists whom they black mail, and the pieces, the authors of which are in their good graces. The blackbirds, who are all gentlemen of taste, and very well posted up about dramatic literature, will go to the theatres at the club's expense, and scatter themselves in the house two by two, in order to whistle or applaud according to their individual spontaneous best judgment, and without the least semblance of a preconcerted plan. But they will whistle only at the end of acts, for fear of troubling the performance.

At the last meeting of the club, an important question was the order of the day. What kind of whistle would the blackbirds use? Some were for a screaming one; but the majority decided in favor of a mellow one, thinking that their right was to criticize, but without offering any kind of provocation. We think that the Parisian theatres, pestered with low stipended *claqueurs*, will be highly benefited by the new organization; and as for the artists and authors whose misfortune may be to hear the almost forgotten sound, they may at least comfort themselves with the thought that they have paid nothing for their whistles.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Far away, my thoughts are far away.

Mrs. Bloede. 25

A taking song, written with more than common ability and offering many nice points to the singer.

Jeanie Wilton. Scotch Ballad. McNaughton. 25

The happy talent of the composer has already furnished the home-circle with many charming ballads, which will secure this very pretty new one a friendly reception.

I am thinking of my mother. L. Marshall. 25

A nice sentimental song. Easy.

Ever my spirit lingers with thee. Glover. 25

A song, which will be popular. It calls the popular "Ever of thee" pleasantly to mind, not on account of any plagiarism in the melody, but because of the similarity in the general construction and the excellency of the whole composition.

### Instrumental Music.

Intermede Ball. New Dance. 35

With full music and figures as agreed on by the leading masters of the terpsichorean art in Paris.

Song of the Page, in the "Huguonots." Transcribed by Otto Dresel. 35

The well-known, beautiful *Arie d'Entrée* as a captivating piano piece. The peculiar difficulty of transferring all the beauties of an elaborate score to the piano, which is denied the power of "singing," are nicely overcome. The reputation of the composer is such, that something very fine may be expected.

La Rêve de Bonheur (Dream of happiness) Waltzes. Camille Schubert. 50

Very brilliant, yet only moderately difficult. Schubert is to Paris, what Strauss is to Vienna, or D'Albert to London. When the Parisians waltz, the music, in nine cases out of ten, is by Schubert. These sparkling waltzes are not yet as widely known here as they deserve to be.

Toast Galop. Arranged by Carl Zerrahn. 25

A favorite galop which promises to be very popular during the ensuing season.

Don Pasquale. Grande Fantaisie brillante. C. Voss. 75

One of Voss's best arrangements, of the difficulty of his Fantasias on Martha and Traviata. Players of some experience will not need to practice much on them.

First set of Mazurkas. J. Mikel. 50

Composed for the introduction of a new Mazurka step, taught in Paris, the full description of which is given with the music.

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**THE WESLEYAN SACRED HARP.** A collection of Choice Tunes and Hymns for Prayer, Class and Camp Meetings, Choirs and Congregational Singing. 50

A very compact and convenient 12mo. volume of words and music for the Methodist Church, and one that will prove quite welcome for public and private use. It contains nearly 300 pages of the best hymns and tunes, most of which are standard old favorites and the remainder those that will soon become such.

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# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 449.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 10, 1860.

VOL. XVIII. No. 6.

Translated from Riehl's "Musikalische Charakterköpfe," by  
Fanny Malone Raymond.

## Bach and Mendelssohn

FROM A SOCIAL POINT OF VIEW.

### II.

#### *Music and Polished Society.*

To this portrait of the worthy German citizen and musician of the eighteenth century, we may oppose the sketch of a real son of the nineteenth; of a man, who belonged to "polished society" as much as Bach was a member of the citizen class — who possessed an appreciation of Bach, difficult to exceed: who was inspired and strengthened in the study of Bach's works, and who yet forms a direct contrast to the old master in his social and artistic personality.

Let us take twenty years ago. In the musical present the romantic school reigned like an elderly queen, who took little heed of her rising nobility, a musical "young Germany" that, like its literary branch in Paris, began to gain ground, with Meyerbeer as leader; he who strove, by means of every allurements, daring mixture of style, and distended forms, to bring new substance into the sentimental character of Weber and Spohr; while the enticing melodies of Rossini and Bellini were sounded through all Germany.

About that time there appeared a young man, whose aim attracted attention on account of its rarity; he cared little for Paris or Italy, passed over Mozart and Haydn, and went back industriously, of his own accord, to what Handel and Bach had written. He gave to the old forms of these powerful but austere masters, a more flexible form, a newer life; and strove to bring back the old, chaste earnestness to the music that had grown so frivolous. He even smuggled into the concert room the artistic woof of counterpoint, which had become, to the majority of musicians, a secret, like the lost art of Gothic architecture. But he did not stand still at pure, interwoven form; he wished to become a tone-poet, imbued with the spirit of his time; and all that "young Germany" called its own, rang through his classic forms in a wonderfully charming, intelligible, even coquettish, and sometimes peculiarly contradictory manner.

Then some of the connoisseurs turned up their noses; said they, "He is an uncommon man — what a pity that he is only an exception, a speciality." They meant to say that he was like one of those lovely flowering trees, that stand alone, and bear no fruit.

Twenty years have passed; we have buried, but not forgotten, Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. With the word "speciality" his peculiar position is expressed. He has penetrated, not here or there alone, but all musical Germany has been more or less infected with this Mendelssohnian "speciality"; it did not break for itself a broad and sudden way, but penetrated through like a fine, busy May rain, and that, we all know, penetrates very deeply. Mendelssohn did not make "a sensation," with any single work, like Meyer-

beer; yet he was hardly dead, when general consent pronounced him the greatest composer among all his contemporaries. In this our composer is alone among all musicians of later times. And what did he principally write? What others will not write, because people will not listen, works for the church, oratorios, cantatas, symphonies, quartets, and sonatas. Many German composers write such works from an impulse they cannot repress, yet with the painful conviction that such compositions must for ever sleep in their desks. Mendelssohn was almost the only fortunate one, who dared to write in this true form of the German spirit, and who brought out and published, even, such serious works: in his last days, he commanded music and the public, as a genial master always should, but so rarely succeeds in doing. He was too prudent not to fall in with the taste of his time, and too proud to let his concessions be plainly perceived. He often composed like a tone diplomatist. At last, certainly, it was no longer necessary for him to work diplomatically, for his own "speciality" had become the taste of the day, and hundreds followed in Mendelssohn's path, consciously or unconsciously; while now, there is not a singing society, in any country village, that does not hold it as a point of honor, to practice Mendelssohn's choruses — "the learned" Mendelssohn.

Mendelssohn was the first composer for a very long period, who fixed German musical taste in a certain direction. A topography of German musical life would be quite in accordance with the spirit of the age. For our composers, unfortunately, allow themselves to be more conveniently grouped according to mountain-chains and river-valleys, than according to their artistic differences. Our musical particularity exceeds that of politics, for it is far more fortuitous and arbitrary than the latter. We have the music of Berlin, Leipzig, Vienna, Hamburg, &c.; but German music has become an idea, like the German kingdom. Since Mendelssohn's death, it cannot be said of any young composer, that he has a German public. Only two song-writers, and a few mediocre talents in the light operatic style have become popular. Robert Schumann is regarded, in the Elb territory, as a Messiah, at least by his companions in aim and opinion, but the Thuringian forest is the boundary of his fame. How many south and west Germans know anything of Schumann's greater works? I am no admirer of Schumann's muse, but while I wish that he had found correct critical appreciation, I also wish that people would learn to know him more generally. Richard Wagner is an art-extravaganza, but still a phenomenon who must be taken notice of. But how many musicians, how many operatic stages, always excepting a narrow circle, have taken notice, practical notice of his creations? Hebbel is something such a literary phenomenon. Almost every great theatre has experimentalized with his dramas, not to expound his literary tendencies, but because they held it as a point of honor, to take notice of this

original poet. Such points of honor are scarce in the musical world. The difficulty of hearing one of Wagner's operas, has excited curiosity about them, much more powerfully than the combined forces of Wagner's own pamphlets and his friend Liszt's extravagant declamation could have done.

We have, then, lost a centralization of musical literature. The position of our poetic literature is consistent, compared with this division. The lyrists of Austria, Lenau, Grün, Zedlitz, &c. are as well recognized as our native born poets. Side by side with these lyrists, a group of Austrian song composers may be not unworthily placed. But with the exception of the weakest and most superficial among them, their names have scarcely reached the north; and yet we remember a notice that was given out, some years ago, by one of the first Viennese publisher, to the effect that he only published "Austrian music!"

Mendelssohn's lyrics alone, have become naturalized in every German country.

There are half a dozen "exchanges" for German opera. Berlin for the north-east, Hamburg for the north west, Frankfort for the south-west, &c. Success in one of these places secures the run of a new work — not in Germany — but in the valley, or mountain chain, which contains the subject cities of either of these exchanges. Here is musical topography again. An opera is brilliantly successful in the Frankfort state and sandstone system, while in the Munich chalk system, it falls to the ground. Germany no longer possesses a musical metropolis. At the close of the eighteenth century, Vienna held this position; earlier, Leipzig, Dresden, Hamburg, and other cities. Musical localities are growing more and more illiberal. He who would move musical Germany must find the Archimedian point, upon which to place the lever, outside of his own limits. Meyerbeer found this point in Paris. His success brought a number of German composers to believe, that in order to conquer German opinion, they must be, musically speaking, untrue to Germany.

Even in church music, which was once centralized even to torpidity, this division of interests is displayed. On a field, where even the great mistress of centralization, the catholic church, found it impossible to neutralize, how can we hope to succeed? Every cantor, every organist, every cathedral chapel-master arranges his preludes, motets, masses, and Ave Marias for himself, and no one troubles himself about others. How can a common artistic aim be built up on such a foundation?

And yet Mendelssohn did this. He created a universal movement in musical Germany, although he rested his lever on Germany itself.

But this was only possible to Mendelssohn, on account of the peculiar position which he occupied in the social and musical world. He was the first musician who made music purposely for "cultivated society" — in the good sense of those

words. He was not a gnarled, self-concentrated German burgher, like Bach, but an accomplished, many gifted, many sided, refined man, accustomed to the highest society, personally known throughout nearly all Germany, and sought for in select circles. What an immense contrast between him and the old musician of the preceding century! And so Mendelssohn wrote in the spirit of this "polished society," that now, levelling and mediating, runs through every class. He rendered the ancient forms of chamber music more elegant and smooth, he restrained the æsthetic negligence of modern saloon pieces; he enlivened sacred composition with a spirit of subjective inward feeling; and one may truly say that Mendelssohn's chamber, concert, and church music may be successfully produced in refined social circles. And this is the leveling spirit of modern cultivation. A church piece, by Bach, would be profaned by an after-tea representation; but a church composition of Mendelssohn's would not be profaned at all, while it would elevate the mood of the tea-party. Mendelssohn is always spiritual, and careful in the form he selects. When he first appeared, it was something quite new to meet with an elegant modern musician, whose works could be enjoyed by a scientific connoisseur, without continually meeting some error in musical logic, or in proportion of form; a musician who set songs to music, without choosing only the most simple of texts; who wrote chamber music that was not tiresome, and saloon pieces that were not frivolous; a tone-poet of Jewish descent, who did not Judaize in his manner of writing, like nearly all the favorite Christian composers of the day.

It is the north-German, many-sided cultivation, which in our day is gradually smoothing itself, and casting off its rough national peculiarities, that has found its musical expression in Mendelssohn.

In little and isolated effects Mendelssohn was new and peculiar, but not in the great and the entire; he has not created any new species of musical form, but has reformed, and intelligently extended the old. Even in this the spirit of modern "polished society" is mirrored. Mendelssohn possessed the sure æsthetic and historic knowledge of each particular character that best suited any single musical form, and worked according to his conviction with the certainty of the learned master. Defiant self-will, hectoring upon the rights of its subjective geniality, and breaking the bonds of custom and tradition, is entirely foreign to him. Beethoven, in the "don nobis pacem" of his missa solennis, insists upon teaching us theological Germans, by means of a trumpet duet, that one may entreat God for peace, with trumpets and drums. Berlioz has imitated him in a Requiem, where he prays the Lord to give rest to the departed, with the great trumpet. Joseph Haydn, in the childlike joy of his heart, writes a Kyrie eleison, to which one might dance. Mendelssohn knew nothing about such bold touches of true or false geniality. He knew that such naïvetés and extravagancies would look very extraordinary in a cultivated man, who moved in "polished society."

Yet, notwithstanding this, Mendelssohn was no less characteristic and historic a personality for the present, than Bach was, in his time. No other art can point to a man, who, in his artistic creations, kept within the social life of our select

circles, while he was thoroughly understood and honored by those.

While, one hundred years ago, people could not decide what to make out of the lonely, deeply thinking Bach, — with us, an immediate, general, and true judgment has been passed on Mendelssohn; and it would now be difficult to say anything excellent about him that is not already a current opinion.

Mendelssohn's influence must have become a universal one; for the "polished society" in the midst of which he worked and lived, and in the spirit of which he wrote, is the same, all over Germany. Bach, on the contrary, with his tenacious social limits, found his effectuality and renown as a composer, long socially and locally circumscribed.

It is said of Mendelssohn, often enough, that much, especially in his greater works, is diligently put together; and that his creations sometimes appear to be inspired by genius, when they are only the result of an uncommon talent; that he is far removed from the free geniality of a Mozart or Beethoven; that he is always wanting in that which fills up the measure of talent, so that it becomes genius, and without which talent is mere handicraft.

But Mendelssohn's best fame is not affected by this at all; I mean the fame of his pure, reformatory influence. For his calling he possessed the one grand qualification, which all might envy him. He was the fortunate one, who alone succeeded in remaining clear and earnest in his creations, and, at the same time, popular. His happy social position did not assist him in obtaining this rare good fortune, so much as his great gifts, and his untiring perseverance. Mendelssohn, the musical purifier, is missed far more painfully by the nation, than Mendelssohn, the creative tone-poet. Scarcely was his oratorio of "Elijah" in circulation, than musical unions in every place prepared to study this difficult, and — for amateurs — thankless work. Germany now possesses many composers, capable of writing an equally excellent work in this form; but not one other, on the mere strength of whose name such music will be thoroughly studied, (though enjoyed and understood by few) and will pierce into every corner where there is a musical society; the one man, who could break a pathway for earnest creation, is lost to us in Mendelssohn.

(To be continued.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

#### Johanna Kinkel's Right Letters to a Friend.

ON INSTRUCTION ON THE PIANO.

(Translated by WM. GRAVES, A. M.)

#### IV.

Playing with expression! How can we find significant words to make the pupil understand this vague term? It is easy for a vocal teacher, since the text of the songs furnished the best commentary for the melody. In instrumental music, however, we can apply poetry only comparatively, in order to bring it near to him who does not understand music *as* music, but feels interest in it only when it means something else in addition.

It is now the task of the more cultivated music teacher, to find out for grown up pupils that definition which is most accessible to their subjectivity. Music, as it manifests itself in the form of piano-performance, is now-a-days considered

almost indispensable in the education of young ladies; whether rightly so, I will tell you in some other place. At any rate, talented and not talented are practising on the piano for years, and they, of course, expect that the teacher be conscientious in an art for which they sacrifice so much. All desire to play with expression, "and feelingly," while the very term "feeling" proves that we can not *learn* it, when it is not naturally within us. But if we place the word "understandingly" in its stead, it is obvious that *this* can be imparted to the pupil by the teacher. There are means of representing a certain sentiment in musical performance. Legato, staccato, forte, piano, and above all the oratorical accent serve that purpose. Wherever the composer has written these turns, it suffices to remind the pupil to observe such signs faithfully. But it is impossible to the composer to add for instance the degree of *sforzando* to each note, since the vast array of signs would completely puzzle our eyes. Thus we ever recur to the "feeling" which reveals to us how strongly we are *permitted* to intone without offending grace, how strongly we *must* intone, in order to exhibit the emotions inherent to the tone-piece.

Several oratorical accents will often occur in a single measure, each of which is to receive another degree of intonation. While the nature of the grammatical accent consists in its regular return, and the pupil soon understands it, the unexpected and unregulated character of the oratorical does not give the teacher a steady point to explain it to the pupil, so as to enable the latter to find it out himself the next time. It might best be illustrated by an analogy with declamation.

As to the teacher I suppose, of course, that the language of tones is disclosed to him. But even if he possess an excellent musical nature, thinking and feeling in tones, his pupils will not be benefitted at all by him, unless he knows how to *communicate* his inner views. *He must consequently possess, besides musical cultivation a general education, above all the faculty of the utmost clearness and certainty in his teaching.* He must have presence of mind sufficient to find at once, for each music piece, an analogy rendering the former intelligible to the pupil. He ought to have ready in his memory some appropriate poetical verses to compare with a musical passage the oratorical accents of which he is to point out.

This painstaking is hardly necessary with very talented pupils, and useless with those without talents. But between these there is a long series of middle degrees for which one and the same method does not suffice. Let us illustrate it.

Let us take one pupil with excellent ear, a fine timeist, with a light hand, but caring only for the most superficial waltz-compositions; let us then take another with naturally stiff fingers, and almost no really musical talent, but appreciating the noblest and greatest in music, if you bring it near her variously developed mind in some other way. You will readily perceive that you will have to talk differently with them. You can convince the former of the futility of her actual tendency only in a purely musical way, by repeatedly and practically explaining to her — by means of passages on the piano — the requirements of a good melody, harmony and fine rhythm, and by comparing genuine music with that which

lacks these three fundamental conditions. As to the other pupil, you will have to demonstrate the affinity of the music piece in question with the beautiful in some other department, in order to win her interest for it.

We must, with all pupils of this latter class, try to investigate what are their other natural talents, fancies and attainments, in order to procure music on entrance by means of fancy, if it cannot be obtained in a sentimental way, or to borrow an analogy from the art of painting, if their sense of color and form should be more developed than the sense for tone and time. Thus every kind of knowledge of the teacher in other branches of education will promote the pupil, if he applies it in the right place, even more so, than if he had buried himself even so deeply in the musical grammar.

Many pupils possess but one half of musical talent, viz., conception, without the gift of representation, or *vice versa*. You will assist the former mostly by playing for him, the latter by oral explanations.

To a superficial young girl an isolated melody will appear so much more beautiful, because the want of the accompaniment without rhythm and constructed perhaps only upon two chords does not absorb her thoughts. Melody is, in fact, everything to her; the base is for her an altogether gratuitous supplement. They assert singularly enough of a composition rich and full in all its parts, for example of a fugue, that it has no melody. They do not see the forest on account of the many trees; for in the fugue each simpler art is a melody; but to hear four melodies at once is too much for their ears.

You must, from time to time, analyze an excellent composition for such pupils, and compel them to direct their attention to its inner structure. They will thus become conscious of the power of a harmonically moving base and of independent middle parts. Just as before they found each composition dry in which they thought the charm of melody was wanting, they will now not be seduced by a harmonically poor work because it happens to possess the cheap advantage of a pretty upper part. Finally, do not neglect to take up the test of rhythm by separating the theme from its melodic and harmonic dress, and reducing it to a single tone. If a rhythm is truly original and lively, it will still interest us if we drum it on the table with our fingers. The short comings of the invention will likewise appear, when its monotony is no longer varnished over by a variegated melody.

The pupil will thus obtain a starting point from which he himself may examine whether the music which pleases him stands the test or not. A great point is clearly gained, when he finds out that a certain music did not please him, because it was too high for him, and that, on the other hand, he must confess that he had been more delighted by common music. Self-knowledge is even in this particular case, like everywhere else, the first step to improvement.

(To be continued.)

PHILADELPHIA.—The Italian wing of the New York company is organizing for a series of operatic performances, beginning in Philadelphia about November 19th. Signor Muzio is to be the director, and Mme. Colson, Brignoli, Ferri, Susini and others are in the troupe. They are at present about to commence a series of concerts in the West, beginning at Pittsburgh.

## On Rudimental Piano Instruction.

BY F. PRTERBILKA.

Mr. Editor: The letter of Mad. Johanna Kinckel published by you, Oct. 20th, suggests to me a few ideas, which may be new to many, but are the result of my experience for the last twenty or thirty years and have proved successful. The first maxim: *Never give a beginner more material for thought or memory than is necessary for immediate use, or confusion will be the result.* The names of the keys of the piano may be learned in one of the first lessons; but the scholar has no use yet for sharps and flats; therefore say nothing about them. The notes come next, but five are enough for at least three months, (I should rather say for one year,) therefore neither bass notes nor ledger lines are wanted. Why confuse a beginner with whole, half, quarter notes, or still worse, with hemi, demi, semi quavers? Notes of uniform length should be used exclusively, until they can be played in correct time with the metronome; then two, three, &c. to one beat, always with regard to *strict accentuation* and *legato*.

I am aware that no celebrated pianoforte school proceeds in such a manner, I therefore wrote my own instruction book and studies.\* The best players and composers have produced the most useless pianoforte schools without exception; it is however, not at all surprising.

Now this ought to be the first lesson. The most perfect understanding must be given about the position of the hands and fingers, before anything need be said about keys, notes, rests, bar lines, ledger lines, &c. No need for opening the piano. Draw your chair to the table. Lay one hand down flat, rest part of your arm also. Extend your hand to the utmost—now draw the fingers towards you—straighten the thumb—keep the palm firmly down—by no means raise the knuckles. Now lift your third finger as high as you can but don't straighten it, keep it bent, draw it more towards you—now let it fall. After this finger has learned to be uplifted, without throwing the first joint outward, it is positively necessary that there should be no more interruption between the rising and falling. Thus each finger is treated. If the third finger is unable to rise place a little block of wood under it or the corner of a book and keep it blocked up an inch or more for a few minutes, while the hand remains flat upon the table and the other fingers rest upon their tips. If the fingers are all feeble, stiff or awkward serve them in like manner.

Second Exercise. Move two fingers one after the other, many times; a slight pause between the motion of each finger, so that four are at rest on tips in the aforesaid position while the two move alternately. This exercise may be written as follows:

x. 1. — 1. 2. — 2. 3. — 3. 4. — || x. 2. — x. 3. — x. 4. — || 1. 3. — 1. 4. — || &c.

Try each hand singly; then both together.

Third Exercise. The foregoing movement. The arm and palm at rest, the fingers all uplifted but well bent; only one finger touches the table and rises at the instant when the other descends. Let the finger fall loose like a dead weight without the slightest sign of pressure.

\* Study with Amusement. A series of progressive lessons, calculated to render the fingers independent of each other, both hands even, the touch distinct, &c. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

Easy and Melodious Studies, Ditto.

Fourth Exercise. The same movement continued, but with regard to a heavy and light stroke. In order to produce the former, lift the finger higher, but beware of pressure. Practice this with the bell metronome, and you secure at once correct time and accentuation.

## Musical Culture.

### III.

#### INSTRUCTION.

(Continued.)

After the Sonata the following forms are to be noticed: the Rondo, Variations, Prelude, Fugue, Toccata, Capriccio, Etude; and those of modern origin, as the Concert-Fantaisie, the Lied ohne Worte, Nocturne, Elegy, Idylle, Berceuse, Barcarole, Pastorale, Ballade, Scherzo, Rhapsodie, and a host of others, which, though in substance songs without words, bear a particular name, according to the fancy of the composer. The various ballet forms in the brilliant style, as the Bolero, Tarantelle, Siciliano, Polonaise, March, Mazurka, Waltz, Galop, etc., must likewise be mentioned. The Opera, Oratorio, Cantata, and similar vocal and instrumental compositions also belong here, inasmuch as they are composed or arranged with accompaniment of the pianoforte.

To complete the table we cannot leave untouched that numerous class of pieces for the pianoforte, an immediate product of our manufacturing time, which have no form at all, but consist of a number of opera-melodies, or opera-nonsense, incoherently following each other. Among musicians these pieces pass under the name of Potpourris. As they are formless they tend to spoil the taste, and except for some special purpose, should be excluded altogether from instruction.

Every piece selected for study should above all have a clear and distinct form, and the difference between one form and another, the characteristic traits of each, should be explained. With the exception of the Sonata and Fugue, and those formed after them, the structure of the remainder is simple; instead of a thematic development of one or two themes or motives there, we have here a number of melodies connected together, one of which will always re-appear several times, simple or varied, and may be called the *principal* melody. In most of the ballet-forms, as the March, Polonaise, Waltz, etc., the different melodies are separated from each other by double-bars, and hence are easily distinguished; but this is not the case in the song without words, Nocturne and the rest, where they are sometimes so closely interwoven with each other that it is more difficult to know where one ceases and the other begins. At other times, however, they are kept apart by accidental passages, to which attention must be called; as, on the whole, the essential should always be distinguished from the accessory, or that which merely serves to offset and contrast the various melodies.

It is hardly necessary to say that every form must be delivered with due respect to its nature; that, while the performance of a Tarantelle, for instance, is characterized by wild haste and hurry, the Nocturne should be represented in the spirit of dreamy repose and tranquillity. Composers do not always respect the nature of a form, and sometimes write Nocturnes, that are as exciting as a dance, and Tarantelles as innocent as a Berceuse (Lullaby.) In such cases the cultivated player should know better, and by his judicious delivery, restore as much as possible the respective forms to their original character. In general, the pupil should be accustomed to a strong and distinct accentuation; the marks of expression should be strictly observed, as well as the many shades of loud and soft, from the thundering *fortissimo* down to the whispering *pianissimo*. It is also recommended that some pieces, if not all, be

committed to memory; as it greatly contributes towards cultivating the ear, the memory and the other powers, on which a true musical culture is based. In pieces for four hands, where the pupil generally plays the *primo*, it is necessary continually to admonish him not to suffer himself to be wholly absorbed in his part, but to listen with equal attention to what the teacher is playing in the other part, the *secondo*; in this way only he can learn to understand the piece. The same applies to compositions for pianoforte and violin or other instruments. Finally, it would not be superfluous that the pupil should briefly be made acquainted with the lives of the masters, whose works he is studying, especially of those who have enriched the literature of the pianoforte with this or that form. For instance to Mendelssohn we owe the *Lied ohne Worte*; to Thalberg the Concert-Fantaisie; to Field the Nocturne; to Chopin a number of those just mentioned. Moreover, every master has his own peculiar style of composing, different from that of all others, which should be recognized. The number of players is legion, who have studied and enjoyed a composition for years, without ever caring to know aught of the man, to whose genius and labor they are indebted for so much pleasure and enjoyment. There are at present a number of small musical encyclopedias and hand-books, in which biographies of the most distinguished (and even of the undistinguished) composers can be found. Such a book every pupil should possess and become familiar with.

We have here attempted to indicate the way through which the musical education of a pupil may be effected. The small space of an article, does not permit one to mention everything that may promote this object; many efficient ways will suggest themselves to the intelligent teacher, who understands the disposition of his pupil, during the lesson. As for the techniques, most instruction-books are reliable guides. It is to be regretted that these books hardly so much as hint at the necessity of cultivating the musical faculties too. It seems to be understood that this is a thing, which makes itself alone. How the thing makes itself is manifest among others in the singular fact that there are many players able to execute a work of a high order in respect to its mechanical difficulties quite satisfactorily, who neither understand nor enjoy it in the least. Many have the technical skill to play Beethoven's sonatas, for instance; and they do play them; but as for their beauties, these compositions are like the book with seven seals to them; they are not musical enough to comprehend such tone-poems; their mechanical abilities have been fostered to the neglect of nobler powers. It is of course of the highest importance, especially during the first years of instruction, to lay the foundation for a faultless, sure and elegant execution, by innumerable exercises and pieces written for that purpose; so that when a piece of truly musical value comes to be performed, its beauties be not deformed by a clumsy delivery; but, nevertheless, the musical culture of the player must ever remain the last aim, and all else be considered as preparatory or auxiliary. And even during the first years much can be done, and must be done, to cultivate the musical sensibilities. From the very beginning, the pupil can be taught as well to understand and appreciate his pieces as to play them; since, as a general rule, the easier a piece is, the simpler is its style and structure. We must, however, concede that there are doubtless many, whom it is impossible to instruct in the proper way for want of sufficient talent; so that to endeavor to open their senses to the impression of a fine composition will ever remain a vain undertaking; while, provided as they are with a pair of soft hands, and nimble fingers, they might be trained to perform many a brilliant, though empty, piece with manual and digital skill; which in such a case would perhaps be the wisest course to adopt. But there are enough,

endowed with a rich musical mind, which rightly cultivated would bear glorious fruits. The matter becomes more serious, if we remember that nearly all pupils depend for their musical culture solely on the instruction they receive; besides that, they have few, if any opportunities. How necessary, then, that instruction should fulfil its task! It is true that every great city has its concerts, where frequently the best kind of music may be heard; but a good degree of culture must already have been attained, before listening to such music becomes instructive. For the most advanced such opportunities may perhaps be turned to a good account, if the pupils are made acquainted with the pieces before they go to hear them, and the teacher endeavors to connect whatever instructive remarks he can therewith. Again, there are many of the most talented often so situated, as to be unable to commence taking lessons in early childhood, when the fingers may be trained to anything; they begin at a period, where the hand has attained its full size, and is incapable of such strength and flexibility as is required to perform all the arts of modern pianism; it is, therefore, in vain to attempt educating them for bravura-players. However, if the cultivation of their purely musical gifts is made the principal object, they will become players, whose intelligent, tasteful and expressive performance ten times supplies the lack of a brilliant, dashing execution, while the art to them is a perennial, inexhaustible source of the purest enjoyment. It is this kind of players, by whom Art gains and who in return gain from the Art. There is always much talk of the ennobling influence of music; much talk about the mental and moral improvement to be derived from it, which leads many good people to suppose all they have to do to avail themselves of the advantages, so cheaply offered them, is to commence playing the pianoforte in such a manner as best flatters their indolence and vanity. If it were merely for the practice; if the bare fact of playing an instrument sufficed,—many a street-musician would be a model of purity and nobility of mind. It is only when treated as befits her divine origin that music exerts that benign influence, which in all ages has been justly ascribed to her.

There is also much talk about the works of Handel, Haydn and Mozart in a way, that would imply, one needs only to play these masters, and then all is gained. Above all, when pianoforte playing is the subject, instead of Handel, Haydn and Mozart, make Bach, Beethoven and Chopin your motto, which sounds certainly more *piano-like*. However, here again, it is the way in which a work is used, that decides its value to the pupil, not the name of the composer.

A teacher who is himself possessed of genuine musical culture, will make better musicians of his pupils with the works of second rate composers, than the craftsman, who has his music (?) merely in his fingers, can produce with the aid of the best masterworks. The main thing is that the final aim be kept in view, which, as above mentioned, is to teach the pupil to play, to understand, to appreciate and to love the works of all composers, of our time as well as of the past. By such a course he will also learn finally to make his own selections, and his culture will be a sure guarantee that the classical compositions of Bach, Handel, Haydn and Mozart are not the last to which he will turn. He will also have learned that there are such as Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Weber, Mendelssohn, Heller, and others of less celebrity, who also have a claim to be heard. In view of the great improvements in the construction of the pianoforte during the last fifty years these masters had resources at their command, of which the former could not avail themselves. Moreover, music itself as the language of tones has assumed a more decided character since Beethoven; the effort to express ideas, or represent images, is more or less

visible in the works of the composers last mentioned; so that the term "tone-poetry" is, literally, more applicable to the music of these than to that of older masters. Let instruction guard against onesidedness, prejudice and fanaticism! Let every work be judged and enjoyed according to what is good, true and beautiful in it, whether old or new; whether in this or that style; whether the celebrated work of a great tone-poet, or the modest production of an unknown musician. To inculcate principles like these is the first and last duty of the instructor.

BENDA.

ERRATUM.—In the first article on Musical Culture, page two hundred and forty-five, middle column, thirty-fifth and thirty-seventh lines from above, for effect read *offset*; for interior *inferior*.

### J. J. Rousseau as a Composer.

#### LE DEVIN DU VILLAGE.

Some weeks since we protested against an injustice done to the memory of Hoffman, whose music is generally ridiculed, in the words of a celebrated French critic, as *de la musique de littérature*; the fact being that Hoffmann was a professional musician, orchestral conductor, and composer before he wrote any of those tales by which he is now chiefly and indeed almost exclusively known. However, we have shown our readers an article by Weber in which the composer of *Der Freischütz* expresses with enthusiasm his approbation of Hoffman's *Undine*, and if it delighted him, surely it cannot matter much, as far as Hoffmann's reputation is concerned, who is dissatisfied with it. There is another writer, greater than Hoffman, whose musical pretensions are never questioned in the present day, though numbers of his contemporaries refused to admit them, not on the ground that the music he gave to the public was worthless, but on the very simple plea that it was the composition of another person. We allude to Jean Jacques Rousseau, the author and accredited composer of *Le Devin du Village*; the Rousseau of *Confessions*, who reproaches himself so bitterly with having stolen a ribbon, passes complacently over a hundred acts of meanness committed by him, and ends by declaring that any one who may come to the conclusion that he, Rousseau, is *un malhonnête homme*, is himself "a man to be smothered" (*un homme à étouffer*).

*Le Devin du Village* is undoubtedly the work of Jean Jacques Rousseau, as far as the libretto is concerned, but it can be shown on better evidence, even than that on which the charge of ribbon-stealing rests (for which we have only Rousseau's own word), that the music was the production of Granet, a composer residing at Lyons.

One day in the year 1751, Pierre Rousseau, called Rousseau of Tonlouse, to distinguish him from the numerous other Rousseaus living in Paris, and known as the director of the *Journal Encyclopédique*, received a parcel containing a quantity of manuscript music, which, on examination, turned out to be the score of an opera. It was accompanied by a letter, addressed like the parcel itself, to M. Rousseau, *homme de lettres, demeurant à Paris*, in which a person signing himself Granet, and writing from Lyons, expressed a hope that his music would be found worthy of the illustrious author's words, that he had given appropriate expression to the tender sentiments of Colette and Colin, &c. Pierre Rousseau, though a Journalist, understood music. He knew that Granet's letter was intended for Jean Jacques, and that he ought to return it with the music to the post office, but the score of the *Devin du Village*, from the little he had seen of it, interested him, and he not only kept it until he had made himself familiar with it from beginning to end, but even showed it to a friend, M. de Bellissent, one of the conservators of the Royal Library, and a man of great musical acquirements. As soon as Pierre Rousseau and De Bellissent had quite finished with the *Devin du Village*, they sent it back to the post office, whence it was forwarded to its true destination.

Jean Jacques had been expecting Granet's music, and, on receiving the opera in complete form, took it to La Vaupalière the farmer-general, and offered it to him, directly or indirectly, as a suitable piece for Mad. de Pompadour's theatre at Versailles, where several operettas had already been produced. La Vaupalière was anxious to maintain himself in the good graces of the favorite, and purchased for her entertainment the right of representing the *Devin du Village*. This handsome present cost the gallant financier the sum of six thousand francs. However, the opera was performed, was wonderfully successful, and was afterwards produced at the Académie, when



Rousseau received four thousand francs more—so at least say some authorities who derive their information from the books of the theatre—though, according to Rousseau's own statement in the *Confessions*, the Opera sent him only fifty louis, which he declares he never asked for, but which he does not pretend to have returned.

Rousseau "confesses," with studied detail, how the music of each piece in the *Devin du Village* occurred to him; how he at one time thought of burning the whole affair (a conceit by the way which has since been rendered common-place by amateur authors in their prefaces); how his friends succeeded in persuading him to do nothing of the kind; and how, at last, he wrote the drama, and sketched out the whole of the music in six days, so that, when he arrived with his work in Paris, he had nothing to add but the recitative and the "remplissage"—by which we suppose he means the orchestral parts. In the next page he tells that he would have given anything in the world if he could only have had the *Devin du Village*, performed for himself alone, and have listened to it with closed doors as Lulli is reported to have listened to his *Armide*, executed for his sole gratification. This egotistical pleasure might, perhaps, have been enjoyed by Rousseau if he had really composed the music himself, for when the Académie produced his second *Devin du Village*, of which the music was undoubtedly his own, the public positively refused to listen to it, and hissed it until it was withdrawn. If the director had persisted in representing the piece the theatre would doubtless have been deserted.

But to return to the original score which, as Rousseau himself informs us, wanted nothing, when he arrived in Paris, except what he calls the "remplissage" and the recitative. He had intended, he says, to have *Le Devin* performed at the Opera, but M. de Oury, the intendant of the Menus Plaisirs, was determined it should first be brought out at the Court. A duel was very nearly taking place between the two directors, when it was at last decided by Rousseau himself that Fontainebleau, Mad. de Pompadour (and La Vauvillière), should have the preference. Whether Granet had omitted to write recitative or not, it is a remarkable fact that recitative was wanted when the piece came to be rehearsed, and that Rousseau allowed Jelliotte the singer to supply it. This he mentions himself, as also that he was not present at any of the rehearsals—for it is at rehearsals above all that a sham composer runs the chance of being detected. It is an easy thing for any man to say that he has composed an opera, but it may be difficult for him to correct a very simple error made by the copyist in transcribing the parts. However, Rousseau admits that he did not attend rehearsals and that he did not compose the recitative, which the singers required forthwith, and which had to be written almost beneath their eyes.

But what was Granet doing in the meanwhile? it will be asked. In the meanwhile Granet had died. And Pierre Rousseau and his friend M. de Bolissent? Rousseau of Toulouse, supported by the Conservator of the Royal Library, accused Jean Jacques openly of fraud in the columns of the *Journal Encyclopédique*. These accusations were repeated on all sides, until at last Rousseau undertook to reply to them by composing new music to the *Devin du Village*. This new music the Opera refused to perform, and with some reason, for it appears (as the reader has seen) to have been detestable. It was not executed until after Rousseau's death, and at the special request of his widow, when, in the words of Grimm, "all the new airs were hooted without the slightest regard for the memory of the author."

It is this utter failure of the second edition of the *Devin du Village* which convinces us more than anything else that the first was not from the hand of Rousseau. But let us not say that he was "un mal-honnête homme." Probably the conscientious author of the *Contract Social* adopted the children of others by way of compensation for having sent his own to the "Enfants Trouvés."—*Musical World*, Sept. 29.

#### Letters from Adolphe Nourrit to Ferdinand Hiller.

The letters which, during the last few years of his life, Adolphe Nourrit wrote to Ferdinand Hiller,\* are the purest reflex of the most secret emotion and inward struggles which agitated, and at length broke, the great artist's heart—they are the outpourings of a noble soul, gradually consumed in the flame of ambition and a passionate love for art, and laid open without the slightest reserve to the gaze of an intimate friend.

For the better comprehension of these letters, we will first present our readers with a few of the principal events in Nourrit's life, our authority being the excellent article by F. Halvén, "Adolphe Nourrit," in the *Revue Contemporaine* for May and June, 1860.

Adolphe Nourrit was born on the 3rd of March, 1802, at Montpellier. His father, Louis Nourrit, then only twenty-two years of age, possessed a fine tenor voice. He went to Paris, and entered the Conservatory. He was patronised by Méhul, and received instruction from Garat. In the year 1805, he appeared as Rinaldo in Gluck's opera of *Armida*. He remained at the Grand Opera. Not feeling any real passion for his art, in addition to exercising his talent as a singer, he traded in jewels, of which he was a good judge. His sole object was a quiet life and a certain income. He sent his son to the college of Sainte-Barbe, and afterwards placed him in a house of business. Adolphe became a good accountant, and when just seventeen, obtained a situation in the offices of a life insurance company. By his intelligence and industry, by the beauty of his writing and figures, and by his correctness in calculation, Adolphe gave the greatest satisfaction to his employers. His father was delighted, and he himself perfectly contented with his condition.

Suddenly, after his voice had fully changed, there was developed in him the germ, till then completely unsuspected, of a highly harmonious, pleasing, and yet powerful tenor, inclining to a barytone, and at the same time there awoke within his breast a strong love, slumbering up to that moment, for the art. Garat fostered both, calming the apprehension his father felt at the young clerk's resolution to devote himself to music, and on the 1st September, 1821, Adolphe made his first appearance as Pylades in Gluck's *Iphigenia*. His success was such as to decide his future career.

He now shared with his father all the tenor parts, and the name of Nourrit soon became universally famous, but to the public it represented only Adolphe. On the 9th October, 1826, at the first performance of Rossini's *Siege of Corinth*, father and son sang together, the former taking the part of Cleomenes, and the latter that of Neocles. Nourrit senior then retired and resided in the country, near Paris, but did not long enjoy the repose for which he had yearned. He died, still young, in 1831.

Every one knows how brilliant was Adolphe Nourrit's career at the Grand Opera in Paris. He reigned there as undisputed first dramatic singer, without a rival. His performances as Masaniello, Count Ory, Arnold, in *Guillaume Tell*, Eleazar, and Raoul were wonderful; in all these characters he displayed his great creative talent. It is not so generally known that he was, also, the author of two ballets, *La Sylphide* for Taglioni, and *La Tempête* (taken only in part from Shakspeare) for Fanny Elssler, the latter produced on the 15th September, 1834.

The last character Nourrit "created" at the Grand Opera was that of Stradella in Niedermeyer's opera of the same name, on the 3d March, 1837. The subject of the opera was taken from the well-known anecdote, according to which the bravos hired to murder Stradella let their poniards drop from their hands on hearing him sing. This scene, the principal one in Niedermeyer's work, takes place in the church. But Nourrit had long previously made up his mind to break off all connection with the Grand Opera in Paris.

It was on this subject that he wrote as follows, on the 26th October, 1836, to Ferdinand Hiller:—

"My dear Friend,—In the first place, receive my thanks for your welcome letter; I had heard of your indisposition and awaited with impatience the news of your recovery. You are now quite well again, and about to pass the winter agreeably in the bosom of your family, with a contented heart and spirit, engaged in pursuits which you like, and under circumstances which render you happy. I am delighted at this, though I am sorry at losing you; but we ought to love our friends for their own sake, and judge their happiness by their own standard.

"I have a great deal to tell you—a great deal—which will greatly surprise you; but we will take everything in due order, especially as I can begin with a gratifying piece of intelligence.

"My wife has been safely confined of a girl, who is lively and well; the event took place twelve days ago, and both mother and child are going on admirably. A great many persons made a wry face at the news of the arrival of a fifth little girl! We, however, receive with joy what God gives us, and offer him our thanks. May the little creature be like her sisters; may she be worthy her mother; if she is, we are sure there will be one more good woman in the world. There is a chance that our children's children will be better than we are. Hallelujah!

\*We give this and the following letters in their integrity, because even the little details in them add to our means of estimating the character of Nourrit, both as a man and an artist.—Ed. *Niederheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

"But now—what I have to tell you, at present, is of an important and serious nature, and will, perhaps, affect you painfully. But I can at once quiet you; everything you are about to hear has been done solely out of consideration for my repose, my happiness, and, before all, my family.

"I leave the Opera and retire from the stage. Listen to the reasons which have induced me to do so.

"The management of the Opera has engaged Duprez, who, for some years past, has occupied the first place among the tenors of Italy. He naturally could not be contented with the second place in Paris; my position must therefore have been changed in order to make one for him. At first, I willingly and cheerfully consented to this, and, indeed, believed that I should, by a rivalry which would spur me on to fresh exertions, advance the interests of my art. But I too soon remarked the uneasiness of my family, as well as the apprehension of my friends, and my peace of mind was at an end! I have, too, had opportunities of convincing myself that I needed peace of mind to satisfy the demands of my art, that every care or anxiety is prejudicial to me, and that, in a word, I am not a man for rivalry.

"After reflecting maturely on my new position, I perceived that my future would not resemble my past life; that since the circumstances which favored my development no longer existed, I could not foresee to what ordeals I should still be subjected, both as a man and an artist; as I cannot be more than the former, it is clear that I can gain nothing in a conflict in which my opponent has nothing to lose. Besides, you already know that it was always my intention to retire early: early enough to devote myself to other pursuits. I have six children, and as long as I live, I will work.

"I am very well aware that I shall not find another career so brilliant, and consequently so profitable, as my present one; but in four or five years I should, under all circumstances, be obliged to give it up, and if I do so now I shall gain four years for my future.

"My engagement with the Opera ends in March; I shall give my farewell performance, take my pension—to which I am entitled by sixteen years' service—and close with a tour through the departments, which will bring in more in twelve or eighteen months than I could save in four years at the Opera.

"I shall then crawl like a snail into my shell, sing Hiller, Schubert, and all my dear German masters for my amusement, and devote myself to those studies to which I have always looked forward. It is true that I do not yet know in what form the fruits of my labor will be displayed, but when I once know what I want to know, when I have achieved for myself a higher value personally, it is impossible for me not to make my abilities available for the benefit of my family.

"I assure you, however, beforehand, that I shall busy myself only with art. Whatever you may think of my determination, believe me that I am not taking any rash and foolish step; I have sought the advice of all my friends, and did not decide until after a family council.

"I can assure you that since my resolution has been immutably fixed, tranquillity has returned to my house; my mother is happier, my wife calmer, and my sister fell round my neck with joy on hearing my decision.

"I have never striven to obtain great wealth; as, however, I have five daughters to provide for, I wish to place my retirement from the stage in such a light before the world as to command as much respect and consideration as possible. My present position is, on this account, especially favorable to me. All who love me approve of my intention; your approbation alone is wanting. I trust that you will not make me wait for it long, and that you will permit me to reckon on it beforehand.

"Farewell, my dear friend; if my reasons do not convince you, do not be in a hurry with your answer, for I am certain that in the end you will agree with my views.

Yours with all my heart,

AD. NOURRIT."

Things were certainly as Nourrit described them. Duprez came from Italy to Paris with all the advantage of an immense reputation; after long study he had gained in Italy that in which he had been previously deficient—but for which he was afterwards distinguished—great power of tone. In addition to this, he was more fortunate than Nourrit, in having had from his youth received a thorough musical education, and was then a most accomplished singer. Donizetti had written for him the part of Edgardo in *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

Nourrit's voice had certainly suffered somewhat; as far back as 1830 he had strained it too much in the days of the Revolution, on the stage and in other public places; and, at the period of which we are treating, his mental excitement, moreover, was not

\*Translated from the *Niederheinische Musik-Zeitung* for the *London Musical World*.

advantageous to the exercise of his art. But worse than all was the fact that this excitement cast a gloom over him, rendering him suspicious of others and unjust to himself. At one of his last performances of Masaniello, he remarked Duprez, of whose return to Paris (for after signing his engagement with the opera, Duprez had again proceeded to Italy) he was not aware, in a box with the manager of the opera. He instantly fancied they had both come to criticise his performance. His mental agitation scarcely allowed him to play out the first act; in the following acts, Lafond was obliged to take his place.

After the resolution which he took a short time subsequently, he really became, as he says in his letter, calmer; he sang the part of Stradella in March, and carefully and zealously prepared for his farewell appearance.

This took place on the 1st of April, 1837. He first played in the second act of *Armida*. The house was crammed to the ceiling, and the audience were indefatigable in showering upon him the marks of their approbation from beginning to end.

He began his tour by proceeding through Belgium and France. The success he everywhere met with led him astray; his resolve to devote himself to some other occupation was forgotten; the demon of the stage again seized on and carried him away. Nourrit determined to go to Italy, and replace at the San Carlo the man who had replaced him at the Opera in Paris.

While performing at Marseilles, he was seized with sudden hoarseness in the third act of the opera; pale, and with a look of despair, he left the stage. Two of his most intimate friends hurried round behind the scenes and found him in a state bordering on madness. He did not recognize them. With difficulty they placed him in an arm-chair, where he sat exhausted and without consciousness. Next morning, one of them went to see him. "How are you now, my dear Nourrit," he inquired. "Very bad," replied Nourrit, "I have not slept, and have wept a great deal; this very moment I was collecting all my moral energies to arm myself against evil thoughts. Life is becoming insupportable to me; but I know my duty. I have dear friends, a wife and children, whom I love, and for whom I must preserve myself—and I believe in an eternal life. With such thoughts a man can obtain the mastery over himself. I fear, however, for my reason—if I lose that for a single instant, it is all over with me. Last night, here in this chair, did I pray to God for courage and strength, and read this holy book." The book was *The Imitation of Christ*.

The consequence of this attack was that he fell seriously ill, and was obliged to return to Paris. In the bosom of his family he recovered his health, and busied himself at the Conservatory of Music. But he did not persevere; his plan of going to Italy had become a fixed idea, and his unlucky star enticed him onward.

He set out in the spring of 1838. He stopped for some time in Milan, where he frequently charmed the most distinguished society by his singing at Rossini's, and proceeded, by the way of Venice, Florence and Rome, to Naples.

On the 7th April, he wrote as follows to Ferdinand Hiller:—

"I trust, my dear friend, that since we bade each other farewell at Naples, you have sometimes thought of me; if not, you are an ungrateful man, for I have thought often, very often, of you. I have always looked back with delight to the pleasant week which we spent together in Venice, and remembered what a beneficial effect your company had upon me.

"I have not written to you before, because I wanted to wait for the termination of the business which Rossini took in hand for me, previous to my departure from Milan. We were not able to come to any arrangement with the manager of the La Scala; we should soon have agreed about money matters, (you already know that money was never the principal consideration with me), but he could not give me the guarantee I required for my first appearance, and, in addition to this, the presence of Donzelli, who is engaged for the autumn and carnival season, would have rendered my position a difficult one. Merelli must have a *tenore sfogato*, and that is notin my way. I thanked Rossini, therefore, for the trouble he had taken, and broke off the negotiation with the Milan engagement. For other reasons I am not sorry, however, that the management came to nothing. At the time of the Emperor's coronation as King in Milan, every one will be more taken up with the public festivals and ceremonies than with the theatre, and you know how important for me is the impression produced by my first appearance in Italy. I am not, on this account, the less resolved to follow up my Italian career: on the contrary, every step I take in this country enlists me the more in its favor, and I have

a greater desire than ever to settle here and endeavor to regain the rank I held in Paris. The task is not an easy one, but it is that very reason which excites me.

"When we are not contented with doing things by halves, we often strike on more than one rock of which we had no suspicion, and frequently overcome one obstacle merely to perceive another which we have to conquer with a fresh effort of our energy.

"It would not, however, have been worth while to give up so brilliant a position as that which I enjoyed, to leave my home, to care nothing for the fatigues of a long journey, and to bear the grief of parting and absence, if such sacrifices were to be made for something easily obtainable. No, by my troth! What I want is difficult to effect, and it is for this I want to effect it. A man does not lay aside the habits of five-and-twenty years in a fortnight, change his nature, or transform himself from a Frenchman into an Italian. Yet I must accomplish this, and I am working at it, from morning till evening, with courage and delight. It makes me eighteen years younger to begin my career afresh, nay, to be obliged to go through a new course of musical and vocal instruction; but, instead of costing me an effort, this state of student-ship gives me pleasure. I do not shirk making myself very little in order to become greater; I stoop down, and take a spring, in order to rise as high as possible. Naples is an excellent place for me to gain the Italian accent, and get into the Italian ways; then again, if I must still remain separated for any length of time from my family, Naples is the place which offers the most healthy diversion, without taking into consideration the fact that the air cures sick singers, and must, consequently, be extremely beneficial to those who are well. Besides this, the people are very kind to me. Barbaja insists on my coming out here in *Guillaume Tell*, and I am only waiting till I have sung enough in Italian in order to be no longer obliged to sing in French; this is not a joke; the two manners and the two methods are so different, that, in my opinion, no one can sing both just as it suits his fancy. Donizetti supports me with his talent and with the influence his position give him. His advice is excellent, and I already feel how beneficial it is to me. He treats me as a friend and as an artist, paying me no compliments and suffering no fault to pass unobserved; I sing with him every evening. He corrects me in every turn which smacks of the French style, in every sound which does not agree with the laws of Italian intonation, and, thanks to his frankness, and talent as a singing-master, I hope that, in a month or two, I shall not be recognisable. I shall not be satisfied with people's saying, 'He sings in Italian very well for a Frenchman; I mean them to say, 'Any one would take him for an Italian.' These are lofty pretensions, are they not?"

"Adieu, my dear friend; think of me and write to say how far you have got on with your opera. I remain the whole summer in Naples. My address, &c. "AD. NOURRIT."

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 10, 1840.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the 42d Psalm: "As the Hart Pants." By Mendelssohn.

### Soiree at Chickering's.

A most delightful and appropriate opening of our musical season was the soiree given by the Messrs. Chickering, on Saturday evening last, as a sort of consecration of their new and beautiful saloon, in the presence of a large invited company, representing the musical public of Boston.

The room itself deserves our first attention by the elegance of its arrangements and decoration, and its general fitness for the purposes for which it is intended. The coloring of the walls and ceiling is of chaste and delicate shades, tastefully and artistically set off and relieved by gilding and some admirably painted panels. The lighting was profuse and brilliant, giving the finest effect to the details of the architectural decorations. Flowers, too, of the most beautiful, upon the platform, added much to the general effect of the room. The chestnut seats are very comfortable, and graceful in their design. The acoustic properties of this room are excellent, both for the instrumental and vocal music, neither

losing in the slightest, so far as we could perceive, any of their due effect. The only serious fault that we could detect was a want of sufficient and proper ventilation, which doubtless will in future be remedied. The central situation of this room and its convenience of access, added to its other excellencies, will make it a most invaluable addition to the number of concert rooms of Boston.

The Messrs. Chickering who, we all know, are the most genial and agreeable of hosts, with great good taste had secured the coöperation of the most efficient talent in the city, and offered to their guests the following varied and well selected programme:

#### PART I.

1. Fugue for Two Pianos, eight hands. . . . . Moecheles. Messrs. Lang, Leonhard, Parker and Dresel.
2. Scène Dramatique. . . . . Jeanne d'Arc à Rouen. Mrs. Harwood.
3. Larghetto and Tema con Variazioni. . . . . Mozart. From the Clarinet Quintet, Op. 108. Mendelssohn Quintette Club.
4. Liebe und Wein. . . . . Mendelssohn. Orpheus Club.

#### PART II.

5. Duet for Two Pianos. . . . . Mendelssohn and Moecheles. On the March from Weber's Preciosa. Miss Fay and Mr. Dresel.
6. German Ballad. Mrs. Harwood.
7. Pianoforte Solo. Variations Sériesuses. . . . . Mendelssohn. Miss Fay.
8. Allegro and Adagio. . . . . Beethoven. From the Quartet in B flat. Op. 18. No. 7. Mendelssohn Quintette Club.
9. "Hüte Dich." . . . . . Girschner. Orpheus Club.

We regret to have lost the first piece upon the programme, hearing only the hearty applause which followed its performance. Mrs. Harwood showed marked improvement and the results of careful attention, giving great delight to the audience by her songs which were followed by the most generous applause. Miss Fay, too, excited a positive enthusiasm by her brilliant execution, showing the rarest natural capacity and most delicate and facile touch, combined with a vigor and power rarely found in a lady executant. In the duet played by her with Mr. Dresel, she showed herself a worthy pupil of an accomplished instructor.

What need that we should speak of the Orpheus Club and the Mendelssohn Club, or say that they gave delight as always, singing and playing with rare precision and admirable effect? Nor need we say that the grand pianos were well worthy the "gold medal" that has been so often and deservedly bestowed upon the firm of Chickering & Sons, to whom we were indebted for this pleasant evening.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

### From Spohr's Autobiography.

From London, whither Spohr went in 1820, he reports of a visit made to Logier's pianoforte classes:

Logier, a German by birth, but a resident of England for the last fifteen years, gives instructions in Piano playing and Harmony after a method invented by himself. The first striking peculiarity of his system is that all the pupils, sometimes twenty or thirty play simultaneously. He has written three volumes of Studies for this purpose, which are built on very simple fundamental melodies, and represent all grades of difficulty. While the beginners play the simple melody, those farther advanced practice at the same time, more or less difficult variations. One would suppose that confusion would be sure to ensue; as, however, those pupils who play the same study are placed near together, you hear, as you pass through the hall, always one study predominate according to the place where you are. The teacher also sometimes stops half of the pupils, or even all of them except one, in order to examine the progress of a single one. In the first lessons Logier uses the

*Chiroplast*, an instrument, by which the hands and arms of the children are kept in a good position, and which is removed, first from one, then from the other hand, when the children are far enough advanced to know the keys and notes. After that they are taught to pass the thumb under the fingers and to play scales. All this is done in the studies, the pupil playing all the time with all the others, and always in strict time. When a pupil is advanced to a new study, he does not succeed at first in bringing out more than a few notes, hearing so much rapid playing around him; but he conquers more and more and in much shorter time than one would suppose the new study goes as well as the last one. It is furthermore very remarkable in the method of *Logier* that his pupils in the first lessons are taught harmony along with the rudiments of music and piano-playing. How this is done I cannot tell. It is the secret of Mr. *Logier*. Those who have adopted his method of teaching here, have had to pay him a hundred guineas for it. The result of the method is really astonishing. Children of from seven to ten years, who have not had more than four months' instruction solve the most difficult problems. I wrote the common chord of C on the blackboard and named the key in which I desired them to modulate. Immediately one of the smallest girls ran to the blackboard, and, after a short meditation, wrote down first the figured bass and afterwards the parts in full. This problem I had repeated often with additional difficulties; I asked for modulation into the most remote keys where enharmonic changes were required, but the children were never once put out. If one of them was at a loss, another one would come to the rescue, and a third one would perhaps afterwards step up and correct the figured bass of the second one. Of all they did they had to give the reasons. At the close of the examination, I wrote a simple melody on the blackboard, asking the children to set the other three parts to it down on their slates. I told them I would copy the best setting in my musical album. The room was instantly all life and activity, and after a few minutes one of the youngest pupils, who had already distinguished herself before, brought in her slate. But in her hurry she had overlooked a parallel movement in octaves between one of the middle parts and the bass in the third bar. When I directed her attention to it, she turned red, took the slate, and, with tears in her eyes, corrected the error. As her solution of the problem had undoubtedly the best bass now, the teacher copied it off into my album. The lessons of the other children were more or less good, but all correct, and most of them written out in four different clefs. Each pupil played her lesson on the piano correctly and without hesitation.

Signor LUIGI MONTI, recently instructor of Italian in Harvard College, has a card in another column, offering his services as a teacher of music. Mr. Monti is a highly educated and refined gentleman, well known here, a political exile from his native land, who has cast his lot and made his home permanently among us, and who, like many of his countrymen, is compelled to make the accomplishments of prosperity serve a useful end in time of adversity and exile. We have no doubt that he will be found a competent and useful instructor in music, as well as of his native tongue.

We would call attention, also, to the advertisement of Signor BORRA, whose music classes have, for several years, been attended with much success.

A Russian opera by Bortniansky, is soon to be brought out at the opera of Paris.

Karl Zöllner and Friedrich Silcher, German musical composers of merit, died respectively Sept. 21 and Aug. 26.

## Musical Correspondence.

HOLLY SPRINGS, MISS., Oct. 24.—It is the desire of several teachers of music to have your opinion, and also that of the best teachers in your city, on a matter which we think a humbug, and is doing the proper cultivation of music much harm.

Of late the Presidents of some female schools have succeeded in employing teachers who agreed to give lessons on the piano to several pupils at the same time, and in order to reconcile patrons to the new system, they tell them that it is the best method to teach pupils to keep time.

One system is to give a pupil three lessons a week, each one half hour long, for which they pay the President fifty dollars for ten months. A professor generally teaches twenty-five pupils for which he receives a salary of a thousand dollars for ten months. Under the other system the teacher gives one half hour lessons also, but teaches these pupils at once during that time: the teacher in that case can teach seventy-five pupils, for which he gets a salary of fifteen hundred for ten months. You see at once that the President makes two thousand dollars more by the latter system.

Now we wish to know if any teacher can instruct three pupils during one half hour, in playing on any instrument, as much as one can when he devotes the whole of that time to one pupil? Can he look to all the little, but important points, such as holding of hands, correct fingering, playing with taste, etc., etc., in three pupils at once? The only thing that is said in favor of the system is, that the pupils learn to keep time. What do you think of a teacher who can not teach pupils how to keep time without teaching two or three together?

By giving us your opinion on this subject, and aiding us to arrest such a system of teaching you will much oblige

SEVERAL TEACHERS IN THE SOUTH.

P. S.—Since writing the above, it has come to our knowledge that a teacher in the State of Tennessee, is teaching a new system of his own invention. His pupils neither learn the notes, nor the keys of the piano; the keys are all numbered, E is marked 1 (E being on the first line,) G 2, B 3, etc., the spaces are between the numbers, first space between 1 and 2, etc. How he manages about ledger lines we don't know, the pupil from whom we received this information not having progressed thus far. He also teaches several at a time.

[The inquiry of our correspondent as to the mode of teaching music described in this communication, is one that is worthy of attention and reply from those whose practical experience enables them to give an opinion of weight in such a matter. Inviting such answers, we refer our readers meanwhile to the opinion of SPORER, upon this question, in the extract from his autobiography in another column.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 5.—Mason & Thomas' first soirée, on Tuesday last, must have afforded great enjoyment to every member of the very attentive audience. The programme was almost faultless. Beethoven's exquisite little Trio, Op. 1, No. 3, full of Mozartlike grace and simplicity, yet foreshadowing all its authors for true greatness. The wonderful posthumous Quatuor of Schubert, and Schumann's beautiful Quintet, each in its way, a gem of purest water, nothing could have been more acceptable. The only number which we might have wished altered, was the piano solo of Mr. Mason. He played an Etude by Chopin, No. 11, Op. 25, in itself one of the least attractive of all, and, I regret to say, hardly made the best of it, although he surmounted very ably all its great difficulties. He was encored, and responded by what seemed one of his own compositions. In spite however, of this slight drawback, the concert was a most enjoyable one, and if the others

of the series are equally so, we shall owe a great deal of gratitude to the artists who undertake them.

The short opera season came to a close last Friday. The Huguenots were very finely given on Monday, the Freyschütz on Wednesday, and on Friday *Martha* was repeated for Formes' benefit. There was some talk of a benefit for Stigelli next Wednesday night, when *Fidelio* was to be given, but no farther announcement having been made, it is probably deferred. A new season will commence next week.

At the Philharmonic Concert next Saturday, a new prima donna, engaged by Ullmann, makes her debut. Her name is Schroeder-Dummler, and she is announced as a soprano. Mr. Noll will play besides, a violin solo. What has become of "Trovatore?" or rather, why do we not hear anything from him? To his being in town, I can testify, having espied him at the opera: he should not play truant so long.

—t—

[We need not say that we are always glad to hear from Trovatore, and echo our correspondent's inquiry.—Ed.]

## Musical Chit-Chat.

I am not sure that the famous French pianist, Henri Herz, ever really visited California during his trip, several years ago, through our country; but an amusing story, whose scene is laid in the Golden State, is told of him, and is worth repeating. He had announced a concert (so says the anecdote) in one of the newest cities of California, and had been obliged to send to San Francisco to procure a property necessary to the entertainment, viz: a piano. At the hour announced for the concert, the tickets were all sold, the house was crowded, the artist was at his post, and everything was in readiness—except the piano. In consequence of some inexplicable delay, the instrument had not arrived. Herz looked at his rough and bearded auditory in very considerable trepidation. What if the gold-digging *dilletanti* should take it into their heads to give him a taste of revolver or bowie knife, by the way of filling up the time? Heavy drops of perspiration stood on the frightened pianist's brow, and he began to wish himself in China, in Kamschatka—anywhere but in California. The miners saw his alarm, and kindly comforted him. "Never mind the cursed pi-an-ner," said two or three of them, soothingly; "we don't care for it; we came to see you. Make us a speech!"

Herz, with restored serenity, did the best he could. The spoken entertainment seemed to please the audience, and everybody, except the artist, had quite forgotten all about the piano, when its arrival was announced. A number of stout men carried the instrument into the hall, and placed it on the platform. It was a three-cornered, or "grand" piano, and Herz, promising himself to astonish these simple and easily satisfied inhabitants of the Pacific coast, seated himself on an empty whisky keg, (instead of the more civilized stool,) and ran his fingers rapidly over the key-board. Blum! blum! splash! splash! Not a sound did the piano utter, save that of keys striking in the water! The Californians who had brought the "box" from San Francisco, finding it very heavy, had floated it to town, and upon dragging it out upon the levee, had neglected to pour the water from the interior!—*N. O. Delta*.

MADAME MALIBRAN.—One day an intimate friend accused her of being generally too tame in the opening scenes of her character; her reply was curious. "I look upon the heads in the pit as one great mass of wax candles; if I were to light them up all at once, they would waste and soon burn out; but by lighting gradually I obtain in time a brilliant illumination. My system is to light up the public by degrees."

Malibran has been known to undergo the wear and tear of a five hours' rehearsal, with a song at some morning concert between its pauses, and then again in the evening, half an hour after having gone through one of her exhausting parts, to be found as energetic and animated as ever at a Philharmonic or Ancient concert, and then again she would leave for some private party, where after singing with a freshness little impaired, she would wind up the day's exertion, perhaps, by dancing the "Tarantella."

Mozart's newly-discovered opera, "L'Oca del Cairo" (The Goose of Cairo), has been published in the form of a piano score, by Julius Andre, in Offenbach.

**ROSSINI.**—The patriarch of song, Rossini, has been giving a series of musical soirées at his villa in Passy, and among the artists who have had the honor of exhibiting their *savoir faire* before the venerable maestro, were the sisters Marchisio. It was their second appearance in a private arena since their début in the salons of Mad. Orfila, and was no less brilliantly successful than the first. They sang the duo in "Semiramis," and also that in "Mathilda di Shabran," in which they never fail to produce the most captivating effect by the admirable blending of their fine voices, and the brilliancy and perfection of their execution. On the same evening, M. de Braga, the violoncellist, gave a touch of his quality by playing, with a very pure tone and exquisite expression, a melody composed by the maestro expressly for him, and called "Une Larme." M. Rubinstein the younger also displayed his powers on the piano. He appears to aim exclusively at brilliancy, rapidity, and feats of execution. M. Huerta, the guitarist, whom every one supposed to be dead, has appeared in the flesh at these soirées, as also have Ronconi, M. Castellani, the buffo, M. and Mad. Tiberini, Mad. Borghi-Mamo, and M. Delle Sedie, an accomplished baritone, whom the Victoria Theatre at Berlin has just carried off from the Scala at Milan. Apropos of the "swan of Pesaro," it is said that he has been very angry with the author of the programme of the festival-concert given at Bois de Boulogne the other day under the direction of M. Venoitte, in which one of the items (No. 10 in the second part) was "Un air classique par Rossini." This excited the wrath of the maestro, who, it must be here related, that the sequel may be understood, has been lately presented with a copy of his ancestral coat of arms, as recently discovered, engraved on a bell in the church of Cotignola. They were engraved on a seal, and accompanied by a pedigree drawn up by M. Luigi Cosmo Ferrucci, the learned librarian of Florence. The crest consists of a branch of a rose tree, on which is perched a nightingale, surmounted by three stars and a wreath of "palms." Alluding to this proof of the antiquity of his family, the maestro is said to have expressed his dissatisfaction with the Boulogne programme in these terms:—"Va pour le rossignol, les trois étoiles et les palmes de l'immortalité; je consens à les léguer à la postérité; mais je me refuse, et me refuserai de mon vivant comme outre tombe, au titre de *classique* et à tous les honneurs y attachés." ("The nightingale, the three stars, and the palms of immortality are all very well; I consent to bequeath them to posterity; but I refuse, and always shall refuse while I am alive and from beyond the grave, the title of a classic, together with all the honors thereunto belonging.")—*London Musical World*.

The salons of Erard have been the scene of a grand congress, or rather, the preliminary meetings for one, the object of which is the restoration of plain song and church music. An article in a class paper, called *La Matrisse*, under the title of *L'Idée Mère du Congrès*, has appeared, explaining fully the intentions of the association, which has received the patronage of the chief ecclesiastical dignitaries of the country. The first regular meeting of the congress will be held at the end of November in the premises of the *Société d'Encouragement pour les Beaux Arts l'Industrie*; and the editors of the above-mentioned journal have presented the association with a series of medals in gold, silver, and bronze, to be distributed as prizes for the best *missa brevis*, the best compositions for the voice and organ applicable to the celebration of divine service, of a simple and severe style, and easy of execution.—*Musical Review*.

**PSALMS OF DAVID.**—Great has been their power in the world. They resounded amidst the court of the tabernacle; they floated through the lofty and solemn space of the temple; they were sung with sorrow by the streams of Babel. And when Israel had passed away, the harp of David was still awakened in the church of Christ. In all the eras and ages of that church, from the hymn which it first whispered in an upper chamber until its anthems filled the earth, the inspiration of the royal prophet has enraptured its devotees and ennobled its rituals. Chorused by the winds of heaven, they have swelled throughout God's own on the sky and stars; they have rolled over the broad desert of Asia, in the matins and vespers of ten thousand hermits. They have rung through the deep valley of the Alps, in the sobbing voices of the forlorn Waldenses; through the depths and caves of the Scottish highlands, in the rude chanting of the Scottish covenanted; through the woods and wilds of the primitive America, in the heroic hallelujahs of princely pilgrims.—*Rev. Henry Giles*.

Adelina Patti is giving concerts in the Southern cities, Mr. and Mrs. Strakosch accompanying her.

## Music Abroad.

### Paris.

Oct. 4.—News of all sorts is scant this week. The most prominent item is the assurance, which is very commonly promulgated and believed in, that Meyerbeer's long-talked-of *Africaine* is at last about to be drawn from her long captivity in the *écritoire* of her illustrious progenitor and proprietor. She is to be made over, after the horrors of that middle passage, a rehearsal, to be a possession of the world at large, or rather, she is to be emancipated and become a free citizeness of every civilized community, on the stage of the Imperial Opera in Paris. The name under which this opera has been so long talked of is not, however, to be retained. Meyerbeer invariably rebaptizes his productions on giving them to the world. It is to be entitled, say the gossips, *l'Asro di Gama*. The motive which has led the composer to consent at last to the production of his work, the composition of which is said to have preceded that of *Le Prophète*, is, that in the existing company, under the direction of M. Alphonse Royer, for the first time has presented itself that combination of talents and attributes, which the master judges necessary to give entire fulfilment to his intentions. The simultaneous engagement of Mad. Tedesco and of M. Niemann, the tenor, has brought about this tardy determination. M. Alphonse Royer has engaged M. Morelli, the baritone, who is to play Wolfram in *Tannhäuser*; but he is to sing in *Guillaume Tell* first, in which, it is said, he appears to great advantage.

The rehearsals of the *Pardon de Ploërmel* have commenced at the Opéra Comique. It is said that the air which Meyerbeer composed for the second act, and which Mad. Nanter Didiée sang when *Dinorah* was produced at Covent Garden, will be introduced on its revival here. Mlle. Darcier is to be entrusted with it. This young lady is the niece of the actress Mlle. Darcier, now retired from the stage, and become Mad. Mamiguard. Before appearing in *Le Pardon* she will make her *début* in *Pre aux Clercs*. I mentioned to you last week a disagreement which had taken place between M. Ernest Reger, the composer of *Maître Wolfram*, and the manager of the Théâtre Lyrique, who, finding himself trammelled with the previous engagement of his predecessor to produce a new opera by this composer at the opening of the season, had first got the day of production postponed by consent, and then sought to free himself from all definite terms on the subject. An action was threatened, which would most certainly have issued in an award of damages to the injured authors of the work. A better result has been obtained, however, by amicable negotiations. The opera, which is entitled *Les Ruines de Baalbec*, will be shortly produced without the intervention of any legal process whatever. The *Bouffes Parisiennes* is in a vein of wondrous good fortune. The twenty-first performance of *Orphée aux Enfers*, revived this season, have brought in a clear receipt of 40,060 fr. (£1,600), or about £80 per night.

The Italian Opera opened on Tuesday night with *La Sonnambula*. Mlle. Marie Battu and MM. Gardoni and Angelini were the principal artists. Next week I will tell you at length about the doings at this establishment.

Oct. 10.—The long-promised revival of *Le Prophète* at the Grand Opera is again put off, and with it the reappearance of Mad. Tedesco. The cause of this fresh procrastination is the illness of Mlle. Hamakers. Last Saturday the Théâtre Lyrique gave a representation *extraordinaire*, or, as we would say, a benefit in favor of the funds of the *Association des Artistes et Musiciens*. The performance consisted of the opera *Les Rois d'Espagne*, a comedy from the Gymnase, entitled *Une Partie de Piquet*, and a musical interlude contributed by the military band under the direction of M. Mohr. The rehearsals of the *Val d'Andorre* are nearly brought to a close, and the opera will be produced this week. M. Retz, the manager, has just engaged a pupil of the Conservatoire, Mlle. Baretti, for three years.

The series of Rossini's musical evenings at home at his villa in Passy has been brought to a close, the venerable bard and his lady having returned to their winter quarters in the *Chaussée d'Antin*. The baritone, Signor Della Siede, who sang with so much success in Rossini's and Mad. Orpila's salons, has returned to Berlin, where he is engaged for the Italian Opera there during the ensuing season. It is said that he is to return to Paris in March next, when he will appear in public.

The approaching marriage of Mlle. Virginie Ferni, the female violinist, is spoken of, to a merchant of Nice, to whom she has been affianced since her tenth year. She will thereupon retire into private life.—*London Musical World*, Oct. 13.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Father of all whose circling arm. T. Bissell. 25

A fine devotional song for the church or Sabbath evenings at home. Words by J. S. Adams.

She is coming with the spring. Song and Quartet. A. Nish. 25

A plaintive song. The text is founded on a superstition prevalent with some that the spirit of the departed is permitted to revisit the scenes of his earthly life, unseen.

The moon behind the hill. T. B. Bishop. 25

This is a new edition of this charming ballad, arranged with an easy accompaniment and with a chorus, which may or may not be sung. This song will have a great circulation and its pretty melody will become familiar to all fond of English ballads.

### Instrumental Music.

Merci jeunes amies. From "Sicilian Vespers" for Violin and Piano. Case. 25

Jour d'ivresse. From "Sicilian Vespers," for Violin and Piano. Case. 25

Elena's and Arrigo's bridal song, two gems, arranged for amateurs upon Violin and Piano.

Starlit night. Air with variations. J. E. Muller. 25

A piece for the young, pleasing and instructive.

Kyrie from Mozart's 12th Mass, arr. by Rimbault. 15

Cujus animam. " " 15

Simple arrangements of sacred airs, suitable for Piano or Melodeon.

La Favorita. Franz Nava. 30

Easy potpourri with all the favorite airs. Simpler than Beyer's Repertoire.

Hearts feel that love thee. Trio from "Athalia,"

Arranged by O. Dresel. 25

The beautiful Trio for female voices from Mendelssohn's *Athalia*-music, in an excellent arrangement of very moderate difficulty. It is like a "Song without words."

Un ballo in maschera. Potpourri. F. Beyer. 25

A new number of Beyer's Repertoire of the Young Pianist, containing the choicest gems from Verdi's latest Opera. This Opera is destined to create a sensation when produced. It has some of the prettiest melodies that ever came from Verdi's pen.

Midnight Chimes. Morceau de Salon. Lindahl. 35

A nocturne in the monastery-bells style. Highly pleasing and not difficult.

### Books.

**NEW TEMPERANCE MELODIST.** A Collection of Glee, Songs and Pieces composed and arranged for the use of Temperance Organizations in the United States and Canada. By Stephen Hubbard. 38

A collection of about one hundred and fifty choice Glee, Songs, &c., for Temperance meetings, in a very neat and convenient form, and superior in many respects to all other works of the kind. Those for whom it is designed will not fail to recognize in it just the book they have so long wanted, and will give it a hearty welcome as an efficient means of carrying on their reform.

**MUSIC BY MAIL.**—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 450.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 17, 1860.

VOL. XVIII. No. 7.

## Funeral Hymns.

*From the German, by Rev. Charles T. Brooks.*

[ON LEAVING THE HOUSE.]

"Come forth, move on with solemn song!  
The road is short, the rest is long!  
'T was God that led us in at birth,  
God leads us forth,—  
Man's home is not this house of earth.

"Thou Inn of pilgrims here below!  
Thou gavest joy, thou gavest woe:  
Now, world, thy door forever close!  
The mortal goes  
Home to his heavenly repose,—

"Goes to a better place of rest;  
His weeping friends pronounce him blest,  
Good night! the noonday heavily  
Did rest on thee,—  
Farewell, the night is cool and free!

"Sound out, ye bells, with festal din,  
And ring the blessed Sabbath in,  
That calls, 'Here ends life's weary road;  
Lay down your load,  
And rest in Christ, ye sons of God!'"

[ON ENTERING THE GRAVEYARD.]

"Now, gate of peace, thy wings unclose!  
Go in, to take thy long repose!  
Ye slumberers in the earth's calm breast,  
Grant this new guest  
A little space by you to rest!

"How thick the graves around us lie!  
Yet countless mansions shine on high;  
And there already God's free grace  
Hath marked a place  
Where soon shall shine this faded face.

"His is the kingdom and the power;  
'I come,' he cries, 'none knows the hour!'  
Yea, come, Lord Jesus, speedily!  
We wait for thee;  
Come, make us thine eternally!"

Translated from Riehl's "Musikalische Charakterköpfe," by  
Fanny Malone Raymond.

## Bach and Mendelssohn

FROM A SOCIAL POINT OF VIEW.

### II.

*Music and Polished Society.*

(Continued.)

He who would praise Mendelssohn as he merits, must not forget how many thousands have been attracted to the study of Handel and Bach, through him, and how, with his works, he opened out, for the whole nation, a new appreciation of these men, whose immortal fame will always be ours, yet whom we seemed for a time to have forgotten. Many, even, who cared to hear little else save Parisian and Italian music, have had new pleasure in German musical art awakened in them by Mendelssohn. Here we may plainly see how much more effectual is artistic creation, than all the preaching and theorizing in the world. Zealous critics had long thought to direct attention, with words, to the sublime models Bach and Handel offered us; but as soon as Mendelssohn set his exhortation to notes—or in notes—it succeeded at one blow.

Mendelssohn never betrayed his nationality; how few German masters there are, who can be placed side by side with him in this! Many write in an un-German spirit, and know not what they do. For of all arts, music is the oftenest pursued without thought, while poetry, painting and sculpture allow the changeful conditions of national life to flow in upon them, the majority of composers create according to chance, or, at the best, as a happy instinct guides them.

This is the principal reason why music, that otherwise might become so extraordinary a power, rarely works practically upon the spiritual life of the nation. Mendelssohn chose, consciously, the stand-point of national effectuality. There are some musicians who can forgive him all things but this!

With such a view of the case, it seems a rare accident of destiny—if not something more—that Mendelssohn did not produce an opera. Formerly, an opera might have been carelessly enough composed, and, for all that, it might succeed famously; but the case is altered now. Half a musical generation asked a deep, artistic completion for the opera; and Mendelssohn, the very man of men for this, the only man, perhaps, who could have entirely forced German opera from its incompleteness—must die, when the first act of his opera was yet scarcely finished.

That restorative tendency, by means of which German historical paintings has lately gained such triumphs, naturalized itself with music, in Mendelssohn; indeed, it is a characteristic sign of the musical present. As Overbeck, Veit, and Steinle painted the sacred histories, of which people did not want to hear any thing more, in the serious old style, so Mendelssohn wrote his oratorios and church compositions; but he did not stand still at the ecclesiastical, though he clung as obstinately as the painters to the antiquated; and his circle of view became wide as the world itself, his works more full of life, and more in accordance with the spirit of our own age, although he did not always succeed in making himself fully master of his powers. When a good historic school is founded in our music—and we may safely predict that the near future will see it—Mendelssohn will be named the precursor of that school. We would have the young generation swear, at the Master's grave, not to forget that this is the great heritage he has left to us; and to see to it, that to such an inheritance, an heir is raised up.

Mendelssohn's position in the history of music, may be compared with that which the Caracci occupy in the history of Italian painting. They also purified degenerate art, and returned to the study of the old classic masters, while, sustained by theoretic knowledge—like Mendelssohn—they created thoughtfully conceived works. Their aim has been styled an eclectic one. The same may be truly said of Mendelssohn, who with studied consciousness, united in one whole, the prominent characteristics of earlier schools; a union, which is new in its combination, if not in

its parts. It betokens a season of decay, when artists feel themselves obliged to look backward, in order to gather inspiration for new creations, from the study of more fortunate predecessors. Is this also the case in the history of music? Does not the over-abundance of merely technical effects, the abuse of form, look desperately like the degenerate time of historic painting? the Caracci were not able to dam the in-breaking flood of destruction; will the Mendelssohnian school permanently succeed?

When Mendelssohn placed Handel, Bach, and Beethoven, as foundation posts of all further progress in modern music, he brought great changes, not only into production, but even into the current traditional aspect of things. The masters who were looked upon at that time, as peculiarly classic, namely Mozart and Haydn have been—and especially the last named—practically ignored by Mendelssohn. His entire direction is, in fact, an indirect polemic against theirs. This is easy to understand; for that very degeneration in modern music, against which Mendelssohn fought so manfully, is rooted, partly in a misunderstanding of Beethoven, and partly in the spiritless superficiality, which may be traced back, in a direct line, to the stupidly mechanical imitators of Mozart and Haydn. It is plain that such music, running into the sand of the driest triviality, must have been a peculiar horror to a man like Mendelssohn; and when the silly tone-play decorated itself with the spangles of German and French new-romanticism, it was difficult to subdue—for the Philister is immortal. But Mendelssohn was a re-action in himself; he caused us to forget the Viennese tone-school in Handel, Bach, and Beethoven. And we must acknowledge, besides, that, in spite of his classic spirit, he knew better how to set off the clear, delicately sensuous geniality of Haydn and Mozart, than all young Germany and the new romanticists together.

But his one-sidedness first revenged itself on him. For we painfully miss, in Mendelssohn, that which was the good characteristic of the Mozart and Haydn period, in opposition to that of Handel and Bach—namely, the harmonic rounding, and wise economy of the whole, and the youthful freshness of enthusiasm and inspiration. Mendelssohn's works are always plastic and harmonic in parts, but the plasticity of the whole is wanting. This failure displays itself most clearly in his "Elijah," where one beauty strikes another dead, where large groups are spoiled by admirable single characteristics, and thus the whole is dulled by a certain weakness of coloring.

On this account, Mendelssohn's lesser works, which we cannot charge with this defect, make a more decided impression than his greater efforts. Even in the excessive spinning out of the theme, to which a one-sided study of Bach and Mendelssohn easily leads, this want becomes a wise frugality. The further music moves from its natural simple forms, the more it becomes a mere learned composition, and the more broadly the theme

spins itself out. Even more than in Mendelssohn, we may observe this in Spohr, and especially in the elderly Spohr. In the old times, the themes were short-breathed, broken up; Mozart and Haydn stretched them out into close, precise proportions that united roundness and brevity; while Beethoven, on this point, too often overstepped the boundary line of beautiful and correct proportion. It is always a sign of the commencement of a downfall in art, when its simple first forms begin to extend their latitude. And this is the Achilles heel of Mendelssohn's otherwise noble and harmonious technic.

We will throw one more glance on the reformatory mission of Mendelssohn.

Is it not a national disgrace, that the Germans should be contending with the Parisians in their superficial opera style, their Fancies, Studies and Rondos,—forgetting those sublime forms of art, springing from the depths of the German mind—the oratorio, the symphony, sonata, quartette? In this Mendelssohn was essentially a national composer; he made it the aim of his life to reinstate these noble forms in all their ancient honor. And so it happened, that he easily fell into frosty elegance, when he, at times, composed "saloon music." But when he composed a German song, a sonata, or a church piece, his heart warmed to his work. Let this be a lesson and a warning to others!

Mendelssohn did his best to give to his large works the greatest possible finish,—but he was notwithstanding, most finished in his smaller works—in his songs; and this is not his least fame. The German song, from the artless national melody, up to the verses of Heine, coquetting with the national style, and over-civilized at heart; has been as genially, as nobly sung by Mendelssohn, as by Mozart and Schubert.\* The grey-haired Goethe once laid his hand on the boy Mendelssohn, in whom he took delight. And the serious old master, Cherubini, gave the youth, in weighty words, his recommendation to an artistic career; it must have been the *Song Composer* Mendelssohn, upon whom Goethe's hand rested, and of whom Cherubini pronounced prophetic words of praise. But we take it as a promising

\* I have spoken, in another place, on Mendelssohn's success in the resuscitation of the German People's Song, as follows:

"Mendelssohn had a clear theoretic insight into the character of the national melody; he has even, as it is well known, written national songs, with the intention of concentrating in them the style and spirit of the popular melodies. We cannot find this in any of the great masters who preceded him. And again, he comprehended the people's song in its historical significance. As he was not only a creative, but also a critical and enquiring spirit, this comprehension was, from the beginning, a condition of the most remarkable characteristic of his artistic organization. The national song had been rendered insipid, by the imitations of the Viennese tone-school; the musical romanticists had perverted it with mannerism; but to him it was the most natural thing to go back to the purer original forms, that have been handed down to us from an earlier period. This was like the successful efforts of the sagacious poets, Arnim, Brentano, Uhland, &c., who transferred the simple form and manner of expression of the songs of the middle ages, to their new, thoughtfully written ballads; indeed, in singing the well-known Minne-song, or his song of "Parting," the same spirit is breathed around us, which we enjoy in the works of the above mentioned poets. We must not be surprised that this decisive change in the history of music took place some time after the literary revolution; it was long after the poets, that the musicians stepped out from the period of naïve creation, and decidedly fixed their position, in unity with the revolution in culture of the entire nation. And so it is, that through Mendelssohn, the German people's song, in a deep historical sense, has been re-found; and that, in him, the twilight impulses,—to seek in national melody, creative strength for musical production,—which seems to influence our newest music, ripened, in him, to conscious deed."

sign of the times, that the most national, tone-poet of the present has only been completely, freely, genially creative in the—little song.

### The Holy Plays in Bavaria.

A correspondent of the *Times* writes from Munich, Aug. 28:—

Sir: I have just returned from witnessing the *Passions-Spiel* at Oberammergau, and I cannot resist endeavoring to furnish your readers with some idea of a performance of a most curious and remarkable nature, and which I have found both interesting and instructive in the very highest degree. The *Passions-Spiel* originated in a vow made by the inhabitants of Oberammergau, in 1633—on their deliverance from a plague which ravaged the whole district, but fell with especial violence on their village—to represent every ten years for ever the last scenes of the life of the Savior. At that time such representations were not uncommon; now this is probably the only one remaining. Oberammergau, as its name implies, is the upper one of two villages which lie in the plain or meadow of the Ammer, enclosed between some of the hills in the lower northern part of the Tyrolean Alps, 50 or 60 miles south-west of Munich. It contains about 1,280 inhabitants, living in some 200 houses, and, with the exceptions of the parson and his curate and the upper and under schoolmaster, there is probably not a single resident who is above the grade of a simple artificer. The theatre in which the performance now takes place is erected in the meadows just outside the village. It is a temporary building, formed of rough deal planks. The audience part is an enclosure of about 100 feet wide by 140 long, sloping gradually upwards from the stage. It is open to the sky, except at the back, where it is partly covered by a raised gallery of reserved seats, and is capable of accommodating, in all, between 4,000 and 5,000 persons. The text of the drama is the production of a priest, or rather, probably, of successive priests, of the parish. In regard to this considerable mystery is preserved, both as to its authorship and its contents. The songs of the chorus are printed and sold as a programme, but the parts of the solo performers are not to be obtained. Of course, a large portion consists of the actual words of the Gospels, but at least an equally large part is invented. The performance embraces the entire Sacred History, from the entry of Christ to Jerusalem to his appearance to Mary Magdalene in the garden after his resurrection, and every step in the narrative is preceded and illustrated by a representation of the scene or scenes in the earlier history which typified, or are supposed to have typified it. These are not, like the scenes they typify, accompanied by either action or dialogue. They are, in fact, *tableaux*, silent and rigid, and so far similar to *poses plastiques*—a term which I several times heard applied to them. They take place in the central hall, and during the three or four minutes of their exposure, the chorus, drawn up in line on the proscenium, sing verses explaining and enforcing the resemblance intended. Some of these were quite new to me, and most happily chosen. Thus, before the Last Supper, appeared successively two *tableaux*—1. The manna descending on the host of the Israelites. 2. The two spies bearing into the camp the huge bunch of the grapes of Eshcol. The agony in the garden and the betrayal of Christ were in like manner ushered in by—1. Adam gaining his bread by the sweat of his brow; 2. Joab stabbing Amasa under the rocks of Gideon, while in the act of kissing him; and 3. by Samson betrayed by his wife into the hands of the Philistines. The condemnation of the Saviour by Caiaphas, on the evidence of false witnesses, was preceded by the similar condemnation of Naboth at the command of Jezebel; the ultimate sentence to crucifixion, by the release of Joseph from durance, and his exaltation as governor over Egypt, and so on.

There were, in all, 25 of these *tableaux*, some of them containing more than 150 figures, and they appeared to afford great satisfaction to the

spectators. I have said that these *tableaux* preceded the scenes in this sacred drama itself, typified by them. Of those scenes there were in all 17. I shall enumerate only the most remarkable though it is difficult to distinguish where all were so truthful and so forcible: 1. The Triumphal Entry of Christ to Jerusalem; the children and people shouting "Hosanna!" and strewing clothes and branches. This introduced the Saviour and the apostles, and formed in itself an admirable introduction to the whole. There were certainly not less than 200 persons in the crowd, including 70 or 80 children. 2. The long and animated debates in the Sanhedrin, including the furious evidence of the expelled money changers, and later the interview with Judas, when the contract was ratified between him and the priests by the payment of the 30 pieces of silver. Nothing could be more characteristic, real, and unaffected than these. 3. The Lord's Supper and the washing of the Apostles' feet. Here the table was arranged on the model of the well-known picture of Leonardo da Vinci. 4. All the scenes in which Christ was brought successively before Annas, Caiaphas, Pilate, and Herod. The "Ecce Homo" (copied, it struck me, from Van Dyck). The Scourging, &c. In some of these as many as 200 persons were at once on the scene, infuriated mobs of priests, money changers, Roman soldiers, &c.; and, violent as were the passions personified, there was not the least approach to rant, nor the slightest transgression into irreverence or improbability.

In the course of these scenes, a striking occurrence was the contrast of Barrabas—a brutal and squalid figure—with the noble form and countenance of the sacred sufferer—the latter formed more after the model of those of Albert Dürer than of any other painter,—at least such was my impression. Both Pilate and Herod were admirably represented, but especially the former. 5. The whole long procession, at the slowest pace, from Pilate's house to Golgotha, our Lord and the thieves carrying their huge crosses; his interview with his mother and the other women of Jerusalem. This contained the only legendary or traditional incident in the whole performance to which, therefore, the most rigid Protestant, as such, could object—namely, the wiping of Christ's face by St. Veronica; but there was no attempt to show the miraculous impression of the sacred countenance on the handkerchief which forms the point of the legend, and the action was in itself a most natural and becoming one. 6. Of the last dreadful scene—the uprearing of the three crosses with their living burdens, and all the cruel incidents of that most cruel and lingering death—I know not how to speak. I only know that irreverence or incongruity was a feeling which never once entered my mind. It certainly was not in any way perceptible on any of the faces within my reach, and the long-drawn sob or sigh which escaped from the whole mass of spectators, as from one man, when the sacred corpse was at last carried out of view, was one of the most genuine and remarkable tributes to the reality of the whole representation that can be imagined. The fierce blaze of the afternoon sun, in the full heat of which the two last scenes took place, gave additional vividness to the representation of sufferings which derived half their torture from the fever and thirst by which they were accompanied. 7. Whether it was that the subsequent scenes were really less forcibly presented or not I do not know, but certainly they did not equal what had preceded them. More artifice was necessary in the management of the tomb, &c., and of the supernatural incidents of the resurrection. There was an unnecessarily long scene between the priests and Pilate, and the illustrative *tableaux* seemed neither so good nor so appropriate as before. Perhaps the truth is, that after so tremendous a *dénouement* even that termination must have the effect of an anticlimax. At any rate, one was now hot and exhausted, and the termination of the whole at a few minutes before four was felt by every one as a relief. The performance began at eight, and thus lasted nearly eight hours, without any interval for refreshment. The only character which

calls for any remark, as being, to a certain degree, different from the ordinary conception, was that of Judas. He was not exhibited as the hardened villain which we commonly take him to be steadily foreseeing and contemplating throughout the tremendous consequences of his treachery; but rather as a narrow-minded, impulsive, vindictive man, really puzzled and annoyed at what he conceived to be the "waste" of the 300 pence on the precious ointment, and stung to the quick by the reproof so publicly administered to him by Christ. Under the influence of these feelings he at last consents to the suggestions and entreaties of the priests and money-changers. But he never really believes that what does happen will actually come to pass, and his violent self-murder is the sudden result of his discovery of the certainty of the dreadful catastrophe in which he has been a chief actor. The minor details of the play were no less excellent than the more important matters. The music was truly admirable. It was composed or compiled by the village school-master, Dadler Rochus by name, for the performance in 1810, and was throughout melodious and grave, and in perfect keeping with the piece. Much of it reminded me of Mozart, though I failed to detect any appropriations of importance. The long-accompanied recitatives in which the chorus accompanied the *tableaux* were quite in the manner of Sebastian Bach. No use, however, was made of the *chorales* of the German school, of which the latter great master has made frequent use in his oratorios of the Passion. In the forms and colors of the crosses the paintings of the German school seem to have been mainly followed. The priests and their adherents appear in caps, turbans, and robes of the most curious forms, which have a wild Eastern kind of look, but do not appear to me to be accurate. At any rate, they were not the dresses of modern Orientals. The Roman soldiers, though exceedingly picturesque, were more like mediæval than classical figures.—*The Times*.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Johanna Kinkel's Eight Letters to a Friend.

ON INSTRUCTION ON THE PIANO.

(Translated by WM. GRAUBERT, A. M.)

V.

Recurring to a remark in the beginning of my preceding letter I declare it to be my opinion that all persons without a natural musical organization had better not attempt singing and playing rather than make us poor piano teachers martyrs of patience. Why music has become so exclusive a social fashion I am at a loss to understand. A "refined" house without a piano seems an impossibility. Girls incapable of reciting a poem correctly still learn how to sing. We can hardly make a visit without being visited by music, and what horrible music! *Friends* and *enemies* of music are equally offended by the sight of an opened piano with two candles upon it, when they enter a room for the sake of recreation. This music playing between conversation is a dissolving acid to talking. If you succeed in finding an intelligent individual with whom to talk over highly interesting topics, if copious thoughts throng in for mutual exchange, the most animated communications are suddenly cut off by the cry of terror: "Do you remember?"

You conquer your impatience, listen to the song that you have heard a hundred times with secret indignation, and then take up the preceding theme again. Before you have been able to answer satisfactorily a friend's important question, the air wafts from the piano the beautiful song, "Pop goes the—"

Finally, you lose the last bit of patience and the desire of devoting the slightest attention to so cut up a conversation, and allow everything to fall upon you you are an indolent prey to jingling, chatting, tea and cake.

This intolerable music playing intruded upon people without their being asked whether they like it is a chief cause of the dullness of most of our "society."

If a body wants to hear music let him go to a concert; if he seeks conversation, let him go into society. How mean is it to allure one into "society" by the prospect of conversation and force him to listen to music. They should at least honestly say beforehand that there will be music, so that he may betimes escape.

The musician daily surrounded by the dreamy life of sounds, needs for his recreation an absolute change from his sphere of spiritual dawn to the sunlit region of mind, where thoughts strike electric sparks upon thoughts. What an enjoyment is a well arranged conversation growing up like an artistic work! The French are undoubtedly masters in this respect, while we place musical evening entertainments in its stead. How many women are in great need of this art of nobler conversation, sharpening, as it does, the clear insight in all relations! But they sit silently with their knittingwork in society and let music operate upon their senses to save the trouble of thinking. Those on the next lower step chat gratuitous nonsense between the music and look in their incomprehensible rudeness upon it as a means of covering up the pauses that may arise in their talk. Society and music stand in the same relation as church and state, they fare better when sharply separated.

If "Society" is by all means to crave the alliance with some art in order to be elevated above the common style, let them choose poetry, it being rather more congenial to conversation than music. How little known are our greatest lyrical poets in comparison with the poorest song makers! No wonder; for custom allows our ladies only to make a show by singing and not by reciting or speaking in larger circles. How much more would poetry refine the ladies if they would as zealously patronize it as they now do music!

Is it not strange that a young girl sings unashamed before hundreds but cannot recite a poem before the smallest company without trembling?

And yet how little do girls know their advantage here! The selection of their favorite poet and the tone of their voices in speaking his verses would afford them a more immediate outpouring of their soul than the mysterious language of tones understood by so few.

It is an innate want of every girl's heart to represent her own sentiments in an ideal light. Thence comes that strong and anxious desire to sing, even where voice and talent are wanting. It is stimulated by an outside impulse frequently, I apprehend, leading girls without inner qualification for music to enter its temple; that is, we are so preëminently living in a musical age, that girls singing and performing on the piano enjoy an unjust privilege above their unmusical sisters. They are from early youth introduced in larger circles, attract more attention and marry sooner than others whose qualities remain unnoticed. Girls of cold hearts appear often more "souled" than others, because they express well drilled sentiments with a melodious voice although incapable of sentiment. Others who cannot invest themselves with such like prestige feel perhaps deeply, but their unmusical sounds render their sentiments a bitter irony.

The latter ought, for their own benefit, necessarily to take leave of the musical department and be made representatives of the rhetorical art.

You will look upon this letter as an odd deviation, since instead of promoting you (according to my promise) on the road of musical instruction, I declare myself for once *against* music. But I am aware that our art is undermined by the many unfit elements, and I would fain warn every mother not to sacrifice, out of sheer fashionableness, part of the life of her child to learning that art, if it does not possess natural talent or great predilection for it.

[We fully concur with the author; there is, unfortunately, a great deal of hackneying of music and jingling done. In-

deed, where there is, as in large cities, ample and frequent opportunity of listening to fine musical performances in concert and theatres, "society" should be spared the annoyance of seeing music profaned and instruments tormented; but there are hundreds of towns, where no concerts or operas are given and where there are people anxious to hear music, contented with the lighter range of compositions. Now, if pieces of the latter kind and perfectly within reach of amateurs and members of a family are well played, it may be excusable for parents, who sometimes work hard to scrape together the teacher's fee and high-priced music-plates, to desire to hear their children play in company, the more or less deserved praise of which bestowed upon the little performer tends undoubtedly to encourage him (or her) to push forward on the hard road. But we should suggest that, wherever music is performed in family circles, there should also be a kind of due regard for other attainments; why should it be impossible, to perform some well learned compositions and to recite elegantly and correctly some excellent poems? Would not this do away with the author's just objection and at the same time popularize the fine arts, making them the "Penates" of Home? Just try it. —TRANSLATOR.]

### Recollections of Mendelssohn.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

My first winter in Europe (that of 1844-5) was passed in Frankfort-on-the-Main. Among the advantages which I there enjoyed, not the least was that of educating, to some extent, a totally uncultivated taste for music—taste only, not talent—by hearing, habitually, the best productions of the best composers. The City Theatre at that time was noted throughout Germany for the classic character of the operas which were produced on its boards. It possessed an admirable orchestra, a company of singers, of whom, if none were great, none at least were indifferent, and a Director who consulted the interests of Art as the true means to advance his own. Not only Beethoven's *Fidelio*, all the operas of Mozart, including *Titus* and the *Abduction from the Seraglio*, and the master-pieces of Gluck and Cherubini, were given, but many forgotten operas of the past century were revived. My enjoyment of these works was of course more enthusiastic than intelligent, but, under the guidance of my friend and housemate, Richard Storrs Willis, I attained, at last, some appreciation of the characters of the various masters.

My highest measure of veneration was given to Beethoven, but, of living composers, none impressed me more profoundly than Mendelssohn. In him I found that rare union of imagination with the artistic sense (the classic instinct of proportion) which is the loftiest characteristic of genius. During the winter the Society of St. Cecilia produced his "*Walpurgisnacht*," the music to Goethe's words. I remember repeating to myself the opening lines, on the way to the concert-hall, and imagining a light, joyous air:

"Now laughs the May:  
To forests gay  
The ice no more is clinging:  
The snow has fled,  
And every glade  
Resounds with merry singing!"

and I remember, too, the surprised delight with which I heard, instead, the long, ringing outcry of gladness, monotonous as sunshine, and as dazzling. Mendelssohn was then temporarily residing in Frankfort, and was himself present at the performance of this work. I was not, however, aware of this at the time.

Shortly afterwards, during the great Annual Fair, I was walking one afternoon with my friend Willis, along the northern bank of the Main. It was a deliciously warm, sunny day, at the close of March, and the long stone quay was thronged with thousands of strangers from all parts of Europe. Poles, Bohemians, Tyrolese, Italians, and Greeks, were scattered through the crowd, and their various tongues and dialects continually met the ear. Against the ancient houses, beside the water-gate, were booths glittering with gaudy wares, and surrounded with groups of peasants in holiday costume, and up the river, over the old sand-stone bridge, over the green meadows of Offenbach, rose the mountains of Spessart, a dim, purple background to that broad picture of moving life. As we pushed through the crowd, my eyes, which had been wandering idly over the picturesque faces and costumes around us, were suddenly arrested by the face of a man a little distance in front, approaching us. His head was thrown back, and his eyes, large, dark, and of wonderful brilliancy, were fixed upon the western sky. Long, thin locks of black hair, with here and there a silver streak, fell around his ears. His beard, of two or three days' growth, and his cravat, loosely and awkwardly tied, added to the air of absorption, of self-forgetfulness, which marked his whole appearance. He made his way through the crowd mechanically, evidently but half conscious of its presence.

As he drew nearer, I saw that his lips were moving, and presently heard the under-tone of a deep, rich voice, chanting what appeared to be a choral, judging from the few bars which reached me in passing. It was evidently—as I felt immediately—a soliloquy in music. I have not yet lost, and never shall lose, the impression it produced upon me, though I can no longer recall the notes. My companion grasped my arm and whispered, "Mendelssohn!" as he slowly brushed past me, and, for a single moment, the voice of his inspiration sang at my very ear. I stopped instantly, and turned; yet, so long as I could follow him with my eye, he was still pressing slowly onward, with the same fixed, uplifted gaze, lost to everything but his art.

I was twenty years old, and as enthusiastic and sentimental as youth of that age are prone to be. So I wrote the next day an eloquent letter to the composer, concluding with the request that he would send me a line, as a souvenir of the place and the season, in which I first became acquainted with his works. (If there was any indiscretion in this, I have since received ample punishment for it.) He replied immediately, in a very kind note, inclosing the score of a chorus in the Walpurgisnacht, in his own manuscript:

"Still shines the day,  
Whence'er we may  
A pure heart bring to thee."

Something kindly and cordial in his words inspired me with confidence to venture further. I had written several poems on musical subjects during the winter, and it entered my mind that I might use them as a means of introducing myself to his acquaintance. On second thoughts I selected the best—a lyric entitled "Beethoven," (which, I am now glad to say, was never published,) and set out for Mendelssohn's residence. He was then occupying modest apartments in the Bockenheimer Gasse, not far from the gate of that name. The servant ushered me into a plainly-furnished room, containing a grand piano and a few pictures and books, in addition to the ordinary articles. A moment afterwards, the door of an adjoining chamber opened, and Mendelssohn appeared. I explained, in rather an embarrassed manner, that I was the person who had written to him two days before, and begged pardon for the additional liberty I had taken. He at once gave me his hand, asked me to be seated, and drew another chair for himself to the little round table near the window.

I sat thus, face to face with him, and again looked into those dark, lustrous, unfathomable eyes. They were black, but without the usual opaqueness of black eyes, shining, not with a surface-light, but with a pure, serene, planetary flame. His brow, white and unlined, was high and nobly arched, with great breadth at the temples, strongly resembling that of Pœ. His nose had the Jewish prominence without its usual coarseness: I remember, particularly, that the nostrils were as finely cut and flexible as an Arab's. The lips were thin and rather long, but with an expression of indescribable sweetness in their delicate curves. His face was a long oval in form, and the complexion pale but not pallid. As I looked upon him, I said to myself, "The Prophet David!" and since then I have seen, in the Hebrew families of Jerusalem, many of whom trace their descent from the princely houses of Israel, the same nobility of countenance. Those who have read the rhapsodical romance of "Charles Auchester," wherein the character of Seraphael is meant to represent Mendelssohn, will find his personality transfigured by one of his adorers—yet, having seen that noble head, those glorious eyes, I scarcely wonder at the author's extravagance. The composer Benedict once told me that when he was pursuing his musical studies under Carl Maria von Weber, his fellow-student, the boy Mendelssohn, was a picture of almost supernatural beauty.

"You are an American," said he, after a pause. "I have received an invitation to visit New York, and should like to go, but we Germans are afraid of the sea. But I may go yet: who knows? Music is making rapid advances in America, and I believe there is a real taste for the art among your people." I assured him this was true, and hoped that he would still find it possible to visit us. "Are you a musician?" he asked. "No," said I, "I have devoted myself to literature. I have not achieved much, as yet, but I hope to succeed. I have ventured to bring with me a poem on Beethoven, whom, I know, you honor as a master." "Ah," said he, "let me see it!" He then read it through carefully, partly aloud, with a very good English pronunciation, and on concluding, asked, "May I keep it? Here is a stanza which I like especially." (Excuse me from quoting it.) "Oh, you must persevere! Let your Art be all in all to you. You have your life still before you, and who knows what you may make of it?"

I rose to leave, fearful that I might be detaining

him from some important labor. He again shook hands, and said, playfully, "Now we know one another, you must come and see me whenever we happen to be in the same town. When you visit Leipzig, or Berlin, or Cologne, if you find I am there, come at once to my house, and we can have further talk, and become better acquainted."

I was never able to take advantage of this kind invitation. His cordial "auf wiedersehn!" were the last words I heard from him, and the spiritual beauty of his face is now, in memory, indeed, the beauty of an immortal spirit. Two years and a half afterwards (in November, 1847) he died, having not yet attained his thirty-ninth year.—*Independent*.

### Married to Music.

An unusually comic "Marriage in High Life," on Saturday last week, took place according to the *Morning Post*, at another Temple of Hymen than St. George's, Hanover Square. The superior classes are now out of town, and nothing is going on at the crack matrimonial temple there but ordinary divine service. Edinburgh, not London, comprised the site of the sacred edifice wherein these nuptial rites were celebrated. The exalted couple were an Honorable of the harder sex and an Earl's daughter of the softer. The report of these aristocratic hymeneals states that the bride "was conducted to the altar by her guardian," a Duke, and that—

"As the bride advanced to the altar, the organ played Handel's anthem, 'Exceeding glad.'"

The bride ought to have been much obliged to the organ. Of course, the anthem it played was performed chiefly with a devotional view, and not for a purpose analogous to that of a polka. Still, in advancing to an altar to be married before it, a young lady wants some support rather stronger than a smelling-bottle and the arm of her guardian. Common brides cry on these occasions, and sometimes faint. Nothing can be better calculated to fortify the heart and sustain the spirits of anybody in the immediate prospect of marriage than one of old Handel's anthems—let it be even a funeral one; they are all so jolly. Perhaps, however, "Happy we," from "Acis and Galatea," would have been more seasonable and suitable than "Exceeding glad!" Oh! say not that it would have been inappropriate to the sanctity of the edifice and the solemnity of the occasion. For read on, and you will arrive at the statement following—

"The marriage ceremony was then performed by the Very Rev. E. B. Ramsey, Dean of Edinburgh, and as the marriage party left the chapel, Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March' was played on the organ."

St. John's Chapel, Edinburgh, is indeed a Temple of Hymen. Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" is a movement in the secular direction considerably ahead, we suppose, of anything in the way of musical accompaniment to matrimony yet ventured on at St. George's, Hanover Square. What would the Bishop say if he heard that a marriage party had been played out of a London church with that jubilant composition—the gem of the music in the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Perhaps, that no tune in the world could have been more opportune; only in the next similar case he would rather have it played just outside the church door by a German band, or, with due respect to the high order of the music and rank of the happy pair, by the orchestra of her Majesty's Theatre.

Should, however, the Bishop of London not object to illustration of the marriage service by dramatic music, the example set at St. John's, Edinburgh, may be improved on at St. George's, Hanover Square. If the bridesmaids do not advance to the altar, they may at all events retire from it to the celebrated chorus and waltz assigned to their representatives in Carl Maria von Weber's immortal opera. Mozart in "Le Nozze di Figaro," might also be laid under contribution to supply harmonious embellishments for marriage in high life. Then Rossini and the rest of the Italian school could be unlimitedly drawn upon. Meyerbeer could furnish selections from "Robert le Diable," and there is no reason why "Satanella" should not be applied to the same purpose, except that "Satanella" is an English opera. Could not the whole matrimonial service be sung as well as said, responses and all; a musical clerk officiating for a bridegroom without ear?

But the worst of all this will be that the lower orders aping their betters, and at the same time actuated by their own inferior tastes, will also want to get married to music. Is there not a song called "Come let us all haste to the Wedding?" This is the kind of thing you would have at St. Giles's if at St. George's you permitted "Giovinette che fate." Then one thing would lead to another, and you would have couples in the costermongery line advancing to the altar whilst the organ played "Drop

of Brandy," and dancing out of church to the "Devil among the Tailors."

St. John's chapel, Edinburgh, is, of course, an Episcopal chapel, and it is to be feared that the matrimonial music performed there, on the auspicious occasion of a recent "Marriage in High Life," will not, if it should come to the ears of the Scottish public, induce the national mind of Scotland to renounce its definition of a church organ as a "kist fu o' whistles."—*Punch*.

### Macfarren's Robin Hood.

The production of this new opera at Her Majesty's Theatre is an occurrence worthy of more than ordinary notice, for this simple and sufficient reason, that *Robin Hood* is, we have no hesitation in saying, the greatest work that has been produced for the English musical stage since the days of Purcell. Indeed, we doubt whether it is right to make even this qualification; for though our immortal countryman ought ever to hold the highest place among English musicians, yet in his time dramatic music was almost unknown in England; and though his mighty genius carried him far in advance of his age, yet his essays in writing for the theatre are scarcely entitled, in our day, to the name of operas. *The Tempest*, *King Arthur*, *Bonduca*, and Purcell's other so-called operas, were merely plays with music introduced. None of the *dramatis personæ* sang a note; the music consisting of incidental airs, choruses, and other pieces, sung and played by performers who took no part in the action of the piece. Of the opera, properly so-called, music is an essential element; it is the language in which persons of the drama express their sentiments and feelings. It is as necessary to an opera as blank verse is to a tragedy; but as tragedy sometimes relapses from the dignity of verse in scenes where the dialogue is light and trivial, a similar relaxation has been allowed in opera, the performers, in such scenes, using only ordinary speech, without music. But this relaxation is not at all permitted on the Italian stage, where every word of the dialogue is uttered in music. So it is in the French and German serious opera, talking been admitted only into the *opera buffa*, and sparingly even there. In this country, in the progress of the stage, musical pieces called operas came into vogue, in which the actors themselves sang; but still the chief part of the dialogue was simply spoken, the performer every now and then breaking into a song, as is now done in the French vaudevilles. Such were all our English operas of the last and the beginning of the present century, including the works of Arne and his successors, down to Bishop. Since then the foreign models have been more and more adopted, and the language of the stage has been more and more associated with music.

Mr. Macfarren's *Robin Hood* is the most complete specimen of English Opera, in its modern shape, that we possess. The works of his greatest predecessors were produced in immature states of the art; and he has unquestionably carried away the palm from the most eminent of his contemporaries. Whether his rivals who are most competent to contend for it, will yet do so successfully, remains to be seen. Meanwhile he holds it by the general voice of the public. The composer has been fortunate in having for his collaborator, Mr. John Oxenford, whose poem is a *rara avis* among opera librettos. It is a pretty drama; elegant, interesting, and admirably suited to the requirements of the musician. For materials, Mr. Oxenford has had recourse to the fine old traditional ballads of which *Robin Hood* is the hero, and to Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*, in which the gallant outlaw is so delightfully introduced. The plot and construction of its piece, however, seem to be original.

Mr. Macfarren is already well known, by numerous productions in various branches of the art, not excepting the stage. His *Devil's Opera*, *Don Quixote*, and *King Charles the Second*, are works of a high order and deserved success, but *Robin Hood* is a step much in advance of both. It evinces genius, matured by experience and study, and especially by the study of the national music of his own country. Mr. Macfarren emulates the modern foreign composers, Rossini, Auber and Meyerbeer, but does not imitate them. He has profited by the study of their works in acquiring their constructive skill, their power of combination, and knowledge of dramatic and orchestral effect; but he never forgets, or allows the audience to forget, that he is an Englishman, and that they are listening to English music. This gives a peculiar charm to the music of this opera, which distinguishes it from that of his contemporaries, who, while their clever, and often brilliant, productions show that their minds and memories are imbued with the foreign schools of music, betray an entire neglect of the rich stores of our own national melodies.—*London Musical World*, Oct. 27.



## Musical Correspondence.

VIENNA, AUGUST 18th, 1860.—Among the many talented and considerable musicians of the present time at Vienna, Herr Johann Rufinatscha holds a place in the first rank. At the present time he is hardly known to the public, excepting as an excellent teacher of the piano and of harmony; but about 1848 and a little later he appeared as a composer, and met with great success. He gave two concerts of his own works at Vienna, and one at Innsbruck, (being a Tyrolese), others too perhaps. He produced overtures and symphonies as well as other orchestral works, and was, as before said, warmly welcomed by the public and the critics. He has various songs as well as piano music of the higher order already published. But concert-giving is a costly matter in Europe or certainly in Germany, if an orchestra be a necessary thereto; even under the best auspices and in the largest halls the proceeds of an orchestral concert is doubtful. Ten years ago the thing was on a much worse footing than at present, when music, good music is far more widely and assiduously cultivated. A composer too undertaking to bring his own works before a public, must deposit so much (no small sum) beforehand, in order to assure the authorities and musicians of their wages; in concerts like those of Liebig's in Berlin, the musicians on the contrary are paid much less for their time. At any rate Herr Rufinatscha was forced by his circumstances, and still more by long-continued ill health, to renounce the giving of concerts and even the devoting himself to composition, and turned in earnest to the collecting of a small property for his later days—this is at present the occupation of his life, although he continually writes smaller things, as for instance little pieces for the piano.

Herr Rufinatscha is the son of a landed and prosperous farmer, in the Tyrol close to the famous Stelvio pass, who was very much reduced by the wars in the time of Napoleon. The French and Bavarian soldiery committed enormous excesses, pillaging and burning houses on all sides and his among others. This young man was one of many children, and was intended for the church; but he early exhibited great inclination and talent for music, and at last left his father's house, when about fourteen years old, for Innsbruck, where he supported himself by teaching in various branches. Later he went with a family to Vienna, and there put himself under Herr Sechter, a famous and excellent teacher of harmony; he remained some time with him, giving piano lessons at the same time to earn his bread, and at last became much liked as instructor. Herr Sechter had a great regard for him and for his talents, by no means a common thing with the old master, if report speaks truly.

Herr Rufinatscha had composed, before studying music at all, a symphony, in which he had unconsciously obeyed the rules of the art. He then went on giving lessons and composing his greater works, and as already mentioned produced them in and about 1848.

As a teacher of piano he is widely known and stands among the first; but as a teacher of harmony he is particularly to be admired and prized. He understands the art and science of music utterly and entirely, he has turned it round and round and made himself conversant with it on every side, as well as with the different systems of teaching it. He leads his pupil gently from step to step, illustrating every moment all that he says, and finally without having seen the onward movement the pupil understands all. Understands all I say; all that one can understand without composing oneself, for the real and deep insight into the art can only be thus acquired. Herr Rufinatscha's patience and encouraging manner is of the greatest use in touching harmony, for the study is dry enough at first. He is a strenuous ad-

vocate of steady and hard work, in order to develop one's musical thoughts, and asserts that it is possible to do a great deal in music with no very great talent. Certain it is that one must work, and work in order to master the art, and to be free from every technical difficulty—then only can the musical thoughts have fair play, and present themselves in all their beauty.

Like very many alas! of the subjects of Austria and of other European governments, Herr Rufinatscha wishes to leave his country. Pecuniarily speaking he could not well do better than in Vienna, for he has very well-paid lessons, and only too many of them. But he interested himself in the movement of 1848, and was equally disgusted by the folly and wickedness of the so-called Liberals, and by the relapse to despotism. Ever since that he has been hoping and hoping for better times, and latterly despairing of them he has wished to go to America. He is the kind of man that we need, a thoroughly educated, enthusiastic, able musician, and a gentleman in thought, word and deed, which is more than can be said for too many musicians in Europe and in America; every one who has lived with this class has doubtless found as I have, many noble, kind, gentle, admirable men of great talent, but also some (always too many) who had few such claims to our respect. I have urged Herr Rufinatscha to go to America, because I thought he would be a real benefit to the progress of this art in our country, and because we have, in common with the rest of the world, too many purely technical musicians. But I should have urged him much more, had I felt any certainty of his finding the means of support. The flood of music which has been poured into our young and growing country, quite equals its present wants. When we devote as much attention to the art as the Germans do, we shall need more teachers and more players of instruments; and we shall need too more artists fit to drill and lead singing and orchestral societies of amateurs; which last field is the one most difficult to be filled, and for which Herr Rufinatscha is admirably fitted. If he should resolve to come, may he find lessons enough to live upon; this is all he desires, and then he will make for himself a sphere, and will with pleasure give orchestral concerts, if they but pay for themselves and leave him nothing. Like every earnest man he is anxious to do his work on this earth and to advance the standing of his art, and like every real producing musician, he is desirous of doing something more than the giving lessons, even though he gains not a penny by it. J. S.

NEW YORK, NOV. 13, 1860.—Summoned like a spirit from the vasty deep, by the adjurations in the last number of *Dwight's Journal*, from "—t—" and the "editor," I resume again the pleasant functions of a New York correspondent of the musical paper, which during the last four years has taken the trouble to print my various communications. The last communication, however, that I sent to *Dwight's* never appearing in the columns of the paper, gave rise to the supposition on my part that my services as a scribbler were no longer acceptable; but the summons of "—t—" and its accompanying editorial comment have brought me once more to the surface.

Looking back during the period of some five or six months since I have written to you, I find that I have passed through some agreeable if not startling musical experience. Various brief opera seasons under transient Italian and German dynasties have come and gone. STROELLI whom I hailed with rapturous delight on his first appearance here, has become the *tenor* of a New York audience. FABBRI has appeared and established a good lyrical reputation. COLSON has sung and acted and dressed, and looked so indescribably bewitching, that with half

the opera enthusiasts in New York I have fallen deeply—oh! so unfathomably deeply—in love with the delightful creature. ADELINA PATTI has worn her popularity not quite out—but sufficiently so to demand a change. CARL FORMES has returned, and D'ANORI has arrived, and that classic ruin FREZZOLINI, whose every operatic performance (notwithstanding her decaying voice) is positively worth shekels of gold, has flitted away down South, to Dixie, for all I know.

But not merely operatic experience have I had. A visit to the West has opened my eyes and ears not a little.

Were you ever in the Mammoth Cave? It is, with all its wonders, the most god-forsaken, dreary, gloomy spot mortal ever entered. Yet there is some strange mystic power in the place to transfigure the weakest, most wretched music into harmony fit for the celestial spheres.

After poking about in the bowels of the earth for three or four hours, visitors to the Cave arrive at Echo River, where they embark on a disgustingly muddy scow, or if the party is large enough, two or three wretched boats are brought into requisition. The women are all dressed in fancifully colored bloomer dresses, and with the uplifted lanterns, present a strange and weird appearance as the boat is pushed from the shore, and floats down into the black gloom, the lights reflecting themselves on the surface of the deadly still water, and lighting up with strange effect the arch of rock overhead. When they are fairly out of sight we enter the other boat, and ourselves push out into the dark stream. Dark, awfully dark it is. The dark river of Death finds on earth no more vivid parallel than this. You know in the first picture of Cole's "*Voyage of Life*" the gloomy river of the past from which floats out into life and light the little boat of the baby voyager. The stream issues from a dark, rocky cavern, mysterious and unknown. Such a stream is this on which we are embarked. Silent and gloomy, dark and mysterious, it serves as a type of the past and the future—of the past mystery whence all life evolves of the inscrutable future whether all life tends.

The feeling of security is not very great. The boats sink down almost to the water's edge, and the perpendicular slippery rock on either side offer no ledge on which a shipwrecked voyager might find a temporary footing. Above, sometimes so low that you must crouch to avoid it, and again so high as to be scarcely visible, rises the rock-roof, while the water in which you glide is thirty feet in depth, and as cold as the brow of a corpse. There is no sound but the rippling made by the boat; not a cricket along the shoreless stream, not a fish to plunge up and flash a moment in the air before returning to its watery home—no symptom of life—no sound, no motion save that made by ourselves.

Hark! there is a sound! Far off a delicate shade of music, so faint as to seem the ghost of some wandering echo. But by degrees it increases. It becomes clear and defined. Rich harmony trembling with strange sensuous wildness—fluttering around the rocky projections, swelling in waves of harmony to the arched roof above. Now it appears to come from one direction, now from another. Anon a higher note or strain is heard like some clear voice rising above a mighty chorus. Never did syren sing more magic songs to listening traveller, never did the mysterious maiden of Lurlei-burg chant more entrancing melody to the unwary boatman who floats along the moonlit Rhine.

Suddenly a turn of the boat brings you opposite a break in the perpendicular rock-shore, and perched upon a mass of broken rock you see a party of four negroes playing upon violins and a cornet. Those are the syrens, these the Lurlines of Echo River. Out on the earth's surface their music would be mere-

ly quaint and odd, but here, in the Mammoth Cave it is weird and unearthly.

Floating away, out of sight of the above minstrels, —who are in fact the barber, boot-black, or waiter from the hotel at the mouth of the cave—their music resumes its supernatural tones and effect, and so until we land at the opposite shore of the dark river, it haunts the ear with its peculiar harmony—while ever after it forms the most vivid reminiscence of a visit to the Mammoth Cave.

Visiting different Western cities I popped into various churches, and at St. Louis heard some very good music at an Episcopal church, but which one I forget—otherwise not much musical experience in my Western tour.

We will have the opera here next week, the season commencing with *La Juive*, sung by Stigelli and Fabbri. Colson was at last accounts at Cleveland, giving concerts with Miss Kellogg. Of the Philharmonic Concert Saturday night, “—t—” will undoubtedly give you an elaborate notice.

Mr. C. JEROME HOPKINS who is most indefatigable in the giving of concerts, has got a new project. He proposes to give a concert of church music, in which the choir of Trinity Church will take part, and chants be sung antiphonally, with twenty-five voices on each side. TROVATORE.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 1860.—Dear Sir: After a long silence the spirit again moveth. Positively, it has not moved before, since last spring. The only reason I can give for not writing is that there has been nothing to write, a reason which some think, has nothing to do with the question.

The Trinity Church people repeated their Grand concert and again for the third time filled our large hall. Better amateur music I never heard. It would be invidious to particularize, besides, such things are of little interest abroad. When I entered the room I thought one of the New York tenors was there, and looked and looked to see which one.

Our Philharmonic Society is in full blast. It promises to give us a Grand concert soon. In my next I intend to say something particular about it.

Nov. 2th and 8th Colson gave us two concerts, assisted by Susini, Brignoli, Ferri, Miss Kellogg, &c. Well, as your readers all know what kind of a concert that must be with those artists, there is no use of particularizing. Such artists must like to come to St. Louis, for they always draw at least a thousand people and that must pay; generally the audiences are larger.

Only one thing can we complain of. They hurry through every thing, plainly saying by their actions, “These people in the provinces do not form such a critical audience as the metropolis can turn out—so you go on and hurry it up, and I will hurry mine, and let’s get through.”

Colson gave two concerts and then Manager Boernstein engaged her for last eve to have one opera night and bring out “Don Pasquale.” We have no American Opera House or even a decent theatre. Herr Boernstein however has built a German Opera House that will compare favorably with any in the United States, except, of course, the Academies of Music in New York, Boston and Philadelphia. It is in all respects a very fine house, and reflects much credit on the proprietor and manager Mr. Boernstein, both for his taste and liberal expenditure. The audience assembled Saturday evening never was excelled on any similar occasion for numbers and appearance. Everything was as perfect as it could be. And the artists were themselves. And here at the close let me repeat my wonder why we have so few first class entertainments when they evidently pay so well. Yours, A. C.

## New Instruments.

BY HECTOR BERLIOZ.

### THE MELODIUM ORGAN.

This instrument has a key-board like the organ built with pipes. Its sound results—like that of the concertina—from the vibration of free metallic reeds, over which passes a current of air. This current of air is produced by a bellows, put in motion by the feet of the performer; and according to the mode in which the feet act upon this blowing mechanism, in certain conditions wherein the instrument may be placed, the sounds acquire more or less intensity.

The melodium organ thus possesses crescendo and diminuendo; it is *expressive*. Hence the name of “Register of Expression,” given to the particular mechanism it possesses. The fingering of the key-board is the same as that of the organ key-board. It is written on two lines, and even on three; like the organ. Its compass is five octaves.

This compass, however, is not limited to the above, for melodiums with more than one stop. The number of stops is very variable. The most simple melodium contains two different qualities of tone; the quality of tone of the *coro inglese* for the left half of the key-board, and that of the flute for the right half.

The others,—according to the will of the maker,—may have, by different combinations, bassoon, clarion, flute, clarinet, fife, and hantov stops (so called, on account of the analogy which then exists between the quality of tone of the melodium, and that of those instruments); and moreover, the *Grand stop*, the *Forle*, and the *Expressive*. These stops give to the melodium a compass of seven octaves, although its key-board has only five.

They are placed at the command of the performer by means of a mechanism like that of the organ, placed on each side of the body of the instrument, and put in action by drawing forward a wooden handle with either hand.

Some other stops are obtained by a similar mechanism, placed beneath the body of the instrument, and which are moved by pressure from left to right, and from right to left, with the knee of the performer. This mechanism constitutes what is called “the register.”

The melodium does not possess the moveable stops of the organ, the effect of which excites in many people a traditional admiration; but which, in reality, have a horrible tendency to noise; it has only double or single octave stops, by means of which each key makes speak, with its note, the octave and the double octave of this note, or the double octave without the single, or even the upper octave and the lower octave of this note at the same time.

Many ignorant players and lovers of noise, make deplorable use of these octave stops. Thence results also a barbarism, less, it is true, than that of the movable stops of the organ, which give to each note the simultaneous sound of the two other notes of the major common chord, that is to say, of its major third, and of its fifth; but still an actual barbarism, because,—beside the harmonic thickening produced,—it necessarily introduces into the harmony the most frightful disorder, by the inevitable inversion and spreading of the chords; since ninths thus produce seconds and sevenths: seconds, sevenths and ninths; fifths, fourths; fourths, fifths, &c.; and because, in order to remain in true musical condition with such stops, it would be needful to use them only in pieces written in counterpoint invertible in octave,—which is not done.

It is to the ignorance of the middle ages, groping blindly for laws of harmony, that we must doubtless attribute the introduction of these monstrosities into organs; which mere custom has preserved and transmitted to us, and which we must hope will by degrees disappear.

The sounds of the melodium being of rather slow emission, like the sounds of the organ with pipes, render it better adapted to the *legato* style than to any other; and peculiarly suitable to sacred music, to soft and tender melodies, of slow movement.

Pieces of a skipping, petulant, or violent character, executed on the melodium, will always attest—in my opinion—the bad taste of the performer, the ignorance of the composer, or the bad taste and ignorance of both.

To impart to the sounds of the melodium a religious and dreamy character, to render them susceptible of all the inflexions of the human voice, and of the majority of instruments, such is the object M. Alexandre has both proposed and accomplished.

The melodium is at once a Church instrument, and a Theatre instrument; a drawing-room, and a concert-room instrument. It occupies but little space; and it is portable. It is therefore a servant of indisputable utility for composers and amateurs.

Since Messrs. Meyerbeer, Halévy, Verdi, have employed the organ in their dramatic works, how many provincial theatres in France, and even Germany, not possessing organs, have found difficulty in executing these works: and to how many mutilations and rearrangements (more or less clumsy) of scores, this absence of organs has given rise! The directors of these theatres would now be inexcusable to tolerate such misdeeds; since, for a very moderate sum, they may have, in lieu of an organ with pipes, a melodium organ very nearly sufficing to replace it.

The same thing applies to small churches, where music hitherto has not been possible. A melodium, played by a musician of good sense, might and could introduce there harmonic civilization; and cause, in time, a banishment of these grotesque howlings which still, in such places, mingle with religious service.—*London Musical Times*, Nov. 1.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 17, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Two Mazurkas, by Chopin. Nos 7 and 8.

### Our Foreign Correspondence.

Our recent letters from the editor of this Journal, dated Leipzig, Oct. 22, lead us to hope that we may soon have the pleasure of laying before our readers the continuation of his “Editorial Correspondence.” Mr. Dwight, (who wrote last from Frankfort), has since been in “Bingen on the Rhine,” then down the Rhine to Bonn, (where he found our “Diarist”), Cologne, Eisenach, and Weimar. He will pass the early part of the winter in Berlin and Leipzig, whence we hope soon to have regular communications for the columns of the Journal.

The Diarist has gone up the Rhine and on to Paris, on the scent of certain Beethoven treasures to be found there, and we shall doubtless soon hear from him in the gay capital of France.

BOSTON AMATEUR SOCIETY.—We hear of a movement for the organization of an Amateur Musical Society composed of gentlemen in this city, who propose meeting weekly for the purpose of practising the orchestral works of the great masters under the guidance of one of our best musical directors.

In some features this organization will resemble a club, which known to many of us as the “Boston Amateur Club” has existed here for many years (we think since about 1830) but has lately been discontinued. Most of the best members of the old Club, whose performances have been listened to by many of us with much interest, will compose the nucleus of the new organization with the addition of some fresh active members, and, if found necessary, some professional talent.

In one important point the enterprise will be new to us. It is intended to add associate members to the active ones of the association, somewhat on the plan of the Orpheus Club, so that those who cannot play may at least help pay and have the pleasure of being present at the musical and social meetings of the Society, by thus contributing a part of the material aid which every such enterprise requires. The members are gentlemen of the highest standing in this community, of culture and refinement. We understand that the first meeting for the season will be held on Monday evening next, to organize for the winter campaign, which offers an opportunity for new members to join.

It is desirable that as many musical amateurs as feel competent to take some part in an amateur orchestra, should make themselves known to the management of this new Association. And such are requested to leave a line addressed “Boston Amateur Musical Society,” at the office of this journal, for the purpose of communicating personally with some of its members.

**Mr. Dresel's Soirees.**

Mr. OTTO DRESEL gives this evening the first of a series of four piano soirées, at Chickering's. No one who recollects the concerts given by Mr. Dresel some years ago, who loves the best piano music, will need to be urged to attend the present series. We need not say that the rarest classics of the piano will be on the programmes of Mr. Dresel, who plays these masterworks not only with brilliancy but with the intelligence and conscientious fidelity of a thorough artist. The lovers of Chopin, Schumann, Mendelssohn and Beethoven will find in these concerts very much to be enjoyed.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB advertises the first Concert of the season for Tuesday evening next, offering an admirable programme, which includes some novelties, among them the eleventh Quartette of Beethoven. The concerts are to be given at Chickering's.

**New Music.**

We have received from J. T. BROWNE, Harp maker, 709 Broadway, New York, the following pieces for the harp:

The first Violet; Mendelssohn: arranged by Chas. Oberthur.

Zuleika; Mendelssohn: arranged by Chas. Oberthur.

Home, Sweet Home; by Bosio.  
Airs from Traviata; by Chas. Oberthur.  
Souvenir of Il Trovatore; by Bosio.  
Annie Laurie; by A. L. Toulmin.  
Souvenir Dinorah; by Bosio.  
Souvenir La Juive; by Bosio.  
Souvenir de l'opera Traviata; by Oberthur.  
Willie we have missed you; Beautiful Star; by Bosio.

Reel Polka for the Harp; by Bochsa.  
Marche de la Sonnambula; by N. C. Bochsa.  
From HORACE WATERS, New York:  
Virginia Polka, and Oliver Galop; by the blind negro boy Pianist, Tom.

Among the papers left by Spolr has been discovered an opera in three acts, written by the author at Gotha in 1808, with the singular title, *Alrums, la reine des chonettes*.

A musical curiosity is now on exhibition at Vienna—the harpsichord of Haydn. This historical instrument was presented to the composer by some English admirers, and is now to be seen at the establishment of M. Levy, publishers of music.

**Music Abroad.**

PARIS.—Theatre Imperial de l'Opera.—Revival of the *Prophète*.—This opera has not been given for a long time, for want of a singer who could worthily fill the part of Fides. At last, says the *Gazette Musicale*, Madame Tedesco is restored to us, and with her the last chef d'œuvre with which Meyerbeer has endowed our lyric stage. The debut of Mad. Tedesco in Paris dates back to the month of November, 1851. She came from Italy; she had visited America and presented herself to us in the rôle of Catherine in the *Reine de Chypre*. In the next month she appeared in the part of Fides, and we then spoke thus of the manner in which she rendered it. "After Mad. Viardot, who had created it so admirably, and Alboni who has made over its physiognomy after her way, came Mme. Tedesco, and as should be, placed herself much nearer the second than the first. In her singing and acting she presents many analogies to Alboni. The richness of her voice is magnificently displayed in the *arioso* of the second act, in the

invocation and the grand scene of the fourth, in the air and duo of the fifth. Mme. Tedesco showed herself expressive and dramatic in several portions of this fine rôle." After an interval of nine years our judgment has not changed. We need only repeat what has just been read, with this addition that she has made sensible progress as a singer and especially as an actress. Mme. Tedesco may flatter herself at a good fortune the advantages of which are inestimable on the stage. Since she left us her precocious *enbonpoint* has rather lessened than increased; her shape is less round, her figure less full, while on the contrary her voice always possesses the same power, the same compass, the same equal character. Nothing better satisfies the ear than her broad style of singing, so facile and bold that no accident troubles it. A little more accent and vigor and Mme. Tedesco would be the singer, *par excellence*: and could produce impressions as lively as she now does sweet and charming impressions. Meanwhile the public will testify warmly, whenever she may appear, the pleasure with which it hears once more an artist of such rare talent. And how can we speak of the revival of the *Prophète* without expressing once more the admiration which this immortal chef d'œuvre inspires, which came from the same hand that wrote *Robert le Diable* and the *Huguenots*? The truth is that musical conception has never risen higher, or embraced with more vigor, variety and richness, a poetical and dramatic subject. The *Prophète* grows with time as do all works which genius has endowed with the double privilege of strength and beauty.

**London.**

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Mr. E. T. Smith's "Anglo-Italian Company," according to one morning contemporary, or, according to another, the "Grand Coalition Company," opened the campaign on Wednesday with the *Trovatore* in Italian, the principal singers being Mlle. Titiens, Mad. Lemaire, Signors Giuglini, Violetti, Francesco Briani, Soldi, &c., &c. The only new appearance was Signor Briani. This gentleman, who sustained the part of the Count di Luna, must not be judged by his performance on Wednesday, seeing that he was laboring under the effects of hoarseness. He seems to be an experienced artist, and acted with considerable fire and animation. Of the performance generally, it is only necessary to say that Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini were in great force; that Mad. Lemaire displayed much energy in the part of Azucena; that the band and chorus are just the same as during the regular opera season; and that Signor Arditi presided in the orchestra. The theatre has undergone considerable alterations. A capacious and handsome balcony has been erected in front of the grand tier, and several boxes on the first, second and third tiers are thrown open, and made into dress and undress circles. Moreover, the amber curtains have faded away before the crimson which were used last year in the cheap season, and all the splendid pile carpets have been removed to make way for less expensive and perishable oil-cloths and matting.

A greater and more legitimate success than that achieved by Mr. Macfarren's new opera, *Robin Hood*, on Wednesday night we never witnessed. The crowd was immense, the excitement unusual, and expectation on tiptoe. That Mr. John Oxenford was the author of the libretto gave a new interest to the performance, and all the musicians and poets in London, and many far from London, were in their places anxious and expectant long before the curtain rose. Moreover, the cast of parts presented an unusual attraction in itself. Mr. Sims Reeves, who, except during his annual visit to the National Standard, in the oriental suburbs, has not appeared for years on the London boards, was to play the principal character, and Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, who never appeared on the stage at all, was to make her debut. Mr. Stanley, too, and Mr. George Honey, from the Royal English Opera, were both included in the cast, as were also, from the same company, Messrs. Bartleman and J. E. Patey, and Mr. Parkinson, the tenor, a real Armstrong great-gun with the audiences at Canterbury Hall, Weston's, and the Pavillion Theatre in Whitechapel. To these were added Mad. Lemaire, whose pretensions as a contralto singer are by no means despicable. With all these causes of interest it was no wonder, indeed, that the excitement was very great and the congregation immense.

We are not going to criticise the music on the present occasion. A general notice of the performance is all we feel called upon just now to render. The story of *Robin Hood* is not, we believe, taken from any

of the many ballads and legends appertaining to the stalwart treebooster of Sherwood Forest, all of which may be perused in Ritson's Collection. Mr. Oxenford's plot is entirely his own, and a very merry and exciting plot it is, clear to follow, natural in its incidents, with an appropriate and striking dénouement.

The distribution of parts was as follows: Robin Hood, Mr. Sims Reeves; the Sheriff of Nottingham, Mr. Stanley; Hugo, the Sompnour, Mr. George Honey; Allan-a-Dale, Mr. Parkinson; Little John, Mr. Bartleman; Much, the Miller's son, Mr. Patey; Maid Marian, Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington; and Alice, Mad. Lemaire.

The pieces which received most applause on Thursday were the overture, encored and repeated; the duet for Locksley and Marian, "When lovers are parted," exquisitely warbled by Mr. Sims Reeves and Mad. Sherrington; song, for Marian, "True love, true love in my heart," the subject of which is frequently employed throughout the opera; Locksley's song, "Englishmen by birth are free," magnificently sung by Mr. Sims Reeves, who refused to accept the encore called for by the entire audience; the finale to the first act, commencing with the round, "May the saints protect and guide thee;" Robin Hood's song, "The grasping rascaling Norman race," another splendid piece of vocalization by Mr. Sims Reeves; the whole fair scene at Nottingham, a masterpiece throughout; Locksley's ballad, "Thy gentle ballad would lead me on," the most graceful and flowing air in the opera, and given to perfection by Mr. Sims Reeves; the finale to the second act, the most elaborate and powerful composition in the opera and Locksley's grand scena in the prison. These are by no means all the good pieces, but they appeared most to enlist the sympathies of the audience. Perhaps there is nothing more charming in the opera than the trio in the last scene, "By all the love that you have shown me," for Marian, Robin Hood and Sheriff which, we feel a sure, will become as popular as any thing in the whole work.

Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington literally took the audience by storm, not only from the brilliancy and exquisite finish of her singing—which everybody was prepared for who had heard her in the concert-room—but from the animation, ease, and reality of her acting. A slight awkwardness in certain situations excepted, Mad. Sherrington was perfect mistress of her movements and gestures, every one of which seemed instinct with purpose and meaning. That the lady had studied the tactics off the stage we are bound to suppose, or she is indeed the most extraordinary and gifted actress who ever trod before the footlights. Regarding her debut from any point of view, a greater acquisition than Mad. Sherrington has not been made by the English operatic stage for many years. Of Mr. Sims Reeves it is impossible to speak too highly. He was never in finer voice, never sang more magnificently, nor, in the course of his lengthened career, did he ever create a more profound impression. The music of *Robin Hood* is extremely varied, and whether as the sentimental lover wooing Marian, as the freeborn Saxon denouncing foreign oppression, or the doomed outlaw in the gloom lamenting his approaching fate, the singing of Mr. Reeves was equally admirable.—*London Musical World*, Oct. 13.

On Monday night an audience less numerous than appreciative was entertained with an unusually fine performance of Donizetti's always welcome (however somewhat hacknied) *Lucrezia Borgia*. The three chief personages were assumed by Mlle. Titiens, Signor Giuglini, and M. Gassier; and it must be admitted that the German, Italian, and French artists worked together as heartily, and with as much consentaneousness of purpose, as if they had been compatriots, instead of belonging to three different countries. To complete the medley of nationalities, Mad. Lemaire, an Englishwoman, we believe, though married to a Belgian, stood forth as Gennaro's faithful friend, the vivacious Maffeo Orsini, and delivered the sparkling "brindisi" with a great deal of animation.

Perhaps in not one of her parts, unless we except her magnificent Donna Anna, does Mlle. Titiens support the credit, now almost unanimously accorded her, of being the worthiest claimant to the "mantle of Grisi," more triumphantly than in that of the wicked and passionate Duchess of Ferrara. She has all the personal, physical, and mental requisites for the characters, which she looks, sings, and acts alike to perfection.

The *Huguenots* was to be given October 26th.

*Robin Hood* was to be repeated on Saturday, Tuesday, and Thursday, and is underlined to be given three times a week until further notice. The attraction, so far from abating, appears nightly to increase, and there are literally no places to be obtained unless secured some days previously.

*Robin Hood* continues to draw immense audiences, and the interest the performances created on the first night increases with each successive repetition. As the music is heard oftener, its beauties become more apparent, and its purpose is rendered more distinct. This is the best compliment that could be paid to the opera, and proves that its merits are not superficial, nor its attractions merely of the *ad caplandum* kind. So great indeed is the success, that it weakens in some respects the *prestige* of the alternate Italian nights, and Mr. Sims Reeves, Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, &c., now warble to more multitudinous ears than Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini, even with the aid of *Don Giovanni*.

*Don Giovanni* was given on Wednesday by the Italian company, the cast differing from that of the regular season in two essential particulars only, Mlle. Parepa appearing for the first time as Zerlina, and Herr Hermanns as the Commendatore.

**ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.**—The chief incident of the week has been the production of the *Crown Diamonds* on Tuesday evening.

*Dinorah* was given for the first time this season, on Wednesday, and introduced Mr. Chapple, a barytone of provincial name, in the part of Hoel. Mr. Chapple may be congratulated on his first appearance. His voice, not powerful, is very agreeable in quality, and of considerable compass in the upper register, as the music of Hoel necessitates. He has evidently had stage experience, as he walks easily and without being constrained, and his gestures and movements are unforced. Some allowance must be made for a first appearance, but, taken altogether, the new barytone was a decided hit. The part of the male goatherd was sustained by Miss Leffler, who sang the air written for Mad. Nantier-Didée very charmingly. The young lady, however, must learn to infuse a little more vivacity into her action. A goatherd is not necessarily a tame person, more especially when addressing his companion on so exciting a subject as that of love. Miss Leffler is a novice, and therefore we tender her our advice, hoping she will profit by it. Miss Louisa Pyne never sang more delightfully. She warbled indeed like a lark, and gave the shadow song to perfection. Mr. Harrison's Corentino is perhaps his best performance, hilarious without being obstreperous, humorous without coarseness, and quaint without queeriness, to speak in Johnsouian phrase.

**PEOPLE'S PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.**—A series of concerts under the above by no means unpretending title, was commenced last week at Exeter Hall, with a band of eighty and a chorus of nearly two hundred performers, Dr. James Peck conducting. To bring together so large a cohort of voices and instruments, in all respects efficient, was a manifest difficulty, seeing that all the available talent had been secured for the operas. The band includes some first-rate players, among whom we may mention Mr. Willy, who presides over the first violins, and M. Lavigne, the eminent oboist. The chorus the first night were "all abroad" in the *finale* to Lorely, but were more satisfactory in Mendelssohn's part-song, "O hills, O vales." The programme of the first concert, which we give in *extenso*, will afford some idea of the sort of entertainment presented:

## PART I.

Overture; "Ruy Blas".....Mendelssohn  
Part-Song: "The Departure"....."  
Concerto, violin, E minor....."  
M. Victor Buson.  
Finale; *Lorely*....."  
Mad. Catherine Hayes.  
Italian Symphony....."

## PART II.

Overture; "Oberon".....Weber  
Prelude; "Robert le Diable".....Meyerbeer  
Introducing the two favorite airs, "Quand je quitte,"  
"Robert, toi que j'aime."  
Mad. Catherine Hayes.  
Solo, Flute; "Mulbrook".....Bucher  
Mr. Benjamin Wells.  
Waltz; "Elizabethan".....Strauss  
Madrigal; "Down in a flowery vale".....Pesta  
Overture; "La Gazza Ladra".....Rossini

## Paris.

Oct. 18.—Since my last, Mad. Vandenhoevel-Duprez has made her *début* in another new part at the Grand Opera, that of Lucy in the *Bride of Lammermoor*, and I may add that her success was in every way as complete as her warmest friends could desire. It is somewhat curious that the association of the name of Duprez with Donizetti's opera dates as far back as the creation and production of the work itself. It was written in 1835 at Naples, for Gilbert Duprez, and on the 9th of January, 1851, it was selected as the medium for presenting Mlle. Caroline Duprez to the public for the first time in the Salle Tentadour, when she appeared side by side with her father, who resumed his old part of Edgar, in order to become sponsor at his daughter's theatrical initia-

tion. The part of Lucy brought good fortune with it, good fortune then, which as might be expected, has not deserted it now that it is again essayed with matured talents and all the confidence gained by a series of successes. Mad. Vandenhoevel was recalled at the close of the mad scene, and also after the farewell duet with M. Michot, who was the Edgardo on the occasion. After a protracted delay and a succession of disappointments, Mad. Tedesco has at last made her appearance in *Le Prophète*, and was warmly received by her admirers.

At the Italian Opera *Il Trovatore* has been revived, and Mad. Penco made her first appearance this season as Leonora, meeting with a most enthusiastic reception. Mad. Alboni, in Azucena, of strong passions and swart and matronly beauty, shared the chief honors of the evening with the baritone Graziani. M. Pancani, the new representative of Manrico, had also cause to congratulate himself. Without the sweetness of Mario, or the vigor of Tamberlik, he is, nevertheless, a tenor of considerable merit, singing with taste and lacking neither power nor energy. For some time past it had been announced that M. Calzado, the manager of the Italian Opera, had obtained, or was about to obtain, a renewal of his privilege or license. The fact is corroborated by the official announcement that his privilege has been extended to October, 1861. It is said that Ronconi has been engaged for ten nights; if the news be true, the subscribers are fortunate. The *Barbieri* is announced for the beginning of November. The cast will include Mad. Alboni, Gardoni, Badiali, Zucchini and Angelini. Mad. Alboni is also to appear in the *Concentola*, which has not been given these two years. Gardoni, Badiali, and Zucchini will be grouped around her. Two other operas are announced as shortly forthcoming, *Il Matrimonio Segreto* and *Ernani*. MM. Pancani, Graziani and Angelini with Mad. Penco will play the principal characters in the latter.

There has been a paragraph current in the French papers lately, calling to mind the once celebrated flautist, Drouet, who, at an extremely advanced age, now occupies the post of chapel master at Gotha. His name has chances of becoming historical. It was he who harmonized and orchestrated the new national air, "Partant pour la Syrie," which Queen Hortense had composed; and it is said to have been his brother who, being postmaster at Ménéhould, recognized and arrested Louis XVI. during his attempted flight. The French government has been mindful of M. Drouet's title to its sympathies, and he has lately been presented by the Emperor with a snuff-box set in brilliants, the invariable form in which inscrutably enough Imperial gratitude or favor expresses itself. By what capricious fiction is it supposed that those who have deserved well of their country, or attracted the attention of the rulers of the world by their special merits, should be snuff-takers? I suppose in royal minds there is a special significance attached to a snuff-box, as with the Red Indian the pipe is a direct allusion to peace. As the one talks of smoking the calumet of peace, the other would speak of their *protégés* as taking the snuff of distinction. But to return to the venerable M. Drouet, I believe he is now in England, on a visit to his son, who is educating at York.

Mad. Miolan-Carvalho, who is back from her Berlin engagement, sang the other day at the church of Notre Dame de Grace, at Passy, on the occasion of the marriage of Mlle. Amélie Heugel, daughter of your French contemporary and composer, *Le Mendicant*, with M. H. Chevalier, the sculptor. The event was especially honored, and received the highest musical sanction by the presence of Rossini and Auber. Both these great masters of their art expressed their admiration of Mad. Carvalho's talents, as displayed in the *Ave Maria* of Gounod, in which she was accompanied by the violinist Hermann. M. Lefebvre Wely presided at the organ, and M. Nollet played the harp part. This was followed by a *Salutaris*, the composition of the former, and executed by his wife, the organ being taken by M. Auguste Durand.—*Cor. of Lond. Mus. World*.

**NAPLES.**—The San Carlo opened the season with Rossini's *Semiramide*. Auber's *Muette de Portici* (*Masaniello*) and Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, are in rehearsal, and will be given shortly. Neither opera has ever been heard in Naples. It will be interesting to behold Masaniello treading his native stage for the first time. The performance of Auber's masterpiece is expected to create an enormous sensation, and it is to be produced with great magnificence. The revolution has done good to music at all events, and to the Terpsichorean art as well, if it be true that the Dancing Academy, abolished by the *prudish* Bourbons (who also locked up the Venuses), is about to be reestablished.

## Special Notices.

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The old grey step by the cottage door.

J. H. McNaughton. 25

One of McNaughton's popular home-ballads, companion to "When there's love at home," and "My own fireside," of which love of home is the principal subject. The airs are pretty and the piano-accompaniment very easy.

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T. G. Booth. 25

Lively with a taking air. A good song, for gentlemen particularly.

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Weber's charming Cradle-song, arranged as a brilliant piano-piece. It will be much played, and please a miscellaneous company as well as the "Maiden's Prayer," especially if the air is known already.

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This will be a favorite number of a series of melodies by Mendelssohn which Mr. Dresd has arranged for the piano. These are some of Mendelssohn's most beautiful inspirations. They are not more difficult than the Songs without Words.

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# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 451.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 24, 1860.

VOL. XVIII. No. 8.

## Musical Culture.

### IV.

#### PUBLIC PERFORMANCES.

Public performances can do much for diffusing musical culture. This has never been doubted; on the contrary, it is the custom with managers and agents to assure us in the most emphatic language that their chief object, in opening this or that series of concerts or operas, is the improvement of the public taste, and that for this reason they have spared neither trouble nor expense to procure the first class of talent, and the first class of every thing besides. The fact, however, is that these performances are frequently of such a nature as must necessarily tend to lower instead of elevating the taste. We shall leave this kind of public performances to their fate and direct attention to the institutions, that are founded on such a basis, and managed in such spirit that there is reason to expect they must exercise a wholesome influence on the community, in which they are established.

The OPERA would be the first entitled to our regard, since of all it is the most powerful for cultivating the people; but, unfortunately, there is none. The modern Italian opera, with which we are regaled in this quarter of the globe, deserves no mention as an institution for the advancement of true art. This is too well known to need one word more. Until there shall be a national English opera, an opera founded on English life and language; above all, an opera, the music of which is a faithful representation of the libretto with all its scenes, situations, phases, passions and emotions, a musical drama in truth, — until then we can do nothing, but like the daughters of Zion veil our faces, strew ashes on our heads and — hope!

We have, therefore, only to consider the various concert performances, vocal and instrumental. When, as the first condition for obtaining its end we require of a performance that it come as near perfection as possible, we are reminded of the undeniable, though often forgotten fact, that the performance, so to speak, has absolute power over the life and death of a work of the creative tone art. A miserable performance will "murder" any composition, whatever life and beauty its author may have infused into it; as, on the contrary, an excellent performance may sometimes impart life and beauty into a dull piece. The composer, of all artists, has this great disadvantage, that his creations must undergo a second birth through the performers. How different with the painter, with the sculptor, and even with the poet, who send their works out into the world, and all may look at them, but none dare deform them! If this be borne in mind, it is evident how much depends on the performance as regards the proper appreciation and enjoyment of a composition by the audience.

It may be fairly presumed that no musical society, however long and firmly established in a community, ever made the gradual improvement of the public its object. We should probably

hear from all, to whom such a proposal might be made, that the public is a "many-headed monster," ungrateful, like the frozen serpent, which bit the poor rustic in his benevolent attempt to warm the reptile and awaken him to sensibility. Who will say that this is altogether a false accusation? If then the societies have their own improvement and advantage more at heart than that of the public, it seems but natural that, if they can combine both, they will be gainers by it.

In the selection of the compositions to be performed publicly, the greatest mistakes are frequently made. Especially when the object is to introduce the works of a composer, of whom there is as yet little, if anything, known, and whose style is moreover strikingly original, the greatest discretion is necessary; or the attempt will fail of success. If the selection is to be made from the old masters, such pieces as appear old-fashioned should be avoided; as, in selecting from the compositions of modern composer, those should be left aside, which in too high a degree represent the "music of the future"; a term, which, as our readers know, is ironically applied to many productions of the new German school, denoting that they are beyond the comprehension of the present generation. Whoever is acquainted with musical literature will also know that among the works of almost all great composers, there are some, which, although of much interest to the student, are unfit for public performances. In general, no composition answers this end that must be heard several times before it can be understood.

Many concerts would be more effective if they were shorter. The public is a dyspeptic; it cannot digest much solid music at once. At the Symphony concerts of the royal orchestra in Berlin, performed before a most selected and cultivated audience, the programme always consisted of only two or three numbers. First, a short Symphony by Haydn or Mozart; secondly, a larger Symphony by Beethoven or some later composer. Sometimes an overture, or a classical violin solo, was put in between the two symphonies. Compare to this the programmes of such concerts as they sometimes give in London during the season, which exhibit from thirty to forty pieces. Only an English constitution, sustained by large quantities of roast beef and porter, can sit out such monster concerts. To them, performances of such infinite length are seemingly "just the right thing"; for, we always read that they were crowded to excess.

With the better classes of our singing societies it is the custom to perform publicly almost nothing but *Oratorios*. The performance of an *Oratorio* commonly lasts from three to four hours; while as a composition it belongs to the most scientific class. It can hardly be expected of a man, however great his love for music, to sit listening for so long a time with undiminished attention to fugues and canons, only now and then relieved by an air, which, moreover, generally opens with a long recitative. We must remem-

ber that the *Oratorio* as a musical dramatic poem rests wholly on long by-gone times; that, consequently, it has not the interest for us as for an audience of Handel's and Bach's time. Through the genius of Mendelssohn it has in some respect been modernized and the interest for it partly revived; still, we hear continually that the time demands its right as before. The immediate consequence is that occasionally only an *Oratorio* is produced by the tone-poets of our age. The more circumspect rather choose to compose *Cantatas* with secular subjects; which, moreover, do not constrain them to write in a style in which they feel they cannot vie with the old masters. However, as there are few *Cantatas* with English text, and as societies must have works to perform, they will not neglect the *Oratorio*; and they will do well. An *Oratorio* like the *Messiah* or *St. Paul* is worth a great number of modern *Cantatas*. But as we have to do with the public performances here in so far only as they promote musical culture, the absolute value of a composition decides nothing. With this view a selection of some of the clearest and most effective choruses and airs, arranged as a miscellaneous concert, will frequently prove of much more usefulness than the whole work. Judicious selections from classical operas with English text, and from the mass of beautiful songs for mixed chorus by Mendelssohn, Schumann and other recent composers, would likewise prove so. It is superfluous to add that, if the concert is to be a *sacred* one, the pieces intended for performance should be of a truly religious character; so that in such cases neither *Cantatas*, nor *Operas* and worldly songs, afford the proper material.

With orchestral concerts the main feature of the programme is the SYMPHONY. Not long ago a discussion was going on in this paper, as to the best place for the Symphony. As local causes frequently influence the arrangement of a programme, nothing positive can be said about it. It were a mistake, at all events, to give the Symphony at the close of a *long* concert, when the attention of the audience is already much exhausted by the preceding pieces. The aim should be to perform it where there is reason to suppose it will be best enjoyed; without regard to custom or tradition. When a Symphony, or any other important orchestral work, is to be performed, which embodies a poetical subject, you should never omit to explain the latter on the programme; a brief extract from a good criticism on both the work and its author would likewise contribute to interest the audience and aid them to understand and rightly appreciate the work. Jullien, whenever he performed Beethoven's C minor Symphony here in his concerts seven years ago, used to call special attention on the programme to the Scherzo, as "descriptive of an advancing army." Though this was rather a prosaic conception of that wonderful Scherzo, still it had this effect, that this movement was listened to with more interest than the rest.

It is a good idea, as has sometimes been carried

out in our orchestral concerts to make up the programme by works of one composer exclusively; the anniversary of the master's birthday, or a similar event, frequently furnishing the occasion. Those among the audience, who desire to learn, will here find an opportunity more fully to observe the composer's style, or his versatility as revealed in forms of an entirely opposite nature; provided the programme is arranged judiciously. Equally interesting and instructive are historical concerts, illustrating the progress of the Art down to our time. We remember with great pleasure such a concert—which, however, was purely vocal—given, some years ago, at the Tremont Temple, in Boston, by the choir of the Church of the Advent. Every piece was introduced by some remarks on its style, its composer and the period it was to illustrate, delivered by Mr. A. W. Thayer. It is a pity that such instances are not more frequent.

Orchestral concerts are seldom given without solos for the voice. In regard to these it is above all recommended that the singers pronounce the text distinctly, so that we can understand what they sing. The habit of delivering songs with Italian or German words to an audience speaking English deserves to be earnestly condemned. It is like striking reason and common sense in the face, whatever the advocates of this unnatural custom may say. In a bravura-aria, where the exhibition of vocal skill is the aim, it is of little consequence; but in a song the words are as important as the music; and sometimes more so. The only excuse that can be offered for the practice, is the scarcity of songs with English text, suitable for public performances.

To the various chamber concerts, as Quartet, Trio, Piano Soirées, &c., most of the preceding remarks will also apply. They play a noble part in the history of modern music. This class of concerts, more than the others, has always been conducted in the spirit of true art. The music performed is of the highest order; and frequently accessible to amateurs, in its original form, for study. In respect to musical culture they cannot but exercise a wholesome influence. The latter may not always be felt so soon; it requires many strokes to make an impression on cold iron; why should less (strokes with the bow) be required to make an impression on cold minds? These concerts, particularly, need encouragement.

BENDA.

#### Rossini and his Works.

Our Paris correspondent furnishes us with the following agreeable chit-chat about the great composer of "William Tell," and "The Barber," and about Bosio, the admired *prima donna*:

The long and pitiless persecution on the part of the authorities of the musical world, which Rossini unwisely laid so deeply to heart as to resolve, in the plenitude of his magnificent powers, that he would compose no more, having given way to a juster appreciation of the *chef d'œuvres* which he has given to the world, some of his great works are now performed every winter at the Italian opera of Paris. At present the *Cenerentola* is the attraction with Alboni for Rosina. The other evening a gentleman, who had been listening with the utmost delight and admiration to the exquisite variations introduced into the famous rondo by the highly accomplished but enormously fat cantatrice, the *crescendo* of whose triumphs as a singer are matched by a steady increase of *embonpoint*, which threatens to expand her to the proportions of an elephant, inquired of a friend beside him, "by whom those variations were composed."

"By Rodes," replied the friend. "Ah, of course, it is very natural that they should need a Colossus to execute them!" returned the amateur. This same splendid *chef d'œuvre*, *La Cenerentola*, was first brought out in the Valle Theatre at Rome during the carnival of 1817, two months after the production of *Otello*, one year before that of the *Barbiere*, three months before that of *La Gazza Ladra*, seven months before that of *Arsina*, and ten months before that of *Mosé in Egitto*! This was the richest and most active portion of the master's life, and it is believed that no similar example of musical fecundity can be found. His genius exerted itself with equal richness and facility in all styles, tones and manners; the tragic, the comic, the sacred, the profane, the picturesque; in these marvellous compositions we find the expression of all human emotions, smiles, tears, joys, sorrows, terrors and aspirations, and all this produced with such unexampled rapidity, in the midst of the incessant insults and clamors of hostile critics versed in the arts of torture, and the yet more cruel indifference of the public. On its first appearance the *Cenerentola* was brought out with a cast of third-rate performers, and was a total failure. At the close of the season it was brought out again in the same style, and with the same success. On the following night, Rossini, who would have preferred seeing his opera heartily hissed rather than received with the utter indifference with which the public had hitherto treated it, hired a score or two of the hangers-on who figure so conspicuously amongst the machinery of the modern stage in Paris, under the name of *claqueurs*, in Rome under that of *lazzaroni*, and desired them to be on duty during the evening's performance.

"Which passages do you wish us to applaud?" demanded the leader of the band.

"You are not to applaud at all," replied Rossini: "you are to hiss vigorously, indiscriminately I don't care where, so that you make noise and confusion enough to rouse the house and cause the representation to be brought to an end."

"Very good," said the leader, "if that is all you want, we will take care to satisfy you."

Before the performance began the *lazzaroni* were at their posts, and the dull apathy of the audience was soon broken up by the roar of hisses that accompanied the progress of the work. Disturbed by the persistence and violence of the hissing, the public began to resent what seemed like a determination, on the part of his enemies, to deprive the new composer of a chance of making himself heard; and as they were now really listening to the music for the first time, and endeavoring to judge for themselves of its merits, the admirable beauty of the work, despite the weakness of its execution, speedily roused the enthusiasm of the audience in its favor. Loud bursts of applause now drowned the storm of hisses sent forth by the *lazzaroni*; the rondo was *encored*, and the opera terminated amidst a tempest of popular applause. Five years afterwards it was brought out in Paris, and met with a very cold reception—critics and singers were banded against the brilliant innovator, and determined to shut him out from public favor. It was not until Signora Monbelli, whose singing of Rossini's masterpieces, and especially of the *Cenerentola*, had won for their author the suffrages of all Italy that Rossini began to be understood in Paris. Since then his creations have had for interpreters Malibran, Sontag, Grisi, Centi, Borghi-Mamo and Alboni; Levasseur, Lablache, Rubini, Pellegrini, Tamburini, Ronconi and Mario, who have won their most brilliant laurels in the service of his muse. The late Bosio, also a reigning favorite at the Paris Opera, had just been making a successful campaign in St. Petersburg, when her death occurred in that city. One evening, when she was at a private party, at the hotel of a Prince, a passionate lover of music, and himself a musician, she noticed a beautiful Havana lap-dog, scarcely larger than a ladies' fist, and white as snow, curled up in one corner of a sofa. "What a lovely little creature!" cried the singer in raptures, "and how intelligent it looks!" She then took up the little animal, caressed it, and replaced it on its silken couch. Madame Bosio, soon after-

wards, at the Prince's request, sang a favorite air by Glinka, the Mozart of Russia, and author of the fine opera, "Dead for the Czar." The song was received with enthusiastic applause, and the Prince, addressing the fair artist, demanded, "What can I do, madam, in acknowledgment of the pleasure you have given us by singing that beautiful air of our national composer?" "Give me your little dog, Prince!" replied the artist. "You shall have him to-morrow, madam," said the Prince. The next day, a servant brought to her house the little animal she so much wished to possess. As it was very cold, the Prince had wrapped the little fellow in an Indian Cashmere shawl, worth fifteen thousand francs, and he begged the artist to accept the dog with his wrapper. Certainly a most ingenious method of making a princely present.

X. Y. Z.

—N. Y. Evening Post.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

#### Johanna Kinkel's Eight Letters to a Friend.

ON INSTRUCTION ON THE PIANO.

(Translated by WM. GRAVERT, A. M.)

V I.

An increase of music cultivating individuals would just now be less needful to the artistic world, than an increase of such as understand how truly to enjoy and judge music. Since the beginning of the history of music, the same talk of the dilettanti has been reiterated time and again, that the apex had been reached by some idol, and that the modern can compose no more. It is a pity that by this musical conservatism many a talent is stifled.

All such as are incapable of viewing the art in its ensemble and outlines, stick to the names of celebrated men. The "professional" leaders in smaller towns to whose judgment the public adheres, blindfold, generally choose unto themselves a few musical celebrities always headed by Beethoven, whom alone they consider fit for consideration, and any musician loses, with them, his rank who permits the musical "rest of mankind" to stand beside the former in their dignity. They are wont to talk very unconsciously of the many "false fifths" to be found in recent compositions, confounding it with what they once heard of two pure progressions of fifths. The children of these professional leaders are born and raised in this comic presumption, and want to perform the "Sonata pathétique," before they have understood the scales.

Lest the following generation inherit the same night-mare we were sighing under during our own aspirations, it would be best to introduce the knowledge of the history of art in wider spheres.

It is not the exact connoisseurs of the ancient who oppose the modern in a hostile manner, but the ignorant and incompetent ones. Those who are vociferating most loudly for Sebastian Bach, and pretend to like nothing better than a fugue, are the ones who, on a prelude and a fugue of the "well tempered piano" being played to them, will say in all earnestness: I like the former fugue best, the latter was not quite as "fine."

They understand by the "former" fugue the prelude which they, on account of its popular runs, understand better than the real fugue. This curious fact occurred to me almost every time when I performed a prelude and fugue of Bach to some such leading "connoisseur."

If you blame, for very substantial reasons, some slight defect in a composition of Beethoven, they are impertinent enough to represent to you, that the coming generation only will be able fully to understand this master; but if you play for them

some little known piece of the great master anonymously, they find it "very trivial."

All this will cease of itself if the historical development of music is studied. How often do past centuries present an apparent climax, above which the contemporaries admit of no gradation; but how has not the succeeding century put to shame such a superstition! It is just as true moreover, that the spirit most strikingly exhibited by some composer, is that of an entire period and that both always mutually influence each other.

If we want to judge fairly of a master, we must study the work of his contemporaries, and the connecting links of his epoch with the others, as thoroughly as we do the works bearing exclusively his name. The rimbus of a single head may thus, indeed, disappear, but we gain a whole and general view instead.

You may object that the time of a pupil cultivating music as a secondary department, is not sufficient to allow him a synopsis of its entire domain, without interfering with his progress in playing. Consider, however, that it is of more importance to develop the pupil as a really musical individual, than to increase the number of piano-virtuosi; for the latter are, next to the bravura singers, the most unmusical people in the world.

A piano virtuoso employs almost all of his time in acquiring the velocity of fingers needed for his immensely difficult and otherwise altogether worthless pieces. He seldom obtains, besides, understanding and judgment, for, by means of exclusive intercourse with a great many trifles, he becomes obtuse and indifferent to the highest in art wherever he meets with it. Such purely technical men are generally the vainest, most shallow and intolerable persons with whom the entire starry sky turns solely around their "turns" and trills. The most sublime thought leaves them cold because it is not expressed in sixty-fourths, and they regard as a hypocrite any one finding delight in so simple music. They have never reflected on the origin of music, its development and connection with other conditions and facts in the field of art; it suffices for them that the piano has been invented; this fully answers their aspirations. I have met with concert-giving virtuosi who have never heard the name of Handel. One of them thinking Handel was a recent composer, remarked on hearing one of his compositions for the first time; "this young man will hardly be successful."

If every body devoting a few hours daily to musical technics, would employ but one half hour in the study of the history of his art, the trifling loss in velocity would amply be remunerated. Our dilettanti should certainly understand how ridiculous it is to "ape" virtuosi, and rather direct their ambition to the scientific part of music.

But whoever wants simply to learn to play a few piano-pieces, should at last refrain from judging and discussing, lest he cut a terribly ludicrous figure.

(To be continued.)

**PERSONAL.**—One of the private visits in which the Prince of Wales indulged, while in Boston, was one to the great piano factory of the Chickering.

The Prince has given several sittings to the artists who are engaged by Government to paint a picture representing the President and himself at the grave of Washington.

## New Instruments.

BY HECTOR BERLIOZ.

### THE OCTO-BASS.

M. Vuillaume, a musical instrument maker of Paris, whose excellent violins are so much esteemed, has just enriched the family of stringed instruments by a fine and powerful member,—the octo-bass.

This instrument is not—as many imagine—the low octave of the double-bass; it is but the low octave of the violoncello. It consequently descends lower—by a third—than the four-stringed double-bass.

The left-hand fingers of the player not being sufficiently long, nor sufficiently strong, to act fitly on the strings (for the octo-bass is of colossal dimension,) Mr. Vuillaume has contrived a set of moveable keys, which, pressing the strings with energy, bring them on to frets placed on the neck of the instrument, for producing the tones and semitones. These keys are moved by levers, which the left hand seizes and draws up and down behind the neck of the instrument: and by seven other pedal-keys, upon which the foot of the player acts.

It suffices to say that the octo-bass cannot execute any rapid succession; and that it must have assigned to it a special part, differing in many respects from the double-bass part. Its compass is an octave and a fifth only.

This instrument has sounds of remarkable power and beauty, full and strong, without roughness. It would be of admirable effect in a large orchestra; and all Festival orchestras, where the number of instrumentalists amount to more than one hundred and fifty, should have at least three.

We shall not here contest the opinion that tends to consider the recent inventions of instrument-makers as fatal to Musical Art. These inventions exercise, in their sphere, the same influence that all marches of civilization exercise; the abuse that may be made of them,—that even which indisputably is made—proves nothing against their value.—*London Musical Times, November 1.*

## The Opera Comique.

ITS RISE AND PROGRESS.

### GRÉTRY.

André Erneste Modeste Grétry was born at Liège on the 11th of February, 1741. His father, who was of noble blood, but poor, had a situation of first violin in the chapel of the cathedral, into which he got his son received, from the age of six, as a chorister. The child had a pretty voice, which he lost as he grew to manhood; his master had forced him to sing during the period that his voice was breaking. This master, who was extremely brutal, declared that little Grétry was incapable of learning music. The father of Grétry did not share this opinion, and withdrew him from the chapel of the collegiate church, in order to confide his education to a more amiable master, named Leclerc, a professor of ability, with whom the child made rapid progress. As he very early showed an aptitude for composition, a professor of learning was given him—the organist of the cathedral. He had also a master of counterpoint, but as soon as he was able to write music with a certain facility, not desiring to push his studies any further, he applied himself to composition. "I had not enough patience to restrict myself to my lessons of composition," said he in his *Essais sur la Musique*; "I had a thousand ideas in my head, and the impulse to make use of them was too strong to be resisted. I composed six symphonies; they were executed in our town with success. He was persuaded that it was indispensable he should go and study in Italy, and for this reason he wrote a mass which obtained for him a place in a college at Rome, founded by the citizens of Liège. He then proceeded to the eternal city, in company with a dealer in relics. He studied there under the guidance of Casali, a celebrated contrapuntist, whose advice he failed to follow with sufficient assiduity. A certain number of essays in vocal music, and several symphonic pieces, brought him so far into prominence that he was intrusted with the task of composing the music for two interludes for the Alberti theatre. An Englishman with a passion for music (*Melomane*) offered him a pension if he would go with him to London, and Grétry was about to start, when an attaché of the French embassy, named Mellon, showed him the opera of *Rose et Colas*. Monsigny's score taught him what our Opéra Comique was, and inspired him with the determination to give the preference to Paris. On his way he passed through Geneva, and there he had played an old piece, *Isabelle et Gertrude*, to which he had written new music, at the same time giving a few lessons to gain a living. It was in Switzerland that Grétry became acquainted with Voltaire, who urged him to

proceed immediately to Paris, which he did. There he made haste to study our language, at the Théâtre Français, where he regularly attended the performances until a libretto should fall into his hands from the skies. He was of a weak constitution, which caused his friends to fear that he would not live long, a prediction which was happily falsified, for Grétry died when he was past 72. After the following fashion did Grimm speak of him:

"Grétry has a gentle and refined countenance, with the rolling eye and pallid air of a man of genius. He is an agreeable companion. He has married a young woman with a pair of very black eyes, which is a strong step for a man with such a chest; but he is in better health since he has married."

Another contemporary, Bachaumont, in his secret memoirs, says, at the date of December 14, 1769:

"It is with sorrow that the lovers of the Italian Theatre, who had conceived the greatest hopes in respect of Grétry, that Pergolese of France, perceive that this composer is on the point of being mown down by the scythe of death in the flower of his age. His chest is attacked, and the kind of life he leads contributes not a little to aggravate his condition. It is admitted pretty well on all hands that he was calculated to operate a revolution in the music of that theatre, the coryphæe of which appear but mediocre persons by the side of this writer."

Such was the great artist whose gradual success I am about to attempt exhibiting to the reader. Grétry had first to surmount the immense difficulty against which beginners so often struggle in vain—finding a libretto. This first herculean labor accomplished, another scarcely less hard to overcome presented itself—to meet with a manager who would consent to produce the work of an unknown composer. Now this is what happened to Grétry. I had previously said that Phillidor had been unable to find him a poem, and for two years all research was vain, but Grétry at last laid his hand on a librettist, who, like himself, was unknown, and who gave him a libretto founded on a tale of Marmontel, *Les Mariages Samnites*, which the Italian theatre refused, the subject being considered too serious for the style to which that establishment was devoted. It was then arranged for the Royal Academy of Music, where it was also refused. An attempt was made to produce it at the Prince de Conti's, but the execution was so bad that it was abandoned. One person alone did not share the general opinion, and this was the Comte de Creutz, the ambassador of the King of Sweden. He invited Grétry to dine with him to meet Marmontel, and placed the two guests side by side. These two men made acquaintance, and the poet, after receiving rather coolly the advances of the composer, was at last won over to him by his witty conversation. Over the dessert he promised him a libretto.

He kept his word, and on the 20th of August, *Le Huron*, by Marmontel and Grétry, was enthusiastically received by the public of the Comédie Italienne. The composer had introduced several pieces from the *Mariages Samnites*. Grimm speaks of the first performance in the following terms, after rendering homage to the good execution of the opera, due principally to Caillot and to M. and Mad. Laruelle:

"M. Grétry is a young man who here makes his first attempt; but this attempt is a masterpiece which, beyond gainsay, raises its author to the highest rank. In all France Phillidor alone could measure weapons with this man. You find in his operas examples of every style."

Not so good a harmonist as Phillidor, and perhaps with less facility than Monsigny, he possessed in a high degree the art of stirring the emotions of the crowd. He had imbibed from the society of men of letters, which he esteemed more than that of his colleagues,\* a correctness of feeling and a degree of truth in translating the thoughts of his collaborators, which had caused Sédaine to say of him, on hearing *Le Huron*, "That's the man I want." They were born one for the other, for although the poet was not much of a literary man, and the composer by no means a profound musician, both had vivid feelings, and possessed the art of communicating their impressions to the public.

After *Le Huron*, Grétry brought out *Lucile* in January, 1769. The words by the good man Anseaume. After the performance the authors were called for: the composer alone was named, the poet desired to remain anonymous. "He is wrong!" cried some one in the pit. This naïve observation must have been singularly flattering to Anseaume, who heard it from the prompter's box, where he was modestly enconced. "This romantic piece" says a contemporary, "exhibited the rare spectacle of an audience

\*It was to him that Voltaire said, with more malice than truth, "You are witty, sir, and yet you are a musician." This, by-the-by, was meant as a hit at J. J. Rousseau, who was well able to return it.

melting into tears. The composer has seconded the poet to a marvel, and violently stirred (*brise*) the hearts of his hearers by *ariettes* full of passion. Every one left weeping and enchanted; so that the piece is looked upon as crowned with the greatest success. It is in this opera that the famous quatuor occurs,

"Où peut-on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?"

*Le Tableau parlant*, of which Anseume also wrote the words, and which was produced on the 20th of September, 1769, placed Grétry completely in the highest place among the usual composers of the Comédie Italienne. This one act, which is still a stock piece, contains some genuine melodies, which rendered Grétry's work popular. All the world knows the duo between Colombine and Pierrot, a little masterpiece of grace and handling.

Grétry produced two operas in 1770, *Sylvain* and *Les deux Avares*. These two pieces met with success, especially the second, played for the first time December 7. The overture was much applauded, being phrased in the manner of a musical dialogue, to use the expression of a critic of that day, who discovered in the score pieces of the most profound workmanship. The comic duo, "Prendre ainsi cet or, ces bijoux," is especially worth mentioning. The following year witnessed the first appearance of *L'Amitié à l'Epreuve*, of which the libretto was by Favart. This piece met with no success; the authors cut it down into one act, and it was performed in this shape in 1776; they then expanded it again into three, adding three new characters, and it was thus transformed that it appeared in 1786.

*Zemire et Azor* was played the first time in November, 1771, at the court theatre, in the palace of Fontainebleau, and the work pleased so much that the illustrious audience demanded a second performance. The piece was in four acts, and Marmontel had written the words. It owed its success to the score. The operas of Rameau had advanced musical education in France previous to its development by Gluck. People were beginning to look at something beyond the words of comic operas; as early as 1768, Bachaumont, who makes no pretensions to musical knowledge, wrote, in speaking of a new piece but little admired, *Le Nouveau Marié*, the words of which were not very good, "The music is by a composer who is little known; and it is known that it is generally under the auspices of the latter that the poem finds acceptance."

*Zemire et Azor* was performed by the Italian actors, that is to say, by the actors of the Comédie Italienne, on the 16th of December. The town did not fully ratify the decree of the Court. However, every justice was rendered to the work, although with less enthusiasm than at Fontainebleau. The authors were called for; Grétry appeared alone, Marmontel thought it incompatible with the dignity of an academician to show himself. The tumult rose to a frightful pitch. The management then sent forward an Italian actor, much in favor, Carlin, who played the Harlequins, and by a few pleasantries he succeeded in turning aside the wrath of the public, who at last withdrew. In this opera clarionets were heard for the first time in the orchestra of the Comédie Italienne.

After *Zemire et Azor*, Grétry wrote several scores which turned out less felicitous. *L'Ami de la Maison* in three acts (1772). The composer had in this piece to contend against a subject somewhat gloomy and cold, but nevertheless acquitted himself with talent by the aid of those simple and touching phrases which sprang up abundantly under his pen, and which were of infallible effect. In short it was still good and genuine music.

*Le Magnifique* followed *L'Ami de la Maison*. Sedaine had taken the subject from La Fontaine's tale, or, perhaps, from Lamoignon's comedy. There are seventeen pieces in this score, which is in three acts. It was coldly received on its first performance (March 4, 1773), but in the course of time the public gave it a better reception. A marvellous valet's song, and the scene of the "Quart d'heure de silence," were especially applauded. Both are little masterpieces of style.

*La Rosière de Salency*, acted on the 28th of February, 1774, was the work in which Mad. Trial drew particular attention to herself. In this opera, the air, "Ma barque légère" deserves mention. *La Rosière de Salency* was played first in four acts, and subsequently reduced to three.

*La Fausse Magie*, in two acts, saw the light on the 1st of February, 1775. The words, the least felicitous of any written by Marmontel, militated considerably against the effect of the work. Among the most pleasing pieces of the score is the duo of *la soixantaine*.

"Quoi, c'est vous qu'elle préfère!"

*Les Fausse Apparences*, better known by its second

title, *L'Amant Jaloux*, was first played before the court in 1778, and produced afterwards in Paris on the 23rd of December the same year. Mad. Dugazon obtained great success in it in the part of Jacinthe. There is a pretty trio for three soprani in this opera; it was one of those which Grétry himself preferred, and in which truth of expression is carried to its furthest limits. In reference to this he says, in his *Essais sur la Musique*, "The part which seems to me to have been most effectively dealt with in the following air, 'Plus de sœur, plus de frère,' is the suspension after these verses:

"Mala si quelque confidente  
Malicieuse, impertinente,  
Cherchait à tromper mon attente—"

The two following notes, played by the orchestra, ascending by semitones, express the face made by Lopez. I might have made him sing these two notes to the exclamation 'oh!' but silence is more eloquent." One sees by this passage with what minute care Grétry scanned the verses he was about to set to music. Like the fox in the fable, regretting in his heart that he was not a profound musician, he compassed the design of making posterity acknowledge that the qualities which shone in him were those which alone deserved to be prized.

After having arranged the music of a burlesque drama, in four acts, entitled *Matroco*, he sought to prevent its production, fearing a failure. Retarded, in the first instance, by the illness of Mad. Trial, the first performance did not take place till 1778. *Les Evénemens Imprevus*, a piece in three acts, of which Hele,\* the author of *L'Amant Jaloux*, had written the words, appeared on the 13th of November, in the year 1779. A few pretty airs obtained for it what is conveniently called a *succès d'estime*. *Aucassin et Nicolette*, in four acts, and in verse, by Sedaine, met with the same fate, despite the talent of Mad. Dugazon, who was, according to contemporary testimony, charming in the part of Nicolette. She was obliged to yield it to another for some time, owing to her health, but she resumed it in 1782, at which period the authors reduced their work to three acts. The pieces which pleased the most were the first air of Nicolette, the duo of the *sentinelles*, and the arietta of the shepherd. It is worthy of remark, that works in four acts have seldom held their ground at the Opera Comique; it has also been found necessary to cut them down into three, ere the public would adopt them completely.

*Colinette à la Cour*, a lyrical comedy in three acts, by Lourdet de Sauterre,† produced the 1st of January, 1782, added little to the glory of Grétry. *L'Embarras des Richesses*, by the same author, was equally wanting in success. The title supplied the wits of the day with an opportunity of making fun at the expense of the author. The following verses were printed about it:

"On donne à l'Opéra  
L'Embarras des Richesses  
Mais il rapportera  
Je crois, fort peu d'espèces.  
Cet opéra comique  
Ne réussira pas.  
Quoique l'auteur lyrique  
Ait fait son embarras,  
Embarras d'intérêt,  
Embarras de paroles,  
Embarras de bullois.  
Embarras dans les rôles;  
Enfin, de toute sorte,  
On ne voit qu'embarras;  
Mais allez à la porte  
Vous n'en trouverez pas."

*La Caravane du Caire*, represented before the court on the 30th of October, 1783, was more favorably received. The overture is one of Grétry's best. A fine chorus "Après un long voyage." *La Caravane* was played in Paris on the 15th of January, in the following year. A somewhat singular incident occurred on the occasion. The quarrel between the Gluckists and the Piccinists was about this time at its highest pitch. The partisans of the Italian composer fancied that they would detect in Grétry's manner a certain relationship with that of Gluck. Both composers proposed to themselves, before all else, to arrive at truth in dramatic expression. The Piccinists formed a league to hiss the new opera. The police put a stop to the frightful uproar occasioned by this cabal, by turning the ringleaders of the riot out of the theatre, and the *Caravane* was allowed to proceed on its prosperous march from performance to performance.

On the 18th of March, 1784, appeared *Theodore et Paulin*, a score in three acts, the words of which were by Desforges. It met with no success, and

\*This Hele, or d'Hèle, was an Englishman. He came to Paris in 1770. Being in a state of great destitution, he was obliged to borrow a few clothes from a friend in order to make a decent appearance in public. He had recourse to the assistance of others for the verses in his operas.

†Lourdet de Sauterre, born in Paris, 1732, died ibidem, 1815.

Grétry withdrew it after the first performance. Regretting, however, the loss of his music, he found a fresh employment for it in *L'Epreuve Villageoise*, two acts, which Desforges had constructed out of an episode in *Theodore et Paulin*. "This *niaiserie*,"\* says Bachaumont, on the 25th of June, 1784, "had yesterday the greatest success as regards the music, which is picturesque, simple and rich, without any display which would be out of place and foreign to the character of the subject." Such, in fact, are the principal merits of this score, which continues, with so many of the composer's works, a stock piece of the Opera Comique and the libretto of which is, indeed, a *niaiserie* of the most pleasant and of the most dramatic description, whatever Bachaumont may have written to the contrary notwithstanding.—*London Musical World*, Oct. 20.

(To be continued.)

\*This untranslatable word is best interpreted by the Shaksperian expression "silly noth."  
†"This silly noth, and dallies with the innocence of love."—*Translator*.

## Musical Correspondence.

AMSTERDAM, OCT. 21, 1860.—When musical students from America choose their residences in Europe for the purpose of study and of enjoyment in their own art, they almost invariably pitch on Leipzig or Berlin. They very rarely go near Vienna, perhaps seldom know what that city offers in comparison with the others. Vienna has a great name in music and musicians. Leipzig has the same; since the death of Mendelssohn and of Schumann no great light has illuminated Leipzig. The new director of the Conservatorium in Leipzig, Reinicke, has an excellent reputation as thorough musician and as composer of much merit. But according to the account that one hears, the Leipzig Conservatorium has been deteriorating for some time. Of course excellent teachers in all branches (except singing) are to be found in both Leipzig and in Berlin; no one can doubt that.

But the presence of such a man as Mendelssohn, very remarkable for his great industry and thoroughness in his art, gave an impulse to all musicians, teachers and students in a city, whether they belong to the Conservatorium or not. Such an advantage none of the cities in Germany or elsewhere can now claim; therefore, let us examine the other advantages of one of them at least.

In Vienna are most excellent and able teachers of harmony and counterpoint, such as Simon Sechter, Johann Ruffnatscha (already mentioned in another letter), Johann Herbeck and many others; on the violin, Josef Hellmesberger, director of the Conservatorium and teacher therein, Professor Böhm, Moritz Kässmayer, and lastly a young man of much talent, Josef König, as well as many not here named; on the violoncello, Heinrich Röber, one of the famous Hellmesberger quartet, which played with Viextemps last winter, Schlesinger, Frits, and also many more; on the horn, Professor Richard Lewy, of the Conservatorium; on the piano, Julius Epstein, a young man of great talent, the first piano-player in Vienna and very much liked as teacher, recommended, too, by Madame Clara Schumann, in preference to any other there, Professor Pirkbert, of the Conservatorium, Dachs, Pacher, Anton Halm, Bagge, editor of the "Deutsche Musikzeitung," Debrois van Bruyck, a composer of much promise and an excellent musician, and again last but by no means least, Johann Ruffnatscha, very excellent in this branch. The Piano professorship of the Conservatorium was, a short time ago, vacant, Droyschok, von Bulow, and Madame Schumann being spoken of as possible or rather probable candidates. Droyschok is said to have the intention of settling in Vienna, as also Liszt since his abandoning Weimar. Rubinstein is at the present time there, having passed the summer in the neighborhood, while working upon his opera. In singing, Vienna is fully supplied with teachers, and if they be not all they should be, it is



because the art of singing is improperly taught almost everywhere. Salvi, (the tenor of some years since in America, I think) has a large singing school which is apparently successful; then Marchesi and his wife have sent forth many good pupils, Ernst Förchgott, a singer of very great understanding and feeling, who has an excellent method, Professor Richard Lewy, said to be excellent in studying opera parts with advanced pupils, as well as many more; it is hardly worth while to make a long list of teachers, and I have only named some of the best in each branch, but any one will believe that Vienna is well stocked with capital instructors in music.

In concerts the Austrian capital offers much, and though the price of tickets is not small, (as indeed it is nowhere in Europe excepting at the coffee concerts), yet a musical student can easily obtain free entrance almost everywhere. Firstly, Josef Hellmesberger gives two series of quartet concerts, one of six and the other of four to six performances, every winter, at which are played quartets, quintets, trios, sonatas for the piano alone or accompanied by violin or violoncello, mostly of the old masters, Mozart and Beethoven predominating, but also several other novelties yearly, of Viennese or German or other composers. Ten years ago last winter Hellmesberger began these concerts, and he has now a room overfilled with the best musical public in Vienna. He has gone steadily on from the earliest works and has by great care and perseverance brought his little band to rendering Beethoven's last quartets in a wonderful manner; the knowledge and appreciation of this kind of music by his audience has grown with the time, and they now give him their heartfelt thanks for his deserts. His quartet is, I fancy, hardly surpassed anywhere at present. The piano music is played by the best Viennese artists and by the great pianists who are by chance in the city; as, for example, Madame Clara Schumann, Rubinstein, Drey-schock, von Bulow, and the like. There are a shorter series of chamber concerts by other still younger artists, as well another series of quartets. Besides all these are innumerable chamber concerts, as for example of the four pianists above mentioned, five or six apiece, of Piatti, the great violoncellist from London; of Servais, also a great violoncellist; of Laub, the first violinist of Berlin; of Vieuxtemps, of Stockholm, the best singer in the world; of young artists in any branch in order to show themselves to the Viennese public, of the well-known established favorites there, of many, many people "for a charitable purpose," where the first players are often to be heard; in short, far more chamber concerts than even the most assiduous and enthusiastic student can hear.

There are four great orchestral concerts given by "The Society of the Friends of Music"; and last year, five (in the coming season, ten) orchestral concerts given by the orchestra of the opera, at all of which the highest order of orchestral music is played. The performances of the last named or Philharmonic Society were really spotless last winter, conducted as they were by Carl Eckert, their director, and playing for themselves as a body. There are three concerts of the "Singverein" and three of the "Singakademie," the former under the direction of Herr Johann Herbeck and the latter of Professor Stegmayer, kapellmeister of the opera, and of Franz Maier, a rising composer. These societies are composed of ladies and gentlemen, and give oratorios, old church music as well as that of the more modern composers. Both societies are about two years old, and have won for themselves much credit for their performances in so short a time, though not yet on a level with the great "Singakademie" at Berlin.

Then Vienna numbers four societies of men; the principal one is still the Männer Gesangverein, under the conduct of Johann Herbeck and Hans Schlager, numbering over two hundred singing members. A second society, treading on the heels of this old

and renowned club, is the "Akademischer Gesangverein," composed of the students of the Vienna University; this society has been exceedingly well drilled and brought before the public by a young lawyer, and has by its fresh voices and fire won great applause. These two and the other like societies gave altogether five or six public concerts yearly and twice as many other performances, to which admission is readily obtained by a musician. Of course their singing is excellent, for nothing else in this comparatively simple line, would be received by the public. In addition to all these concerts are several occasional matters every year; as for instance during the "Schiller Festival" more music than one could bear was to be heard; and something is always turning up.

Of course it is very easy to become a singing member in any or all of these societies, and thus an immense amount of music may be heard and studied, for each society sings once a week. There are two amateur orchestral societies, which also meet every week for practice and give public performances now and then. In addition the Conservatorium gives two concerts yearly of mixed performances, orchestral, vocal and on the various instruments. In the churches the masses of the old masters are continually to be heard; especially in the "Court-chapel" the music is excellent. This is an advantage which Catholic countries enjoy over Protestant countries. Strauss is constantly to be heard and is worth much even for a musician; no one plays the charming dance music as he does or rather as they do, for the brothers, Johann and Josef Strauss, fill their father's place. The military bands must not be passed over, celebrated as they are. And lastly comes the opera, German and Italian.

Take it for all in all, I know of no city that can boast an opera equal to the Viennese. The orchestras of Paris, Munich, Dresden, Berlin, Hanover, (Stuttgart they say), and perhaps London and St. Petersburg, as well that of Vienna and Prague are magnificent, when they like to be, no doubt. But of all these the Kärnthnerthor orchestra at Vienna has, to my mind, the most swing and fire. No city can show voices equal to those assembled in the Austrian capital, excepting London and St. Petersburg, and in those cities one hears an old, monotonous and tiresome repertoire; eternally Italian music interspersed at London with an occasional German opera, very often mutilated, a programme of last season at the Covent Garden; 1st act of Beethoven's "Fidelio" and then Verdi's "Martiri." B-r-r-r! Either one thing or the other and no mutilation. It is true that the repertoire at Vienna leaves much to be wished for, but is improving. An account of the opera singers, as I once began, might be interesting to your readers, including as it would some artists whom America will yet hear. It is said, by the way, that Umann has engaged Mme. Caillag, of Vienna; he has found a card which will do him good service in the next game, if it be true.

Until last year an Italian opera troupe has sung for three months annually at Vienna in the Imperial opera house; thus the public has heard the Italian opera well rendered. The singers have always been excellent; in fact all the great artists of days past and present, have, with few exceptions, sung at Vienna, and this has had a good effect on the vocalization of the German singers there. Last year Salvi engaged a company and brought them out at the "Theater an der Wien," a very handsome and excellent house; what success he had, pecuniarily speaking, I cannot tell you: his prices were too high; his company had some excellent singers, and among them, as said in a former letter, Mme. Emmy La Grus, the singer of the time, par excellence, (in my mind). Her "Norma" was very, very wonderful; and her "Lucrezia Borgia" was again splendid.

Her beauty, her figure, her acting, her singing

thrilled me the whole evening; it was "Grisi's" greatest part, and I had seen her in it during her summer and felt her splendor. But this was beyond it. How well I remember her warning her husband with the words, "O my fourth husband!" It went right through me. She is a great singer, not all by the strength of her voice, but by its beauty and by her great talent and consummate art. She is much finer in German than in Italian opera, because she has more scope, as in the character of "Fidelio," "Donna Anna" in *Don Juan*, "Agathe" in *Der Freischütz*, or "Valentine" in *The Huguenots*. But to return.

The sum of all these concerts, operas, masses, &c., will, I think, satisfy any one; it is a great pity that none of the cheap and good concerts, like Liebig's in Berlin, exist in Vienna; they'll come soon, it is hoped, however. And for teachers, too, I can well answer. Indeed, it would be strange, if the city where Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Schubert lived and strove, could afford but little to musical students. A great many young musicians of much talent in various ways, whom I have not mentioned, are at Vienna; all musicians like to be there, to live there. Schumann desired to reside there, his wife will very possibly reside there now, if she chooses any fixed abode; Liszt is said to be going there, Rubinstein desires the same; and so it goes. Vienna is in many ways a charming city, its inhabitants are very hospitable and kindly to strangers, and have the means of exercising hospitality. They are warmer and livelier than in North Germany as a rule, owing, in a great measure, no doubt, to the mixture of the German with the Southern races. The musicians are very friendly towards foreigners of their own profession. The country in the neighborhood is beautiful for excursions, as, for instance, up the river into the Tyrol and Bohemia, down the river into Hungary, by the Trieste railroad into Styria, Carinthia, Croatia and to beautiful Venice. As for the Austrian police, a long experience enables me to say that I never received anything but great courtesy and kindness from their hands, be it in Austria, Italy, Hungary, Croatia, Bohemia or any other part of the Empire, where as I have acts of great stupidity and cruelty to chronicle against the Prussian, and especially the Saxon, police. A law allowing persons to travel everywhere within the Austrian empire without passports, and putting aside the system of "Cartes de séjour," was made four years ago, and was immediately put in full practice. No one molests or asks after all decently-behaved people in Austria; any one who has a desire to meddle with internal politics, is liable to punishment very justly. One more point, expenses with the present state of Austrian exchange, are nearly on a level with the cheapest cities of Germany. When musical students go abroad, let them weigh the advantages of the different cities, and at least let them devote a space of time to Vienna, that they may reap some of its advantages. Let them seek and meet the Viennese musicians on their own ground and they'll not regret it. J. L.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—The first Philharmonic Concert, which took place last Saturday evening, was neither as full as the latter ones usually are, nor as attractive as some of its predecessors have been. The orchestral pieces, it is true, were very fine, but there was a want of spirit in all the performances, which communicated itself to the audience, and rather chilled it. The *pièce de résistance* was Schumann's Symphony in C, a work admirable for its elaborateness and depth, but not as clear and attractive as might be wished, and rather heavy withal. The Scherzo is decidedly the most pleasing movement. Mendelssohn's "Calm at Sea and Happy Voyage," contains delicious bits of tone-painting, and instrumentation, but is also rather dragging, and hardly equal to the Melusine and Hebrides Over-

tures. A very interesting novelty was presented in the first overture to *Leonore*, written by Beethoven in 1805. All music lovers know that the Master wrote three overtures to his sole opera, before he could satisfy himself. The last was the well known grand one, with the trumpet solo. But this the musicians found entirely too far-fetched and difficult, hence, to satisfy them, he produced still another work, which now is called the Overture to *Fidelio*. It is curious to observe how totally different are all these overtures on the same subject. No. 3 is undisputed by the finest, and a masterpiece in itself, yet this No. 1 is also very beautiful, in construction, melody, and every other respect, and any other than a Beethoven might have been proud of it. Its chief theme is the opening air of Florestan's grand aria, which, in the No. 3, is merely hinted at at the commencement, but here is fully worked up. It was this motive that Schindler used to tell his orchestra to play "religiously" (*fromm*), and it weakens, indeed, the purest, holiest feelings.

Madame SCHROEDER DUMMLER, (with two such names, who can doubt her nationality?) was the single vocalist engaged for this concert. She is understood to be a new prima donna "imported" by Ullmann, and has a pleasing voice and good method, though hardly force enough to fill the Academy. Her first piece was the "Va-dit-elle," from Robert which the reporter of one of our dailies wisely calls "the remonstrance of the Princess," evidently confounding it with "Robert, toi que j'aime." Elizabeth's Prayer, from *Tannhäuser*, showed the lady's voice to advantage in its long-drawn notes, but was entirely inappropriate for this occasion, and out of place outside of the opera, where its slowness and heaviness can alone be relieved by what precedes and follows it. In the instrumental soloist of the evening, the audience greeted our old friend in a new capacity: Mr. NOLL performing *Vieuxtemps'* second Concerto for the violin. His success was far beyond the expectations of those who know how long he has been unused to solo-playing; but nevertheless, this fact was still distinctly apparent. No one doubts Mr. Noll's being an earnest and true musician, but the necessity of turning his talent to account in the most lucrative way, has unfortunately spoiled him for a more refined exercise of it. —t—

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 19, 1860. — On Saturday evening a large audience assembled in the foyer of our Academy of Music, to inaugurate the second season of classical concerts, last year conducted by Messrs. Wolfsohn and Hohnstock, and this year by the first named gentleman and Mr. Theo. Thomas, of New York, Mr. Hohnstock having gone to Europe some months ago; and here let me congratulate Mr. Wolfsohn on his good taste in selecting Mr. Thomas to assist him, a gentleman who is universally acknowledged to be one of the best interpreters of chamber music in the country, and whose fame, in connection with Mr. Mason, of New York, is national, on account of their excellent concerts in that city for a number of years past. The concert opened with Haydn's beautiful quartet (in D minor) which gave the greatest satisfaction, particularly the Andante; the execution was everything that could be desired. Mr. Wolfsohn now made his appearance and gave us a rare treat in Chopin's Polonaise (Eb major). I need not say it was splendidly performed; his reputation as a pianist is too well known to you for that. Being encored, he played one of his own compositions, full of expression; it was very well received. Mr. Thomas came next, playing Schubert's Tarantelle with a vigor and execution unsurpassed. As a leader we had heard him before, in the opera orchestra, and had remarked his perfect coolness and self-possession when the conductor was most nervous and perplexed; and by his bowing they were several times prevented from coming to a dead

halt. With his solo every one was delighted, and for an encore he played a beautiful Reverie by Vieuxtemps. Mendelssohn's Sonata (Op. 45, B major) was the next piece. It was capably rendered by Messrs. Wolfsohn and Schmitz. The closing piece was Schumann's quartet (Op. 47, Eb major). This being much more intricate than any of the other pieces requires several hearings to be appreciated, though it appeared to give much pleasure to a large portion of the audience. Thus ended the first concert, which we sincerely hope may be the precursor of many others equally successful. We must not forget to mention the important services rendered by Messrs. Kammerer, Hassler, and Ch. Schmitz. The latter gentleman, though very young, by close attention and industry, has already won golden opinions from the musical public of our city, and now ranks among the first of our violoncellists. The next concert will take place next month, and judging from Saturday night it will be very crowded. A glorious Quintet of Mendelssohn's is one of the treats on the programme; it alone ought to attract a full house. The success of concerts like these is most delightful, both to the lovers of true art, and to the parties who undertake them; to the former it gives the purest form of enjoyment, and to the latter that encouragement which enables them to meet and overcome the rude shocks of every day life.

#### IL FANATICO PER LA MUSICA.

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 20, 1860. — On Saturday evening last the first classical Soirée of Messrs. WOLFSOHN and THOMAS at the Foyer of the Academy of Music was largely attended by those of our citizens who may fairly be said to represent the higher order of musical sentiment of Philadelphia. The room is beautifully proportioned and decorated, but is imperfect acoustically, this feature being neglected, as the room was probably never intended for musical purposes.

First, we had Haydn's Quartet (in D minor), finely rendered by Messrs. Thomas, Kammerer, Hassler and Schmitz. Mr. Thomas is perhaps the best quartet player in the country, and by his familiarity with leading (which his position as first violin in various opera troupes has given) exercised a finer influence over his companions than Mr. Hohnstock, who seemed less fitted to command.

Next, Chopin's Andante-Spianato Polonaise (Eb major) exquisitely executed by Mr. Wolfsohn, who, being loudly applauded, played a composition of his own. He is a hard student and an excellent teacher, working day and night to perfect himself in his art, and to create in his pupils a love for music above the mere desire to execute superficially for the amusement of the saloon.

Mr. Thomas then played Schubert's Tarantelle, accompanied by Mr. Wolfsohn, with immense success. The concert closed with Mendelssohn's Sonata (Op. 45, B major) and Schumann's Quartet (Op. 47 Eb major). Taken as a whole it was a most delightful and auspicious opening.

The piano used was one of Steinway's. These instruments are now selling largely, the agents finding it difficult to keep a supply commensurate with the demand, a few years since there was but one or two in the city and now you find them everywhere.

Every Saturday afternoon the Germanians under Mr. Sentz give rehearsals which are crowded to overflowing by youths of both sexes, many of the young women (unfortunately for those who go to hear the music) preferring their own lovely voices to the compositions as rendered by the gentlemen on the platform.

Mr. Sentz has just returned from Europe, bringing with him a large collection of new music. Last Saturday for the first time they played Mendelssohn's Adagio 4th Symphony; the beauty of the music and the admirable execution producing a spontaneous en-

core. It is to be hoped Mr. Sentz will repeat it frequently during the season.

There was another soirée last week given by Mr. Bonewitz, an admirable artist. He played Chopin's Scherzo in B flat, the music and the style recalling a delightful evening spent at Mr. Dresel's rooms, the late Mrs. Dwight being present. Mr. Bonewitz is also a composer of merit.

The Opera, with Madame Colson and Signors Brignoli, Ferri and Susini, commences on the 26th. It comes at a bad time, our people being terribly frightened by the agitation of the times. With money at one a half to two per cent per month little heed will be paid to lovely Colson or demonstrative Verdi.

CINCINNATI, NOV. 17, 1860. — The Cecilia Society gave their second concert this season last night. The programme was as follows:

Overture, "Melusine".....Mendelssohn.  
Hymn for Solo and Chorus.....Mozart.  
La Fruite. Piano Solo.....Heller.  
Polish Songs.....Chopin.  
Chorus for female voices, from "La Vestale".....Spontini.  
Marche heroïque. Piano. Four hands.....Franz Schubert.  
Two Four-part Songs for male voices.  
Selections from "Orpheus".....Gluck.

The principal vocal solos were sustained by Miss Fanny Raymond. She made a great impression in the part of *Orpheus*. Her rich contralto voice is just suited for this music. r.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 24, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of the 42d Psalm: "As the Hart Pans." By Mendelssohn.

#### Concerts.

OTTO DRESSEL'S. — Few resident artists could have ventured upon the bold experiment of giving a series of public concerts, relying mainly upon themselves alone, and had the good fortune to meet so large and so cultivated an audience, or to have given such complete satisfaction as was experienced by Mr. DRESSEL's audience on last Saturday evening. The beautiful hall at Chickering's was completely filled by a most appreciative host of listeners, who knew what was in store for them, and were not disappointed in their expectations. The programme, shows a rare variety of composers, and of schools of piano music.

1. Prelude and Fugue for Organ, (A minor,) arranged by Liszt.....J. S. Bach
2. a. Notturmo, (op. 23,).....Schumann  
b. Gondoliers.....Mendelssohn
3. Mazourka, (op. 6, F minor,).....Chopin
3. Recitative and Air: "Deh vieni, non tardar," from Le Nozze di Figaro.....Mozart
4. Bolero.....Ferd. Hiller
5. Adagio from 2d Concerto.....Chopin
6. Songs. a. Supplication, ("Weil auf mir du dunkles Auge,"),.....Robert Franz  
b. Barcarolle.....Schubert
7. Septett.....Hummel  
(The accompaniments arranged for a second piano.)  
Allegro—Scherzo—Andante con Variazioni—Finale.

The brilliancy of the prelude and fugue astonished some young listeners unprepared for such music from an old and dust-covered classic, such as they imagined old Bach, who seemed to them to be in many things not a little in sympathy with the rare trio of modern pianists, who were represented in the next number of the programme. The *Bolero* by Ferd. Hiller is a beautiful and brilliant concert piece, of singular variety of style, reminding one of several very different schools.

Mrs. HARWOOD sang admirably the beautiful songs allotted to her, and was warmly applauded and even encored. Mr. LEONHARD played finely the accompaniments to the piano part of Hummel's Septet,

which is an admirable transcription of this fine work. Mr. Dresel will give his second concert this evening.

The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, always welcome, opened their *twelfth* season, by a very successful concert at the really splendid hall of Messrs. Chickering. It was successful in presenting a very good selection of music in an excellent manner, and by the hall being filled completely. Heaven seems to be propitiated at last, and instead of pouring forth its waters or emptying all Acolus' wind-bag at once, a fair moonlit night favored their concert. And we confess to a real treat. The programme ran as follows:

1. Second Quintette, in B flat, op. 87. . . . . Mendelssohn  
Allegro—Allegretto scherzando—Adagio—Finale, Allegro vivace.
2. Tenth Quartette, in E flat, op. 74. . . . . Beethoven  
Introduzione. Allegro—Adagio—Scherzo, Presto—Finale,  
Tema con variazioni. (First time in Boston.)
3. La Petite Mendiant—Scene chantante, for clarinette  
..... C. Baermann  
Thomas Ryan
4. Piano Quintette, in E flat, op. 44. . . . . R. Schumann  
Allegro—In modo d'una Marcia—Scherzo, Molto Vivace—  
Finale, Allegro non troppo.

The selection was admirable; but if we meant to find fault with this part of the entertainment, we might say that to our taste the Piano Quintette by Schumann ought to have preceded the Beethoven Quartette instead of following it. The Quintette by Mendelssohn in B flat, with its fine Allegro, noble Adagio and strong Finale was a fit and genial opening to a first concert of the season. Mendelssohn interests you more than he moves you. It has been our conviction for a long time, that frequently art takes the place of genius in Mendelssohn's Compositions. They impress us much as an elegant, very well bred gentleman in white kids does, who knows how to repress his feelings at the proper time, so as not to exceed the bounds of good breeding. If the word had not been abused so often, one might call Mendelssohn the gentlemanly artist. But then we have gentlemanly waiters, and a cotemporary lately had the happy idea of calling one of the most elevated men in the walks of science a "gentlemanly professor." But to come back to "our mittens." This Quintette, however, always seemed to us to have more of genial warmth and nerve in it than many compositions by Mendelssohn of the same class, and we were very glad to find this favorite at the head of the programme. Mr. WM. SCHULTZE played well, especially when we take into account, that he was indisposed, and that it must have been hard work for him to play in three classical pieces of chamber music. We therefore refrain from any further criticism on that artists performance.

Beethoven's tenth Quartette in E flat op. 74, dedicated to the Prince of Lobkowitz, was the glory of the evening. Full of the most sweet and moist melodies, warmed up and transfigured into glorious radiance by energetic motives and skilful interweaving of parts, and seasoned and pervaded by surprising, and yet so beautiful harmonic effects, it was a feast in itself. Gleams and sparks of genius shine out every where, reminding one of the azure field of stars, while the tone of the whole affects us like the full moon shedding her golden light over the hushed earth. It is a kindly genial feeling that pervades the whole composition. Even now when his followers have so frequently made use of certain harmonic combinations they strike us in this work as if not heard before. So for instance the succession of two Diminished Seventh chords followed first by the tonic in F major, then, after being repeated, by the Dominant Seventh in B flat major in the early part of the first Allegro movement. And how wonderful are the harmonies of the short "Poco Adagio" Introduction! This too, like a prelude running now in a quiet, then a melancholy vein, and at last rising up

in seven measures by half steps to the opening theme, is full of the touches of genius.

The Allegro (first movement) seems to us a mixture of strong manly fancy and a happy childlike playfulness, though nothing in it reminds one of the Mozart period of his earlier pieces for stringed instruments. It is the serenity of mature age, smiling at its own fancies. It ends after having most fully and satisfactorily treated the two principal themes as strong and manly as it begun. The Adagio in three-eighth time is a series of sweetest variations on a quiet half melancholy theme in A flat. It is more of a fantasia in the form of variations. Our room forbids to quote of the beautiful effects in this movement more than the one, where in the Variation in D flat, the first violin having the theme, the violoncello suddenly rises up to G flat, thus keeping us at a moment in D flat, when we expect quietly to float down into A flat. It has a ravishing effect.

Swiftly, characteristically with the true Beethoven impetuosity sweeps the Presto in C minor along, a Scherzo full of strength and fire, the first movement alternating with a wilder Prestissimo in C major, which takes the place of a Trio. The last movement is a series of Variations on a simple theme in two parts. Of this movement likewise we have to restrict ourself from speaking at length, merely noticing one most agreeable surprise in the gently waving sixth Variation, where the composer in the second part passes in an instant from D flat major back to E flat major, which he had attained by a similar slight harmonic change, an effect of most unexpected refreshing sweetness. It closes with a short unisono statement of the theme in variation, in the best of humor and a manly fullness of strength.

The work is surely one of the most important of Beethoven's works for stringed instruments, of the period of his full manhood. It seemed to electrify the audience, and was received accordingly. We hope the Club will let us soon hear it again, to strengthen our impressions and to become familiar with this genial work. It left a feeling of perfect satisfaction which we fain would soon enjoy again. The Piano Quintette by Schumann in E flat, op. 44, suffered somewhat from being heard after the Beethoven Quatuor, though it is full of grand and noble thought, treated in that thorough and satisfactory form, which seems to have descended from Bach to Schumann. The melodies are almost constantly rendered in a polyphonic treatment, which gives a peculiar flavor to everything that Schumann writes. Even his little pieces in the Album are full of this inward life. We will not speak of this Quintette at all, only expressing the wish of a repetition of it, some time this season. Mr. PARKER played his part with much earnestness, though some places might have improved by somewhat more strength and fire. Still the whole left us in a very elevated mood, and we confess to having been edified by it. The title "Scena" for clarinette was pleasing enough, but was lost in the wealth of strong and grand imagination filling and lighting up the two compositions between which it was placed. Mr. Ryan played it with his usual good tact.

There is a new member of the Club, Mr. FREDERIC ZÖHLER, who in the Quintette by Mendelssohn, showed a good deal of energy and skill in handling his instrument. We are sorry to miss Mr. KREBS, the more so, as we hear that an unsatisfactory state of health is the cause of his leaving the Club, which he has graced so long by his ability. Messrs. WULF FRIES and MEISEL played with their accustomed skill.

We look forward with a lively anticipation of pleasure to the second concert of the Club, which will take place Tuesday, December 4th, and hope they will give us as splendid a selection as this time.

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THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY during this past week, invited a number of gentlemen to meet and consult with the Government of the Society, as to the best means of securing the success of a series of orchestral concerts. The matter was fully discussed at the meeting, and a committee was chosen to consider the matter more fully, viz: Col. T. E. Chickering, Dr. J. B. Upham, Dr. George Derby, J. H. Marsh, Esq., and Henry Ware, Esq. The prospect is that an opportunity will speedily be offered to the musical public of this vicinity for subscribing to a series of six concerts of the first class, with a long series of rehearsals, both at a price lower than has been thought possible for many years. It is absolutely necessary however that a sufficient number of tickets be subscribed for *at once* to ensure the undertaking. An admirable series of concerts will be given at the lowest possible rates of admission, so that crowded houses are imperatively necessary either to start them, or to carry them on. We presume that full particulars will be given in a few days.

### The First Orchestral Concert of the Season

Will be given on Monday, December 3, at the Music Hall, at 3 o'clock, P. M. It is a benefit concert, and will present to the public a choice selection of good music. An orchestra of forty-four artists will perform the grand Jupiter Symphony of Mozart, in itself half a concert. In addition to it the Allegretto from the 8th Symphony by Beethoven is to be played, that genial, lovely gem, which has been a favorite with our Boston public for years. And besides these two, the Overture to "Oberon," by Weber, and the Wedding March from Mendelssohn's music to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," will form part of the programme. If we take into account the fact, that the Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. ZERRAHN, have not been heard this season, this opportunity to hear so large an orchestra play those beautiful pieces should be a sufficient inducement to fill the hall.

But the programme presents other attractions, so rarely found together, that the concert promises to be of unusual interest. Mrs. HARWOOD, deservedly the favorite Boston Prima Donna, is to sing, as appears from the programme, the "Barcarolle" which pleased so much at Mr. Otto Dresel's first soirée. Messrs. DRESEL, LANG, LEONHARD and PARKER will perform two of their pieces for eight hands, "Les Contrastes," by Moscheles and the sparkling "Invitation à la Valse" by Weber in Mr. Otto Dresel's arrangement, on two of Messrs. Chickering's Grand Pianos. Mr. WM. SCHULTZE will play a Solo on the Violin and the Orpheus Musical Association will sing some of their four-part songs for the rendering of which they are so justly famous.

We do not think any of the concerts since the benefit concert for Mr. Trenkle presented so many attractions. And if the public are as generous as the artists, who have all volunteered their aid for the benefit of the German-English school in this city, the concert will be as well attended as it deserves to be, promising so much that is excellent and a combination of artists as we seldom find united.

It has the additional merit of being the harbinger of more orchestral concerts, the Philharmonic society having taken steps to secure a series of six concerts, with rehearsals on Wednesday afternoons.

Let it therefore be well attended. See advertisement in another column.

Walter Savage Landor has occupied himself for a long time past in putting his complete writings in order for the press. His entire works, corrected and enlarged, as they may be, he has put into the hands of Mr. Fields, the Boston publisher, selecting him as his final editor.—N. O. Picayune.

Meyerbeer is preparing a melo-dramatic version of Henry Blaze de Bury's five-act play, *La Jeunesse de Goethe*, for a speedy performance in Paris.

(From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

**A Soiree Musicale in Bethlehem.**

My thoughts were rapidly flowing into a misty reverie, suggested by the ghostly appearance of a group of orchard trees whose white-washed trunks, seen vaguely in the gathering shades of eve, and presenting a variety of fanciful shapes, seemed like a band of sprites starting Lehigh Mountainward for a nocturnal revel *a la diable*: indeed Heine's vivid pictures of the Hartz Gebirgen were swimming through my mental vision, when the cars halted amid a number of unsightly coal trains and much confused shuffling in front of the Bethlehem station. Awaunt now, all ye goblins, witches, elves, and cloven feet of the Brocken! There are familiar faces before me and old memories banish ye all, even as the morning sunshine dissolves the gray, phantom mists of the night; nor can I longer liken the roundly-washed stones on the banks of the romantic Lehigh, to the play-balls which evil spirits cast at each other on the Walpurgis night, when I attain the opposite side of the bridge and espy the obese toll taker. He used to be sexton of the church in my day, and I can see him now handing around coffee and cake in the love-feasts which were wont to gladden my young heart in days lang syne. The town seems somnolent now, as you pace its hilly streets; and the mountains in the distance, stripped of the garb which rendered them so beauteous to summer tourists, and furnished the subject of many rhapsodical letters in the press, look brown and cheerless as Bayard Taylor's pictures of the hillocks about Kautokeino, in Lapland. That scene of summer fashion, beauty, gaiety and refinement, the *Sun Hotel* stands upon its site "like some banquet hall deserted"—nothing there to remind the casual visitor of its midsummer glory, save, perchance, the smiling countenance of its proprietor, Mr. Leibert, or the active attendance of the well-known "Sam." At the supper table there are the regular boarders of the establishment; a New York drummer for the jewelry business; several Eastonians out for a pleasure ride; a lugubrious individual predicting the direct disasters to our happy Columbia—and finally, a classically chiseled profile surmounting a handsome evening dress. "That," whispers my *vis-à-vis*, "is Miss K—y, of New Orleans, a charming pianiste."

The man emphasized the word *charming* with a glad expression of face, which showed how much the presence of the accomplished Southerner in their midst is appreciated by the habitués of the hostelry. Wallace, Strakosch, Gottschalk, Thalberg—all have borne graceful testimony to the talents and art-enthusiasm of the young lady in question. She has left for the nonce the busy and distracting scenes of metropolitan life, for a more uninterrupted pursuit of her studies, among a people whose ideas and appreciation of music have claimed the admiration of the world. Mr. Bleck, the *Dorforganist* of many years standing, is now piloting the young Southern pianiste through the intricacies of harmony and counterpoint—well pleased, as he informed me, with the application and progress of his pupil.

Supper finished, a leisure stroll brought me to the house of a much valued friend, R—, just returned from a pleasure tour in Europe—a man of great intelligence, fine musical endowments and scientific attainments. How his expressive eyes fairly glistened as he dilated upon the *Euryanthe* of Weber, which he had seen in Dresden, with a completeness in detail that was wonderful, or glowed with enthusiasm in relating his impressions of the sublimity of Beethoven's mass in D, whose heavenly measures pealed over the gallery of the Stephan Kirche in Vienna. Such a narrator carries the listener bodily into the scenes under description. When the conversation changes, you come back to America from London, Rotterdam, Utrecht, Dresden, Vienna, or Berlin, as the case may be, with the most vivid impressions.

But the chief object of my hurried visit to Bethlehem was yet to be accomplished, viz: to hear Mad. Dressel, a new musical arrival, who is creating an immense sensation among the "gude folk" of this latitude. L—, the kind improvisator of the soiree I am about to describe, had excited my curiosity to a towering pitch by his confident assertion of her great vocal powers—the more that my trust in the correctness of his judgment has long since been fully estab-

lished. Madame Dressel is a Russian by birth, and comes to Bethlehem to take charge of the music department of the Moravian Female Seminary there, at the recommendation of such men as Richard Wagner, the great apostle and originator of the *Zukunft's Musik*, Blumenthal, the pianist, and others to whom an agent of the school in the Vaterland applied for advice. Her manners are essentially French—lively, sprightly, and full of *bonhomie*: and she is making laudable efforts to master sufficient of English towards a complete understanding with her pupils. For some years attached to the opera in Dresden, the reminiscences of this phase in her artistic career have constant possession of her. Thus, the expression of her features and the dramatic appreciation of each morceau, shows that when she vocalizes an air of *Fidelio*, the *Pizzaros*, *Juquinos*, *Marcellinas*, *Leonoras* and *Florestans* of other days are fitting before her mental vision. She opened the soiree with a superb achievement of the famous aria from *Der Freischütz*—"Wie nahte mir der Schlummer," and indeed, furnished such a rendition, as, in its occasional outbursts of intensity and alternate subsidence into the more peaceful measures, managed with consummate vocal control, must have elicited the bravos of any audience in front of the footlights. Her voice is a pure soprano of great power and of adequate compass to the performance of almost any rôle in the classic or modern *repertoires*; while her familiarity with all standard operas is something to excite astonishment. I heard her sing the above mentioned aria from the Freyschütz, the C minor air of Marcellina in *Fidelio*; she gave us intensely dramatic renderings of several *Leonora* solos from the same work; bore her share in the beauteous four-part canon "*Mir ist so wunderbar*," interpreted for us a detached aria of Beethoven's—"*Ah! perfido*, (*Ha! Treuloser*.) with the most intelligent appreciation and expression; she accomplished all these without a recourse to the score, her capacious memory carefully treasuring them as the most precious sources of enjoyment to her. I verily believe she knows the whole of *Fidelio*, *Freischütz*, *Euryanthe*, *Preciosa*, and all the languishing haubles of the Italian school to boot, fully as familiarly as others know the English alphabet. She adores Beethoven, and talks understandingly of Wagner, whom she knows intimately, tolerates Bellini, whose *Casta Diva* is one of her sources of triumph, but is semi-facetious about other Italian operas. I have been thus particular in my description of this great acquisition to the cause of music in our country, not by way of advance puffing for a public appearance (she has not the slightest intention of it), but because I know the interest taken by the BULLETIN and its thousands of readers in the cause of good music; and if this be not an item worth recording,—the arrival of an *artiste* such as I have portrayed, why, I must have watched the progress of music in our communities to no purpose—that's all! Does not each important accession to the ranks of art leaders, such as this, multiply the chance of an ultimate national taste which shall improve the social circles of our vast population, and eventually furnish us with native performers, singers and composers, even as Germany and other lands teem with those whose services in art add lustre to their national status among nations?

There were other features at this pleasant Bethlehem soiree worthy of mention. A young Fräulein, G—n, performed Litolf's *Spann-tied* with much grace and accuracy of execution. Another, Miss B—h, bravely took the alto in the four-part canon from *Fidelio*, at sight, and came off creditably, while a basso, attacked with much confidence his own part in the same morceau. Mr. R—, who accompanied for the most part, displayed the most intimate knowledge and appreciation of all the composers whose compositions constituted the informal programme of this agreeable evening. Years ago, this able musician led the Bethlehem Philharmonic Society, in the heyday of its success and enthusiasm. I can see him now at his *pult*, checking the rashness of a clarinet in some peaceful *andante*, or frowning authoritatively at a certain youth whose excruciating *viola* intonations must have harrowed his sensitive ear. Ah me! the glory of the Philharmonic has disappeared before the progressive mania of these latter days, which incites the rising generation of the once peaceful village to essay its fortunes in the great world round about, or imbues them with home speculations and business strivings, totally antagonistic to a proper fostering of noble idealism. The old Philharmonic belongs to the past history of Bethlehem; but there still remain individual performers, and a general taste so pure, together with so much of correct theoretic appreciation, as may yet entitle Bethlehem to the proud name of the "most musical inland town in the United States."

Phila., Nov. 16, 1860.

PROF. V. GATES.

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A fine song; the words by J. S. Adams. This song will be found appropriate for the exercises of spiritualistic denomination, for which there is a great want of suitable music.

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Two of the prettiest late English ballads, already extensively known, adapted with an accompaniment for the guitar.

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This is a series of manual exercises which this highly esteemed instructress of the pianoforte has been using with her pupils for a number of years. This work will make itself indispensable wherever it becomes known. It combines what is most useful in Schmitt's Best Companion, Czerny's, Hara's and Knorr's Scales, and other similar works.

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A pretty march, rather easy, introducing the air of a favorite ballad of the author, Katie of Babble Brook.

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Written for class exhibitions. The piece is suited to the abilities of young players. Either arrangement is complete in itself but all these may be performed together, making six performers on three pianos.

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ROMBERG'S VIOLONCELLO SCHOOL. A complete Theoretical and Practical School for the Violoncello, with Illustrations. By Bernard Romberg. 2,50

This is a standard work by one who is a complete master of the instrument. It is reprinted from the most recent European copy, and having passed through a careful revision in all its parts can be recommended as the most thorough and useful course of study on the violoncello obtainable.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 452.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 1, 1860.

VOL. XVIII. No. 9.

## Italy.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

### I.

Across the sea I heard the groans  
Of nations in the intervals  
Of wind and wave. Their blood and bones  
Cried out in torture, crushed by thrones,  
And sucked by priestly cannibals.

### II.

I dreamed of freedom slowly gained  
By martyr meekness, patience, faith.  
And lo! an athlete grimly stained,  
With corded muscles battle-strained,  
Shouting it from the fields of death!

### III.

I turn me, awe-struck, from the sight,  
Among the shouting thousands mute,  
I only know that God is right,  
And that the children of the light  
Shall tread the darkness under foot.

### IV.

I know the pent fire heaves its crust,  
That sultry skies the bolt will form  
To smite them clear; that Nature must  
The balance of her powers adjust  
Though with the earthquake and the storm.

### V.

And who am I whose prayers would stay  
The solemn recompense of time,  
And lengthen slavery's evil day  
That outraged Justice may not lay  
Its hand upon the sword of crime!

### VI.

God reigns, and let the earth rejoice!  
I bow before his sterner plan.  
Dumb are the organs of my choice;  
He speaks in battle's stormy voice,  
His praise is in the wrath of man!

—Independent.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Johanna Kinkel's Eight Letters to a Friend.

ON INSTRUCTION ON THE PIANO.

(Translated by WM. GRAUERT, A. M.)

### VII.

Historical study of music without any musical knowledge is next to impossible. Even the simple piano player can hardly do without thoroughness, and no teacher should practice a piece with an advanced pupil, the inner structure of which he does not know. He who knows nothing of chords, plays the notes like a child having learnt by heart a Latin poem without knowing its meaning. Let me give another analogy; a painter who did not study anatomy, will never paint the human body with as much expression as another who knows exactly what muscle moves beneath the skin. You can perceive by the very arrangement of the folds, whether the painter has observed only the surface of his subject. Just so you will perceive from the player's performance, whether or not he is conscious of the skeleton of the composition.

There are, indeed, great talents whose musical

derivatory gift leads them without knowledge on their part, to a further goal than that reached by others less gifted, notwithstanding their knowledge; but that does not do away with my assertion: for what could the former obtain with their knowledge? and what would the latter have remained *without* it?

A dilettante able to overcome the difficulties of the easier Sonatas of Mozart ought to understand enough of thoroughbase to be also able to improvise a prelude or an accompaniment to a little song and to transpose it into any key. This is surely not asking much; but still, how much more valuable would this capacity be than the most perfect performance of a difficult piano concert?

The thoroughbase studies, as I consider them, adapted to the wants of young girls who can devote but little time to music as only a part of their general education, should, of course, not be arranged so as to remain only on the paper and to obtain after immense writing the result of an exceedingly dry attempt at composition. Each newly won chord is to be applied to the piano and to be recognized wherever it occurs in the compositions of others. This stimulates the desire of knowing more about it; the pleasure and interest in music will grow with every newly conquered step. How reverently does the pupil look up to the enigmas in the richer artistic creations, whose grandeur he now begins to perceive, when his Ariadne-thread suffices no longer to penetrate into their labyrinthine depths; and how, in his eyes, all the shallow and merely external sinks to the ground, when he understands the poor stuff out of which the prestige was made! It is already gaining a point, when the pupil feels that there is a work beyond his horizon not to be touched by his judgment, or that he likes some other work because it pleases the ear, but comprehends that it is worthless. If he is conscious that he was pleased by something dull and alien to the sublime, he will no longer torment the artist with his own silly talk on the art.

Anything mathematical appears peculiarly difficult to female nature; for this reason most pupils will and do grow weary when thoroughbase brings them to the inverted counterpoint, the principle of which male students conceive so readily. We must make extremely slow headway and be as patient as with a child's first attempts at speaking.

Let me describe to you my method of impressing on young girls the system of related keys quickly and easily. A rigorist may scoff at it; but as in numberless cases it has turned out to be more practical than the system used in books hitherto, experience will speak in my favor.

First I make a table (on music paper) of twelve systems in which, following the quint-circle, each key (scale) is written, so that C major commences above and F sharp major is on the seventh line changed into G flat major, F major concluding the lowest line.

Then I place the triad upon the first and fifth (tonic and dominant) observing, at the same

time, that this triad's intervals were already contained in the scale; above them I write the names of tonic and dominant. Thus they get down the whole length of the table, a synopsis of the important dominant-chord on the 5th step of each key. They are now to compose little pieces in which only these two chords alternate; there is no possibility of error; for there will always be a satisfactory 'tune,' if the tonic is the beginning and the end. They may, for variation's sake, extend them to wide and narrow arpeggios; all they are forbidden is a progression of the upper and lower part in fifths and octaves. They must not be allowed to step further before they are well informed in this matter. Even the most careless pupil will easily perceive that the simplest way is to descend with the right hand when the left ascends, and vice versa, or to make a small step with the one hand, if the other makes a large step.

Thus the pupil may soon become acquainted with a third chord, viz. the triad on the sub-dominant (fourth step of the scale); it may, also, be easily found (4th above or 5th below the line). The left hand should not touch (in these exercises) any other tone besides the fundamental base, at least not till all the relative keys of the table have been gone through with. Any inversions confuse the pupils, before they have become firmly impressed with all triads in their primitive natural form with their respective *positions*. If they cannot hit upon any further form, in order to construct a little phrase out of those three chords, the teacher must assist him and point out some new form within the scope of these chords.

Most of the people's songs may be accompanied with these three chords; nay, if you add a minor chord, you will have almost sufficient material from which to make an entire Italian Opera.

The next chord to be added to the number of the triad on the sixth step of the scale, to which you give the name of parallel key, by which name the pupils know it since they first learned the scale on the piano. This chord again finds its place anywhere and forms between each of the preceding strict and major triads a soft reconciling element. If you want to advance rapidly, the pupils must apply the old figures again as they have become more varied by the accession of the minor key.

You may, in this wise, quietly continue the application of each new chord to all keys excluding, with all the pupils free scope, the progressions of upper and lower voices in fifths and octaves, as mentioned above. After the parallel key you may best insert the minor triad on the second step of the scale, and conclude with the most difficult triad, that on the third step (mediant). Point out to the pupil that this chord may best be applied after the dominant to which it bears the greatest affinity.

This course being finished—and it may be finished in a month with a pupil of ordinary musical ear—she will of herself not make any more progressions of fifths and octaves.

If you teach her in addition to apply and resolve the chief chord of the Seventh, she can help herself for all wants of a dilettante. If she feels like going on, add to the table the inversions of the chords and their application, which you cannot accomplish, however, without written exercises. The next step to thoroughbase is thus made; all chords, modulations, &c. come now in their respective order; but the "dilettante" woman has no time for them; and even if she learned them, they would be of no use to her, unless she had creative power. You may, finally teach to very judicious pupils, the different kinds of chords of the Seventh.

This will suffice to render the complete theory an irrepressible want for pupils of great talent. But the teacher should not forget that marrying cuts off considerably any learning of women. This regard should of itself induce him to arrange definite steps for lady dilettante upon which they can so inform themselves that they will not need to unlearn *that* in the course of their lives.

(To be concluded.)

**Dinorah,**  
OR  
**THE SAINT'S-DAY OF PLOERMEL.**  
CHAPTER I.

Come with us, reader, to Brittany, land of gnome, dwarf, brownie, fairy, sprite and goblin; land of imagination and superstition, and stronghold of legendary lore!

The evening sun is setting, and, as it sinks far away westward, cradled in a mass of rugged, fantastic shaped clouds, purple and golden, its last rays linger on a wild stretch of broken moorland country.

Goatherds and peasants are wending their homeward way across the moor, and, as they gain the many paths which intersect the plain, they break up into knots, each selecting the shortest road to the welcome homestead.

The scene is truly pastoral; the moor scented, in the evening air, with thyme, broom and heather; the long, yellow haired goatherd and peasant, dressed in the simple and primitive habits of a remote and thoroughly rural province; the white and grey flocks answering the call of the herdsman and congregating together, from height and hollow; the deep-tolling bell from the chapel on the hill-side, mingling with the shrill, tinkling carillon of goat and sheep-bells—all to combine a picture of Arcadian simplicity.

While the peasants are taking leave of each other—a farewell rendered short and impatient by the fast coming gloom, and a remembrance of the weird inhabitants of the haunted glen, away in the distance—a strange figure crosses the moor. It is that of a young Breton maiden, beautiful of face, despite the mass of thick, unkempt hair which flows about it in matted confusion; graceful of form, notwithstanding the mass of tawdry, torn finery that envelopes her person. The wreath, the scarf, that coral necklace, the bridal hues of the once gay dress, the bridal bouquet so firmly clenched in her hand—all denote that this poor creature is some crazed being, whose wits have gone with that marriage-day disappointment!

A large white goat flies before her; and presently, exhausted by her efforts to catch it, she falls upon the moor, exclaiming—

"Marie, Marie! pretty playmate, I am weary of seeking for thee."

The peasants, observing her, whisper to each other—

"Alas! there's the poor mad girl again! Always seeking for her lost goat!"

"Marie! Marie!" continues the crazed girl; but the goat heeds not the call. One of those rapid transitions which accompany wandering reason succeeds, and the girl rises on one knee and rocks herself to and fro. "They say we are both crazed, Marie; but we know well how untrue it is! Our wild life is better than all their gladness!" Again she changes her attitude; and now she clasps her hands to her bosom, as though an infant were cradled in her arms. "Sleep, my darling," she cries, swaying forwards and backwards, "Sleep, darling! Nought can harm thee now! Am I not watching over thee? Hark to your cradle song—the brook chasing through the leafy glade! But, see! The wolf, in the dark, would creep upon us!"

And, full of wild fear, she springs to her feet, and flies, with the speed of the frightened hind, over the moor, away into the gloom!

The night has now fallen. The moor is deserted; and no sound can be heard save the wind, which sweeps across it, wailing for the departed sun.

Far away, across the dark plain, a light can be descried. Let us hasten towards it. We stop at a rude cabin, the door of which a man is hastily unfastening. On entering, he deposits a rude piece of musical apparatus, in the shape of a Breton bagpipe, on the rough bench beside the almost consumed logs, which, now and again, crackle upon the hearth. Having kindled the wood into a flame, by throwing fresh logs upon the hearth, the man wipes from his forehead a quantity of cold perspiration, and breaks into a soliloquy.

"Well, here I am—safe at home again! Witches and will-o'-the-wisps, Corentin, the wandering bag-pipe player laughs at you! Catch me staying abroad after dark, piping the soul out of my body for a couple of crowns, as Martin had the face to ask me to do, merely because he has got married, and because he and his bride want a dance! Catch me crossing the moor after nightfall! Catch me passing the end of the lane that leads to the demon's glen. I dare say she's sitting there now—the wild woman of the wood, who goes about dressed as gaily as Martin's wife was this morning. If she happens to take a fancy to a young man, and if he happens to say a civil word to her—twist goes his neck, and off she sets to catch some fresh victim! The very thought of it makes my flesh creep! Confound those logs, why won't they burn?"

The hut was almost in darkness, and the superstitious musician quickly struck a light, from flint and steel, and lit a lamp. Scarcely had he deposited the lamp on the rude bench which served for a table, when he started back in terror.

"Bah! It's only my own shadow on the wall," he said, reassured. "I thought it was my grand father, come back again to see how I was keeping the old place in order, and what I was doing with the money bags he hid away so cunningly! Plague take this lamp. One sees more shadows with it than without it."

The musician now went towards a rough chest, which was placed endwise in the corner, and began to search within it.

"Which way is the bread? Oh! here it is!"

Having secured a large roll of bread, Corentin returned to the chimney, and brought out, from among the dying wood-ashes, a small pan.

"I wonder if the soup has kept hot?" he began, as he lifted the lid and peered into the pot. Evidently satisfied with his investigation, he sat down, placed the pan between his knees, and commenced breaking the bread into it.

"Eating is as good as company—especially when one doesn't happen to be fond of one's own! Eating gives a man courage, too—especially if he does not have a supply to begin with. Well—I know I am not as bold as a trooper; but is it my fault? A man, after all, is only such as he is born; and who can help that? Nature makes —"

The wind had blown the crazy window open, and he had put a sudden stop to the philosophical musings of Corentin, who sprang up in alarm, crying, "Holy mother! What is that? Ah it's only the wind!" he said, shutting the window. "My grandfather's bagpipes might have afforded shutters, I beg to say, ere he left this tumble-down place to anybody. Well, as soon as I have ferreted out all that the old man may have left in nooks and corners, I'll bid adieu to this rotten old place, and—Eh! there's another noise—a footstep! No there is not! The best thing I can do is to make a noise myself. When one can't hear anything, there's nothing to be heard; and if fear takes away a fellow's courage and appetite, music, on the other hand, makes him bold and hungry!" With these words the musician equipped himself with his bagpipes, and soon drowned the sighing of the rising wind with his discordant din. Unfortunately for Corentin, his lamp, which, like music, was necessary to maintain his courage, suddenly went out; and, at the same instant, the terror-stricken bagpiper saw, by the flickering light from the logs, the door of his cabin pushed open, and the wild woman enter.

Corentin had hardly strength enough to cross himself, and to gasp out, "Oh! oh! Who—who are you?"

The wild woman seemed regardless of the terror-stricken youth for a moment; but presently she burst out into a song—

"Tune up thy pipes to a ditty gay;  
Play away,  
And never stay,  
My merry neighbor,  
What shall I give thee, piper, pray?  
Why—a kiss, for thy labor!"

Impelled by some unknown power, Corentin could not help obeying the strange command.

"It is the Queen of the Glen," he muttered to himself. "I am lost!" The wild woman continued her song—

"Go on! go on! go on!  
At thy peril something gay,  
At thy peril, piper, play!  
Though to-morrow we shall marry,  
I will have my tune to-night!"

Then suddenly changing her mood, the Wild Woman of the Glen, as Corentin called her, but who was in reality the poor mad girl we have seen chasing her goat over the moor, caught the musician by the hand. "Give me thy hand to dance with me," she said, and immediately resumed her strange ditty—

"Here's my hand: so advance  
Through the maze of the dance.  
We are gone ere they find us!"

And so lightly we pass  
O'er the dew on the grass,  
No trace is behind us!"

"I will not, I will not," cried Corentin, crossing himself fervently. "Avaunt, witch."

At this moment a loud noise was heard outside. Some one was impatiently battering upon the door. The wild woman ceased her song, flew to the window, opened it, and fled into the night.

"Halloa, Grandfather Martin," shouted the impatient visitor on the outside. "What, Grandfather Martin. Open, I say."

"Heaven defend me," cried Corentin, creeping behind a chair. "Some one asking for Grandfather Martin, and it's almost midnight."

Tired with shouting, the visitor forced open the door with a succession of lusty kicks.

"Help. Get thee hence, Satan," cried the cowardly and superstitious Corentin.

"Come out, idiot," said the visitor, dragging Corentin from his retreat. "What do you take me for, ninny?"

"Well, if you are not he, who are you?"

"Who am I? An old friend of Grandfather Martin's. Where is he?"

"Out at present. Out, I assure you."

"Out. Where? I'll go and find him. Where is he?"

"Perhaps you know already. He's perhaps up there—perhaps down there. How do I know? 'Tis three weeks since we buried him."

A cloud passed over the stranger's face as he heard this.

"Buried, and I counted on the old man's help!" he muttered to himself. "Buried him," he repeated, resuming his former expression. "And you are his heir and successor, eh?"

"If four tumble-down walls make a property, I am an heir," replied Corentin. "What else did my grandfather die worth? Sir," he continued with a bow, "I am too poor to keep up all his acquaintances."

"Poor. What has become of the bags full of crowns old Martin made by playing on his pipes?"

It was not from fear of an unearthly visitor that Corentin's legs shook this time. "I shall be robbed and murdered," he groaned inwardly. "Sir," he began in an insinuating voice, "how shocking it is of people to spread such ill-natured reports. Good evening to you, sir."

"What, turn an old friend of your grandfather's away, would you? Do you think me the Evil One they say he was in league with? Well, if you were more hospitable, it would be better for you. A few thousand crowns, perhaps. 'Tis a pity."

"Sir, did you say a few thousand crowns? What do you mean, sir?"

"Nothing."

"Thousands of crowns nothing to a beggar like me."

The stranger seemed to hold Corentin in too great contempt to answer. But, as he turned his face towards the dying embers on the hearth, the knitted brows and quickly moving lips told that deep thoughts were present in his brain.

"There may be something made of this poltroon after all," he muttered to himself. Then, turning to Corentin, he said aloud, "Thousands of crowns, and something more. But never mind; finish your supper, empty your bottle, go to bed, and dream you are married to the Wild Woman of the Glen."

"Sir," said Corentin, "I see you are a worthy person. Would you not eat a bit for company's sake? As to the bottle of wine, I have none to offer."

"Well, I have walked far. Do you know a crown when you see it? There," said the stranger, handing the coin to Corentin. "Fat Paul's tavern is not far off. Go, fetch a bottle of wine, and let it be good stuff."

Corentin's hand clutched the crown greedily.

"Suppose, sir," he said, in a half whining tone—"suppose Paul can't give change?"

"What's change to a thirsty man with his thousands of crowns to fling away? Be off, my brave fellow. I am dying for a drink."

No sooner had the door closed on Corentin than the stranger gave vent to these words—

"The scheme will do. The fish jumps at the bait. His avarice will make him forget his fears, and the wine will do the rest. So old Martin is dead? And so it is his grandson—a precious miser like himself—who shall be the first man that touches the treasure. Is he worth being sorry for? Oh, Dinorah, if I long for this treasure, I want it only for thee; and if some one's life must pay for it, better his than mine. Come what will, however, this night shall decide my fate. Ah, there you are, lad," said he, looking up and addressing Corentin who had entered with the bottle of wine. "Come sit down and let us drink. Come, let us make each other's acquaintance."

What is your name?"

"Corentin, travelling bagpipe player."

"Good; well mine is Hoël."

"Hoël!"

"Yes, good sir."

"Did you fancy the wine was never coming? But Paul's tavern was so full. 'Tis the eve of our Saint's-day."

"Ah, the Saint's day of Ploermel to-morrow, is it?"

"Yes; and the grandest Saint's-day in all Brittany," said Corentin, depositing the bottle upon the table, and placing the change out of the stranger's reach.

"Ah," replied Hoël, with a sigh. "I know something about that day already. Perhaps you may have heard of such a place over yonder, as the Willow Farm?"

"The Willow Farm," repeated Corentin, as he arranged the table. "Perhaps he will not ask for his change," he muttered. "Yes; as you were saying—the Willow Farm," he said aloud.

"Yes; the farm that was burnt by lightning, just a year ago, on the Saint's day of Ploermel."

"If I could only make him drunk," whispered Corentin to himself, as he busied about spreading the table and lighting the lamp—"if I could only make him drunk, he would forget his change. Yes," he continued, speaking aloud, and taking his seat at the table. "Burnt by lightning, you were saying. The Willow Farm! Yes; I have heard of it."

The stranger seemed only to utter his thoughts aloud—

"Her father lived there—my Dinorah's father. We were to have been married—my Dinorah and I—immediately after the celebration of the *fête*! You are a stranger hereabouts? Well, the lightning set fire to the farm; the house was burnt to the ground."

"Burnt to the ground." Corentin repeated

aloud. "He does not remember his change," he said to himself.

"Well," Hoël went on, "we were beggared—both of us. How could I marry her? I saw the farm in ashes. How could I marry her? Drink, Corentin. I would have sold my soul, at that moment, for a bag of money, to build the farm again. I was so wild with misery. But you don't drink. Did you ever hear of old Anthony?"

"Old Anthony! Old Anthony, the wizard?"

"Bah, wizard. Well, he passed near me, saying with a sneer, 'Oh, the bridegroom wants money, does he? Well, I dare say the bridegroom can find money, if the bridegroom knows where to find it.' But you have nothing in your glass. Why don't you drink?"

"I do—I do drink. Go on."

"Come along with me," said Anthony. "If the bridegroom wants to find money, there's money where he may find it. Lots of money. Gold. Diamonds. Jewels! Drink, young man."

"Gold. Diamonds. Jewels! Where?"

"Where. 'Hidden in the Demon Glen,' said Anthony. 'Dwarfs and brownies hide the treasure; but it is to be found, and he who is to find it must fast and pray, and live alone, and speak to no living creature—least of all, a living woman—for a twelve-month. Do you want to rebuild this farm house? Do you want your betrothed?' said old Anthony. 'If you do, come along with me; but if you do, you must come at once.'"

"Gold. Diamonds. Jewels. Well, and so you went along," said Corentin, taking off a glass of wine at a gulp.

"I was desperate," said Hoël. "I was hopeless. What could I do? How could I marry her? I left her. I left money for her with an old friend. Money. A miserable sum compared with what I had paid for the coral necklace she wore. Well, as I have told you, old Anthony knew about hidden treasure in the Demon Glen. He wanted his share of this treasure, but —"

"But," replied Corentin, cupidity glaring from his distended eyes.

"But he happened to die, as your grandfather, old Martin did."

"Die."

"Aye; but he left me a legacy."

"A legacy. What legacy?"

"Instructions how to obtain the hidden treasure hereabouts. Here's the hazel-wand he left me to dispose of the dwarfs and brownies. 'After the year has passed,' said he; 'when the night shall come, there will be a bell—a goat's bell—that shall ring. Follow that bell; it will go on—on to the Demon Glen. As the midnight hour strikes, wild fire will play over a stone; and that is the stone which covers the hidden treasure.'"

Corentin's curiosity made him thirsty. He swallowed off a glass ere he spoke.

"Treasure. What? he exclaimed. And with dwarfs and brownies to guard it. I like treasure as well as you. But what's to be done with the dwarfs and brownies?"

"What's to be done? This!" And the stranger showed his hazel-wand. "Anthony gave me first a caution, and then a prayer backwards. 'Do not listen to whatever may be said to you,' said he; 'turn a deaf ear to everything.' If you come with me, I will teach you the words. What

say you? Thousands of crowns, remember. Well, is it a bargain? Yes or no?"

"Share and share alike. But what good can I do? I have not passed a year in a wood without talking to a woman."

"That's no matter. There must be two. And since Anthony is dead and your dear grandfather also, why should not his grandson profit?"

"What can be his fancy for sharing the treasure with me?" said Corentin to himself.

"Come," said Hoël, impatiently seizing Corentin by the wrist, and half dragging him through the door of the hut.

"Hark. What is that?" cried the frightened Corentin.

A bell was sounding in the darkness.

"Come along. 'Tis the goat's bell, that is to conduct us to the gold. Listen, fool. We must find out on which side it rings. Come along. Quick."

And the poor musician was dragged by the stranger, forth into the darkness.

#### CHAPTER II.

"Halloa! Not so fast! Wait a moment! Why, they are half way home already! Good night, there, neighbor! I say, Claude, you have made me drink too much of Fat Paul's wine to-night."

"Better too much than not enough," replied his companion.

These are evidently some of joll Fat Paul's company wandering home over the moor.

"Well, that's true," said the first speaker. "But what business had I sitting so long in Paul's tavern, when I promised to take that poor, crazy girl back to the village? And now, how is one to find her, Master Claude?"

"How should I know?" replied the person addressed. "What a fancy it is of hers to go rambling and roaming about the country when the moon's at full! If you catch her you won't keep her in a house. So, what I say is, what's the use of trying to find her, poor mad thing?"

"Well, that's true. If they would have left poor Dinorah alone, after her old sweetheart had left the country, she would not have been so bad. But when they tried to make her marry long George, the tailor, in order to drive Hoël out of her head, that upset her quite: and who can wonder, Master Claude?"

"Not I for one," replied Claude. "Yet, if Hoël comes back a rich man—for Long George, the tailor, says Hoël swore he would come back a rich man—think you he will look at her as she is now?"

"Why, no! Unless he can bring her brains back; but money will hardly manage that. But come along, my head is as heavy as lead, and I want to get home."

Scarcely had this worthy pair staggered away, ere the poor creature, the mad Dinorah, came bounding along, singing her snatches of wild song:—

"Here am I! here am I!  
My Hoël waits hard by,  
But no! he will deceive me,  
The night is coming; they have passed on, and leave me!"

At this instant the moon broke out from a cloud, and cast Dinorah's shadow before her on the heath.

"Ah, morning at last! And here is my own dear friend!" she exclaimed, addressing her

shadow. At last we shall sing at the wedding—we shall dance at the wedding! Shall we not?"

And she flung herself on the ground, and commenced talking with the shadow near her. But presently the moon became obscured by a passing cloud, and the shadow disappeared. The poor being broke out—

"Ah, cruel! thus to leave me in loneliness and pain. Said I ought to grieve thee? Return—return!"

The moon again burst forth; the shadow returned.

"Ah! here is Hoël!" she cried. "Give me your arm, and let us go! The bell is ringing: our friends all ready. To-day is the Saint's day. Look yonder, the procession is coming; all the village is on its way to the chapel to see us married."

The night was beginning to redeem the promise of the high wind that had been raging for an hour. A tempest was coming on. Peals of distant thunder were heard. And, as the poor creature caught the sound, she exclaimed—

"But, mine own, do you hear the thunder? But no matter, the storm may rage as wildly as it will, our love is too strong for it. Come, dear Hoël—come to the chapel!"

In her mad terror, poor Dinorah fled over the moor, nor stopped till she reached the entrance to a rocky ravine. The place was wild and awful in aspect. A number of Druidical stones lay piled up, marking the altar of a by-gone religion. Behind was a bridge, formed by the trunk of an old tree flung across the rocks, and beneath this rushed a body of foaming, tumbling water. She was not alone in this terrible spot, however. Two men were seen entering the ravine; one was waving a hazel-branch before him, and calling to his less resolute companion to follow.

"Come on," said Hoël—for it was he. "Yes, this is the place, I see; the Demon Glen of which Anthony told me."

"You see! You must have the eyes of an owl, then," replied his companion, who was no other than the bagpipe player. "It is pitch dark. Pity we forgot the lantern."

"Why, man, the lightning will do as well. Just such weather as it were a twelvemonth ago, on the last Saint's-day. Hush," Hoël continued, as he counted the chimes of the village clock, which faintly sounded a long distance away. "Yes, it is eleven o'clock."

"And at twelve the wild cross of fire will play upon the stone."

"Till daybreak," said Hoël. "And if we lose to-night's chance, we may take leave of the treasure for ever."

"And where shall we see the fire?"

"Over yonder, across that bridge."

"Bridge, do you call that rotten old tree? Expect a man to cross it in this weather, too? I wish I was safe in my cabin."

"Wait here, coward, while I go and examine the place. Wait here while I cross the bridge. Stop, I'll leave you my hazel-branch, for company and protection. Remember you bring it along with you when I call." And with this, Hoël commenced clambering up the rocks towards the old bridge. But scarcely had he crossed the tottering path, and disappeared among the rocks on the other side, when Corentin shrieked out—

"Come back, Hoël! For Heaven's sake come back! It is all over with us. Here is the wild woman again."

It was Dinorah who stood before the trembling piper.

"Is it thou, piper?" she cried.

The musician could only drop the hazel-branch, fall on his knees, and cry, "Oh, oh!"

"Thou art Long George," she exclaimed. "'Tis useless to deny it. I should know that wicked smile anywhere. Who bade thee make love to me? I am not mad, though they say so; for I will not marry thee. Go, bad, malicious man! Go, I hate thee!"

"Idiot that I was," said Corentin, "not to have known who it was before. It is the poor, harmless, crazy girl who lodges with Louis' mother, and who always fancies some one is coming back to dance with her."

"Hush, didst thou not hear?"

"Hear! Hear what?"

"A stone that fell in the valley yonder."

"A stone! Can Hoël have played me false, and found the hidden treasure without me? Hold, comrade, have you found the hidden treasure?"

"The hidden treasure!—the hidden treasure," shrieked Dinorah, and she burst into one of her wild songs—

"Dark thy fate is glooming;  
Man of evil omen—  
He who first lays hold on  
Hidden treasures golden,  
Dies ere the year is over!"

"Dies ere the year is over," she repeated.

"Dies ere the year is over! Ah! now I begin to see what that traitor, that strange comrade of mine, meant with his sharing and his generosity, and his letting me go first."

At this moment, Hoël returned across the frail bridge. "Are you there, comrade?" he cried. "What has happened to make you call so loudly? Did not the hazel-branch protect you? The bridge is safe enough for you! and methinks I have found the very stone, on the other side. Come, prepare."

"But why am I to go before you?"

"Because I wear on my finger a blessed ring that might interfere with the charm."

"A ring! I wear two—two blessed rings—one in each ear."

"Will you compel me to use force, miscreant?"

At this juncture Dinorah came up to the pair, still singing the ditty—

"He who first lays hold on  
Hidden treasures golden,  
Dies ere the year is over!"

"I've got it—I've found it," said Corentin, suddenly. "You shall not go first; I shall not go first: she shall go first!"

"She—a woman! What, expose her to the peril?"

"No matter for such as she—'tis the mad girl whom I took for the Wild Woman. Hush, there is no time to lose. I will make her go."

"This is what Anthony foretold," said Hoël recognizing Dinorah, but shrinking away from her. "Let me be wary. Is it a demon? Is it shadow? Is it a woman?"

"This way, fair one," said Corentin, wishing to lead Dinorah towards the bridge. But Dinorah heeded not. She sang—

"The long-betrothed I wait to me;  
O! bird of morn! the night is o'er;  
Repeat thy song of love once more!"

"That voice," gasped Hoël. "Can it be my Dinorah's! Oh, no. Anthony told me, if I saw my father ready to die, my mother sue for mercy,



or if my love went weeping by, 'twould be but a delusion to thwart me. I must heed not, hear not, or my hope is lost."

At this instant Dinorah's truant goat appeared on the bridge, and instantly the girl, throwing off her coral necklace, flew towards it. The goat was by this time in the middle of the bridge, and Dinorah eagerly following it. Hoël, seeing the necklace, stepped forward, and, picking it up, recognized his old love-gift. "It is she," he cried; but before the words had left his lips, the tree had broken down, and Dinorah was plunged into the boiling cataract below. Forgetful of his long-sought treasure—forgetful of everything but his Dinorah, Hoël rushed forward to save her from destruction.

It is the morning of the Saint's day; the storm of the previous night has passed away, and the happy villagers, whose homes are this time uninjured, are preparing to celebrate the *fete* of Ploermel. A procession is making for the village church; two persons are walking under a canopy of flowers; one is a young girl who leans upon the arm of her lover. The peasants come forward, and offer the maiden a bridal veil and a green branch. This maiden is Dinorah, saved from death by her lover, Hoël, upon whose arm she is now resting. By degrees, Dinorah, struck with one familiar object after another, has regained her faculties, awakening slowly as if from a dream, till she at length recognized her Hoël. And now the two are proceeding to the church to have their union solemnized.

Corentin creeps up to Hoël, and asks, "About that gold? Have you found it?"

And Hoël, pointing to the blushing girl at his side, answers—

"Yes! for here is treasure untold!"

*Philadelphia Weekly Union.*

### Teaching the Piano in Classes.

VIRGINIA, November 17th, 1860.

MR. EDITOR:—In your "Journal" of November, you invite all such as are interested in an inquiry made by some one from Holly Springs, Miss., to give their experience. As the subject is one of the greatest importance to me, I will state you my experience for what it is worth. The inquiry is: Can a teacher teach more than one pupil on the piano at one time, doing them all justice?

Now I will grant that three, four, or more pupils who are to receive instructions upon the piano at the same time, have precisely the same degree of common sense, the same quantity of musical talent, and pay a like attention to their lessons. I will furthermore suppose that they know all the notes and the keys on the piano alike and well. With this class the teacher begins his first lesson. Now as every teacher of any experience knows, the reading of notes, even in the first "Five Finger Exercise" and the striking of the right key on the instrument is not the work of one single moment. Here then is the first difficulty. A will strike a key while B or C may be looking for it yet. The next thing is the manner in which they strike that key, and here is an obstacle over which no advocate of class teaching can come. One pupil will let the hands hang down from the key-board, the other will let the fingers play in the air, while one finger strikes a key; still another will hold the wrist high and bend down the knuckles; or another will press the thumb against the hand and strike with the whole hand instead of letting the thumb work independently; while some turn their hands outwardly when using the fifth (little) finger.

These are obstacles sometimes of the greatest

magnitude even by single scholars, but how much more must it be the case with classes. Any teacher who really desires that his pupils should derive the greatest benefit from his instruction must admit that upon this basis, viz: the right and proper use of the fingers rests all after success. But has not every one seen and sometimes sadly beheld the awkward manner in which learners play octaves or sixths, (I mean consecutive ones?) and has it not sometimes baffled the exertions of a teacher for months to correct this faulty habit? How then are all these faults in different degrees with different pupils to be corrected in a class? Suppose A makes a mistake, the teacher corrects it while the others wait; next B makes a mistake and a different one from A, then A and C must wait and thus we proceed say one line. Is this the end of it? No! not by any means. The same fault will be made by the same pupil perhaps ten, or twelve times, if not more. Can the teacher stop the other pupils every time and still say that he has done justice to them? Has he not squandered the time for which they pay, and which of right belongs to them?

There is but one way to teach by this method, and that is, to force every pupil to make the same mistake and to make it as many times as the others, not more nor less. And do you ask when will that be? I must say never, never! But now I will grant that the fingers are drilled, then comes the time. The advocates of class-teaching say they can teach the time better in classes. But suppose the pupils are changed from one class to another, and does it not always take sometime for the new comers to accustom themselves to the new class? It is in my opinion an illusion; the pupils are only taught to accustom themselves to each other's playing.

I have had scholars from a neighboring city, who were taught in classes, and so far from understanding the time they did not know one note from another. They follow the leaders, who reap the benefit to the disadvantage of the others. If I could consider it teaching music, when my scholars learn a piece of music, parrot-like, without knowing why and wherefore this or that thing has to be done in a certain manner, or if I could consider my scholars players, when they rattle over a Polka or Schottisch, then I would advocate class-teaching, for I believe a scholar with any sort of musical talent would follow and catch the "tune" without studying the thing itself.

How, I ask, will a teacher impress the right coloring of one of Beethoven's or any other classical composer's compositions upon his pupils in a class? It is preposterous to think of it. But unfortunately too many are considered music teachers who cannot go beyond a Polka or Schottisch.

Lastly I would say to your correspondents in Mississippi, don't make your art the means of filling your pockets. If it rewards you, so much the better. But let your aim be the continual improvement of music. Don't consider a man a musician, who instead of improving, degrades this noble gift to man. Look how many of our illustrious masters died almost penniless, but behold them how their lustre shines in the constellation of the musical firmament, a lustre which will never fade as long as mankind shall be grateful to their benefactors.

I hope, Mr. Editor, to hear from some one else who can do this important subject more justice than I have done, but I could not refrain from condemning an abuse which is being practised upon a credulous public. Yours, etc., E. L. J.

BRADBURY'S PIANO FACTORY.—Our readers recollect that the piano-forte manufactory of Messrs. Light & Bradbury was burned down last December. We are glad to be able to announce that, with characteristic enterprise, they are going again, under full steam, with a new building on the old site, but enlarged nearly three-fold, with all new machinery, and making better instruments even than they did before, as well as making them much faster, and more of them. Warehouse, No. 521 Broome street.

HOOK AT THE PIANO.—One of Hook's extraordinary talents—which amounted in him to almost a genius—was his gift of singing improvised songs on the spur of the moment while under the influence of excited convivial feelings. He would sit down to the piano-forte, and quite unhesitatingly, compose a verse upon every person in the room, full of the most pointed wit, and with the truest rhyme, gathering up, as he proceeded, every incident of the evening, and working up the whole into a brilliant song. He would often, like John Parry, sport with operatic measures, in which he would triumph over every variety of metre and complication of stanza. But John Parry's exhibitions are carefully studied, whereas Hook's happiest effects were spontaneous and unpremeditated. The effect he produced on such occasions was almost marvellous. Sheridan frequently witnessed these exhibitions, and declared that he could not have believed such power possible, had he not witnessed it. Of course, Hook was usually stimulated by wine or punch when he ventured on such exploits; and it is recorded, that during one of his songs, at which Coleridge was present, every pane in the room window was rattled by the glasses flung through them by the guests, the host crowning the bacchanalian riot by demolishing the chandelier with his goblet.

### Musical Correspondence.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 14.—With the new Academy of Music, (just being completed,) and the Philharmonic Society, Brooklyn can be set down in your books as a decidedly musical city. May be you knew that before. Well never mind, it is a very pleasant fact to me, for I hope to have the pleasure of sending you much good news in the course of the season. First of all let me speak of the "Philharmonic" with its very perfect orchestra of fifty performers with EISEL as conductor and NOLL as leader. The subscription list is even better than last season's, and the enthusiasm and appreciation above concert pitch. Next Saturday evening comes the first concert of the season at the Athenæum, which very nice hall has been much beautified and improved, making it one of the best concert rooms in the country. The orchestral programme consists of Beethoven's second Symphony, (D major,) Schumann's overture to "Manfred" and Kreutzer's overture "A Night's Sojourn in Granada." The two rehearsals already given were delightfully satisfactory, and the enjoyment increases upon each hearing. So I write this letter *before* the concert, for fear that your humble servant will be "too full for utterance." Afterwards, FABBRI and STIGELLI and BERGNER (the violincellist,) are to be the soloists, and a delicious programme, with a full house is to be the result.

The Academy of Music will be completed by January. It is a fine building indeed, amply large, although a trifle smaller (and thereby better,) than the New York Academy. The exterior is of pressed brick with sandstone ornamentation, romanesque in style and withal decidedly beautiful. The interior details are everything to be desired. Superb stage, unequalled scenery, machinery, etc. Every seat commands a good view of the stage, and the comfort of the audience has received all attention. At one end of the building and over the vestibule is a cozy concert room, with accommodation for about nine hundred people, which will be a nice arrangement for all sorts of soirées and other good things sure to come. This beautiful room will also make a fine promenade for the *entracte* on Opera and Philharmonic nights. The fact is, it is a good thing to have an Academy of Music, and the one just spoken of will give a great impetus to musical matters in Brooklyn. The people are on the *qui vive* for the opening, of which—particulars—when they come. Choir matters are without change, (I believe), excepting at the Church of the Holy Trinity, where the ordinary quartette arrangement has given place to the much better and fuller effect of double chorus, with four solo voices. This is being accomplished by

your old friend GEORGE WILLIAM WARREN, who having spent all his life in Albany, and thirteen years (not besides) as organist of St. Paul's Church of that city, accepted a call to "Holy Trinity" last August, and is now a resident here. As your talented and appreciative correspondent — t — (where's Trovator?) renders it unnecessary for me to cross the ferry to supply you with metropolitan musical information, I beg leave to say, that I have nothing more to say—this time. As ever your devoted,

JEM BAGS.

CHICAGO, — The PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY of Chicago gave their first concert in Bryan Hall, on Monday Eve. Nov. 19, to a large and one of the most intelligent assemblies ever seen in Chicago. The hall was well filled, though only 200 tickets were issued by the Society; the rest were subscribers. The performances were in every respect satisfactory and realized more than the expectations.

PART I.

1. Symphony No. 2, in D major, Opus 83..... Beethoven  
a—Introduction Allegro con brio. b—Larghetto Cantabile. c—Scherzo. d—Finale Allegro molto.

2. Quintette and Chorus, from "Martha"..... Flotow

PART II.

1. Overture to the "Merry Wives of Windsor"..... Nicolai
2. Sextette, from "Lucia"..... Donizetti
3. Solo for the Violin. (Fantasie dédiée à Paganini) de Beriot  
Performed by Mr. Emil Weinberg.)

4. Chorus, from Tannhäuser..... Wagner

The perfection of the orchestra, displayed in the performance of the Second Symphony, Overture to the Merry Wives of Windsor, and Tannhäuser, was remarkable, considering that this was the first public rehearsal of a new Society, not over six weeks old. The vocal performances are also entitled to much praise, and the violin solo of Mr. Emil Weinberg, a pupil of Spohr, elicited the warmest applause. The next concert will be given December 17th. The following well known gentlemen compose the Board of Directors for the first year.

President, E. J. Tinkham. Vice President, Wm. H. Clark. Secretary, Otto H. Matz. Treasurer, Wm. H. Waite. Librarian, A. De Passio. Conductor, Hans Balatka. Executive Committee, E. F. Stickney, E. W. Smith and A. W. Dohn.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 1, 1860.

### Mr. Otto Dresel's Second Soiree.

1. Choral..... J. S. Bach.
2. Sonata, (29, op. 29.)..... Beethoven.  
Allegretto—Scherzo—Minuetto—Finale.
3. Romance, (op. 28.)..... Schumann.  
Etude, (24.)..... Chopin.
4. Marcia Funebre..... Chopin.  
Intermezzo..... Otto Dresel.  
Polonaise, (in A.)..... Chopin.
5. Adagio from 1st Concerto..... Chopin.  
Song without words..... Mendelssohn.
6. Three four-part Songs..... Mendelssohn.

There are limitations in human nature. I suppose it is best so, disagreeable as it is sometimes. One of us goes about with a soul all burning with musical enthusiasm; he discriminates correctly, he feels delicately, but his fingers will not work. There is another one. Nothing excites him more than a painting. He has the eye of an artist and he even tries his hand at the brush—but the colors refuse to mingle at his bidding. He fails. There are people that fail in that which they would love best to do. They are the receptive natures, and have to be satisfied with their emotions. Then there are others who have working fingers. Tintinabulation exquisite—but no emotions. So there are painters with a power over color. They obey them, they mingle gorgeously; but the man's picture lacks the essential thing, the poetic feeling, the artistic point of view.

But happy is he who unites them both, the artistic feeling and the artistic mastery of the mechanical. And happy are those that may admire the artistic perfection of his productions.

The Beethoven Sonata in E flat, op. 29, No. 2, bearing the question mark half seriously, half archly at its head, and the sweet smile answering it, was just the proper medium to lead one from the deep devotional, I am almost tempted to say, contrite feeling of the Choral into the glad some fellowship of man. There is this in Mr. DRESSEL's playing, that the ideas of the composer take form under his fingers. You cannot mistake nor the timid, half melancholy question nor the airy, fitting smile, nor the tender, longing sigh, nor the hearty, rollicking fun, when he interprets the master. His rendering is in harmony with the intentions of the composer; he awakens the sleeping Graces and makes them enchant us with their motion. The Choral with its thoughtful entwining of parts, each of which tells its own devotion in its own manner, leads us far from the world without, deep into the secret chambers of our own heart. But the Sonata repeats for us the young days of our happiness. Its feeling is youth, youth with all its brilliant fervor and mystery, the world yet a paradise and hopes blossoming everywhere. How mysterious and in the same breath, how innocently frank and playful are those passages, where in the second part (m 21) the left hand plays the sixteenth *b natural*, *D flat*, and *c*, *C* against the simple six-eighth notes *f*, *g* and *e*, *c* of the right hand. How lovely and simple is the Mozartean melody, the counter-theme of the first part. This part is full of the peculiar Beethoven flavor, early though it was written, and though the influence of Haydn and Mozart was still upon the master. Witness the trill in the cadenza at the end of the first part.

Busily trips along the accompaniment to the genial and happy melody of the Scherzo in A flat major. But here we see again the budding genius of the master. Who but he would have contrasted this same lovely melody by those mysterious restive questions, descending staccato to a single repeated tone, as he does in m 9—18? Then, introduced by the Tonic chord, fortissimo, both parts run off staccato in sixths, playing together like a pair of happy children, and closing the part in the same joyous playful manner on the Dominant and Tonic in E flat. There was as much of the waywardness and happy abandon in the rendering as in the piece itself. The Scherzo is written in the happy flow of youthful feeling, when the realities of life have never yet shown their Gorgon heads, withering the glad some forms of sweet innocent fancy. The humorous element, so potent in the latter Scherzos of the master, that mocking at grief, familiar, deep-felt grief, the superiority over it, gained in many a hard struggle within the lonely heart full of longing unsatisfied, appears here in faint touches only, such as for instance m 9—18 quoted above.

Sweetly and gently, an innocent love song—a passage from Paul and Virginie—flows the Minuetto in E flat major along Tenderly and lovingly, expressing a mysterious undefinable feeling of bliss and love, exchange in m 4 and 5 of the Trio, the Diminished Seventh Chords *f sharp*, *a*, *e flat*, and *a*, *c*, *e flat*, *g flat*, *a*, with the corresponding Dominant and Tonic chords of E flat in the first and second measures. And innocently, sweetly, with just a shade of deepest tenderness, closes the movement with the Coda. And what shall we say of the Presto—Finale, this embodiment of mirth, rollicking, frolicking, exuberant joy. Horace could not but have this movement in his anticipating mind when he sings in one of his odes, "now is the time to drink, to strike the earth with an easy foot." Many a fair face beamed with delight at the splendid rendering of the careless abandon to joy in the first twelve measures. And many an eye glistened with rapture at the whole-souled

romping fun of the passage, measures thirteen and subsequent. The delicacy of touch, the ease of hand with which Mr. Dresel rendered this matchless movement was enchanting. The harmonic change with the surprising reentry of this second motive in G flat major, at the beginning of the second part, the first part closing with the Dominant Seventh in E flat, is again one of those admirable touches of Beethoven's genius.

The close by means of the first phrase is happy, sweet and yet, by a few closing chords, surprisingly strong. Beethoven would have been charmed to hear his work so beautifully played. It was inspiration—and the nicest shading, the warmest coloring marked the rendering of the work.

Why does Mr. Dresel not play one Sonata by Beethoven at every one of his soirées. I am sure the audience would thank him earnestly.

The noble Romanze in F sharp major, by Schuman, is a very good specimen of the deep feeling, the skilful coloring and the strict form in which the composer gives utterance to his musical ideas. The Germans call Romanze a poem, the subject of which is love placed in conflict with some serious adventure. This seems to be the subject of this Romanze. The sweet melody in the form of a duet—how beautiful those faint upper tones of the figuration, repeating it, came in—is built on a groundwork of most solid harmonic texture, in some places full of imitations, in polyphonic treatment, the various parts skilfully being led their own way and yet perfectly chiming in with each other. The tasteful, fresh étude in E flat was followed by that exceedingly happy Valse in A flat, op. 42, played with the same matchless grace and taste as the preceding pieces. We might venture the question, however, was it not somewhat too fast, too nervous? We have to thank Mr. Dresel much for this kind addition to the programme as well as for the Polonaise, likewise by Chopin, played in the second part, before the Spring-song.

It was well that the pause between the two parts lasted as long as it did. The sombre Funeral-March in B flat minor, from the Sonata, op. 35, by Chopin, opened the second part in quite a different strain from the close of the first. It has been heard often, but it loses nothing of the annihilating feeling of despair in the first part. How awfully those Tonic chords in B flat minor, alternating with the Quart-sixth-chord of G flat major, impress one! And then the gigantic rise into D flat major, descending to the corresponding minor key again in repeating the phrase! There is a colossal breath of plan in the march, that makes it an epic of the deepest meaning. The second melody in D flat major, sweet, loving, as an angel's voice, surprisingly relieves one from the fearful grandeur of the first part. The genial Intermezzo by Mr. Dresel, in pure taste, happily led us over to the chivalric Polonaise by Chopin in A major, op. 40. There is a haughty, noble, bold expression in this Polonaise, as of the accepted lover in the fullness of his triumphant joy. Especially marked is this bold, chivalric feeling in the third and fourth parts, the Trio, where even the accompaniment breathes that proud and lofty spirit which is supposed to be preëminently developed in the aristocratic classes of Europe, and especially in the Polish nobility. The absence of all sentimental feeling is noticeable, the piece running on in an uninterrupted current of proud splendor.

The beautiful Adagio from Chopin's first concerto is so well known, both as to its contents and the artistic rendering of the same by Mr. Dresel, that comment seems unnecessary. Very excellent, to allude only to one particular, was the limpid, graceful flow of some swift figurative passages in the middle and toward the end. They appeared like a shower of most fragrant variegated blossoms descending of a delicious evening.

The Spring song never wears out; it is truly one

of Mendelssohn's happiest creations. We think the passionate Polonaise in C sharp minor, op. 26, with its sombre hues and more melancholy character formed a most happy contrast to the pieces between which it was placed.

We must not forget to mention the tasteful manner in which Mr. Leonhard entered into the spirit of the composer and the solo performer in his accompaniment to the Adagio from Chopin's concerto. We wish earnestly, this artist, with his enthusiastic striving after the best in his art and his great ability, would give us an opportunity to hear him oftener than he does. Nor ought the Choral to pass unnoticed, in which the voices of Mrs. Harwood, Mrs. Kempton, Messrs. Draper and Langerfeldt mingled sweetly, devotionally. Mrs. Harwood's voice was beautiful and sympathetic as ever and the rich tones of Mrs. Kempton's contralto came in strongly and pleasantly. In the Mendelssohn songs they did not seem so fresh. We noticed in the first soirée that Mrs. Harwood's voice lost of its sweet, sympathetic quality, at the same time when the temperature of the hall was almost insufferable. It may have been from the same cause this time. If the second of the three four-part songs had been omitted, we think the entertainment would have gained. The intonation especially in the tenor was not as pure as in the others, and some of the phrases seemed more hurried and less clear than was desirable. Did the sudden lapse from warm Indian summer time to icy winter in a single afternoon affect them? The Boston climate is very trying to voices.

There is one feature in these soirées, which makes anticipation, enjoyment and remembrance of them equally pleasant, the consciousness that everything in them is in harmony, perfect fitness and artistic taste. Mr. Dresel is surely conferring a great benefit on the musical community by them. And we only regret that we have not more of them.

The public seem to appreciate the character of these exquisite concerts, the hall being completely filled. The third soirée of four takes place to-night.

\*†

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY in its advertisement in another column gives the particulars of the terms upon which its concerts will be given. The orchestra will consist of 44 members, larger considerably, it will be perceived, than we have had for many years in Boston, except on special occasions. The expenses of the series have been carefully estimated, and it is absolutely necessary that the number of tickets mentioned, be secured by subscription, in order to give the concerts. The lists are in the music stores, and at such low prices, we shall confidently expect, within a week, to see them filled.

### Musical Chat-Chat.

PARIS.—Theatre Imperial de l'Opera Comique. The "Pardon de Ploermel" has been taken up here, with a new *Dinorah*, Mlle. Montrose, who sang it with great success, making an immense advance in the estimation of the public, being hailed as one of the most brilliant French singers.

The part of Hoël was given to Mlle. Wortheimber, being a change of sex in the part, and it was sustained by her with admirable success. Some changes were made in the score, which were written by Meyerbeer for Madame Nantier-Didée.

At the Grand Opera, The Prophete, Il Trovatore, Lucia and Orfe have been given. Semiramis was to follow. La Traviata had been given with Tedesco.

Vestvali is about to make an operatic tour in the French provinces and in the Hague and at Rotterdam to sing in Romeo and Juliet, Orphée, Favorita and Il Trovatore.

Il Matrimonio has been revived also, with Mlle.

Maria Ralter, Alboni, Penco, Gardoni, Zucchini and Badiali.

Schubert's "Erlking," arranged for the orchestra by Berlioz, has just been published in score and with separate parts. This produced an immense effect when sung by Roger at the festival at Baden, and will be eagerly sought by all singers whose voices are adapted to it.

It is said that the celebrated pianist, Leopold do Meyer, has been struck with paralysis, and it is doubtful whether he will ever be able to appear in concerts again.

Martha is to be brought out with Alboni in the part of Nancy, the other characters being sustained by Mario, Mlle. Ralter and Graziani.

DRESDEN.—We learn that Madame Bürde-Ney will leave this city for New York, where she is to create the part of Dinorah in *Le Pardon de Ploermel*, so that we are possibly to hear Meyerbeer's great new opera, at last. All over Europe we read accounts of the performance of this great work, all glowing with enthusiasm at its beauties and success. Spohr's Faust is to be revived in the course of the winter.

ROCHESTER.—The Ladies Charitable Society gave a concert November 23, at which a young lady well known in Boston and Cambridge as a very remarkable singer made her first public appearance. The *Democrat* speaks as follows of her performance:

Miss Greenough has truly a wonderful voice, and she manages it in such a manner as to make it very effective. She has evidently been carefully trained under masters who knew the value of the pupil they were educating. We do not pretend to possess sufficient knowledge of such matters to write an elaborate critique on her style, but we have been present at many concerts and have listened to many celebrated singers, from Jenny Lind down, and in our judgment Miss Greenough might without presumption, aspire to the level of any of them; the incomparable Jenny herself, being excepted. No doubt further cultivation and severe study, would be necessary before this young lady could achieve the very highest rank in the musical profession, but she possesses the material with which to build to the summit of excellence. Indeed, we have heard not a few operatic celebrities whose execution was much inferior to hers. Her manner before an audience is such as to give the impression of great self confidence. It is not that of the amateur. Miss Greenough received several encores and bouquets. Only once did she deign to respond, beyond a momentary reappearance, and then she sang a lively little song in some unknown tongue. We liked it better than any of the more important pieces sung by her, except the final "*Salut a la France*," which is always a favorite. By special request she sang in the course of the evening, the "Shadow Song," which was much admired.

NEW ORLEANS.—A large and fashionable audience attended the new Opera House, to witness the debut of Madame Borchard, as *Leonora*, in the *Trovatore*. The performance not only fully sustained the reputation which this artist had brought with her from Europe, but vastly exceeded the most sanguine expectations. Her voice is a pure soprano, and most remarkable for its extent and amplitude. Her vocalization is exquisite and correct. In *presto* passages, it vibrates with as much ease, rapidity and evenness as in the less difficult parts. Her method is the style of correctness, and it is not too much to say that her vocal powers are of an order to which our people have not been accustomed since many years. She was received with the wildest enthusiasm and delight, and achieved a triumph of which she may well be proud.—*N. O. Courier*.

The *Albion* speaks thus of the Philharmonic concerts and of Schumann:

The next event in the musical world of New York was the first concert of the Philharmonic Society, which took place last Saturday evening. The Symphony was Robert Schumann's second. Some people find fault with this composer because, as they say, they cannot comprehend him; I suppose they mean

by this remark that they cannot trace a distinct melody—that which is sometimes called the "tune." It is true that a perpetually recurring air does not run through most of his movements, and that there are few passages which the hearer can remember and whistle as he recalls them. Considering this, it is perhaps right to say that Schumann is difficult of comprehension. But yet he seems to me to be rich in meaning. Who does comprehend a composer, except in cases where his idea is so palpably presented that he who runs may read? I have no sympathy with those who would give to a piece of music but one voice, and who dogmatically put into words what they declare to be the master's meaning. Music, from each of its thousand strings, sends a different utterance. To you a particular passage sings of a bright future, and sunshine leaps into your soul; to your next friend the same passage but tells of departed joys, and, while listening, his heavy heart recalls the purple hills and the sweet autumn days receding so rapidly into the past. A third listener hears the voice, and his eye grows bright as a vivid picture of heroic strife is painted on the canvas of his brain; he is the hero of a conflict in which, with thrilling words exciting the ardor of his followers, he battles for the noble right, and hears the soul-lifting, triumphal harmony rewarding his valor. Another, under the same spell, dreams only of Arcady, and hears but the shepherd's pipe in the distance, as he himself talks of love to an ideal nymph at his side. To this man is presented the bracing air of sunrise, the dew of the early morning; to that one comes the softened light of eventide, and the glowing western sky lies in entrancing beauty before him. And yet all these phases of fancy are made to appear by the same succession of musical tones, and it is most probable that not one of them came to the composer's mind, coloring his work. The value of a piece of music to most of you, who, I hope, do not listen to it critically, is in the train of thought, or rather, of reverie which it induces. I say I hope you do not listen to it critically, because I believe that such a manner of hearing robs you of much enjoyment, and destroys the best effect of the feast. That striving to comprehend the composer, as you term it, interferes sadly with your pleasure in most cases, by turning your attention from the fancies of your own intelligent brain, evoked by the sweet concord. At least I think so.

Roger, the distinguished singer at the French opera, whose right arm was shot off by accident last autumn when he was out hunting, was furnished by Van Peeterssen, the renowned maker of artificial limbs, with an arm and hand which were regarded as a miracle of skill and successful ingenuity. But though it was impossible for one who was not in the secret of this substitution to discover that the arm was a supplementary one, the singer could neither extend this arm straight before him, nor could he raise it upwards. Mathieu, another famous manufacturer of artificial limbs, has now contrived for the veteran artist an arm and hand which seemed to have reached the limits of the possible in this line; as, by its aid, every movement required by the needs of ordinary life can be performed with the utmost ease, and in a manner so perfectly resembling the action of a living arm that the illusion is absolutely complete. Instead of obtaining the flexions of the forearm by means of the shoulder acting upon a string of cat-gut, as in former attempts, he has contrived a system of machinery in which the string is attached to the front of the hip opposite to the side from which the arm has been amputated. The movement of the artificial arm is thus due to a slight twisting of the body. In extending the arm, and moving the fingers, the cord by means of which these motions are accomplished is attached to the upper portion of the living arm, and is made to act by a movement of the shoulders. Finally, a third cord, whose function is to give motion to the index of the artificial hand, is attached to the hip on the side from which the arm has been amputated. The result obtained by the changes thus introduced by M. Mathieu into this system of fabrication may thus be summed up: By the aid of artificial arms constructed on the old system, it was possible to execute flexion and rotation of the forearm, and to move the fingers; by the aid of the new system, not only may the arm be bent, and made to assume every variety of position, but the forearm may be fixed at will; and, by means of very simple machinery, at two points of the flexion, rendered sufficiently rigid to permit the wearer to write, use a fork, and perform a host of similar actions.

## Robin Hood and English Music.

(From the *Illustrated Times*.)

Considered as an English opera—that is to say, an opera of which the music is English in style, and not merely adapted to English words—we may say at once that *Robin Hood* stands alone; for to say that it is the best of its class would be really nothing. Where is its class? What English operas are there of which the music (with the exception of the ballads, which have always the effect of interpolations) belong really to England, as our poetry belongs to it, and by far the greater part of our painting? These ballads all cast in the same mould—of which, in most of our operas, the soprano, the tenor and the bass sing at least two a piece, of two verses each, and the contralto one of similar dimensions—are so far English that they generally suit the English words, and that they are found only in English operas and in those of M. Flotow, who, however, cannot claim to have invented the style. They delay the action; they are tediously alike; they are, therefore, seldom in character with the piece to which they belong, or, to speak with more propriety, in which they are introduced; nor are they written for the theatre, except in so far that the theatre is the advertising-ground of the music-publishers. We do not include in this class such airs as "The Power of Love" in *Satanella*, or "Flow on" in *Lurline*, which, besides being beautiful melodies, form essential parts of the operas in which they occur; but every one knows the musical *entrées* to which we allude, and which are as objectionable in English operas as are the conventional and eternally-repeated side-dishes of which "G. H. M." complains in English dinners. Still our composers are in a curious dilemma. Their operas are to be English, but are not to depend on ballads. They are to be dramatic, but are not to be imitated from the models of Italy, Germany, and France, where the operas most generally admired in Europe (including England) have been produced. That the ballads to which we have referred are English we consider beyond a doubt, or there is an end to nationality in music. Indeed, we could not, help mentioning, in reviewing Mr. Chappell's excellent work, *Popular English Music of the Olden Time*, how similar in style some of the melodies of Queen Elizabeth's, and even of the preceding reign, were to those produced by our most successful English composers in the present day. The "Bailiff's Daughter of Islington" (second tune), with a more modern accompaniment, would not be unlike some of the ballads of Mr. Macfarren; and, "Oh! the syghes that come from my heart!" (a love song of the time of Henry VIII.), similarly re-arranged, and introduced into one of Mr. Balfe's operas as a solo for the baritone, would pass for one of that composer's happiest inspirations. The music of our English operas is generally imitated more or less from foreign models in the *finales*, the concerted pieces (except here and there part-songs in the old English style are introduced), and the dramatic portions generally; but the ballads have quite an English character, for we find scarcely anything like them abroad, and specimens which closely resemble them in *English Music of the Olden Time*.

Mr. Macfarren, however, has given an English style to his work throughout. He was justified in doing this (which Mr. Wallace, for instance, would not have been justified in doing for *Lurline*) by the nature of his subject, so thoroughly English. But in writing *Robin Hood* Mr. Macfarren has not founded a national style of operatic music; for the same style applied to subjects not English might be found as inappropriate as the music of *The Barber of Seville* if adapted to *Tom and Jerry*. A great deal can be written and very little decided about this question of nationality of style in music. If Auber's style is French (instead of being his own; as we should say), what was that of Ramenu? If "The Marseillaise" is such a thoroughly French air (as every one admits), how is it that it happens to be an importation from Germany? The Royalist song of "Pauvre Jacques" passed for French, but it was Dibdin's "Poor Jack." How is it that "Malbrook" sounds so French, and "We won't go home till morning" so English?—an attempt, by the way, having been made to show that the airs common to both these songs were sung originally by the Spanish Moors. We fancy the great point, after all, is to write good music; and if it be written to good English words, full of English rhythm and cadence, it will, from that fact alone, derive a certain English character. In the meanwhile, *Robin Hood* is as English as the same composer's *May Day* and *Christmas*, and full of beautiful music.

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."—N. P. Willis, in a letter to the *Home Journal*, thus describes the playing of "God Save the Queen," in Grace Church, New York, by Mr. Morgan, the celebrated organist:

The church was empty in a few minutes, all except two or three expectant listeners who lingered in the

aisle; and the slow measure of the hymn was first murmured low, like the scarce articulate utterance of a prayer in solitude. With the dimness of the light upon the splendid architecture around, and, with the absolute stillness of the atmosphere, this beginning was most impressively reverential. And then came the few notes of the air, played with massive solemnity and strength—like the chant of a whole army on their knees—impossible to hear without an awe that hushed the breath. And the variations commenced, progressing upward with the exquisite complexities of inspired composition—the original, simple air, dominant throughout—and brain and heart, thus far, keeping pace with the anthem's stately tread. But, how describe the gathering together of all these wonders of sound, these miracles of surprises in harmony, and thundering them forth in one burst of a hallelujah, with the whole power of the player and his instrument! The hush of the deserted building, and the reverberating echoes from the arches of the vaulted roof, probably added to the effect—but I began to feel that strange sense of uncertain foothold upon earth which comes with the overtaking of reason and sympathy. Borne to the limit—where mortal comprehension ceases and angels take up the hymn—and still the instrument went on! I was losing the knowledge of where I was, reeling in an ecstasy of wonder, when the sublime hosanna was suddenly still—ceasing, I scarce knew how. I had a vague sense of an apology to make, for I had jumped up and seized hold of the player's arm in my bewilderment—but, with a moment or two of looking down upon the stillness of the deserted aisles, I felt the calm of the place, and so, with large drops of sweat standing on my forehead, I recovered the knowledge of my whereabouts. I had really been almost wrought up to frenzy with the skill and power of that wonderful music.

## Liszt.

From Paris to Vienna in 38 hours via Strassburg. A wonderfully short journey compared to that of ten years since over the same ground, but still wearisome enough. While indulging in a few hours' rest, which such fatigue rendered indispensable, I was this morning, at eight o'clock awoke by the most tremendous storm of pianoforte thunder and lightning that ever disturbed the sleep of a worn-out traveller—a perfect hurricane of harmony—a chaotic mass of sound, in which the music of the past, present, and the future was jumbled together in the most unintelligible confusion. Tarentellas, triumphant marches, *scherzos*, and *allegros* seemed to my unaccustomed ear to be commingled without any definite purpose or design, excepting that of making as much noise as the unhappy instrument was capable of producing, according to the rhapsodical mood of the performer. I listened for a time, and then tried to sleep again in vain. I rose and went to the window, which looked out upon the court-yard of this most respectable hotel, "Zur Kaiserin Elisabeth." The domestics were at their usual vocations; the boots was busily employed in polishing the last of at least fifty pairs of shoes; the housemaid was sweeping the room opposite. No one appeared to pay the slightest attention to the tempest which was raging in the apartment on the first floor opposite, of which the window had been opened in order, very probably, to allow the deafening volumes of sound means of escape in safety. Tranquility, under such circumstances, was hopeless. I rang the bell and inquired, more or less indignantly, who was allowed to create such a disturbance at such an early hour to the annoyance of all reasonable people.

"Ich weiss nicht, mein Herr," replies the Stuben-mädchen, "ausser Doctor Liszt wohnt in dem Zimmer gegenüber." Further information was unnecessary. The mystery was solved; the pianoforte thunder and lightning by one word explained. Liszt, and Liszt alone, could have evoked such a torrent of sound from any instrument. It ceased almost as soon as I had learned its origin. The morning rhapsody of the lion-pianist had exhausted itself.

During the day I met Liszt, and had an opportunity of seeing that time has not spared him any less than it has more ordinary mortals. The long lanky hair still falls over the lofty brow; the eagle-eye still glances brightly; but the hair is tinged with grey; the brow is furrowed with wrinkles, and ugly crow's-feet radiate from the eagle eye, somewhat disfiguring the kaiserliches Gesicht of the eminent virtuoso. We talked of England, of which, for some reason or another, Liszt is evidently not very much enamoured. Whether he is disappointed at the cold reception we have given to Wagner, and our want of faith in the music of the future, I know not. It is, however, not improbable, seeing what an energetic disciple he is of the new school. He is as usual travelling *en prince*, attended by a suite of hangers-on, *soi-disant* admirers.

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# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 453.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 8, 1860.

VOL. XVIII. No. 10.

## The Old Bass Viol.

Have you never heard of good Father Train,  
Who schooled so soundly and preached so plain,  
And fought the devil with might and main?

Small hire he got, yet he always throve,  
For he gave his heart to the trade he drove,  
"He taught for a living, and preached for love."

Noble and bold were the words which rung  
In council and kirk from his godly tongue,  
And noble and bold were the psalms he sung.

Long years hath the veteran's grave been made,  
But I prize the altar at which he prayed,  
And the old bass viol whereon he played.

It is leaning now by my study door,  
And I love its worn face all the more.  
That it lightened the burdens a parson bore.

I love to think that far or near,  
Though sense be lost to the palsied ear,  
There's always a music the soul can hear.

I love to think that early and late,  
Though the tongue with melody never can mate,  
Some thrill of song in the soul may wait.

It is muffled away in the breast alone,  
A gift, mayhap, to the heart unknown,  
Till the joys of heaven unfold the tone.

But many, awake on earlier wings,  
Will answer in music to all sweet things,  
And copy their joy on earthly strings.

And he is one. In his holiest time  
He proved the cheer of the viol's chime,  
And worshipped the Lord, in psalter rhyme.

So summer and winter came and went,  
While the songs and the fates grew kindly blent  
Of the man and his chosen instrument:

That when the soul of the saint arose,  
His track the soul of the viol chose,  
And the music-pulse in his bosom froze.

All stringless, beaten, and bent awry,  
Into a garret dark and high,  
They flung the poor, dumb prophet by.

There, long, in the curves of its shattered shell,  
The spider folded her silken cell,  
And the death-watch tapped to his mate, "All's well."

And many a summer the earth-wasp came,  
With wings that quivered and flashed like flame,  
And glued its nest to the ruined frame.

But for a chance he had slumbered yet,  
With the lull of the death-watch's drowsy fret,  
And the fly-dirge droned from the spider's net.

I heard where the lorn old wizard lay,  
And calling him forth from his nook one day,  
I won him back to his ancient play.

I burnished his faded form, and wrung  
His writhed joints till the old grew young,  
And his grand-toned nerves I newly strung.

Then I healed him many a ghastly hole,  
And gave him the grace that time had stole,  
And tunelessly back came his aged soul.

By the window I sit when the day-beams wane,  
And he leans on my breast and sings his strain,  
Till I start at the voice of Father Train.

And I know that, beyond the burial calm,  
The saint is leaning with harp and palm,  
And joining his old-time viol-psalm.

*Watchman and Reflector.*

Madame Anna de la Grange has just arrived in Paris. Vestnli is also singing there. Alboni, too, is in Paris, and Tedesco, as we have seen elsewhere, now "fair, fat and forty" at least.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Johanna Kinkel's Eight Letters to a Friend.

ON INSTRUCTION ON THE PIANO.

(Translated by WM. GRAUST, A. M.)

(Concluded.)

VIII.

The keys seem, in a grand tone piece, to be in mutual contest and strife; they are, like many agents of nature that are developing themselves, endeavoring to rise to the light, to assume forms and to live through their piece of universal history. But even the humoristic intrigue of less grand compositions delights us, as it is performed in ever shifting scenes in the most ordinary sonata by the family of keys.

The Tonic's Triad enters, like the lord of the household, in the full consciousness of his dignity; he opens a conversation with his consort Dominant and admonishes to virtue his son Subdominant, and his sweet daughters, the two Mediants. He starts for a journey, and Mrs. Dominant is pleased to put on the unmentionables in his absence; i. e., to vindicate to herself the subsemitonium, whereby, at the end of the first strain the illusion becomes so complete that everybody thinks the Dominant was the "Lord" of the House.

But the putative Tonic badly knows how to maintain her lordship. The children rebel at the very outset of the second part; Subdominant boldly invites his befriended neighbors and their headlong revels made the house topsy-turvy. All kinds of amorous Sevenths approach from afar and near, swarming around the Mediants. Dominant vainly strives to maintain order; at last she summons, with a prolonged outcry, the father to return. If we did not know in the middle phrase who was the master and who the servant, all doubts are disappearing now, when genuine Tonic-Triad reenters the house with his inherited legitimacy. All other triads seem now to lay excuses for the past at their lord's feet who cheerfully pardons them, assigns them their proper places and brilliantly ends his glorious career in a final chord with which the most malevolent can not find fault.

There was, some decades since, an epoch of piano-composition, representatives of which lavished their best powers on secondary things. The substance of a music-piece, of sometimes great beauty, was enveloped in a conglomeration of arabesque-like tinselly passages, disfiguring, hoop-skirt like, the natural form. A normal piano concerto of that time lasts about three-quarters of an hour; it contains—if we sum up the customary *cantilene* passages in the first part, the *adagio* and the *rondo*—five melodies, each of about 16 measures; all the rest are runs and skips, the continuation of those few melodies being left to the accompanying instruments. Variety of difficult manipulations for the fingers was most valued, they had to be executed in the quickest tempo and were always rewarded by the loud applause of the listeners.

The virtuosi now developed the fingers at the expense of the mind; they sacrificed to their vanity their artistic conscience and appeared solely with such pieces in public whose practice cost many months of life to the very skilfullest. The lover of art, though evincing a momentary delight while listening to such a piece performed with grace and skill, could still not dissemble that nothing truly beautiful was obtained by its difficulties, that they rather tended to fill the public with stupid wonder.

This has passed away; the difficult now endeavors to serve at least a highly artistic purpose although the old abuse has not yet been done entirely away with. Most of our recent piano compositions require, above all, a nice and expressive execution; mechanical difficulties have pretty much been pressed into the background, nor is this prevalent idea weakened by incessant repetitions and variations; we are rather inclined to object to their concise brevity.

The first impulse to this change was given by Felix Mendelssohn, in his popular Songs without Words; they stand in the same relation to the former piano-concerto as the simple song does to the pretentious bravura-air. Their contents are the outpouring of the soul, called forth by its cheerful or melancholy disposition, or by a landscape, hunt, water-trip, &c. Some definite kinds, although differently conceived and executed, may be found in each volume. Thus, for example, No. I. is always a solemn melody in very soft modulations, soaring above a somewhat livelier arpeggio-movement, expressive of the soft longings of unuttered love, or of sweet repose. A song of painful complaint follows or a wild rider's song, where we hear in the dark forest the roaring of storm and rain accompanying the horse's clatter and the lonely fellow's defying song. The unimpassioned melody of religious fervor or still resignation to a supreme rule is not less traceable in several of these songs. It is not exactly a chorale or of customary ecclesiastical style, but the sanctity and dignity of the chords and rhythms is thoroughly permeated by the breath of prayer.

The Venetian gondola-air is represented a few times in an equally successful manner. Most beautifully did Mendelssohn conjure up the charm of the starry night by the choice of keys and the position of the chords. Whoever observes the first two measures, cannot doubt that no picture of clear daylight will be unrolled here. Dark shadows are shrouding us in deeper and deeper hues, a peculiar moist glitter rises forth from the bass chords, as if we were looking down into the green sea; now come in quiet measure the beats of the oars around which is playing an undulating accompaniment; little staccato progressions in thirds resound fallaciously; the guitar tones that accompany the two-part melancholy and slow song soaring from out the inner room of the gondola far away over the lagoons.

In song No. III. in the first vol., in the cheerful green key of A major, brings before our imagina-

tion a hunting-picture in its freshest vigor and elegance. The sounds of the horns invite to the dark forest, horses galloping and waving plumes of knightly forms fly past; harmony paints the tarrying, seeking, wandering to and fro, and, finally, the finding of the track. All exult; down they rush through the thicket where the entangled twigs clamorously open and close. A last rustling in the foliage, a dying sound far-off, and the most elegant whispering roudade, like a whirled dust cloudlet, shuts the scene with a few tones, as if all had been a dream.

The song No. IV. in the 2d. vol. depicts the silent wandering along a murmuring brook. The playing figure of the bass glides away like crystal-clear waves over rare pebbles. The final passage, developing itself from this base and arising with sweetest elegance, resembles the evening breeze whirling up in its flight some apple-blossoms and showering them upon the wanderer's path.

A duet between bass and upper voice is added to these songs without words: it is, of course, a *tender* duet. It is regarded as one of the finest numbers of the collection, and certainly justly so although it does not, owing to its definitely circumscribed form, admit of imaginative explanation, like many others.

Another one having the character of popular song is much praised by the dilettante, but it somewhat offends the refined ear by the doublings of its octave-runings which, in fact, reflect the popular song in its peculiarity.

No. II. of the 5th vol. is a sort of triumphal song sounding forcibly like a song of liberty. It is well that pure tone-language is a Sanscrit for the German police, or else they would forbid its rhythm. There is in it a chain-crushing power, buoyant, carrying off and electrifying the listener. It looks as if the pangs of those times had fled into the harmless piano and sought there a vent, when speech was silenced. Tone-art is so magic that each epoch hears or lays in it its most urgent wants.

FREDERIC CHOPIN, a Pole by birth, has as great a share in the reform of piano-music in general, as Mendelssohn. While Mendelssohn's fine understanding and highly refined taste extinguished or bent into right shape the excrescences of the previous period, simplified its forms spiritualized its contents, but, on the whole, built on the existing ground, Chopin's geniality broke hitherto unknown roads into the romantic dawn of most wonderful harmonies. His music stands beside that of Mendelssohn like fairy tales beside History. It is not as healthy, nor as true and sensible, but possesses for all that the warm spell and awe of the fairy tale.

It would not be impossible to make even a connoisseur believe that a Mendelssohnian melody, if he hears it for the first time, was one of Mozart or Beethoven yet unknown to him; because Mendelssohn is, with all his originality, nearly related to these great masters. Chopin's melodies, on the other hand, are *unheard of*, none similar has been invented previous to them. Thus it happened that, when he first appeared, almost all persons of more than 40 years hated him, and found him to be quite incomprehensible, while the youth was quite enthusiastic in his favor.

If we investigate the cause of the indescribable awe and delight with which Chopin fills us, we

arrive at a solution that might to many a one appear fabulous: Chopin wants to redeem the quarter-tones looming up now gloomily like shadowy forms between the unharmonic invasions.

In order to justify this view, we must look back a little in the history of music. In the earliest centuries of the Christian era, when not the ear, but mathematical calculation decided which intervals must sound well or badly, the part-phrases progressed in fifths and octaves; for thirds were regarded as intolerable dissonances. The very progression of harmony, which we feel to be the most shocking, was then considered the only right one. The human ear was not yet sufficiently refined to distinguish nearer harmonies. The fifth, perhaps even the fourth, were just distant enough; but the minor third (this insinuating, voluptuous favorite of *our* ear) produced probably the same impression as does to us the minor second, or the simultaneous touch of C and C sharp.

If we imagine now the adoption of quarter-tones into our system of intervals, the second would perhaps, become for us henceforth the same that third is to us now. Any one cognizant of the history of music will recollect the revolution called forth by the first introduction of the third and the ensuing fall of the old musical system and the entire structure of our present. It required a long time, until it was recognized as euphonious. To it we owe now the series of most beautiful harmonies that since centuries ever surpassing one another refreshed our souls. But it would sometimes appear as if the source were exhausted; the recent melodies sound more and more like imitations or superficial changes of old ones and the ear sighs for something new, unheard of.

Emancipate the quarter tones and you have a new world of tones!

But to us, accustomed as we are, to the long standing division in half tones, the innovation will sound shockingly and like a mere noise of dissonances; the next or third generation, known having taken in the strange sound with their mother milk, will perhaps greet in them a fresh, doubly rich art.

It is at this mysterious door that Chopin seems to knock; his melodies glide restlessly through the half tones, as if seeking nicer, more spiritualized *nuances* than the existing would offer to his intentions. This door being once burst open we have come a step nearer to the eternal sounds of nature; for why are we unable faithfully to set in tones and only feebly to imitate the æolian harp, the rustling of the forest, the bewitching tones of the water? because our so-called whole and half tones are scattered too clumsily and gapingly, while Nature possesses not only quarter and eighth tones, but also an infinite scale hardly to be dissected in tone-atoms!\*

A nocturno of Chopin seems as if it were striving to call forth that mood which breathes around us in deepest loneliest midnight when standing listening upon a lofty open spot, and when all the whispering sounds awaken that are at all other times smothered by the noise of the day. Then there is a flowing down from the stars, or rising up from the valley bottoms, a blending together to something hardly audible, No fluttering, no sounding fills the wide atmosphere; but *it is there*

[It strikes me, as if this remarkable and beautifully true idea had never been pointed out so enthusiastically as here.—Tn.]

that music of the night for which there is no name—none can deny it, who ever listened to it.

Chopin has expressed, as has no other composer, the "Weltschmerz" and wretchedness of the youth of his times. He poured out ironically these sentiments in his numerous mazourkas which borrow nothing of dances but the name and the 3-4 time.

The public at large prefers to Chopin's compositions those of Thalberg, on account of their brilliancy and easier comprehension, as they exact more from the performer's fingers than from the listener's thought. They are without mind, but full of gace and betray less invention than skillful elaboration. The light and gay element of South-German, more properly of Viennese elegance and enjoyment of life is reflected in them. They are excellent salon compositions and as such hardly as yet surpassed.

Midway between Thalberg and Chopin stands Adolph Henselt, more solid than the former, less genial than the latter, but combining a small share of the excellencies of each. He describes, like Chopin, scenes of nature, not her awful enigmatic spell, but only the glittering, superficial form. He adds, from an inexhausted depth of most painful feelings, the poisoned arrow, and shows us, at the highest, only a clear drop of blood upon a snow-white bosom. His rocket-passages are not as glistening as Thalberg's, but they rest upon a more elaborate harmonic basis.

One peculiarity of Henselt (imitated by many) are the strange keys exorbitantly laden with sharps and flats, in consequence of which it cannot be denied that many an ordinary idea appears more original than it indeed is. This oddity renders many a popular piece necessarily difficult for dilettante. One should, indeed, not abuse for every trifle the holy D flat major, the tragic A flat, of E flat minor, and the purple-clad F sharp major; this frivolity deprives these keys gradually of their nimbus; they became common like G and D, and the composers are robbed of them as the most convenient means for apparitions and grand effects. Many are thus already accustomed to consider, in the first moment, as poor and shallow, a really respectable composition appearing in a simple key and claiming favor only by its inner substance. It is a similar want of taste to that met with frequently in exhibitions of Art. Nearly all landscapes shine in golden evening tints or receive a shattered light through the fissures of a thunder-cloud. If you look upon an excellent composition beside them, with a natural green in healthy day-light, the eye requires a long time till it finds out that this is genuine truth and that the others were only dazzling pictures.

Beethoven's grander piano-sonatas, which stand out unique and incomparable and do not belong to any particular epoch or fashion, ought to be the last study of an accomplished performer, to be undertaken only when he can give an account to himself of their intrinsic spirit.

A new Music Hall in New Haven was opened for the first time last week. It is one of the largest halls in New England; is 81 by 122 feet, and 35 feet from floor to ceiling; seats 2,500 people; has about 300 gas-burners, and these are lighted all at once, by an electric battery—the vast hall being illuminated at a single flash.—*Daily Times*.

## Grétry.

(Continued from page 276.)

We have now reached the work which I consider the chief among all that Grétry produced, *Richard Cœur de Lion*, the words of which were written by Sédaine. He attained in this score the highest degree of pathos. I have no intention of entering into a detailed analysis of this work. The compass I desire to give this notice will not allow of it, and moreover, all the airs are familiar to the ears of the teacher. It is impossible, however, not to mention the frank joyousness of the peasants in the chorus—

"Sala-tu que c'est demain,  
Que le vieux, Mathurin."

as well as the following *motet*, the couplet of Antonio—

"La danse n'est pas ce que j'aime."

What grace, too, there is in the air of Laurette!—

"Je crains de lui parler la nuit."

Does not a vein of delicate and good-tempered irony pervade the verses of Blondel?—

"Un bandeau couvre les yeux."

But the romanza "Une fièvre brûlante," has justly become the most celebrated piece in the score. It is a noble and simple air, of a touching character, and more elevated style than the common run of Grétry's writings. Mozart need not have disowned it.

Grétry excels, however, more especially in pieces of a simple and rustic character. He is quite at home in depicting a village festival. In support of this assertion, I will cite the couplets of the peasantry—"Et zig, et zig"—at the commencement of his career. He sought in preference to all others such subjects as make little demand for orchestral display—a simple song in 2-4, or more frequently in 6-8, accompanied by violins, hautbois, and basses, and the effect was produced. Subsequently, when he grew jealous of the renown of Cherubini and Méhul, he attempted to stimulate these masters, and failed. He was wrong to attempt the treatment of subjects of too high a flight for his manner. *Pierre le Grand* (1790), *Guillaume Tell* (1791), are far from having enhanced his glory. He had overweighted his talents, and grace deserted him.

The success of *Richard Cœur de Lion* was immense, and Grétry had composed it with great rapidity. The following stanza was accordingly written on the occasion:—

"Ceux-là font bien, ceux-là font vite,  
Le plus grand nombre ne fait rien;  
Mais Grétry seul à le mérite  
De faire beaucoup, vite, et bien."

At the close of the first performance the authors were called for, and Grétry alone appeared.

The art of stage decoration had made notable progress at this time—a progress due in great part to Mlle. Clairon. Philippe, who, like Trial, Laruelle, and Dugazon, has bequeathed his name as the habitual designation of the class of characters played by him, filled the part of Richard. He appeared on the first night wearing the Order of the Garter—an anachronism which was corrected at the second performance.

*Richard Cœur de Lion* was played in England; two managers produced it simultaneously. The manager of Covent Garden, wishing to outshine his rival, took it into his head to remodel the French work, and introduced other music into it by Anfossi, Bertoni, David Rizzio, Duni, Zucchini, &c. The entire conglomeration was hissed, including what had been preserved of the original score. The Drury Lane manager, better advised than his compeer, had contented himself with a literal translation of Sédaine; the music was adapted to the English version without any alteration whatever, and the work was in the highest degree successful.

On the 25th of January, 1785, Grétry produced *Panurge dans l'île des Lanternes*, the words by Morel;\* and on the 16th of January, 1786, *Les Méprises par Ressemblance*, in three acts, the words being by Patrat; on the 8th of February the *Comte d'Albert*, in two acts; and the sequel of the *Comte d'Albert* (by Sédaine), which was performed at Fontainebleau, November 12th, 1786, and at Paris in 1787. These works added nothing to the reputation of Grétry, which had been raised to its pinnacle by *Richard Cœur de Lion*. *Le Prisonnier Anglais*, produced December 26th, 1787, failed with signal approbrium. The composer revised this work in concert with the librettist Desfontaines, and it reappeared, in 1793, under the title of *Clarice et Belton*. I may also mention, by way of note, *Le Rival Confident*, a comedy in two acts, played June 26th, 1788, which preceded by some days *Amphytrion*, a grand opera. To the same purpose I will add the names of *La Rencontre Imprévue*,

\*Morel was the author of *La Caravane*, in which he is said to have been assisted by Louis XVI.

May 1st, 1790, from which the air of *La Sonnette* has survived; *Anacréon chez Polystrate*, 1797; *Lisbeth*, 1792; *Élica*, 1799. All these were deficient in the simplicity which characterized the early works of Grétry, without possessing the brilliancy of the more modern works. They appeared feeble, and not without reason, to a public whose musical knowledge had made progress, and who would no longer content themselves with a feeble and colorless orchestration.

At the close of Grétry's career, however, he no longer paid any intention to this important department of his art, and after having written the melody, he left the task of writing the accompaniments to some of his friends. "The orchestral part of his last twenty operas," says M. Fétis, "were written by M. Panzeron, the elder."

*Zénire et Azor*, *Le Tableau Parlant*, *L'Epreuve Villageoise*, &c., which the Republic had banished from the stage, "as failing to present examples of ardent patriotism and fiery love of liberty and equality," were revived under the Empire, with enthusiasm, by Elleviou, of whom I shall frequently have occasion to speak.

It is related, that leaving the theatre after a performance of *Zénire et Azor*, Napoleon encountered and remarked an old man who was bowing to him with pertinacity. "What is your name?" said the Emperor, a little abruptly. "Still Grétry, Sire." "And why do you not compose any more?" "When the nightingale grows old he hides himself, and sings no more." "You are not like him," replied Napoleon; "for your music is of the kind which will be always sung."

The next day Grétry received a diploma of knighthood in the Legion of Honor, and a pension of 400*fr.* a year.

Grétry was sadly afflicted in his private life. He had had three daughters, Jenny, Lucile, and Antoinette. Jenny had a charming voice, but died at the age of sixteen, just as she was beginning to profit by the lessons which her father had given her. Lucile seemed destined to a brilliant career. At an early age she displayed a taste for composition. Sédaine wrote for her *Le Mariage d'Antonio*, a sequel to *Richard Cœur de Lion*. This work was played July 29th, 1786. In his *Essais sur la Musique*, Grétry relates with affection how he assisted his daughter in the composition of this work, and directed her efforts without her knowledge. "Remark," he says, in another place, "the little bravura air in *Le Mariage d'Antonio*. Pergolesi would not have been ashamed of it. There is not in this air any more luxuriance than is needful, and becomes the young village girl who sings it." And further, on referring to the manner in which his daughter wrote it:—"She wept," he said, "sang, played her harp with incredible energy." She also wrote a little opera called *Lucile et Antoinette*, and died two years afterwards. She had been forced out of vanity to marry a rich banker, who rendered her life miserable for the short time it lasted after her marriage.

Antoinette, the third, was betrothed to Bouilly, the author of *Guillaume Tell*, better known through his tales than his dramatic works. The poor betrothed one joined her sisters in heaven ere the marriage was celebrated.

The wretched father, profoundly afflicted by the loss of the beings who were most dear to him in the world, and also not a little wounded, no doubt, to find success deserting him to wait on other composers, withdrew to Montmorency, in Rousseau's hermitage, which he had purchased. From time to time he appeared for a short period in Paris; but his visits, instead of cheering him, added to his melancholy. Abandoning music for philosophy, he wrote a book, entitled *De la Vérité*. He died at Montmorency, November 24th, 1813. To complete the list of his works I have only to mention:—*Le Jugement de Midas* (1778), *Andronache* (1780), *Emilie* (1781), *Raoul Barbe-bleu* (1785), *Basile* (1792), *Joseph Barbra* (1794), *Denys le Tyran* (1794), *Le Barbier du Village* (1797), *Le Casque et les Colombes* (1801), *Delphis et Mopsus* (1803).—*London Musical World*, November 10.

†It is a fact that Grétry's opera suffered neglect under the influence of the prevailing revolutionary sentiments, which required music more exalted in expression, and the works of Leueur Méhul, Cherubini, Bertoni, &c., threw those of Grétry for the time being into the shade. But a brilliant reaction took place when Elleviou took possession under the Empire of the part of Blondel in *Richard Cœur de Lion*, to which he added *Zénire et Azor*, *L'Ami de la Maison*, and *Le Tableau Parlant*. The success of these works rose even higher still on the advent of Mad. Boulangier in 1811. Then came Ponchard, who added still more to Grétry's restored glory, devoting to his music the fruits of his instruction in the excellent school of Garat.

A statue of Weber was to have been inaugurated at Dresden, Oct. 11. A cantata by Rietz, words by Kühne, was to be performed by Royal Chapel, and the vocal and instrumental societies of Dresden.

## The Sisters Marchisio.

The new celebrities of song, Milles. Carlotta and Barbara Marchisio, who recently came out at the Grand Opera of Paris, in *Semiramis*, with such brilliant success—were born at Turin, and are derived from a family of distinguished artists, which included musicians of great ability. One brother, Antonio Marchisio, was a composer of note, and Joseph, a pianist of the first class. From their earliest years both sisters manifested an extraordinary aptitude for music, and this was encouraged by both brothers, who did all in their power to develop their talent to its fullest extent. Antonio gave them all the instruction he was enabled to do, and when he and Joseph discovered that both Carlotta and Barbara in their extreme girlhood had beautiful voices, they placed them under the most efficient singing-masters. Their progress was remarkable. In a brief space of time they became the vocal wonder of their native place, and were sought for with the utmost eagerness at the mansions of the aristocratic and wealthy. After restricting their performances for several years to the concert-room and private parties, the sisters were at last induced to try the stage, and here a new career of honor and prosperity opened for them. They visited the chief cities of Italy and Spain, and sang at all the principal theatres, including the Scala at Naples, the Fenice at Venice, the first operas at Rome, Turin, Trieste, &c. Fame crowned them wherever they appeared. Their singing was the admiration of all who heard them, and their reputation spread far and wide. More especially were their *ensemble* performances the theme of wonder and delight. Nothing so perfect, so harmoniously blended, it was said, had been remembered in duct singing. Moreover, they were mistresses of all styles of singing—as capable in florid as in plain music—in the classical as the romantic—in Mozart and Rossini as in Donizetti, Meyerbeer and Verdi. They performed in all kinds of operas, and their reputation gained ground with every successive representation. Rumor was not slow in wafting their names to the French capital, and the manager of the Grand Opera, having had additional information of a private nature respecting the merits of the fair artists, at once engaged them to play the two principal characters in the French version of Rossini's *Semiramis*, then about to be produced. Indeed it is doubtful if the opera would have been brought out but for the sisters Marchisio, whose Assyrian Queen and Arsace respectively, were highly eulogized by the leading authorities of the Parisian press, and received by the public with acclamations.—*London Musical World*, November 3.

## "DIXIE" AT THE THEATRE—A FUNNY SCENE.

—We take it for granted that everybody recognizes the existence of a peculiar song and air known as "Dixie," since it is sung, whistled, and played by brass bands without limit, and at all times and places; but what its meaning was, or who originated it, would puzzle a philosopher to tell. The air seems to infatuate the ear, and is now practised from one end of the Union to the other, with various variations, and always with enthusiastic effect. A few evenings ago, the orchestra of the St. Louis Theatre was good enough to favor the audience with "Dixie," and came very near ruining the drama in that locality by so doing. The assembled sovereigns hushed themselves into breathless silence at the first bar, and sat spell-bound as the last notes squeaked in their ears. The curtain rose, and an actor stepped forth to commence the play; but in an instant the whole house was in an uproar, and "Dixie!" was thundered by a hundred patrons of high old art. In vain the actor tried to make himself heard; "Dixie!" was the cry, and the orchestral artists began to handle their instruments in a very nervous manner. Finally the actor retreated furiously from the stage, and the venerable manager appeared in a flaming passion. "Gentlemen, what means this ill-mannered confusion? What do you want?" he asked in a rage. "Dixie!" was the everlasting response from pit, boxes, and tiers. "Well, you can't have it!" thundered the old man, furiously. "You've had 'Dixie' once to night, and you'll have 'Dixie' no more." Like a ruffled red rooster, the outraged old boy stalked away behind the scenes—and once more the actor marched on; but his appearance was the signal for an uproar worthy of Pandemonium, above which the general roar for "Dixie" swelled with appalling force. The stage folks saw that it was useless to resist the popular will. Music had beaten the Drama on its own ground. Tinkle went the prompter's bell—down swept the curtain with indignation in its rustle, and again was "Dixie" poured forth in bewitching strains by the orchestra. The audience heard it through with silent, but very visible delight, gave the poor musicians three hearty cheers at its

conclusion, and then suffered the play to proceed. Who shall deny, after this, that "Music hath charms?"—*N. O. Delta.*

NEW ZEALAND.—"Handel's oratorio, *Israel in Egypt*," writes the *New Zealander* of August 1st, "was performed by the Auckland Choral Society on Thursday, 5th ult.—and this time without interruption from fire or other casualty. The instrumental portion of the orchestra was weakened by the departure of the band of the 65th for Taranaki, and had to consist entirely of stringed instruments. The chorus was very numerous and on the whole well balanced. The massive double choruses were given with great precision and vigor; and the same remark applies to the rendering of the chorus as a whole. Mrs. Corlett again rendered valuable assistance in the solos for soprano, and the Misses Hampton acquitted themselves very creditably in the solo and duet pieces in which they took part. The solos and recitatives for male voices were sung by Mr. Reid, Mr. Leech, Mr. Ely, and Mr. Strauch; and the well-known duet, 'The Lord is a Man of War,' was sung by Messrs. Strauch and Carleton. Taken as a whole the performance was a very successful one, and shows that the Society is not relaxing in its efforts at continued advancement in the practice and performance of the highest order of musical composition. Captain Balneavis led, Mr. Fleetwood presided at the piano, and Mr. J. Brown conducted. The attendance was very large, and the want of hall-stewards was much felt."—*London Musical World*, November 3.

## Musical Correspondence.

PARIS, NOV. 10.—To-morrow makes four weeks that I have been here, during which time I have endeavored to collect the statistics of music publicly performed, with an honest desire to be able to compare this city with Berlin, Vienna and other German capitals, as affording opportunities to hear performances, fitted to awaken and improve a musical taste. So far as a file of daily papers affords the means of coming to a conclusion, aided by the street placards, I think the following abstract may be held to be correct. Symphonies, none, Oratorio music, none, Quartet, Quintet and other chamber music, none, public performances by distinguished artists, none. There has been one performance of music for men's voices, not by the Orpheus, whom Dwight heard, but of similar kind. Beyond this and the common Musard dance, potpourri, &c., music, I know of nothing but the Church music on Sundays, and the theatres. Of the last here is an abstract of what they have produced—nearly, if not quite complete.

At the Grand Opera, (French,) The Prophet, Halevy's Jewess, Semiramis, Trovatore, have occupied most of the evenings, the two former being most often given. Tedesco is the Fides in the Prophet, which was given for the two hundred and thirty-eighth time, November 15th.

At the Italian Opera, with Mario, Alboni, Graziani, &c., I note the following works: Ernani, Cimarosa's exquisite *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, Rossini's Barber, Rigoletto, Traviata. Verdi, on the whole carrying the day.

At the Opera Comique, Ma Tantedort (music by Caspers, who is he?) Le petit Chaperon rouge, (Boieldieu), Fra Diavolo, Le Docteur Mirobolan, Le Caid, Le Rendezvous bourgeois, Maitre Pathelin, a Cle' des Champs, Le Pardon de Ploermel, Les Deux Gentilhommes, Joconde, Bon soir M. Pantalon, Les Diamants de la Couronne, La part du Diable, La chien du Jardinier. I am not sure that these are all, but sufficient to show that the public here delights in and will support those short, light operas and operettas, which I think among the most enjoyable things in music, of which they perform two or three in one evening, and which might be so easily introduced upon the stage of the Boston Museum, and with success, I verily believe.

At the Theatre Lyrique, Le Val d'Andorre, (Halevy), L'Auberge des Ardennes, Si j'étais Roi, Les

Rosieres, Les Dragons de Villars, Orpheus (Gluck, with Mad. Viardot as Orpheus,) Crispin rival de son maitre, Les Valets de Gascogne. Of these in several cases, two have been performed upon the same evening. The Val d'Andorre has already run some twenty evenings, and the Orpheus seems destined to have a similar success.

At the Palais Royal they give three or four vaudevilles of an evening, whose name is legion and which are much like the old English so-called operas, being mostly dialogue with songs interspersed. The revival of the Orpheus at the Lyrique has brought out another burlesque there with the title "J'ai perdu mon Eurydice."

I say another burlesque, for such was the origin of the "Orphée aux Enfers" with the exquisite music of Offenbach, at the Bouffes Parisiennes, which is to be withdrawn within a few days, having already reached its two hundred and ninety-eight representation!

A. W. T.

ST. LOUIS, NOV. 22.—We once took a young lady to whom we were "devotedly attached" to the opera. She liked music, so did we, though sometimes we prefer to change the key "from long metre and short metre to meet her by moonlight." Overcome by the ravishing allurements of the opera, she exclaimed, "How well music does go with singing."

We were not particularly impressed with the remark then, but fully realized its truthfulness, when attending the second concert ever given by our Philharmonic Society on Wednesday evening. A word about its formation.

The St. Louis Philharmonic Society was formed "to advance the study and promote the progress of music in St. Louis, and to encourage the reunion and social intercourse of the lovers of music in our city." There are three classes of members, life members, subscribing members, and performing or active members. The subscribing members pay fifty dollars each. There are now one hundred and three, and only in its second month. These one hundred and three men, represent over twenty-five millions of dollars of this city. Every concert increases the members. They will spend every cent gained this year, over five thousand dollars. The tickets for the concerts are never sold, any member selling or disposing of a ticket for gain, forfeits his membership. The performing members number one hundred and ten. They each pay five dollars per year. The musical year consists of eight months from September till May, one concert to be given every month, and the tickets distributed regularly among the members, as many tickets in all being given as there are seats. These concerts are given in our finest hall, and are attended by the finest audiences St. Louis can boast of.

Their leader, Mr. EDWARD SOBELESKI, has a better European than American reputation. A better musician never was west of the Mississippi river, as he can both lead the orchestra and the vocal score. His office and the librarian's are salaried. Of course some of the orchestra are hired, there being no amateur player on the clarinet, horn, &c. They have two rehearsals every week, and the leader gives two extra ones besides, and in addition to all this the leader devotes three hours every day to instructing members not well up in their parts. The rehearsal rooms are the finest for the purpose I ever saw. The first concert was a complete success. The programme being mainly classical music.

The society is regularly organized, having a Board of thirteen Directors, and all other regular officers. James E. Yeatman, President; Charles Balmer, Esq., Vice President; John J. Anderson, Esq., Treasurer; George W. Parker, Recording Secretary, &c. I enclose you a Constitution, &c. No active member admitted without a thorough exam-

ination. All officers are publicly nominated at least one week before election, and no member can perform publicly at any concert, soirée, &c., as a member of the Society, or use the Society's name.

The second concert of the Society was given on Wednesday evening, 21st inst., to an audience of over two thousand. I append a programme. Every thing went off as well as the most ardent friends of the society could wish.

### PART I.

1. Overture, "The Elopement,".....Mozart
2. Chorus, "Blessed is the Lord," from the Oratorio of Elijah.....Mendelssohn Bartholdy
3. Trio for Soprano, Tenor and Bass, from Fidelio.....Beethoven
4. Symphonie in D, first part.....Beethoven
5. Sextette, "Chi mi frena," from Lucia di Lammermoor.....Donizetti

### PART II.

1. Overture, "Der Freischütz,".....C. M. v. Weber
2. Double Chorus from Antigone, for Male Voices.....Mendelssohn Bartholdy
3. Flute Solo, "Air Allemand".....Boehm
4. Cavatina, "In tears I pine," from "I Lombardi".....Verdi
5. Solo and Chorus, "Inflammatus est," from Stabat Mater.....Rossini

The Society are determined to cultivate a taste for classical music. The Symphony of Beethoven and Chorus from Antigone, sung by over one hundred and twenty voices were especially fine. As might be expected many could not understand it. One young lady near me, remarked after the symphony was played, "Well, ain't that funny music?" Just so, it was funny to some, but we hope it will not be long.

We would like to make particular mention of the soloists, and of some other things, but somehow no matter how kindly a thing is said, some one is offended. If you criticise they are offended, if you praise they are offended, because some one else is praised more, and so it goes. The writer of that article in the *Musical World and Times*, from Cincinnati, Ohio, just hit this city too. We have no musical critic in this city at all connected with any paper. It is only a "local" and the motto "cut it short" and praise home talent or "advertising talent." They contract for advertising and so many lines of "notice," and so it goes, and so it always has gone, and will go, I suppose. The Society give their next concert next month.

I can not close without adverting to our system of music in the Public Schools. The "Board" and Superintendent are doing all they can to make music an indispensable branch. The Superintendent is earnestly striving to promote this necessary end. The greatest obstacle is the people who refuse to vote supplies. They see no necessity for buying aught but chalk and black boards, entirely ignoring the ennobling influences of music. But of that more anon.

PHIL.

HARTFORD, CONN., Dec. 3.—Nothing of any great musical importance of late, excepting the concert of the "BOSTON GERMANIA BAND," and that of Miss LUCY J. RAMSEY, of Middletown, Conn.; both of which "drew large houses," and sent the people away highly delighted. This was the first appearance of Miss Ramsey in Hartford, as a public singer, although a native of Hartford, and I am happy to state that she made a most decided "hit" with her voice, execution and manner; in fact, I can recall no singer since Mad. BISCACCANTI appeared in Hartford, who has won the sympathies and hearty approbation of our entire audience, as did Miss Ramsey the other evening. Possessing a voice of great natural purity of tone, she has been a favorite pupil during the past year of the well-known teacher, Signor RIVARDE, of New York, in which time she has made immense improvement in style and execution. Her renderings of "Ah! non credea," and "Vana, vana!" from Meyerbeer, were highly successful and brought out rounds of applause. The old saying, "A prophet, &c.," can hardly apply in



this instance to Miss Ramsey, for she has certainly made herself "known" and appreciated in her "own country," and should she again appear in this her native city in concert, I can assure her, she will be greeted with an overflowing house and scores of admirers. May much success attend her! Our favorite organist, Mr. GEO. E. WHITING, is about to leave us, I am sorry to say, to take up his residence in Boston, I am happy to say. He has secured to himself many friends during his two years' residence in Hartford, and goes away with the regrets and many kind wishes of numerous admirers. I trust that his uncommon talents as a fine musician, as well as a remarkable performer, will be fully appreciated in your critical city. Look out for him!

Quite refreshing and "like old times" to see once again the signature of "Dash t Dash," as well as that of "Trovator." What could we do without them? When is "A. W. T." coming home with his Beethoven? That's all. H.

### New Books.

THE WORKS OF CHARLES LAMB. In four Volumes. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co. Salem: H. Whipple & Son.

We owe a debt of gratitude to the publishers, for adding to our household treasures this beautiful edition of these, among the dearest and most familiar of household words. The edition is the best and most complete ever published uniformly, as it embraces the "Final Memorials," published after the death of Mary Lamb, which disclose the secret history of their lives, and complete the record of a rare and shining example of brotherly and sisterly affection. The typography and paper of these volumes are little short of perfect, as may be supposed, when we say that they are fine specimens of the work that comes from the famous "Riverside Press." An excellent portrait of Lamb is prefixed to the first volume. The brief biography by the late Mr. Justice Talford glows with the affectionate love of a life long and dear friend, and lets us in very near to the hearts and home of Charles and Mary Lamb.

It is fitting that these choice treasures of our English literature of the early years of this century should be so beautifully stored in these volumes. The works of Charles Lamb are among those that we like ever to have near at hand, so full are they of wisdom, of humor, of pathos and the tender outpourings of one of the most lovable and loving of human hearts. The letters too, admit us to fellowship with the leading minds of the literary world of that time, and we enjoy a full communion with the spirits of Coleridge, Wordsworth and Southey, to name no others of the now famous company who composed the circle of the friends of Charles Lamb.

While an ardent lover of all that was beautiful in Nature, Art and books, Lamb seems to have had but little culture in that art to which our columns are devoted, yet he is for us a real "lucus a non lucendo," and we cannot forbear to quote his

#### FREE THOUGHTS ON SEVERAL EMINENT COMPOSERS.

Some cry up Haydn, some Mozart,  
Just as the whim bites; for my part,  
I do not care a farthing candle  
For either of them, or for Handel.—  
Cannot a man live free and easy,  
Without admiring Pergolesi?  
Or through the world with comfort go,  
That never heard of Doctor Blow?  
So help me heaven, I hardly have;  
And yet I eat, and drink, and shave,  
Like other people, if you watch it,  
And know no more of stave or crotchet,  
Than did the primitive Peruvians;  
Or those old ante-queer-diluvians  
That lived in the unwash'd world with Jubal,  
Before that dirty blacksmith Tubal  
By stroke on anvil, or by summ'at,  
Found out, to his great surprise, the gamut,  
I care no more for Cimarosa,  
Than he did for Salvator Rosa,  
Being no painter; and bad luck

Be mine, if I can bear that Gluck!  
Old Tycho Brahe, and modern Herschel.  
Had something in them; but who's Purcell?  
The devil, with his foot so cloven,  
For aught I care, may take Beethoven;  
And, if the bargain does not suit,  
I'll throw him Weber in to boot.  
There's not the splitting of a splinter  
To choose 'twixt him last named, and Winter.  
Of Doctor Pepusch old queen Dido  
Knew just as much, God knows, as I do.  
I would not go four miles to visit  
Sebastian Bach; (or Bach, which is it?)  
No more I would for Bononcini.  
As for Novello, or Rosmini,  
I shall not say a word to grieve 'em,  
Because they're living; so I leave 'em.

GERMAN POPULAR TALES AND HOUSEHOLD STORIES. Collected by the Brothers Grimm. Newly Translated. With Illustrations by Edward H. Wehnert. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

Still another pearl of price the same publishers sends us in these world renowned stories, the *Kinders- und Haus Märchen* of the brothers Grimm. Children's fairy stories, on the surface, but told with the rarest grace of diction and sentiment, that make them as fascinating to the grown up reader as the immortal Arabian Nights. They are excellently translated, and the smaller illustrations, tail-pieces, &c., are spirited and well executed. The larger cuts are not in keeping with the general good style of these volumes which are well printed on good handsome paper. The publishers seem determined to establish a high reputation for the character of the works issued by them, and the manner in which they are got up. They finely rival the good name won by the late firm of Phillips, Sampson & Co., of which Mr. Lee was for many years an important member.

ANALYSIS OF THE CARTOONS OF RAPHAEL. New York: Charles B. Norton.

This little volume gives an intelligent analysis and description of the famous Cartoons at Hampton Court, and has been prepared for the subscribers to the engraving, from the great works of Raphael, which are published by Mr. Norton. It is however of independent and intrinsic value to all lovers of art.

CASSILL'S ILLUSTRATED BIBLE AND NATURAL HISTORY are most admirably illustrated in the best style of modern wood engraving, and aside from their cheapness, are desirable from the excellent manner in which they are got up. The text of the Natural History is full of valuable and carefully arranged information. It will be a valuable work when entirely completed.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for November. Reprint of Leonard, Scott & Co., New York.

## Bright's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 8, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Chopin's *Mazurkas*, Nos. 1 and 6.

### Mr. Otto Dresel's Third Soiree.

This evening offered us a most excellent programme, which we print below. It will be perceived that it presented two great pieces, one of which generally is considered sufficient for an evening. By the skillful arrangement of the programme, and by placing the pieces of greatest importance first in each part they did not impress us otherwise than as being very fitting and welcome, and we were very glad to have them both.

#### PART I.

1. Septett, (D minor). . . . . Hummel  
Allegro con spirito—Scherzo—Andante con variazioni  
—Finale.

2. *Fantasia*, (op. 17, last movement). . . . . Schumann  
3. "Nachtgesang im Walde," for male voices. . . . . Schubert  
4. *Bolero*. . . . . Fred. Hiller

#### PART II.

5. Second Concerto, (D minor). . . . . Mendelssohn  
Allegro appassionato—Adagio—Finale.  
6. *Gondoliera*, for male voices. . . . . Gade  
7. *Mazurka*, (op. 50, A flat). . . . . Chopin  
Fugue, (C sharp). . . . . J. S. Bach  
8. *Mazurka*, (op. 59, A flat). . . . . Chopin  
9. Chorus of Dervishes, from "Die Ruinen von Athen." . . . . Beethoven  
10. Valse, (op. 70, G flat), and *Eccossaises*. . . . . Chopin

It is perhaps not well to speak of personal impressions and predilections in a notice of a concert; but where everything is so excellent one may be pardoned for expressing oneself particularly struck by some of the pieces. Most interesting to us seemed (besides the Septuor) the movement of the *Fantasia*, by Schumann, in C major; the *Fugue* in C sharp, by Bach, from the "Clavecin bien tempéré"; and the *Dervish Chorus* from Beethoven's music to "the Ruins of Athens." To speak of the *Fantasia* first, we find the solution of the question contained in the motto to the *Fantasia* in this very last movement. Full of originality and noble grandeur, leagued intimately with sweetness and grace, it has a surprising, more than commonly interesting effect. It is written in a broad, noble design in two parts frequently with a double accompaniment. The harmonic changes often produce a mysterious enchanting effect, as if they were to herald forth the tone, "the low tone" the artist is striving to find. The motto, by Fr. Schlegel, runs in this way:

"Through all the tones is sounding  
In life's bright stream on earth  
A low tone interwoven  
For one in secret list'ning."

The theme following the first three Arpeggio measures, with its counter movement in right and left hand, is great in its simple statement, but rises to an unusual magnificence in the middle of the movement, where it appears entwined with a most sweet melody of a few measures in skillful imitation parts. Alas, that we cannot describe its various beauties! Language is unwieldy when contrasted with tone. In the accompaniment to this tender, longing melody is one effect of most touching sweetness and warmth of coloring. And yet it is a simple half step before the Tonic and Dominant chords of the accompaniment. Such little things are born of genius. So are the introductory harmonies to this same melody with their unusual changes of keys, the melody being stated in A flat, F major and G minor successively without preparation or leading over chords. They have a similar effect to that produced on us by colored rays of light, mysterious, an atmosphere of shining mellow tones—undefinable. A fine effect has the doubling of the melody in the working up of this theme; first one octave, then two octaves apart, with accompaniment in the middle and a separate bass below. And this working up develops the theme to such grandeur that the piano seems to assume the dimensions of an orchestra, the various parts swelling and spreading, replete with inner life, wrestling with each other, all striving for the same goal, all great, majestic, magnificent, until they unite in a short melody made of the same motive, but of fresh, confident character, changing to the same question that is found at the beginning. And the same sad, plaintive strain is followed both times by the same wondrous, enchanted harmonies (this time D flat, B flat and C major), followed

by a short working up and then by the same fresh confident melody, which, together with that sweet melody mentioned above seems to be the answer Schumann found to the motto. Most strange, yet fitting — from the land of variegated fancies — are the following of the closing harmonies: C major, A major, D flat major, Dominant-Seventh in C, all in original positions, e, e, f, f, e being the soprano tones. It is a vain endeavor to catch the spirit, the flavor, the coloring of a piece so rich in peculiar effects, and express them in words. We long to hear the three other movements, the first two of which are connected in such a way, that the first forms a framework for the second. It is full of genius and thought, and has, besides, all the freshness of youth, being his 17th work.

The Fugue in 3 parts might as well have been written yesterday or to-day instead of a hundred or more years ago, so fresh and graceful is it. The form disappears entirely in the subject of the piece, which is both tender and brilliant, of course when played with such perfection, as Mr. Dresel does it. The Chorus of Dervishes is truthful and characteristic in the highest degree, one of those dramatic pieces of music, that transport us at once into the situation. It is frantic, absolutely mad, breathing the fiercest fanaticism, being written throughout in unison of all the voices only the accompaniment being figurative, though in the same fierce homophony, characteristic of the whole piece.

The Concerto by Mendelssohn in D minor is less known than that in G minor. It is strong and original in its first movement, which opens with a dialogue between the orchestra and the piano, continued until the latter has obtained the mastery. This event is expressed by a powerful run in octaves after which the movement really begins. The last movement is graceful and very brilliant. The Adagio is less original than the other two movements, but, as everything written by Mendelssohn, chaste and faultless in form. The Mazourkas in A flat, of which we like the first one best, gave Mr. Dresel another pleasant (to all his audience surely) opportunity of playing Chopin in his masterly manner. So did the beautiful Valse and the two exquisite Ecossaises in D and G major from the 7th book of Chopin's posthumous works. What a strange half-melancholy coloring the second one has? His playing was matchless as it always is. The piano is made to give forth under his hands such tender and sweet tones as one never expected from an instrument, naturally dry.

The accompaniments were played by Mr. Leonhard with his usual taste and the Orpheus sang as well as we are accustomed to hear them. A deep-felt piece of landscape painting that night-song in the forest by Schubert, with its phrases half-breathed, half-sung, now rising up splendidly with the light of the full moon, then dying away in the dense darkness of the woods.

The concert presented even a richer feast than the preceding ones. For to-night we are promised a Beethoven Sonata. It is only a pity that it is the last of these beautiful soirées. The hall was crowded, yet more comfortable in point of temperature than at either of the evenings preceding.

THE HARP MUSIC received from J. F. Browne, of New York, noticed a few weeks ago, we should have stated is for sale by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Translated from Friedrich Wieck's "Clavier und Gesang." by Fanny Malone Raymond.

### A Soiree at Banker Gold's.

#### PERSONAGES.

GOLD. (a banker, who loves music).  
MRS. GOLD. (sings, and is "suffering").  
SILVER. (a book-keeper, formerly a singer with Strauss).  
HEILIG. (a friend of the family — a musical *mucker* \*).  
FORTE. (a foreign pianist, weak in the nerve).  
DAS. (a piano-forte teacher).  
EMMA. (his daughter).

Mrs. Gold has just finished singing Krebs' song, "Loving I think of thee" (all four verses) in the modern Italian style, trembling on every tone, the upper and lower tones forced, with plenty of ornaments, intermingling sudden forte passages with almost inaudible throat *piannissimos*; and the whole thing a quarter of a tone too low.

Das. (anxiously.) Will you not continue, Mrs. Gold? Or is the instrument so high that you must first get accustomed to it?

Mrs. Gold. Oh, no! the fine song touched me too deeply, and I am such a sufferer. (Aside to Das), Herr Forte did not accompany well at all; sometimes he played too softly, and then he came in with things of his own, that quite overpowered my suffering voice.

Das. (aside to Emma). What an evening we have in prospect!

Gold. (who has been talking about the funds in the next room, hurries in, a little too late, and seizes his wife's hands). Admirable, wonderful, superb! You are in excellent voice to-night, child! Ah, if the Lind had only heard that!

Heilig. Superb! charming! and so touching! There is a — a sort of — a religious type in that song — a — a piety — pray, now, do give us the "True happiness," by Voss, that will make our enjoyment perfect, overpowering. There is something divine in song! And your delivery — your expression, Madam! your sympathy with the composer!

(Mrs. Gold has already got "the true happiness," ready, and can scarcely wait until Forte has finished murmuring through the symphony in a curious piano. Heilig already begins to shed tears, while the great virtuoso turns the four bars of the prelude into eight. During the cloudy, wavering "happiness" he rolls his moist eyes about, and says, at the end of the first verse, while the accompanist's fancy is taking a higher flight, "I am silent; no words can express my feelings!")

Das. (aside to Emma). My daughter, observe that hypocritical feeling; and hear how people must not sing. This pretended warmth is, to the true and unprejudiced musician, nothing but hollow, empty, unnatural affectation. But you will often meet this amateur suffering.

(Mrs. Gold has finished all the verses of "The true happiness" and seems to have almost recovered. Gold talks with Silver in the "stock-room." Das stands with Emma, very much bored, at the end of the room).

Forte. (sits down to the piano-forte, and says in French to Mrs. Gold). Madam, you are the central point of all fine music. To breathe my inmost feelings over the piano-forte, before such a being, I count one of the happiest accidents of my artist-wandering. What a loss to the German opera, that your position prevents you from aiding it to retrieve itself; you, a star of the first magnitude!

Mrs. Gold. (Quite well again). I cannot deny that the Lind never pleased me. She is, and always will remain a Swede — cold. If she had been educated here, she would have heard warmer examples than in Stockholm; that would have given her a true direction of feeling.

Forte. Very true; you put the right estimate on her talent; and in Paris, where she might have heard

\* Mucker, — a word that signifies both gnat and hypocrite.

such examples, she lived altogether too retired. I was concertizing there myself then; but as she refused to sing in my concerts, she did not hear me play.

Silver. (to Mrs. Gold, who seems seized with the singing fury). Madam, will you do me the favor to sing the duet between Adam and Eve, from the "Creation" with me?

Mrs. Gold. Here it is. But bye and bye. First, Herr Forte will play us his newest compositions for the left hand, and then something by the romantic, sensitive Chopin.

Gold. (rushes in). Yes, yes! Chopin's mazurka in B major! Henselt, Thalberg, Dreyshock have all played it here to us. Oh, it is touching!

All. (except Silver, Das, and Emma). Touching!

Das. (to his daughter). If he plays as he accompanied, you will hear how this mazurka should not be played. It is not touching, but boldly reflects the Polish dance rhythm, as the peasants improvise it — though certainly idealized in Chopin's own style.

(Forte, after some dangerous runs up and down, and some very loud octave passages, with the pedal, gallops into the mazurka, without any pause, and commences it presto. No time or accent can be heard; nothing but eternal rubatos and tasteless *ritardandos*. Some passages are slipped over *pianissimo*, others suddenly thumped out too fast and abruptly; the last chord makes all the strings vibrate and costs one of them its life.)

Gold. Excellent! Bravissimo! What execution! Such artistic exploits make one forget even the Bourse itself!

Mrs. Gold. You thrill one's inmost nerves. No creative spirit can penetrate the inner heart of Nature, as the English poet, Pope, says — but you have penetrated to my inmost heart! Now let us have the mazurka in F sharp minor, opus 6.

Heilig. What a musical evening Mrs. Gold has again prepared for us! What sublime sorrow breathes through that production!

Silver. (aside). What would father Strauss say to this affected, unmusical interpretation, defying every principle of good taste?

Das. Would it not be desirable to send for the tuner, Mrs. Gold? The B string needs to be drawn up, for the second will soon follow it also, as it is already cracked, and too flat.

Forte. (triumphantly). Let it pass! *Cela va sans dire!* it often happens to me. The piano-forte is a field of battle where some sacrifices must fall.

Das. (aside to Emma). He thinks that if it does not resound, it will rattle; and untuned tones make more "effect" than true ones.

Emma. Where has he studied piano-forte playing?

Das. My child, he never learnt it at all. He is a genius; it comes of itself to him. Instruction would have fettered his genius, and then he might have played clearly, correctly, naturally, and in good time and taste. This unbridled, unmeasured hurly-burly is what people call "The genial piano forte swing."

(Forte tumbles hurriedly through several heterogeneous chords, with the pedal raised, and then begins the mazurka in F sharp minor without preparatory modulation. He accents strongly, robs one bar of two quarters to bestow them on the next, and after ending the mazurka, strikes a few despairing diminished-septima chords, and launched into Liszt's transcription of Schubert's "Serenade" [in D minor]. As the second string of the two-lined B has also given way, there ensues a very remarkable effect, and the company wonders in whispers if the piece is by Mendelssohn, or Proch, or Beethoven, or Döhler, or Schumann; until Silver names the Serenade, and Forte closes with a thrilling effect of the soft pedal which he has already, in his enthusiasm, used several times.)

Das. (to Emma). Never play or sing in company without mentioning beforehand what your selection is.

All, (Except Das and Silver). What a performance! What a truly artistic enjoyment!

Mrs. Gold. This playing is transfiguration itself!

Silver, (to Forte). Did you not compress those two bars of the "Seventh," where it modulates into F major, into one? Was that accidental?

Emma, (aside). That was just where he should have retarded the time.

Forte. One must give one's self up entirely to such improvements. Another time I shall perhaps make three bars out of those two; just as genius and enthusiasm operate within me. People call these "aesthetic surprises." Henselt, Moscheles, Thalberg, Clara Schumann don't understand that sort of thing; that is why they cannot make any more tours; they have no idea of effect.

Das, (to Emma). I trust that your naturally healthy taste, and your musical education, will preserve you for ever from such un-nature.

Emma. Such playing makes one feel anxious and uncomfortable. Is that the "modern demoniacal?"

Das. Yes!

Emma. How can that please people?

Das. Because they are fools enough to think it sounds genial and creative.

(Silver leads Mrs. Gold to the piano, to perform the great duet between Adam and Eve. Forte is exhausted, so Das accompanies. Silver sings with good natural feeling; Mrs. Gold in her above-mentioned manner, but still more time-and-tunelessly; and on the pause in the Allegro she introduces, with her forced, cutting voice, an endless cadenza; throwing her black eyes continually towards the ceiling. At the conclusion, Mrs. Gold, dissolving in emotion, is deposited in an arm-chair by Silver.)

Heilig. Ah, when Haydn is interpreted in such a manner, the divine art celebrates his noblest triumphs! Mrs. Gold, were the fine ornaments of your own composition?

Mrs. Gold. No! I heard them introduced in the "Barber of Seville," by Viardot-Garcia, as "Rosina," and I got a musician belonging to the theatre to write them down for me. But the changes necessary for this duet are my own invention, and I have already surprised many listeners with them. And that great, down-rushing chromatic scale which Garcia introduces as the dreamy, swooning Amina in "La Sonnambula," I bring into the great aria, the "Godly Prophets;" a little timidly, to be sure; for the certainty of a Garcia can only be acquired on the boards.

Emma. But, father, Lind sang this duet with Staudigl in Vienna, quite simply, purely, and in a true sacred style!

Das. That is just why Mrs. Gold thinks that the Lind sings coldly, and needs to hear warmer types. But more of this at home.

Mrs. Gold. Now, Mr. Das, will not your Emma play us some little thing? Afterwards, I will sing, "Of thy goodness, oh Lord," and some of Kücken's duets, with Mr. Silver; and if the company desires it, I will close with the aria "Robert."

Das. Will you first allow me to remedy the broken string?

(The company drinks tea in an adjoining room, loudly admiring Mrs. Gold's cultivation and perseverance. When Das has finished his task, Forte marches to the piano, and plays his own "study for the left hand," stretching out the right hand towards his audience.)

Das (at the close to Forte). Would it not have sounded better, and been easier, and more to the purpose, if you had taken the right hand to it?

Forte. That is a very pedantic remark of yours; but one must forgive these things in old people. You entirely misunderstand my stand-point! Do you not feel that I have already one foot in the future? Do you not comprehend that the public wishes not only to hear, but also to see, something remarkable?

And can you not imagine the great musical effect of my suffering aspect?

Heilig. Do you not feel the extraordinary charm and effect that belongs to the left hand alone? No less the outstretched right?

Das. So? Yes, feeling must certainly have taken a false direction with me. I must get myself up in this Parisian piano-forte exultation.

(After Das has announced it, Emma plays Chopin's Ballade in A major; the company is attentive.)

Forte, (when it is ended). Bravo! a pretty beginning, Mr. Das! I am sorry that I must now take my leave, but I have to attend two soirées more, and to pay my respects in several places.

Silver. Miss Emma, I am sure that you have already played Chopin's music much and well. Let us now hear his two newest Nocturnes.

Mrs. Gold, (to Emma). Have you heard the celebrated Camilla Pleyel? Do you know her fine Kalkbrenner-like concerto in D minor? Can you play anything in that brilliant style? For instance, Döhler's lovely, affecting nocturne in D flat? Ah, Mr. Secretary X. played it for us lately in a delightful manner!

Emma. Yes, I know it; I have taught it to my little sister Cecilia.

Das. Will you in the meanwhile put up with Chopin's two Nocturnes, op. 48?

(At midnight a fine supper was served, perfumed with excellent wines, and disagreeable recollections of this "musical evening.")

The second concert of the MENDELSSOHN QUINETTE CLUB came off on Tuesday, 4th inst. It was a stormy night, snow having begun to fall early in the afternoon.

1. Quintette, in E flat, Op. 4.....Beethoven  
Allegro—Andante.
2. Piano Trio, in D minor, Op. 49.....Mendelssohn  
Allegro agitato—Andante con moto—Scherzo—Allegro.  
Messrs. Lang, Schultze and Fries.
3. Duettino, from the Magic Flute. "La dove prende amor  
ricetto." Arranged for Quintette.....Mozart
4. "La Charité." Transcription for Piano.....Liszt  
B. J. Lang.
5. Grand Quartette in D minor.....F. Schubert  
Allegro—Andante with Variations—Scherzo—Finale, Presto.  
Posthumous Work.

Of the Quintette in E flat the first two movements only were played, which generally speaking, does not seem to be a commendable practice. In a work written in the Sonata form the different movements constitute an inseparable unity, to dismember which is doing injustice to the intentions of the composer. To hear the first movements of a Quintette is nearly the same as seeing the first acts of a drama. The dénouement is wanting. This Quintette one of Beethoven's earliest, is not one of his most interesting works. The disappointment was not so great therefore. It is a different thing when a Scherzo or an Adagio is performed by itself. There the connection is not so apparent, since the preparatory movement does not excite the expectation. Neither when a closing movement of a Fantasia is presented, where the parts are joined more loosely. But of a piece in strict form we would prefer hearing nothing, to hearing only the introductory movements.

Mendelssohn's Piano Trio is too well known to invite comment. It is enough to say, that it was played with much feeling, Mr. LANG sustaining his part admirably, and the violin and violoncello joining him worthily. The piece by Rossini, transcribed by Liszt, bearing the title La Charité (why?) is quite pleasing as to its theme. The working up is tasteful, as Liszt knows well how to arrange pieces. The difficulties of execution disappeared in Mr. Lang's excellent rendering. We have not heard this artist for some time, but he seems to have added to his great ease and strength of execution a nicer taste and deeper feeling, than we ever noticed before.

The Quartette by Schubert in D minor, a posthu-

mous work, is a composition of great originality and beauty. It was played we think some three years ago, but seemed quite new on hearing it to-night. The two motives of the Allegro agitato contrast strongly, the first (in D minor) being passionate and energetic, the second, forming a lovely melody in F major, sweet and nervous withal. The effect produced by introducing it in D major in the third part of this movement was especially pleasant. The movement is strong and passionate, and forms in its agitation and its frequent harmonic changes, a fitting counterpart to the quiet theme of the *Andante con moto* in G minor, ending in G major in its second part. The harmonies of the first part are the very simplest to a melody that moves on four contiguous tones. It flows quietly on, nor do the few harmonic changes in the second part disturb this feeling of stillness and rest. The variations are graceful. The Scherzo in D minor with a beautiful Trio in D major is rather more quiet than Scherzi usually are, for the reasons that the Presto Finale in six-eighth time is an impetuous Tarantella. Characteristic in melody and rhythm, it has a wealth of harmonic combinations such as Schubert likes to employ. The fancy of this remarkable genius delights in revelling in chords, in the boldest, most unexpected changes. Everything he wrote at once shows this peculiarity, which for the most part is employed in perfect fitness, with artistic consciousness of effect. This Presto is evidently the most original of the movements. And the unity of the piece is manifested by the first motive of the first movement coming in quite naturally and intermingling with the motives of the Tarantella. The piece was played very effectively by the four gentlemen. The Duettino from the "Magic Flute," the principal part being sustained by the clarinet, went quite well and was a pleasing diversion of the programme.

The hall in spite of the bad weather was well filled, as it ought to be. Chamber music is one of the most effective means of forming a pure taste for the best music. And it is pleasant to see, that the worthy efforts of the Club in this direction are seconded by the public.

NEW YORK, DEC. 5. — Last Tuesday evening Messrs. MASON & THOMAS held their second Soirée to the delight of the music-lovers who had braved the wretched weather. The concert was fully as attractive as the first of the series — perhaps, still more so. One of Haydn's loveliest, freshest Quartets, in B flat major, headed the programme, and was most admirably played. What a contrast it presented to Beethoven's grand work in C, op. 59, which ended the concert! The one like a limpid, sparkling, mountain brook, the other a mighty torrent, almost too full and broad for its limits. The Andante con moto is wonderful, so weird and mysterious, as if hiding some mournful heart story beneath its depths, as who can tell but it does! But no words can give adequate expression to the beauties of this mighty work. Those who have heard it, know what it is (especially if it is so exceedingly well rendered as on this occasion), and for those who have not I can wish nothing better than a speedy opportunity of doing so.

One of Mozart's charming Sonatas for Violin and Piano, in A, so seldom heard in public, was played by Messrs. Mason & Thomas, and as solo-numbers Mr. Mason gave us a transcription of Liszt's, and Mr. MATZKA a Divertissement for the Viola, which is his instrument. The theme of Liszt's arrangement was the Andante Finale from the opera "King Alfred," by Raff, a pupil of the great pianist, neither subject nor transcription were, however, particularly attractive, though very finely rendered. Mr. Matzka's solo was a composition by Mr. Thomas, in which he showed himself master of his instrument, but which had the fault that it was better adapted to the violin than the viola. Otherwise it was a pleasing and meritorious work.

The Mendelssohn Society have given a concert since I last wrote, at which Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" was sung; not having been present, however, I cannot say what success it had.

Of the production of "La Juive" at the Academy, with its magnificent mise en scene, and, most important, the splendid rendering of its three chief parts, I will leave it to "Trovator" to tell you, as I hope he has enjoyed it as much as I did.

## Music Abroad.

*The return of Tobias*, an oratorio written by Haydn at the age of forty-four to an Italian text, and which, it had been supposed, was destroyed in the burning of the Chateau Esterhazy, at Eisenstadt, has been discovered recently, thanks to the diligent search of M. Franz Lachner. It is now being translated into German, and will be performed for the first time at Munich.—*Gazette Musicale*.

VIENNA.—At the Kärnthnerthor Theatre, of such universal reputation, operas are still given with the same perfection of ensemble in respect to execution, and the same slovenly *mise-en-scène*, as distinguished the representations ten years ago. This evening M. Halevy's *La Juive*, a work but little known in England, was performed with the following cast:—Prinz—Herr Guns; Eleazar—Herr Wachtel; Prinzessin—Fraulein Liebhart; Rachel—Mad. Csillag; Cardinal—Herr Drachaler. The *primo tenore*, Herr Wachtel, is a German Tamberlik, who indulges in B flats and C's *dipetto* to any extent without the slightest apparent effort. It is truly a magnificent voice which, with judicious care and study, will ensure a brilliant career to its possessor. Herr Wachtel is new to the stage, young and good looking, perhaps the most promising "Helden tenor" of the day. The rôle of Eleazar is one requiring more experience in stage business than he can yet bring to bear. Nevertheless, he sustained the part respectably, and by his singing of the music elicited the fullest approbation of the audience.

Mad. Csillag, the *prima donna*, is well known in England; but the London public have had as yet no opportunity of judging of those remarkable vocal and histrionic powers which have made her such a favorite in Vienna. The operas in which she appeared at Covent Garden were but little adapted to her talents compared to such as *La Juive*, *Macbeth*, the *Huguenots*, &c. As Rachel in *La Juive* Mad. Csillag is unrivalled. In common with Mad. Viardot, to whom there is a striking resemblance both in her acting and appearance, she contrives so completely to identify herself with the heroine of the opera, that the artiste is forgotten in the interest excited in the part she represents. The illusion is sustained throughout and never once disturbed by any extravagant effort at effect. The *Ars celare artem* is the maxim fully carried out, and the impression upon the audience consequently deep and lasting. Mad. Csillag's enthusiastic reception, and the frequent calls before the curtain during and after the opera, proved the admiration of the Viennese public for their favorite *prima donna*.

A hearty greeting to all his friends in England from Ernst. He has been an invalid ever since he left London, now three years ago. After trying many of the German baths, without any beneficial result, he has come to Vienna to consult the medical men, who have given him hopes of a speedy restoration to health, if he follow their advice. He suffers acute pain, and is at times quite unable to stand or walk without support. I called yesterday at the house of Mad. Wertheimber, the most liberal friend of music and musicians in this musical capital, with whom Ernst and his wife are staying. The doctors had just left, and had given a favorable opinion as to the progress of their patient. Ernst was in better spirits than usual, and expressed the greatest interest to know what had been doing in the musical world of London since his absence. During his illness, he has been unable to perform in public. The last time he played was to some members of the imperial family of Russia at Nice, and was then obliged to be seated during his performance. His account of the reception accorded him by the Court, reminded me of the "pitied duchess" in "the Last Minstrel." Thalberg is also here. It appears that he has altogether neglected the pianoforte for the last two years. A large fortune and a lazy disposition make him careless of his professional career.

Of all the hospitable receptions in this city, renowned for hospitality, that given by the amiable Jetty Treffz is the most agreeable with which an Englishman can meet. Having amassed a handsome fortune, the result of a brilliant career in Germany and England, the fascinating Teutonic *prima donna* resides in Vienna, the delight and ornament of a large circle of acquaintance. Her house is furnished

in the English style, and the hospitality is most decidedly after the same approved model. The charming hostess always speaks with gratitude of the pleasant time she passed in England, and does her best to prove the sincerity of what she says by the invariable kind-hearted welcome she gives to those English friends who visit her in this her native country.

The performances at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre this week have been interesting. On Sunday, 21st, *Wilhelm Tell* was given with a perfection of *ensemble* which intimate knowledge of the work, and frequent performances by the same executants, can alone attain. Objection might be made to the *tempi* of some of the principal *morceaux*, as being different to the English reading of the same subject; but deference must be paid to the Kärnthnerthor authority, as being very probably the most correct in such matters. As the hero of the opera, Herr Beck, fully justified the reputation he has of being the best German baritone of the present day. Voice, appearance, and dramatic talent are happily combined in this artist, all of which qualities are requisite in such a rôle as Wilhelm Tell. Herr Wachtel, as Arnold, again displayed his remarkable vocal powers. The grand duet, "Dovo Vai"—to give the Italian and best known title—was magnificently rendered by these two artists and the band, every member of which seemed to devote heart and soul to the performance.

On Monday, 22nd, the German version of Verdi's *Trovere* was given, with the following cast:—Marrico, Herr Walter; Azucena, Fraulein Sulzer; Fernando, Herr Mayerhofer; Leonora, Mad. Csillag; Conte di Luna, Herr Hrabaneck. The Leonora of Mad. Csillag is of very much more dramatic importance than the "walking lady" who wears black, white, and party-colored raiment alternately, and sings a couple of arias upon our Italian stage. Mad. Csillag takes quite another reading of the part, and by the earnestness of her acting, and the grandeur of her declamation, greatly increases the interest of the opera. This is particularly remarkable in the "Miserere scene," where Leonora hears the voice of Marrico from the prison tower. The situation is heightened in effect by the passionate despair portrayed in every note and gesture of this most intelligent artist. The music suits Mad. Csillag admirably, and the character altogether is one of the most successful in which she has appeared.

On Wednesday, 24th, a very different representation took place, being none other than Wagner's *Tannhäuser*; or, "The Singer's Strife," which, according to the prophecy of his admirers, is to be the *Don Giovanni*, *Guillaume Tell*, and *Fidelio*, of the next century. From all I had heard of the mysterious character of the work, I prepared myself for an evening of hard labor to understand this music of the future. According to the prognostications of the lovers of the Italian school, I was to be overcome by the first act, and sleep out the rest of the opera; nay, so soporific was the music pronounced that I fully anticipated not perhaps awaking again until the following evening. Such antagonistic opinions naturally excited my curiosity, and rendered the performance of *Tannhäuser* the most interesting of all those I had yet attended at the Kärnthnerthor.

The cast of the opera was as follows:—

Hermann, Landgraf von Thüringen	..... Herr Mayerhofer.
Tannhäuser, Minstrel Knight	..... Herr Ander.
Wolfram	..... Herr Rudolf.
Walter	..... Herr Guns.
Ritterolf	..... Herr Hrabaneck.
Helfrich	..... Herr Kamppe.
Elizabeth	..... Mlle. Kraus.
Venus	..... Mlle. Hoffmann.
Hirt	..... Mlle. Kudelka.

As Tannhäuser, Herr Ander (who is known in London as having appeared at the Royal Italian Opera some five years ago) sang and acted with the greatest vigor. His voice is not so fresh as formerly, and must undoubtedly suffer from constantly singing the music of Wagner, which, for the tenor particularly, is even more irksome and wearisome than that of Verdi. It would be difficult to find another artist who could give so much effect to the part of Tannhäuser as Herr Ander. Mlle. Kraus was an interesting and efficient Elizabeth. The other parts were creditably sung. To me the first impression of the opera was decidedly favorable, and induced a strong desire to hear the music a second time. Without siding either with those who so enthusiastically uphold or unequivocally condemn Wagner as the master of a new school, which is or is not to be the music of the future, an impartial judge must recognize in his compositions much that is original and artistic in form and treatment, and will listen with respect to the productions of such a writer who, however mistaken, may be his views, will never degrade the art for the sake of popularity.—*London Musical World*, November 3.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

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Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

There's a bower by Bendemeer's stream. Benson. 25

A pleasing sacred song. Easy.

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A new German song by the distinguished German musician who has just now achieved a brilliant triumph in England with his new Oratorio of "Abraham." Friends of German ballads will be enraptured by it.

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A simple, melodious song, written in a popular style.

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A home-ballad, with a pretty and taking air.

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Esmeralda Dance. (Nebelbilder.) Th. Osten. 25

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Two more of this excellent series of instructive pieces which has already proved invaluable to many teachers.

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A short nocturne or song without words, of striking beauty. It made a deep impression upon the audience present at Mr. Dressel's first Soirée. It is a spark of real genius.

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This beautiful melody has been arranged into a piano-piece of such telling power and elegant finish as the great reputation of the author would naturally lead to expect. It is of moderate difficulty only and those familiar with Charles Voce's similar arrangements will easily master it.

Depart, depart. Chorus in "Athalie." Arranged by Otto Dreed. 25

A fragment of the beautiful, yet little known, incidental music, composed by Mendelssohn to the drama of "Athalie." Such music in such an arrangement cannot be but deeply enjoyed by all really musical persons.

Fairy Waltz from the "Buccancer." Stratton. 25

A pretty trifle, which must prove a capital instruction piece.

### Books.

MODERN SCHOOL FOR THE VIOLIN. A Thorough and Systematic Arrangement of Easy, Progressive Studies, adapted to the wants of Schools in every degree of advancement. Added to which is a large selection of Popular Songs, Polkas, Waltzes, Dances, Marches, Quicksteps, &c. By L. G. Fessenden. 2,50

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MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 454.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 15, 1860.

VOL. XVIII. No. 11.

## The Argument of Lurline.

Wallace's beautiful opera of "Lurline" was produced, for the first time in America, at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, recently. It appears to have made quite a sensation among the majors and miners of that vicinity, and the *Golden Era* contains the following admirably-written burlesque by J. KATZMA, Esq.

AIR: "The Tall Young Oysterman."

Count Rudolph was a noble gent, as lived upon the Rhine,  
Who spent his money very free in lager-bier and wine:  
The Baron Truenfels, likewise, was neighbor of the same,  
Which had a rather upplish girl—G. Truenfels by name.

Rudolph would wed Miss Truenfels, but wasn't it a go?  
Each thought that t'other had the tin (you know how lovers blow),

But when old T. says "Pungle down," Count Rudolph he says  
"Stuff;

I've youth and rank, that's more than gold," says G., "It  
ain't enough."

"I want a diamond thingammy—likewise a nice tressoo,  
I want a kerriage of me own, and so young man adoo;"  
The Baron also cuts up rough—but Rudolph is content,  
And merely takes a stiffer horn, observing, "Let her went."

New just before this jolly row, a gal they called Lurline  
Was living down at Lurlineburg, of which she was the queen;  
She was a lady Dashaway—when water was on hand,  
But had some spirits of her own she likewise could command.

This girl close by a whirlpool sat—this female named Lurline,  
And played with most exquisite taste upon the tambourine;  
The way the sailors steered into them whirlpools was a sin—  
Young men beware of such sirens who thus take fellers in.

Now Count Rudolph was wide awake, beyond the power of  
suction;

Which caused Lurline to fall in love and seek an introduction,  
And when he's tight, one day she slips a ring upon his finger;  
And thus Count Rudolph is bewitched by that bewitching  
singer.

Then straightway in his boat he jumps, which soon begins to  
sink,

While all his brave com-pan-i-ons are yelling on the brink:  
"You're half-seas-over now, you fool—come back, you'll  
surely drown;"

Down goes the gallant German gent, a whistling "Derry  
Down."

Down, down among the oyster beds, he finds his sweet Lurline  
A cutting such a heavy swell—a gorgeous submarine;  
Her father Rhineberg's very rich, and fellers said, who punned,  
"He took deposits from the tars and kept a sinking fund."

Count Rudolph did consent to stay at Rhineberg's flash hotel,  
And half made up his mind that with Lurline he'd ever dwell.  
"I'm partial to the water-cure and fond of clams," says he;  
"But such as you, Miss Rhineberg, are a subject quite *per se*."

But suddenly he hears a noise, which made him weaken some.  
The howling of his friends above—says he: "I must go  
hum."

Good-bye, Miss R." "Hold up!" says she, "we'll do the  
handsome thing,

Pa gives this masey chunk of gold. You keep my magic  
ring."

So Rudolph takes the ring and gold, and comes home with a  
rush,

And very glad his neighbors was to see him come so flash.  
And even old Miss Truenfels to welcome him began,  
And says: "I always thought you was a very nice young  
man."

Likewise she says: "My eye," and makes believe to faint  
away.

And sich like gammon. But the count says: "Come, now,  
that won't pay!

I loves another!" "Cruel man! That ring I now diskliver  
Sey whoose?" "My gal's!" She snatches it and chucks it in  
the river.

Now one of Lurline's father's help had caught the ring and  
ran

To her and says: "You see what comes of loving that young  
man."

Poor Lurline feels somewhat cut up—and to assuage her pain  
she takes her father's oyster sloop and comes ashore again.

'Twas lucky that she did come up, for Rudolph's friends were  
bent

On sharing Rudolph's golden store, without Rudolph's con-  
sent;

And him they would assassinate, but Lurline she says "Hold!"  
And waves a wand until they stand like statoots, stiff and cold.

They stood like statoots on the bridge—it was a bridge of sighs;  
For straightway most unpleasantly the tide began to rise;  
It rose, but when the river swept away the bridge at last,  
They found, although the tide was flood, their chances ebbing  
fast.

It rose until the wicked all had found a watery grave—  
And then it sank and left Rudolph and neighbors in a cave.  
Rudolph then marries Miss Lurline; is happy, rich and able  
To take the lowest bid to lay the next Atlantic Cable.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## The Diarist Abroad.

NEITHER UTILE NOR DULCE.

[In this short letter "our own correspondent"  
discourseth, not of art, but of griefs and griev-  
ances; and detailleth how through much trial and  
tribulation he at length cast his anchor of hope  
in the h(e)aven of Paris.]

And so week after week passed away and the  
letters did not come, the bill in the mean time  
receiving its daily increment until it became

A monster of such frightful mien  
That to be hated, 'twas but to be seen.

What could I do about it?

But there are generally compensations, greater  
or less in degree; and so it now proved. Old  
periodicals, which I had come to Bonn in part to  
examine, only "turned up" after all sources, as  
I had supposed, were exhausted. Moreover,  
when time began to hang heavily, I fell in with a  
gentleman from whom I learned many interesting  
things in relation to the feeding of cattle, the  
cultivation of fodder, and other like matters of  
special interest—to a musical man. But, joking  
apart, the enforced delay in Bonn was the means  
of my meeting that dear friend, so well known  
to all the readers of the "Journal of Music,"  
just when the crushing weight of his great cala-  
mity was upon him, and of admiring the brave  
manliness and fortitude with which he met it. It  
was a great grief, but there were duties owing to  
himself and others and he went about them with  
a sort of sad cheerfulness most touching to me.

We had a long discussion of routes, and as I  
had made up my mind to visit Paris, (being upon  
the scent of something important), the conclusion  
was, that we should go together up the Rhine, he  
to turn eastward from Mayence, I westward from  
that place. Excepting the Rhine trip, it could  
make no difference whether I journeyed to the  
French capital by way of Cologne or Mayence—  
so, at least, we made it out from our book of rail-  
road routes. So on the bright, sunny autumnal  
morning of Oct. 17, I at last left little Bonn, and  
at 10 A.M. joined Dwight, who had gone on the  
day before to Coblenz. We went immediately  
on board the steamboat, which was already puff-  
ing and blowing, and the next moment were  
passing the bridge of boats. I have seldom, if  
ever, seen the Rhine so beautiful as on that day.  
The stream was swollen by the rains of the pre-

vious months, which had seldom ceased for three  
days together, and the vineyards and wooded  
hills, had much of the splendor of our own au-  
tumnal scenery. True the Rhine has no forests  
of grand old trees, nor is the variety of the  
young growth of wood great. But the beeches,  
birches, occasional oaks, and its green firs and  
pines, lent a charming color to the heights. Cas-  
tles, new and old, repaired or in ruins, looked  
doubly picturesque in the mellow light and in  
their beautiful surroundings. The air was cool  
and exhilarating, and everything was cheerful  
and inviting.

That is Stolzenfels—that lordly castle, re-  
built, not in the best taste, by order of the King  
of Prussia, who purchased the ruin, it is said, for  
70 thalers, and the village, one long street be-  
tween the heights and the river, is Capellen. It  
was there that Paul Flemming's postilion awaited  
the traveller, while he went up to the ruin and  
was talked to about the *Homunculus*. And there  
is Camp, with its tall walnut trees, where the  
landlady's daughter landed Flemming. Just be-  
yond you see the convent of Bornhofen; above  
it, are the two ruined castles of the Brothers,  
and across the river, that small house, with the  
high steps and small balcony, that is the little,  
out-of-the-way inn of the Star at Salzig, where  
Flemming dined and obtained the landlady's  
daughter with the dark eyes to row him across  
the river. It was all familiar to me; to my com-  
panion it was nearly new. I discoursed and he  
listened so patiently! The boat landed him op-  
posite Mayence just as evening closed in to take  
the cars to Frankfort, while I crossed the river.  
And so we parted.

Now behold the D. in the Karp inn—which is  
much dearer than it used to be. He has dined  
and is deep in the study of the routes to Paris  
True, the proper way from Bonn would have  
been *via* Cologne and Namur, a ride of some  
nine or ten hours, but then this trip on the Rhine  
would not have been. The landlord of the  
Karp comes to my assistance, and the conclusion  
of the matter is, to take the train next morning  
at 5:30 return to Bingen, and thence to Kreuz-  
nach, and so on to Paris, arriving at 10:10 P.M.

So this is happily settled, and Dr. Franklin's  
maxim is followed, "Early to bed" that I may  
early rise.

When a fidgetty man, who has no alarm watch  
has been allowed to sleep over once or twice a  
strange inns, he becomes suspicious of the whole  
tribe of *Hausknechts*, Boots, or whatever name  
they are known by, and impresses it most strongly  
upon his mind that he *must* wake at such an  
hour. He retires very early, makes every prep-  
aration he can think of to be ready at a mo-  
ment's warning, lays himself in his bed and be-  
gins at once to make such preternatural effort  
to induce sleep, as to effect a double wakefulness.  
He cannot even become drowsy. By and by,  
when almost in despair, he drops off as if he has  
been shot. A long and dreamless sleep follows.  
Suddenly he wakes. It is light in his chamber.

(the street lamp), he hears people pass upon the pavement, he is sure that he has overslept. He fidgets for a time, springs to the floor, lights his candle, looks at his watch. It is 11 1-2 o'clock. He has slept perhaps half an hour. He tries it again. He hears the church clock strike three-quarters, and knows it is not yet midnight. He sleeps. When he wakes again it is to hear the dying tone of the great bell again. But what has it struck? He lies and in his efforts to keep awake until it again strikes he overdoes the matter and goes off into a profound slumber. But not for the night; he hears the clock again. One, two, three, is it three-quarters of something, or is it three o'clock? No, he cannot wait patiently; he strikes a light again and finds it not yet two. Well, it is of no use: he will let nature take her own course, and his thoughts go wandering over the world, picking out of his experience, his many similar nights in various lands—and he sleeps again. He wakes, and this time the church clock strikes the four quarters, and follows with the deep-toned voice which announces four o'clock. And now he must sleep no more, for in half an hour he is to rise. As the influence of morning comes, he grows drowsy again, but he arouses himself; he hears the first quarter, and as the second is striking, Boots knocks at the door, "Herr, it is half past four!"

What good has his fidgeting done?

I was already engaged in such ablutions as are possible with the small bowl and pitcher of water usually to be found in German inns, where this seems to be a dearer liquid than wine and beer, when Boots came (punctual to the minute) to arouse me.

It was still quite dark as I passed along the deserted streets to the station, nor was the ticket office yet open. This evening I shall be in Paris, and to-morrow morning with my old college friend, said I, as I paced back and forth and built in the air an imaginary great city, to which I was bound. But it was raw and cold, and I envied those who could sleep for a later train.

Meantime the station becomes astir with the preparations for the early train, and the minute arrives when the ticket-man's little window goes open. "Ein billet nach Paris," say I.

"There is no train thither at this hour. It was suspended two months ago," says the ticket-man. And thus it comes about that I feel no special affection for the landlord of the Karp inn, whose advice I had followed.

"Then there is no getting to Paris to-day?"

"No. But riding all night will bring you there to-morrow morning."

"Which I by no means desire to do."

Now I had a long hour for reflection. The ticket-man, too, seemed to feel sympathy for me, and explained about the two routes, from Mayence, which met somewhere on the way, this side the French capital. One thing was very certain that I must ride all night or stop over somewhere. In strange lands I choose to ride by daylight. I do not understand going abroad to see new countries, and then traversing them in the night. The expense could be but little more, and the result of my cogitations was, the plan of going on to Strasbourg, which the map showed could not be a very long journey, spend the afternoon there in the cathedral, of which I had so pleasant a remembrance from 1850, and next morning go on.

6:30 A.M. Off for Strasbourg. Sun rose gloriously. Ran along the plains, which spread away from the Rhine, with some pleasant gentlemen in the car, bound to Worms, to a great agricultural meeting. Worms all dressed out in flags, and a great to-do generally. Saw the "Herr Graf" and another of my gentlemen drive away from the station in an open barouche, as if they were persons of mark. Very likely they were. Slow train, very—but it at length brought me to one of the many "Neustadts" scattered all over Germany.

Cars to be changed. Man in uniform at the station, very polite and agreeable. Informs me that either here or at Weissenburg I shall have to wait two hours for the express train; thinks I had better stop here, as the place is a pleasant one. I agreed with him, for during the last hour the range of hills on the right, the west, had been growing higher and more beautiful, and Neustadt lies directly at their feet. They are the Haardt Mts.—the blue Alsatian hills, which Paul Flemming could see from the splendid ruin at Heidelberg. I gave my things into the man's care and went off upon a walk.

Just as I started, the train which I had left started also. And now it struck me that I had left my umbrella on board. Had it been very new or very old, I had not taken it to heart. But our acquaintance had ripened into friendship, and it no longer spotted me black and blue with its drippings when it rained. Good bye, old friend.

It was a fine walk over the bridge which spans the railroad, and up the chaussée to the top of the first height; then along a cartway between the vineyards, and along the shoulder of a loftier height, past a house of entertainment for the Neustadt people on holidays, until my cartway brought up in a huge red sandstone quarry. I scrambled out of the quarry, and found pleasant walking on the healthy soil, among the scattered young pine trees, and so came to the top. A higher eminence rose just beyond, and still a second and third beyond that. The last was however too far away for my two hours of time, and I drank the view from the others. Those Haardt Mts. may rise a thousand or twelve hundred feet perhaps from the plain. I stood upon a spur of them jutting out from the main range, so that a good view of their eastern slopes, far away into the blue, was presented. They were no longer blue Alsatian hills, for chestnuts and oaks, young vigorous and leafy, touched by autumn, now made them brown and golden, save where the deep green of pines covered them. To the left was the long range. Below me the small city, and the deep gorge behind it, through which the railroad ran until it plunged into a tunnel and was seen no more. To the right the hills were more clustered and upon one of their lofty tops, the now half restored, huge, old castle of the Maxburg—newly named from king Max of Bavaria, to whom it belongs. But in front what a plain, at least as seen from this height!

And this is a view so utterly unlike anything which I have ever seen in America, so essentially European—why not try, perhaps for the twentieth time, to give an idea of it?—away in the distance, 25, 30, 35 miles, for aught I know, the chain of mountains, where Heidelberg lies, form the dim horizon. All the space between, looking down so far upon it, seems level as a

floor. No hills, valleys, woods are there—all is under the highest culture. Each field distinct by its color, whether of the soil or the crop upon it—no walls nor fences between—a vast, wide-spread plaid of ten thousand checks. Here and there, like islands in a lake, roofs and fruit trees are clustered in an undistinguishable mass; they are the villages and little towns—no scattered farm-houses vary the scene as with us and in our fatherland, England. I watch trains of cars departing from the station below, and they are not lost behind hills or in excavations, but grow less and less until they disappear in the distance. And over all, to-day, the bright sun sheds a flood of golden light, and flashes upon the surface of the distant Rhine, winding its way seaward.

Where I stand the hilltop is covered with boulders of sandstone, among which a scanty growth of pitch-pines rises; but the mass on which I am is large enough to give me a clear view. It is so still here—no sound but the sighing of the wind in the trees. It would be pleasant to have a companion, but pleasanter to be alone. Ah me! how I feel all this beauty.

Then I plunged down the steep side of the mount, and went through a part of the little city meeting the people in great numbers returning from their fields, some with barrows, some with baskets, some with huge bundles on head or back—all coming home to dinner and bringing beets, potatoes, or turnips with them, for it is harvest time. Not rich people they, but evidently contented, healthy men and women of the peasant class.

I had hurried down from my walk and had half an hour to spare. Calling for my *impedimenta*, lo, with the travelling bags, the umbrella! Who so happy? not so much at not having lost the old friend, as that I had been wise and not expended useless sorrow at its supposed loss. For it is noon, and I, at the earliest, can reach Strasbourg not before three or four o'clock. That will, however, give me some time to see the cathedral. The train comes and departs from Neustadt and I go on rejoicing. A common looking man and two pretty children—little girls—say of four and six years—are in the division of the car with me, a passenger or two besides.

"Those children," says one man to another, "are little Americans."

Whereupon I address the father in English, and he tells me how, after many long years at Baltimore, living as a gardener, during which he made one visit home, in the little town to which we shall soon come after passing the French boundary, he is now bringing his motherless children to the care of their grandmother and aunts. Soon the other passengers leave, and then we—the Americans, for he has become a citizen and is proud of it—we have long, long talks about home. And the little girls are so glad after the long passage to Rotterdam, and then up the Rhine in the steamboat, to find a gentleman to talk English to them; and they are so bright and pretty, and look so homelike in their little American sun-bonnets—and then this coarse uneducated Alsatian is so motherly to them—I declare the whole thing assumed something poetic in my eyes even before we reached Weissenburg, which is the French frontier town where we are to have our baggage and passports examined.

The baggage business is accomplished, and I go to the passport room of the station house to

get that document. Mine is lying by itself, and not until the others are disposed of do I touch mine.

"You cannot go on," says the man.

"Why is that?"

"Your passport is not in order. It is not visé for France."

Then for the first time the necessity of anything of the sort strikes me! Not having had any idea before coming to Bonn that anything for my great object could be in Paris, I had no visé, and now I was very suddenly and unpleasantly reminded that they were necessary. What to do? One of my travelling bags goes on to Strasburg, the others I take from the car, and by his advice I go up into the town to the Prefect, where I get my passport visé to Strasburg. This costs me some three hours waiting for another train. All had gone wrong the whole day and I was in no jolly frame of mind as after dark I entered the station at Strasburg and put up at the inn "de L'Esprit"—the tavern of the Holy Ghost! Sleep is good for a man. He feels more at peace with himself and the world after the night's rest. So, Oct. 19th, I went to the Cathedral and enjoyed its dim religious light, its painted windows, its grand architecture, and then to the prefect for another visé!

"I will go on this afternoon, stop over night somewhere and reach Paris in the middle of the day, where one warm heart, from old college days awaits me," said I.

"Come again at eleven," said the official to whom I applied.

At eleven, the man whose particular signature was wanting, had not been in. "Come again at three in the afternoon," they told me.

"But I shall lose the train," said I.

"What can we do about it?" was the reply.

3 P.M. "Come again at four." Well, the train was long since off, so it made little difference with me now. At four the important document was handed me, but was only visé to Chalons. There is then nothing to do now but go on in the night train to that city and there get a new visé. In the station house, it occurred to me to ask of the policeman if I must stop at Chalons? He rather laughed at me for putting so simple a question.

"Nobody will look at your passport," he said, "take your ticket direct to Paris."

Well, he ought to know, and I did so; rode all night; reached this city, Saturday, Oct. 20, just as I reached Berlin, Oct. 20, 1849, feeling myself in a very strange garret.

As to this passport business I can't understand it, but I have fully made up my mind to three things, (after thus losing three days' time and some twelve or fifteen dollars), which I add as

#### MORALS.

I. Do not go round when the direct route lies right before you—as from Cologne to Paris.

II. Before you travel in Europe see that the passport is in order.

III. Never go out of your way to do a good-natured act.

A. W. T.

#### Cimarosa.

##### IL MATRIMONIO SEGRETO.

The *Matrimonio Segreto* and *Il Barbiere* are works endowed with eternal youth; there is no need of singing this refrain that was written to

celebrate the happiness of Alcestis and Admetus, and set to such beautiful music by Gluck.

Parez vos fronts de fleurs nouvelles,  
Tendres amants, heureux époux!  
Le printemps et l'amour, de leurs mains immortelles,  
S'empresment d'en cueillir pour vous.

The flowers with which Cimarosa and Rossini knew how to adorn the brows of their favorite scores need not wait for Spring and Love to come to renew them. Genius has given them immortality; they will enchant with their freshness and perfume, the future generations, (to which nevertheless such odd things are dedicated), as they have enchanted our fathers, and as they now enchant us.

It is because this union of Alcestis and Admetus, that model and paragon of human unions, was intimate close, complete, as is also the union of words and sounds, of melodies and situations in these two productions so full of genius.

Never has music spoken better, never has language sung better. There is no need that you should be *dilettante*, or know a word of Italian; you can understand, the play of the actors assisting you, both the *Matrimonio* and the *Barbiere*, not with that mild and vague sort of comprehension which takes in only great things, but with that lively perception, that lets nothing pass, just as you understand the most ravishing pieces of the *Theatre Français*. O Cimarosa! O Rossini! In your mouths does music indeed become an universal language.

Nor is it alone by a community of genius that these two beloved sons of the Italian Muse are united. There are other bonds of union. See with what expressions of tenderness, respect and admiration, the survivor speaks of his predecessor. Hear him pronounce those words which he repeats so willingly. "When, said he, I was all powerful at the *Theatre Italien* of Paris, I caused the *Matrimonio Segreto* to be brought out by Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache, Mme. Malibran and Mlle. Sontag. It is a treat which I offered to myself."

We must believe, for the credit of the public of that time, that it knew how to enjoy as it should, the divine enjoyment of such a work given by such interpreters.

In his youth, Rossini had the good fortune to find his equal in love and admiration for Cimarosa. This was the Cardinal Gonzalvi, an intelligent, amiable and tolerant man who constituted alone, during a pontificate, the whole Papal government. Every Thursday the artist went to dine with His Eminence, and in the evening they *cimarosa-ed* together most zealously. At first it was only two airs, lately taken from the immense repertoire of the author of the *Matrimonio*, prepared during the week with the greatest care. Then they wandered at pleasure as the recollection or fancy of the moment might dictate. Sometimes the Cardinal shed abundant tears even at hearing mere *buffo* airs by the master of this class of airs. Stendahl, who knew this fact, attributes it to the great dilettantism of the statesman. But he overlooks a fact which information from the most reliable source enables us to establish, viz: that *Monsignore* and Cimarosa had been connected by the closest friendship, had passed their youth together, and that they had given, with each other's assistance, many a serenade under the balconies of the fair Roman ladies. And so, all is explained.

Perhaps also, the all powerful minister of

State, knew, more surely than it could be known in his time, or in our own, the true cause of the premature death of his admirable friend, which all Italy attributes to the imprisonment of Cimarosa in the abominable dungeons of Naples, after the reaction caused by Queen Caroline and Lord Nelson.

The crime of the composer was having written a cantata in honor of the Parthenopean Republic. It is true that he had also written, in 1786, for a royal birthday, another cantata entitled: *La Nascita del Delfino*, and that the Parthenopeans had just the same reasons for imprisoning him that the *Carolins* had. But revolutions pardon oftener than do counter-revolutions.

Whatever the cause, whether dilettantism, memories of friendship, or regret for the loss he had suffered, the Cardinal was never weary of weeping at the music of Cimarosa, and Rossini was never weary of singing it.

So things went along for some time, but with a slight change, which however, is nothing musical in its nature. The *maestro* could not fail to discover, with his rare *erspiciaci*, that the table of his Eminence was very far removed in many points, from the immutable laws of the hygiene of a singer. So in the interest of his vocal organ, he came to dispense with the dinners, but always continued faithful to the *soirées*, the most delightful of his whole life.

Cardinal Gonzalvi had a fine bust of Cimarosa made. As soon as he was no longer all powerful, this piece of sculpture was banished to the obscurest corner of the Capitol. Terrible effect of the cantata, which brought about the ostracism even of the bust of the great man! Surely, musicians should never write anything of this dangerous class.

The fecundity of Cimarosa was prodigious. The *Matrimonio* is his sixty-seventh work, and, (what confounds one with amazement,) the single number sixty-six, of the catalogue that we have before us, comprises *five hundred* detached pieces composed at St. Petersburg for the service of the Court of Russia. Now five hundred such pieces are equal in amount, to twenty-five operas of twenty pieces each.

He has left eighty-two works, of which the first is the *Baronessa Stramba*, and the last *Artemisia*. One of these works *Il Convito di pietra* on the subject of *Don Juan*, bears the date of 1782. It is then anterior to that of Mozart. We must believe that this opera embraces great beauties, for after its first representation the Venetians conducted the author in triumph with torches from the theatre to his residence.

Born in 1754, Cimarosa began his career at the age of nineteen years, which was terminated by death at the age of forty-seven. So, in the space of twenty-eight years, he wrote the prodigious repertory of which we have indicated the extent above by some figures.

The most salient trait of the genius of this great man is the inexhaustible abundance of melodic ideas. Again and again he invents new ones bearing the stamp of the most sparkling comic power or of the most touching sentiment. Nor is he wanting in tragic force, in great situations, although it is not his predominating quality.

At times, he attains it with so powerful a hand that he rises to the level, perhaps even above the most famous masters of the serious school, as in the admirable air of the *Sacrifice of Abraham* in

which the most beautiful and happiest of modulations comes in to give to one of the finest theatrical situations known, an accent and relief altogether unparalleled.

It is needless to say that Cimarosa wrote well for the voice. That would be superfluous. He was Italian and had received his musical education in the Neapolitan school of the eighteenth century, the mother and nurse of so many masters who are comparable at least, for purity of style to our great writers of the seventeenth century.

His orchestration is limited almost entirely to the quartet of stringed instruments. From time to time he mingles some touches of flute, oboe, clarinet, horn or bassoon; but he uses them with extreme moderation. In the *Matrimonio*, for example, there is no longer any flute after the third morceau. With these limited resources, then, with which our contemporary sonorists would not be contested to accompany the ditties of a little girl playing with a doll, he produces all the effects, obtains all the colors, and brings into relief all the accents. In the celebrated air, *Pria che spunti*, a simple clarinet added to the quartet gives a coloring, a poetry and a feeling to the orchestration, which it would seem impossible that so simple a thing could produce.

What surprises one the most in an attentive hearing of the *Matrimonio* is the infinite variety that Cimarosa draws from his quartette of stringed instruments. Mozart has done differently, but has done no better, and if, in his manner of treating the quartet, we find more interior ornamentation, we find more amplitude, more flow, so to speak, in that of Cimarosa.

A complete essay upon the form that Cimarosa gives to his musical morceaux, would, it seems to us, be very interesting; but, as we are unable to give it in this place, we will indicate the principal points.

The *morceaux* of Cimarosa are almost always divided into two great parts, the first in a slow movement, the second more rapid. In the first, he exposes and develops one after another the ideas of his libretto, keeping the strictest fidelity to the sense and accentuation of the words. His melodies, which might be called the melody of diction, has in truth all the nature of the best recitative; but it has contour, color, and a serpentine line, if we may borrow this expression from the vocabulary of the plastic arts, of which the finest recitative approaches neither the head or the hands as Panurge says.

His ideas once stated and well developed, he resumes them again in the rapid movement of the second part, making use of the same words, to which he returns to strengthen them. It is precisely the way of proceeding of orators in the peroration of their discourses. With this difference, that orators express themselves in prose, while the melody of Cimarosa is an *ensemble* of the finest musical verses that can be found.

But the difference to be especially noticed between the manner in which Cimarosa treats musical discourse and that employed by Paisiello and Rossini, is that Cimarosa, the better to follow all the movements, all the intentions of the words, and the better to construct, in a word, his melody of diction, invents a new song almost every instant, and does not repeat his principal *motif* often enough to confirm its character of principal *motif*, while Paisiello and Rossini make prodigious account of these repetitions, which making a re-

frain, form, in the body of the musical morceau, divisions and intervals of repose, which give to their songs by a just partition of these interior closes, a light, an effective power, an architectural beauty, so to speak, which those of Cimarosa have not in the same degree.

A morceau of Cimarosa is a discourse in free verse, one by Rossini is a collection of stanzas. Discourse, ode—with these two words, one can get a general idea, sufficiently just, of the differences that separate these two immortal masters, who are united elsewhere by this almost divine faculty of melodic invention.—*Opinion Nationale*.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Throned.

A TALE OF NORWAY.

In the midst of the most mountainous regions in Norway, there is sometimes found a warm dell, which has been fertilized and afterwards become inhabited. Oftener though, such a place is only fenced in and made available as pasture land. The grass is gathered into a barn and remains stored up there, till winter has hardened the roads, when it is carried by cart-loads down to the principal farm-yard. It seldom happens that any one settles there, more seldom yet, if the small tract of land lies three or four miles distant from other farms; the smooth even road and ordinary weather do not lead exactly to that spot. For this reason it is mostly some adventure-loving soul, who undertakes to venture there upon a neighborhood with himself. Amid such a scene, called the Kettle-bottom, Throned was born. The mother sprinkled him with a little water, saying: "Be called Throned, in God's name; such was the name of my father before thee and it will injure no one, to be named after him." Alf her husband sat by; he said nothing and so that was all of it. This took place during the autumn, but spring must come again, ere the couple could fight their way through to the church, to let the priest's hand sanctify and confirm what had been done. Their kinsfolk in the village had well expected such a ride to church, for when the couple appeared there one Sunday, and begged for company and godfathership, Arne, the blacksmith said: "Tis none too early for you to come." "Hem, early enough!" answered Alf. "This was Throned's first visit to church. He was eight years old, and had not yet made the second. 'Can I not get to see that big house also, which they call church, father?' asked the boy. 'Take him once with thee to the village!' demanded the mother, but Alf replied: 'I have enough to carry besides'—and so the matter was dropped for this time. Since Throned's second year, another had been added to the peasant's family. It was not another child, 'for such I have no room' said Alf. It was a poor servant, who was to nurse the child, while the parents were gone to the woods or into the village; and for that purpose they had taken a girl, ten years old and half deaf, whom they could get without wages. In her presence and that of his mother, the soul of the boy was first roused to consciousness; these two his eyes saw daily, hourly. He was not long in comprehending, that he had to cry aloud to the one, to speak low to the other—which his intuitive imagination interpreted in this way; that all the servant-maid bore in her mind was heavy, but that which filled his mother's soul, was light and cheerful, if he only could get hold of it. The father seldom spoke to him; he had hard work to do during the day, and was tired when he came home. On Sundays he slept, to get fresh strength for the week, and therefore this day was the worst for the boy. 'Hush, be still, Throned!' whispered the mother incessantly, and beckoned menacingly with her hand. But the father had long since attained so large a place in the boy's dreamy fancies, that he did not even wish to

talk to him. Such was the case since that Christmas eve, when Throned got his new cap; they had candle light burning on the table (instead of the train oil-lamp,) ate grits with cream and they sang. Then the father had drawn forth a bottle, such as Throned had never seen—for "it was white." After Alf had drunk out of it, he had taken the boy on his lap, had stared gloomily into his eyes and called out: "Pooh, you imp!" Then he had said: "I see thou art not afraid—and therefore thou shalt now hear a fairy tale." This tale told of a fairy who rode in one night from the King's castle at Copenhagen up to Walders (in Norway.) He, the father, stood behind on the sleigh next to Jutul, a goblin, and had great difficulty in holding tight on during the fast ride.

Something so wonderful Throned had never heard in all his life; he could never get it "out of his head," and for several years connected it with the ideal person of his father. If the latter came home late he had been at Copenhagen; if he laid down to rest tired and had a turn, it was only because the goblin had been driving too hard, and on the whole nothing about him went in the common natural course. All that lay beyond the horizon of his home, was in his opinion Copenhagen or Walders; it lay marvellously remote, far, far off and these things did not wind up plainly as every thing at home. The tale filled his mind so entirely for several days and nights, that for a while he did not think of asking his mother or Randi (the deaf girl) for more of that kind. To his great delight however, the mother knew many stories, yet nevertheless none, that equalled the first in any way. The most remarkable feature in those of the mother was, that both the cat and the sheep, as well as the cow, could speak for some time; and if they could not actually do it always, yet "they often come very near it," Throned said—while he cast, somewhat oppressed, a glance across the room at the old cat. Besides there was many a thing in the woods, from which it was best to keep at a distance as it seemed. The goblins were to be seen now here, now there, and when twilight was settling down, Throned fancied he saw, how they wrapt in mists and vapors, the whole little flock of cows and sheep. The father soon found out that the mother was in the habit of telling him tales, but he did not like to hear of it. Only when Throned was afraid to go out-doors, Alf became so angry, that he said to his wife; it served her right that the goblins should come and fetch her away, just for having frightened the boy so. So then it is true indeed that there are goblins, "Throned thought and pressed closer to the mother, seeking for shelter. From this time forth, she would not narrate any thing more to him, and he therefore addressed himself to Randi, who was always so silent and kept by herself. She knew only one story of a blind girl, who might get her sight back, if a beautiful prince should come and offer her his hand and half his kingdom. The Lord's word he learnt late enough; it was the father himself, who made the son acquainted with that, for Alf was a well read man. It was all taught him in the very words of the Scriptures, but it did not quite impress itself in the brain of the boy exactly, as it stood in the book. God, the father, was to him for a long time the highest King of Goblins with a grey beard and large eyes; he lived somewhere quite near and could see all. For his sake it was also not advisable to dip his finger again in the cream pot, while the mother was at the cow stable.

Throned might be about nine years old, when on a winter's evening after Christmas, a stranger entered the house, carrying a box upon his back. "God's peace be over thy house!" said he, looking around; Throned stole quietly over to Randi: "God's peace to thee also!" said the mother, and she pushed a stool towards him, in order to make him sit down. "Are not you the Fiddle-Knud?" she then said, when the fire flickered brighter and lit up his face. "This time you are



not mistaken, Aaste, he replied—many a thing we have gone through, since I played on your wedding-day." Now he related, that he had been in the village on the other side of the mountains till after Christmas, and had earned a good deal of money. On his way home, just on the summit of the mountain, he felt so strangely unwell, that he had thought it would be best again to mingle among men, before walking over the heath. Thronnd noticed that the man had black hair, which he had never seen before—and wore a jacket much longer than that of his father. He had a scar on his face and did not say: "In Jesus name," when he sat down to eat. This man soon after became so sick, that he had to go to bed. "I believe, I shall not get up any more," he said. "Ah, don't talk so," replied Aaste and she covered him up warmly. Thronnd had to lie on the floor this night, the fire flashed on the hearth and he could not sleep. All at once he felt very cold, especially on one side; but he well understood, why it was so, for he fancied he was lying out in the forest. He was astonished and wondered how he got there, the fire he saw at a great distance, and yet it must be burning in the house because the stranger guest was sick. He rose to approach the fire, yet he could not move from the spot. He struggled and pressed forward—for how in the name of God could a whole night be passed in the woods? Then he heard singing, far, far away. He had heard the melody previously—it was a choral—first one sang, and that was the mother, then there were two, three, twenty, many—it was so sweet and delightful to hear.—All at once there was a dead silence and one said: "Let us take him up and carry him somewhere." Then he recollected that he was in the wood—he felt cold again and wanted to cry, but he could not. "They say it is good to say a Paternoster," he thought, yet he could not find the beginning. Now somebody seized him by the shoulder, so that he got his speech back again and called out, "Mother!" in a way to make him shudder at his own voice. "You sleep very restlessly," she said; she stood near him and assisted him in getting up. Of the stranger he saw nothing more; he had gone away, the mother said.

The next day the father came home and worked at a black box—the mother came down from the garret in her black dress—she was to go to the village. She came home, accompanied by three men, who looked so much like one another! Though one had a high pointed cap and the others wore flat caps, yet Thronnd could never make out, which of the men it was, who wore the high cap. They ate and then placed the box, which the father had made, on a cart. "Here is one more" said the mother, and then came to meet them with the box, Knud had carried on his back. "Ay this one he may take, one of the men said, pointing at Thronnd. The mother asked him to thank the man. "Use it as well as he did who left it to you," said the latter and laughed. Then they went slowly away. "What is in this box mother?" the boy asked, when they stood in the room again. "Look at it yourself." That he did. In a handkerchief there lay something fine and light; so light it seemed, that Thronnd remained seated and only looked at the thing. "Take it!" said the mother. "It will not break, I hope?" he asked, and put his finger upon it. Quite pale he started back and springing up, "It weeps!" he exclaimed. Thus it happened that Thronnd got his violin. The violin was black and so was also the Bohemian, who owned it, and whether it was for was not he fancied, that the two resembled each other. That which to him was new and mysterious in the man, he ascribed also to the instrument and that night of witcheries, in which the stranger had arrived, lay in it also, with all its contradiction to reality, its dreams and truth. Alf had once learned a little fiddling, and great was Thronnd's earnest devotion, when he learned of his father how to handle it. It filled the boy almost with awe, in spite of

himself, when his father compelled the instrument to sing the only two melodies, which he knew, namely: The "Lur-Song" and the "Haukefeld." All the fairy tales, nay even all, that he had ever thought, had now to follow him and actually danced over the chords. The *bow* was Jutul, the goblin, and when he rushed over all the strings and through all the scales, this was again the fairy, who rode from Copenhagen to Walders in one night. The "soft quint" was his mother, the next string, which always followed the mother was Randi, the third one had a rough voice and that was the father; the bass was a magnificent chord, but mysterious—it resounded up to him, he was almost afraid of it and dared not give it any name. If he brushed it so, that it made only one tone together with the third, then they seemed like the three strangers; they looked so much alike, that he never knew which of them wore the high cap. If he made the bow strike with its own weight, so that it played very softly as if heard in the distance, this was the goblin, who played within the mountain. A blunder on the "quint" was the cat, one on the bass-string—the cow. Every dance which he learned, was again something definite. One was Moses, who stammered and struck with his staff, another one was the mother in her black robe, at last one tune composed only of long strokes,—that was the king. "But for this constant fiddling," the father exclaimed, scolding, "Ah, thou hast no reason to complain, thou art out-doors the whole day long," answered Aaste, but what shall we say, who have no ease nor peace from sunrise to sunset? "Take the fiddle from him!" said the father. "I have often thought of it" said the mother, but on the next day she taught him a new dance. She knew more melodies, than she herself was conscious of, for Aaste had not always been past thirty, and had not always lived as quietly as now. "What dost thou think of mother?" said, the boy sometimes—"for well nigh half an hour, thou hast been singing the same song for me."

Up to this time he had never yet been allowed to go out with them on the pasture grounds; now not a fine day passed, without his wandering about on the heights alone. If he felt oppressed occasionally, he played on his violin and whatever there was of evil about him, that he forced into it too. When he sat on the mountain-bog, playing, nothing stood fixed before him—neither hills, nor bush, nor rock—they floated. Yet when he became older, he made up dancing-pieces by himself, and since he played the greater part of the day, all that he had learned and experienced, became interwoven also. Every dance, therefore, appeared to him alike beautiful and it never occurred to him to try a comparison; for they all were a work of necessity, every piece. He only perceived that formerly whole melodies bore the signification of his father, mother, the mountain or the wood, while now one single stroke might be thus interpreted. Finer and more attractive, every dance became to him, the more he put into it of feeling and imagination. Once he heard his father relate, that a boy, a little larger than he, had made much money by his playing at the last market fair. This startled him and the idea began to whirl about in his brain. "The boy certainly could not play as I do?" Thronnd thought. When the time of the next fair approached, he asked his mother, when not in his father's hearing, whether he might not go to the market with them. "You are crazy, boy! never let any thing of that kind come to the ears of your father!" said his mother. Yet one day, when they worked together in the field, she said to Alf: "We really act sinfully with the boy; only one single time he has got away from the spot where he first saw the light—that was when he was first baptized." "Ay, we shall miss him soon enough," said Alf, so that the mother felt a strange woe creep round her heart. Since that time Thronnd was silent; but then again once, when

they threshed rye, she ventured farther on. "He, our Thronnd I mean, plays really so beautifully, that he might earn a fine lump of money at the market, take him along, do!" Alf knew how many things the boy would see there, which would afterwards revolve in his brain,—therefore he said: "That might be dear money to us, which he would earn there." Aaste looked at him and remained silent. But when the boy had once directed his eyes to the outward world, he could never turn them back again into himself. Upon another time, some months afterwards, Alf and Aaste spoke at the dinner table about some new settlers near by, who were just to be married; but they had great trouble in getting one thing and another done for them; among others, they could not obtain musicians. Why, God bless them! could not I be the musician? thought Thronnd; but he did not say anything. He waited for his mother until she should be alone in the kitchen. And in spite of all the father had to suggest and remonstrate against, the mother was on the right way and bade the son to offer himself. "He is only a boy yet, but still he plays so, that you feel quite strange and sorrowful in your heart, said the mother, "Certainly he would come and accompany them to church, according to custom," suggested the bridal couple—"if it should not do—no matter, they would not mind it, but might then take another one at the village." Can you imagine any one more glad than Thronnd now was? All that he expected to behold there, met and mingled already with the tunes he was going to play, and it was only with great effort, that he endured the collision. Little he slept in those nights, which lay between that day and the nuptial festival, and from the moment he rose, till late, when his father returned, he played unremittingly. He went with his violin from the chamber to the wood, from the rocky steep down to the fir tree precipice, and played. "Thou art actually fading away my boy," said his mother, pushing his hair back from his forehead. "Ay, I must see what I can do!" said Thronnd.

(To be continued.)

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

### The String Quartet.

The String Quartet is one of the purest musical fundamental forms. It grew up with the Symphony both nursed by the hands of the same masters. While these, in their large orchestral works, calculated for large, spacious halls, addressed a large audience composed of the most varied elements, they are, in their String Quartet, so to speak, *at home* for their friends and selected guests. They then approach us confidentially, and disclose to us their most secret thoughts and emotions. The String Quartet remains far behind the Symphony, in point of power of sound and variety of tone coloring, but it gains by this very limitation an increase of life and richness of development. Precision and delicacy of drawing compensate for the missing charm of colors.

Four of the noblest members of the orchestra step out and form a sub-committee for a general talk on musical affairs. They are all of the same family, and consequently all entitled to an equal share in the debate. Each may demonstrate his individuality freely, but with that due consideration of the opinions of his fellow committee-men which their high standing in the musical world entitles them to. Each must be independent but not inconsiderate; each must sustain an opinion of his own, but also listen to the reasoning of others; in short, the whole must resemble a lively exchange of ideas and remind of the manner in which four well-bred persons converse on a subject which is equally interesting to all. In other words: the characteristics of the String Quartet an polyphonic treatment and the strictest unity and logical development in its construction.—*Gumprecht.*

## Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, DEC. 10. — Like another Gibbon, I record another Decline and Fall. I place upon the archives of *Dwight's* the fall of Bernard the Great and his operatic dynasty.

Ullman had made extensive preparations for this season at the Academy of Music. If you had met him on any street corner during the past summer, and questioned him about the winter opera he would smile feebly at your benighted ignorance in regard to it, and would then hint mysteriously at the vast preparations and vaster plans which he had under way. Only great operas were to be produced this season, and only great singers were to sing them. Formes, Stigelli, Fabbri, Angri, Czillag, Colson, and others would be mentioned and then the Impressario would have given such a significant nod as if to say, "Wait, ignorant, but well meaning mortal, wait till fall and then prepare thine eyes and ears for sounds they never saw or heard before! Wait till Fall!"

Fall came and a fall indeed it proved to Ullman. No promulgated magnificent advertisements and made the usual affecting appeals to the public. He dilated upon Granger's armor and upon the *mise en scene* of future operas. He announced *La Juive* for the opening night, and when the time came a crowded house argued well for the success of the season.

Probably, our Academy of Music never before presented so brilliant an appearance at an operatic representation. The boxes were filled with handsomely dressed women and the whole house was brilliantly lighted with the same illuminations used at the Prince of Wales Ball. Then the opera was admirably done. The scenery and grouping were unsurpassed, the processions really splendid and the acting and singing of FABBRI, STIGELLI and FORMES everything that could be desired; there was plenty of orchestra, plenty of good singing, any amount of enthusiasm, not quite enough voice from ANNA BISHOP, and a considerable superfluity of QUINT. The opera was a success and the press was unanimous in its praise.

The second night was not quite so brilliant. Only a few of the extra Prince of Wales jets were lighted, and the audience was not as numerous as it ought to have been. The third night was a magnificent performance but rather small as to audience. On the fourth night it was much the same, and then Ullman came out in a card addressed to the *Herald* and copied by all the other papers if addressed to them, reading as follows:

SIR:—It is my painful duty to announce to the public that I am myself compelled to close the opera.

Notwithstanding the unanimity of approbation with which the "Jewess" has been received by the press and the public, the receipts after the first night have fallen greatly below the expenses. This I ascribe to the precarious state of affairs in general, and to the disorganization into which the opera has fallen during my absence in Europe.

Under these circumstances I can not do otherwise but retire from the management, and tender my best thanks for the generous aid I have received from the press, the artists, and all the employees of the opera.

I am, Dear Sir, with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

Academy of Music, Dec. 4.

B. ULLMAN.

Then the opera singers who had all the time been panting for their salaries as the hart panteth for water-brooks, decided to take the management of the opera themselves, and re-opened it on Monday night with "Masaniello." The scenery was shockingly bad and the part of the Dumb Girl, performed as usual in the most incomprehensible manner. But Fabbri sang her little part of Elvira very well, and Formes was a primo *Pietro* and Stigelli a magnificent *Masaniello*. His mad scene in the last act was really thrilling; yet as a whole the opera did not go off as well as it might have done. *Stradella* was advertised for Saturday, but subsequently postponed till Monday night. The weather is now desperately disagreeable and the artists of the Academy have but a poor prospect of success.

CARL ANSCHUTZ appears to be involved in the

fall of the Ullman Dynasty and his place as conductor of the orchestra is taken by THEODORE THOMAS the young violinist who looks "severe in youthful beauty" as he wields the baton — rather nervously it must be confessed — and directs the performance of venerable, spectacled, and bald-headed (no, not eagles) 'cellists and trombonists old enough to be his great-grandfathers. It is always a treat to me to see him in the orchestra. He plays the violin with such careless grace that even his elevation to the orchestral throne does not reconcile me to the loss of his violin performance. Remember that the man don't know me from Adam. I have a sort of general-admiration-for-artists theory. I admire a violin player, a singer (rather wild on the Stigelli question), a horn player, a flutist, and everybody in the orchestra or on the stage, but don't know or want to a soul of them. My experience with smart, clever people and folks of genius, has been that the less one knows of them personally the more one feels like admiring them artistically. So I should deem it an afflicting dispensation of Providence if I had to be personally acquainted with the delightful people I admire. Some day I mean to write you a description of the Academy of Music orchestra and its occupants; but it will be a purely laudatory affair.

That, however, has nothing whatever to do with MASON & THOMAS' soirées, which are certainly the most delightful musical entertainments in the city, after the opera. Dodsworth's room is never crowded to them, and I don't see how they pay. But the audience, though small, is always a splendid one to look at, and you know that staring at people is one of the great delights of going out to public places. There are more strongly individualized "characters" at one of these soirées than in any other assemblage of the same size I have ever joined. But I will not further infringe upon "—t's—" peculiar province by dilating on this entertainment.

Colson, Brignoli, and the rest of the Italian Opera Company are expected here next week to open with a concert the Irving Hall, on the corner of Irving Place and Fifteenth street, the largest public hall in the city, excepting the Academy of Music, which it is so near to. It will be used rather as a dancing than a music room. A concert is also announced for the benefit of HARVEY MAJOR, the one-armed cornet player.

TROVATOR.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 15, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of the 42d Psalm; "As the Hart Pants." By Mendelssohn.

### Mr. Otto Dresel's Fourth Soiree.

1. Sonata, (C sharp minor,).....Beethoven  
Adagio—Allegretto—Finale.
2. Two Preludes and Mazurka. (B minor, op. 38,).....Chopin
3. Spring Song and Serenade.....Robert Franz
4. Two Etudes. (E major and E minor).....Chopin
5. Songs: Moonlight Night, and "Du meinste Seele,".....Schumann
6. Andante from Symphony.....Schubert
7. Allegro Brilliant, for four hands.....Mendelssohn
8. The Erl King.....Schubert  
Arranged for Piano Solo, by Liszt.  
Miss Fay.
9. Song: "O, welcome, fair woods,".....Robert Franz
10. Marche Hongroise.....Schubert  
Slumber Song.....Otto Dresel  
Valse, (E♭, op. 18.).....Chopin

So these pleasant concerts are over. And instead of looking forward to a musical treat of a Saturday evening, we shall have to be satisfied with reminiscences, pleasant enough, to be sure, but not the thing itself. We know however, that all things in the eternal round of events must come to a close, and so we yield to necessity and are content as best we can. Fortunately for them, some people can live just as contentedly with, as without those soirées, those

at least, that could and did talk quite audibly, having a very nice chat no doubt, during the first and third movements of the C sharp minor Sonata. The only wonder is that such people go to these soirées at all. It seems as if they might enjoy themselves better by staying away. Those round them would surely.

Mr. DRESEL had the assistance of Miss MARY FAY and Mr. KREISSMANN. With Miss Fay he played the Allegro brilliant op. 92, (being No. 21 of Mendelssohn's posthumous works) in A major, and Miss Fay played the difficult Transcription by Liszt, of Schubert's Erlking. We had an opportunity on former occasions to admire Miss Fay's great technical powers. The pieces were well calculated to bring out this proficiency of hers. Her wrist is admirably trained, and the swift staccatoes of the Allegro, as well as the triplets of the accompaniment in the Erlking were played with surprising ease and strength. There was some nervousness apparent in the rendering of the latter piece, which we think might have been avoided by not risking too much. It is never a disgrace to play from notes. Had Miss Fay done so, she would have had strength and nerve enough to play that part of the piece, where it reaches its climax, just before the words of the text: "and in his arms the child was dead," with that degree of force necessary to give it its proper effect. The Allegro opening busily, mysteriously, much like some passages in the Midsummer Night's Dream, has a fine counter-theme in G major, in the style of the two-part songs, and is a most effective, sparkling piece.

The part of the programme played by Mr. Dresel himself included the C sharp minor sonata of Beethoven, with its brooding Adagio, its Allegretto full of pleasant memories, and its passionate, wild Presto—Finale. Whether it was our own frame of mind or not, that had given us an idea of the piece different from Mr. Dresel's conception of it, we are not prepared to say. But in the first movement the rendering seemed too bold and determined, in the last not bold and wild enough. The two preludes by Chopin in D flat and A major, No. 15 and 17 of op. 28, formed a fit transition from the sombre hues of the Sonata. The first of the two with its quiet melody was exactly the piece, to calm down the excitement of the Sonata. The second in A flat, graceful, lovely, contains a beautiful, genial, harmonic effect in its sixth measure, frequently repeated afterwards, where the dominant seventh and the subdominant of A flat follow each other immediately. The half melancholy, half bright Mazurka, in B minor, No. 4 of op. 33, with its trio-like part in B flat, passing in the second statement into B major, and its rovery for the left hand towards the close, was beautifully rendered. So were the two Etudes, the one in E major, No. 3 of op. 10, and the other in E minor from the first book of op. 25. Spirited also was the rendering of the Valse in E flat, op. 18, full of the fresh, fervent feeling of youthful passion. The March from the Divertissement à la Hongroise, op. 54, in C minor, is arranged from the original composition for four hands by Liszt. Schubert wrote a greater number of most beautiful piano pieces for four hands than any other composer. In this arrangement the Trio in A flat major is fortissimo and brilliant, while the original marking reads pianissimo, and only mezzo-forte in the second part. The change of character produced by doing this is to be charged to Liszt. Nor is the end of the piece in C major as Liszt put it. The mood of the slumber-song by Mr. Dresel is so admirably chosen, that it is to our mind one of the best of its kind existing. The feeling of rest combined with the gentle undulation truthfully represent the situation. In perfect keeping are the harmonic changes of the exquisite little piece. This transcription by the composer of the prize-song "Sweet and low" is an improvement

on his original. We hope it will speedily be introduced here, when it has left the press of Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel in Leipzig, where it is about to be brought out, as we understand. The Andante from Schubert's Symphony was beautifully played. The Symphony is rather full, and Schubert amassed in it enough musical material for two good sized symphonies. One could not help noticing the length of the piece, the orchestral effects adding charms, which were lost necessarily on the Piano.

The vocal portion of the programme was a valuable addition to the beauties offered in the other pieces. We think Mr. Kreissman never sang to greater advantage. His voice seemed to acquire new power and expressiveness from the evident inspiration under which he sang. The selection was unexceptionable. It is impossible to say which of the three songs by R. Franz was more graceful and lovely. The spring-song by Arndt, No. 3 of op. 23, in G major, almost throughout in light sixteenths is innocent and sweet; the summer-song by Goethe, No. 2 of op. 16 in C major, is graceful, with perhaps a shade more of joyous animation, while the "Serenade" No. 20, op. 17 in B major, is full of the serenity and sweetness of a night in spring, in its stillness interrupted only by the low breathing of the fresh balmy air. There is a naïve grace in this song, distinguishing it from the two others. The second song was a kind addition to the programme. Mr. Kreissmann sang them with all the grace the composer had embodied in them. But still more sympathetically he entered into the spirit of the two songs by Schumann. A peculiar, tender, mysterious atmosphere pervades the song Moonlight night, op. 39, No. 5 in E major. It is even more. There is a holiness in the simple melody, which seems concentrated in the second half of the musical sentence (m 10-13). The second song, No. 1 of the first book of op. 25 in A flat, is the dedication of a circle of songs, which he inscribed to his dear wife when she yet was FRAULEIN CLARA WIECK. It is a song of love full of deepest tenderness and warmth. He called those four books composing op. 25—a leaf from his autobiography—a "Myrtle-wreath." The myrtle in Germany takes the place of our orange-blossoms, encircling the brow of the intended wife, when, before the altar, "the vows are exchanged for life" as Goethe has it. This name is therefore a very fitting title to a series of songs written under the holy spell of pure love. The singing of Mr. Kreissmann was full of the fire of inspiration and one felt, that his heart was in his singing. The favorite Song by Robert Franz, op. 21, No. 1, "O, welcome, fair woods" so took with the audience, that it had to be repeated, which Mr. Kreissmann did, singing it as splendidly as the first time.

The hall was crowded to overflowing. These concerts formed an important part of our musical season, and we only hope, that the sequel of concerts may exhibit some of the taste and artistic feeling brought to bear on the arranging and carrying out of these concert-programmes. Such concerts, besides giving to the audience pleasant opportunities of revelling in "the Beautiful" embodied in the art of music, help raising the musical taste of a community, and are thus an absolute benefit. We never can have enough of them. There is a wish shared by many admirers of Mr. Dresel and true lovers of music, to which we will give utterance here. It is this, to hear Mr. Dresel in some sonatas with the violin or the violoncello. Though we were perfectly well satisfied with the programmes of this season, it yet seems as if it would add variety and charm to future programmes, to hear the piano in concert with stringed instruments, many of the purest gems of classical music being written for this combination of instruments.

We bid an unwilling farewell to those beautiful

evenings, which brought together audiences of the highest character, the delightful hall being graced by the beauty and refinement of the Boston public. That the concerts were enjoyed and appreciated the full houses testify. These evenings will form a bright chapter of their own "Pleasures of memory" to many. \*†

The Concert in aid of the German-English School at the Music Hall, on Monday of last week, was very fully attended, and gave pleasant anticipations of the projected series by the Philharmonic Society. The Symphony was the well known C major of Mozart; and, although the orchestra was inadequate in some respects, the performance gave us sincere pleasure. The violoncellos were sadly missed, and there was a lack of precision which further rehearsals will remedy. The pianists, Messrs. DRESEL, LANG, LEONHARD and PARKER, gave us a duo by Moscheles and the ever welcome "Invitation to the Dance," by von Weber. Mrs. HARWOOD sang Schubert's charming *Barcarolle*, with as much delicacy and spirit as before at Mr. Dresel's concert. But the poetry of this delightful song seems to us wasted in the large space of the Music Hall; it was far more satisfactory in a chamber concert. Mr. SCHULTZE played a fantasia from "Lucrezia Borgia," with his usual smoothness and grace.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Our correspondents will confer an additional favor upon us by mailing their communications so that they may reach Boston on or before *Wednesday*. They will thereby secure an insertion in the paper of the next Saturday, and save us the pain of throwing aside communications relating to matters of musical intelligence, that would have been valuable, (often invaluable), if received in season, but which depend for their value upon their freshness.

A FALSE REPORT.—The rumor that has been industriously circulated by mischievous persons the past few days, reflecting upon the credit and stability of Messrs. CHICKERING & SONS, the celebrated Piano Forte manufacturers, has not a shadow of truth. We are happy to say, upon the most reliable authority, that this firm were never in a more prosperous and solvent condition than at the present moment, having but few liabilities and immense assets and resources. With them there is no such word as fail.—*Atlas and Bee*.

## Music Abroad.

PARIS.—Mr. Adolph Sax, the inventor of the brass instruments which bear his name, has obtained an extension of his patent for five years.

At the *Theatre Lyrique*, *Orphée* has been given, alternating with the *Val d'Andorre*. At the Grand Opera, *La Juive*, with Mad. Vandenheuvel Duprez and Mlle. Marie Sax.

An Italian mezzo soprano, Mlle. Maria Talvo, who has attained a high reputation in Italy, has just arrived here. Her voice is one of great compass, purity and flexibility.

A new instrument, the *Harmoniflute*, has been used at some concerts in the Bois de Boulogne. It is introduced into the orchestra, and in the overture to the *Pardon de Ploërmel* is said to have been substituted for the organ with much success.

VIENNA.—Haydn's Oratorio *Il Ritorno di Tobia* which is said to have been found again by Franz Lachner in Munich, was written by Haydn, when 44 years of age, on words by Boccherini, then attached as poet to the Imperial theatre, and was in fact never considered lost in Vienna. The work was first performed in Vienna, on the 2d and 4th of April, 1775, for the benefit of the Musicians' Widows and Orphans Pension fund, repeated in March, 1784, enlarged with two new choruses and performed last in December, 1808. The Oratorio consists almost en-

tirely of Recitatives and Airs written in the old style which Haydn afterwards in his *Creations* and *Saisons* entirely discarded. The two most important Choruses in the work have been performed repeatedly in the *Concerts spirituels*. One of them under the title of Storm Chorus, with Latin text, *Insane vanx curæ*, has become a favorite Motet for Church choirs. The score of the Oratorio entire may be found in the musical archives of Prince Esterhazy, and a duplicate copy in the library of the Society of the Friends of Music in the Austrian Empire. Notwithstanding all the respect due the immortal master it must be considered an ill advised step to drag this work forth from oblivion.—(*Wiener Recensionen*.)

DRESDEN.—The bronze statue of *Carl Maria von Weber* was uncovered on the 11th of October, in presence of the King and several members of the Royal family. The statue is placed in front of the Court-theatre. The model was finished by Rietschel, in 1858, and it was cast the year after at the works of Count Einsiedel, at Lanchhammer. The statue has a height of eight feet. The pedestal, of granite, is of the same height, and bears upon a bronze tablet the simple names of the great composer.

BERLIN.—Press and Public lavish the most extravagant praises upon a new Prima Donna, Signora *Zelia Trebelli*, from Madrid. She had appeared as Rosina in the "Barber," and Arsace in "Semiramide." Her voice ranges from F sharp below to D above the staff. She is reported to resemble Sontag in her sunniest days.

Mad. CASTELLAN, formerly well known in this country, who first took the rôle of Bertha, in the *Prophète*, is about to return to the lyric stage, from which she had withdrawn. She will sing first at Hanover.

OLE BULL has determined to make another artistic tour, and is soon to appear in Leipzig.

The Countess de Sparre, celebrated when Pasta sang at the Italian opera as the brilliant Mlle. Naldi, has received a legacy of \$100,000. She is the daughter of Naldi, celebrated in his day for a buffo-comico Italian singer; but her retirement from the stage in 1823, upon her marriage with Count de Sparre, a French general, prevented her from acquiring the reputation she might easily have commanded had she pursued her profession. She received this legacy from Mons. Hermann Lippin, an old stock broker, who died childless, and without any kindred, a few days ago.

Hector Berlioz, the Parisian composer, has an admirer, who has proposed to advance \$10,000 to the manager of the Lyric theatre, upon condition the latter brings out his opera, "Les Proyers." The malicious say (and this certainly detracts a great deal from the value of the compliment, if it prove true) the amateur who made this proposal entirely forgot to accompany it with his or his banker's address, without any regard for the manager's curiosity, which is greatly excited to discover this particular.

LOW VOICES.—There was a celebrated bass singer, of the name of MEREDITH, who lived some forty years ago, at Liverpool; he possessed a most powerful voice of great compass, and he was a man of six feet high, with a corresponding bulk. Meredith was informed that there was a man residing at a village in the Vale of Clwd, about forty miles from Liverpool, who could sing lower than he could. Jealous of a rival, he determined to pay the man a visit; so off he trotted, and, towards the evening of the second day's walk, he arrived at the village; and on being informed that John Griffith was digging in his garden, Meredith sauntered about for some time, taking a bird's eye view of the unconscious *basso*, who was but a little fellow compared with himself. At length, he drew himself up to his full height, and, looking over the hedge, said, on low A in the bass, "Good evening to you, friend." The digger rested on his spade, and answered on low D, a fifth below Meredith, "The same to you, friend." On which Meredith turned on his heel, and walked off, rather disconcerted for a time; but afterwards, he used to recount the adventure with a good deal of humor, concluding with, "So, the delver double D'd me, and be d—d to him."

We call the attention of those of the musical parents of this city, who have daughters growing up, to Mr. Zerrahn's advertisement. Children who show a taste for music should by all means be encouraged and taught to sing. It is not everybody who can have the luxury of a piano and a long course of training by a good teacher, nor are there more than one tenth of them that derive any real musical enjoyment from it afterwards. But vocal music such as beautifies one's home, and constitutes the means of admission to Choral Societies, is easily learnt. It will yet, and we trust, in not very distant time, be considered an indispensable accomplishment for young persons of good culture, to be able to read music correctly and readily. In the meanwhile it is well that men like Mr. Zerrahn should give their attention to this branch of instruction. We trust he will find encouragement. We understand that one set of classes such as he proposes is in successful operations.

The editor of the *German Musical Gazette* in Philadelphia, a paper, by the way, which we heartily recommend to our German musical friends, observes on piano-classes: "The opinions entertained by different competent persons on this subject, all agree, that only a very excellent teacher will meet with success in class-teaching, and that this method is the most inefficient one, when it is employed by no more than common talent."

**CHOPIN'S MAZURKAS.**—The Mazurkas of Chopin, which have been given in our music pages are taken from a volume of them now in press by Oliver Ditson & Co. It will be eagerly sought for by all skilful pianists on its appearance, who will also be interested in Madame Kinkel's remarks on the composer, to be found in the last number of the "Journal of Music."

#### New Music.

**DES FREYSCHÜTZ**, arranged for the Piano-forte by Alfred Devaux. Oliver Ditson & Co.

This arrangement of Weber's famous opera, which has filled our music pages for some time past, is now complete, and is a desirable addition to the musical libraries of amateurs. We learn from the *Gazette Musicale* that this opera has been translated into ten different languages, viz., French, English, Italian, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Russian, Bohemian and Polish, the original German making the tenth. This fact alone speaks for its universal popularity.

#### New Books.

**A NEW METHOD FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.** By Nathan Richardson, author of "The Modern School," &c. pp. 289. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

A method for the piano, containing all the instructions and exercises necessary to the acquisition of a tolerable mastery of the instrument, has long been a desideratum. To meet this want, we have methods by Beyer, Bertini, Cramer, Czerny, Hummel, Hanten, Knorr, Muller, &c.; none of which are entirely satisfactory, although each possesses some peculiar merit. An instruction book for the piano, in order to meet the wants of teachers and pupils, must possess certain characteristics, e. g.: 1st. A sufficient number of mechanical exercises, including the scales in every key, both major and minor, and in all movements. 2d. Studies to aid in the mastery of particular difficulties such as octaves, arpeggios, staccato, legato, singing tone, &c. 3d. There should be interspersed with these a number of extracts from different authors, to serve as amusements, studies in style, and for cultivating a correct taste. 4th. The book ought to contain complete, though concise directions, in regard to the manner of practising each exercise, study, or amusement. And finally, the whole ought to be arranged in a progressive order, from the very simplest exercise for beginners, to the extremely difficult studies, or exercises at the close.

In the *Modern School*, (published in 1853,) Mr. Richardson, then just returned from several years' study under the best masters in Europe, attempted to solve the problem. The "fundamental conception" was excellent; but the execution was faulty, from a lack, on the part of the author, of an extensive

teaching experience, without which no one can write a good elementary book in any branch of knowledge. In the words of Mr. Richardson, the method was unsatisfactory in relation to "the difficult progressions and management of many important features in a course of piano tuition, a skilful treatment of which is indispensable to the pupils' rapid progress." Even the mechanical exercises were not well arranged. The scales in double thirds and sixths were introduced very near the beginning of the book, and their difficulty either discouraged the enthusiastic tyro, or they were too often omitted entirely, thereby depriving the pupil of their very important aid in the development of the muscles of the hand and wrist. The compositions interspersed as examples of the styles of different authors, although tastefully and artistically selected, were too difficult for their place in the book. Indeed, Mr. Richardson seems to have lost sight of the apostolic remark concerning "milk for babes." In the *new method* he has embodied the results of several years' study of the short comings as well as of the excellencies of the *Modern School*. A set of plates, showing the position of the hand while in the act of performing different passages, takes the place of the anatomical plates in the *Modern School*, and is a decided improvement. The elements are quite full and satisfactory. The practical part of the book may be classified as follows:—1. Five finger exercises. 2. A complete library of scales. 3. Studies from Bertini, Cramer, Czerny, &c. 4. Amusements.

These are interspersed in just about the right proportions, and the progressive character of the work is well preserved. Of the necessity of the finger exercises and scales nothing need be said. We are glad to find the book so full in this respect. A study, properly so called, is a composition written expressly to aid in the acquisition of the mastery of some particular effect or difficulty, and the musical effect is made to depend upon the perfect rendering of this difficulty. In Europe much greater prominence is given to studies than in this country. (Indeed, Bertini's method is almost entirely made up of studies, and this is the good point of the work while the drawback is, they are all original, and hence the great uniformity of style.) In this book there is a very good selection of these, numbering twenty-seven, besides some fifteen which are called "amusements," but which properly belong on this head. The "amusements" are numerous and of almost every grade of difficulty. The sources whence these are taken are not indicated; but we are able to identify the following: chorus from Norma (17)—a barcarolle (18)—Hunting chorus in "Der Freyschütz" (29)—waltz (Derniere pensée de Carl Maria von Weber) Reissiger (31)—andante from Clementi (35)—chorus from I Puritani (40)—cantabile by Schulhoff (45)—Mazurka by Schulhoff (46)—Songs without words by Mendelssohn (48 and 49)—nocturne by Drey-schock (51) and a grand finale that looks as if Liszt might have "had a hand in it."

There are some *morceaux* in this work that will prove grateful "show pieces" for amateur players. We may mention amusements 45, 46, 48 and 51; all good, sensible music. There have been two editions published, one having European and the other American fingering, so that all may be suited in this respect. We have at length an instruction book for the Piano, that is complete without being too voluminous: interesting, but not superficial; thorough but not tedious. If pupils have common sense and perseverance, this book is just the thing for them. If teachers are laborious and painstaking, they will find the "New Method" a valuable auxiliary to their labor, while if they are lazy and careless, it means they should set their pupils at work in the "New Method," in assurance that with it the pupil must make some progress. We believe, however, that by far the most important field for usefulness for a book like this, is in the country; since the city teachers, with their ready access to the music stores, can select such studies, exercises or pieces as are adapted to the wants of their pupils, and the method they may use is of less consequence, while its defects may be so readily remedied. In the country, on the other hand, the teacher, far removed from music stores, is at the mercy of the dealers, who often inflict on him quantities of unsaleable trash. Parents object to an additional bill for music, or the teacher is not competent to select properly, so it happens that scholars in general buy but one "instruction book" and no "studies," and it is therefore important that they be furnished at the outset with a really complete "method" for the instrument. We therefore confidently recommend this book to our country friends, both teachers and pupils, who will here find a complete library of "materials," for piano playing, and a good assortment of some thirty amusements.—*National Quarterly Review* for December.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

From childhood's dawn. Ballad. Opera of  
"Robin Hood." 25

My own, my guiding star. " 25

Two of the choicest gems from Macfarren's new Opera which has achieved a complete and genuine success at the Royal Opera house in London. The first is a sweet air, sung by a Barytone in the Opera; the last one, by the excellent singing of Sims Reeves, has become an established favorite in the English drawing-room. Other songs, duets, &c., from this opera will follow immediately.

At last. (L'incontro.) Romance for Contralto or Baritone. *Brambilla.* 25

There is such a dearth of good Contralto songs that this really fine Italian Romanza will not have to go begging for buyers. It is easy of execution.

When glasses take their merry round. Song.  
*C. Lloyd.* 25

Likely to become a standard song at convivial meetings.

Hearts feel that love thee. Trio for female voices from "Athalia." *Mendelssohn.* 25

A most beautiful Trio, published now for the first time in this country. Teachers of female classes in vocal music should not neglect to introduce it. As a Parlor Trio for three solo voices it is also very pretty.

Evening Shadows. Song. *Mrs. Howland.* 25  
A pleasing ballad. Easy.

#### Instrumental Music.

Shall I again behold thee? (Werd ich dich wiedersehn?) Reverie. *C. Voss.* 25

This little piece, one of Voss' earlier works has long enjoyed an immense popularity among amateur players in Germany. It is a real gem. The sentiment of the title is charmingly expressed by the music.

Anne Lisle. Varied. *Chas. Grobe.* 50

A new set of Variations by the always fascinating Grobe is quite a piece of good news for the world of piano-players, at large. His subject this time is a popular song by Thompson, which appears to best advantage as exhibited by the eminent professor.

Rural festival. (Nebelbilder, No. 16.) *Oesten.* 25

Hope. " " 12. " 25

Lament and consolation. " " 14. " 25

Pretty little sentimental pieces.

#### Books.

**LIBRETTOS OF SAFFO, LE PROPHETE, and DI-NORAH, (Le Pardon de Ploermel).** Each with Italian and English Words, and the Melodies of the Principal Airs. 25

The above are this week added to the popular Series of Opera Librettos published by Ditson & Co. They are perfect gems in their way and deservedly favorites among the admirers of the Opera.

**MUSIC BY MAIL.**—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 455.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 22, 1860.

VOL. XVIII. No. 12.

## Sent to Heaven.

I had a message to send her,  
To her whom my soul loved best ;  
But I had my task to finish,  
And she had gone home to rest.

To rest in the far bright heaven—  
Oh, so far away from here ;  
It was vain to speak to my darling,  
For I knew she could not hear.

I had a message to send her,  
So tender, and true, and sweet ;  
I longed for an angel to bear it,  
And lay it down at her feet.

I placed it one summer evening  
On a little white cloud's breast ;  
But it faded in golden splendor,  
And died in the crimson west.

I gave it the lark, next morning,  
And I watched it soar and soar ;  
But its pinions grew faint and weary,  
And it fluttered to earth once more.

To the heart of a rose I told it ;  
And the perfume, sweet and rare,  
Growing faint on the blue bright ether,  
Was lost in the balmy air.

I laid it upon a censer,  
And I saw the incense rise ;  
But its clouds of rolling silver  
Could not reach the far blue skies.

I cried in my passionate longing :  
"Has the earth no angel friend  
Who will carry my love the message  
That my heart desires to send ?"

Then I heard a strain of music,  
So mighty, so pure, so clear,  
That my very sorrow was silent,  
And my heart stood still to hear.

And I felt in my soul's deep yearning  
At last the sure answer stir—  
"The music will go up to heaven,  
And carry my thought to her."

It rose in harmonious rushing  
Of mingled voices and strings,  
And I tenderly laid my message  
On the music's outspread wings.

I heard it float farther and farther,  
In sound more perfect than speech ;—  
Farther than sight can follow,—  
Farther than soul can reach.

And I know that at last my message  
Has passed through the golden gate ;  
So my heart is no longer restless,  
And I am content to wait. A. A. P.

## Musical Culture.

### V.

#### CRITICISM.

One of the most powerful agencies for promoting musical culture is criticism. The critic is, or can be the instructor of both the public and the musicians ; he acts as a medium between the two, explaining their mutual relationship, the

needs and wants of the former, the character and position of the latter. In short, criticism is an institution indispensable wherever the progress and welfare of arts and artists form the objects of earnest labor. It is, however, not always practiced to promote ends so noble, but often employed as an instrument for carrying out the private designs of unprincipled individuals or whole cliques. The mania for criticizing musical compositions and performances is a characteristic trait of this age. Every one now-a-days is a judge ; though he has not the slightest knowledge of the art, and though his nature and occupation are decidedly unmusical. Just enter the shop of a barber, and it will not be long before you arrive at the conclusion that he wields the critical dissecting knife with the same facility as his razor. He will tell you that he has been at the opera last night, and there was a good deal of bad singing ; and as he waxes warmer will cut up the vocalists one by one so that nothing good is left of them. If a man has a second cousin who plays the piano, then his title to a professional critic is established beyond all doubt ; and we shall not have to wait long before we see him at his post, where, according to his meek or savage nature, he will servilely praise dabblers and masters with equal fervor, or indiscriminately condemn everything that may fall a prey to his pen.

It is quite plain that this trifling with criticism, so common now, must needs tend to weaken its force and lessen its beneficial influence. The result partly is that an able critic, who performs his functions as the disinterested and faithful servant of true art, seldom enjoys the confidence, respect and gratitude, either of the artists or the public, to which his labors entitle him. However pure his motives, however impartial his judgments there will always be persons to whom he appears as the interested champion of a certain party ; such persons, namely, as are unable to rise above the (alas !) popular opinion that a man cannot assiduously labor for a good cause without making it the pretext for some hidden design, which ultimately will be revealed in the shape of — dollars. Musicians are, moreover, a peculiar class of people, especially bravura-singers and players ; it is not always pleasant to deal with them. Their vanity rises sometimes to a marvellous pitch so that they firmly believe that every tone they produce is worth its ounce of praise, if not of gold ; and woe to the critic, who ventures a word on their short-comings ! In the first outbreak of anger they will threaten to cut his throat ; but being cooled down they content themselves with challenging him to come forward and show that he can do better than they ; pretending that no man has a right to pronounce a boot ill-made, unless he is a cobbler himself. Nor can they, in their ignorant or vanity be persuaded that this critic has something better to do than to make such little people an object of persecution ; but, that his duty demands, he should warn them, whenever their performances tend to exert a

pernicious influence on the public taste. However, it is but just to add that no one esteems and appreciates an honorable critic more than the *genuine* musician ; he has in him something of the trust, simplicity and affection of a child, and looks upon the former as his instructor and adviser, nay, as his benefactor ; for which, indeed, he has sometimes good cause.

With respect to our theme we consider criticism as the third institution. Instruction lays the foundation for musical culture and continues it so far as the age and circumstances of the pupils may allow. Then follow public performances as the college follows the common school, where those desirous of improvement may enlarge their knowledge and perfect their taste by listening to music of a higher order, of more varied forms and styles, and on a larger scale than the instruction could provide ; they may also learn how to improve their execution, after the manner of the professors and virtuosi who appear here as the performers. Lastly comes the critic who tells them what was good and what was bad in the pieces performed, their tendency and history, the rank and character of the composers, and so on. He also commends or censures the performers in as much as they succeeded or failed in correctly rendering the works ; that is correctly with respect to the designs and intentions of the composer on one side, and the rules and laws of the practical, or executing, art on the other. In short, he seizes every opportunity for imparting useful information ; and while he corrects and elevates the taste of the public he holds up to the musician the ideal of pure and true art and encourages them to renewed efforts. The immaculate image of the divine muse is entrusted to his care, and like a faithful watchman his warning voice resounds whenever it is in danger. His is the noble prerogative to stand up for a genius, whom ignorance, false taste, or it may be malignity, have so long refused to recognize ; his the equally noble task to keep the reputation of acknowledged masters undefiled and to save their glory from the hands of those misguided critics, to whom nothing is sacred ; his also the meritorious, though often disagreeable, work to expose the emptiness and hollowness of the idols which cliques and factions set up for a credulous public to worship. Thus his influence is of the most beneficent kind, while his power seems unlimited.

But his functions do by no means permit him to live and labor continually in the highest spheres of the art ; he is frequently called upon to descend some steps lower and employ his influence for objects more tangible or practical. We must remember that the relation of artists and public is like that of two opponents. The former endeavor to obtain as much money, applause and fame from the latter as they possibly can, and sometimes they are unscrupulous enough to attempt obtaining it by cheat. The public, in their turn, demand an equivalent for what they give and often a great deal more ; their pretensions some-

times assume singular forms which tend to bewilder the artist, if not to ruin him. Some call for this kind of music, others for that kind; these expect to hear Beethoven, while those wish for Rossini; and thus there is no end of demands one contradicting the other. How useful a medium is here the critic, how easily can he allay the confusion! The impartial friend of both the contending parties he is constituted umpire between them, and his word is law. He is expected to know what the public need and what the musicians can and ought to do. He is solicitous that a good feeling be kept up between the parties, and, therefore, warns the performers when they imprudently commit actions that must necessarily disturb it; when, for instance, by ostentatious advertisements, they entice the public into a concert, where they find themselves sadly disappointed. They do not scruple to promise an orchestra of an hundred performers, though they never numbered more than fifty; they pledge themselves to play a Symphony and coolly leave out one-half of it, or substitute an inferior one for that announced on the programme. And thus we could go on a while mentioning practices alike insulting to art and public. While the critic exposes and thoroughly condemns such frauds he is nevertheless guarding the interests of the musicians in more than one way. With a few words he dispels preconceived notions, unfavorable opinions and prejudices, that might have materially damaged their artistic reputations. As he is the personal friend of the most prominent members of them; as he is always present at their social meetings and partaking of their pleasures, he is initiated into all their secrets and mysteries. He always knows when the singers have got bad colds, or when they have met with those small mishaps, that are of no consequence to an ordinary mortal, but which mercilessly harrow the poor nerves of a prima donna. Why did Signora Pollini sing so execrably, last night? Her intonation was uncertain, her time wavering, no tone clear and pure; what was the cause? Ask the critic; he knows it; he was in the "green room" before the commencement (to which of course he has admittance at any time), where he found Signora very much agitated. He will probably allude to it in his criticism; at all events he will inform the public that her failure last night must be ascribed to circumstances beyond her control; he will not suffer the reputation of an otherwise excellent artist to be injured.

But how should we finish, were we to enumerate all cases by which the practical efficacy of criticism is so clearly demonstrated?

The practical tendency of these articles, (as well as the present state of music in this country), relieves us from the obligation of treating of that kind of criticism in which musical compositions are judged, reviewed, and analyzed apart from performances. This forms a most important department in art journals, musical papers and reviews of the first class. The critic has here perhaps better opportunities than elsewhere for exerting his talents, his power and his influence in respect to musical culture. This branch of criticism can of course assume form and character only where the art of composition flourishes, of which it is the natural consequence. Let us hope that some creative genius may soon arise among us whose efforts will command the admira-

tion of his country, and thus give abundant work to all critics, reviewers and art philosophers that are now or who may arise hereafter. BENDA.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### The Diarist Abroad.

PARIS, Nov. 26. 1860.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

This comes from authority so good, as immediately to gain assent, and yet experience gives one a very different and much more vivid sort of faith in the saying.

The sixth week is passing since I came here and I still wait the "yes" or "no" which is to grant or refuse me permission to examine a mass of papers in one of the Archives, now musty with the lapse of three or four generations. But in these days of Italian Revolutions and Chinese wars, the Minister of Foreign Affairs has other things to think of than the petition of a "Yankee man from America," (John Galt's phrase). But to make a journey from Germany to Paris on the faith of French readiness to aid the cause of Art and literature, and not get a sight of papers a century old is a "sell" on the Yankee man.

Meantime, there are pictures to be seen, new and valuable acquaintances to be made, items to be gathered for "Dwight's Journal," Antiquarian bookstores to be searched, an opera occasionally to hear, "Paris to be learned," and divers other things to be done, to fill up the days and make them seem too short for the work to be done.

Speaking of — well, anything — I called again this morning on Alexander Vattermare, and my respect for the energy of the man and my wonder at his success amid discouragements which would have deterred almost any other man from further labor, were increased. What is the reason that his efforts in the cause of international exchange of books, &c., seem to be so little aided in our country? He told me of instances in which his letters offering valuable collection of books, to Libraries remain unanswered! I never saw a greater enthusiast for our country. Here is a proof of his determination to make us known "to the ends of the earth." He has established a library of American works (400 volumes) in Teheran, in Persia!

Three or four of his rooms are crowded with books in various languages and on all conceivable subjects, in part American works for Europe the rest European and Asiatic works for America. One large pile he designs for Boston, and this brings me to the point for which I have spoken of Vattermare.

Among the collections received from the king of Holland for exchange is a set of publications by the great Musical Society of Amsterdam. I noted several overtures, a mass, a *Tantum Ergo*, and *Te Deum*, all in full score, and several of the annual reports. Upon expressing my desire that these works should go to our Public Library in Boston, he said he would add them to the other books for that city with great pleasure, only desiring something musical to send to Amsterdam in return.

Now, can there be any difficulty in making up a package of musical publications, reports of musical societies, reports upon music in schools, volumes of "Dwight's Journal" and the like, to be sent to Vattermare?

The Society at Amsterdam is an association for the "befoordering der Toonkunst" — the

advancement of music," and the works, which I wish to have secured are by musicians of Holland — a field unknown to us in music almost.

Why could not an interchange be effected through Vattermare of the principal musical publications of Boston and Paris? Why could not our publishers find it in the end profitable to give our Library a copy of their publications for this purpose? Could they not often find works in the exchanges, which it would pay to print? It certainly would seem so.

So much for Vattermare, whom the more I see him the more I respect and like him. His patience and continuance in well-doing, in spite of much very shabby treatment, is worthy of all praise.

I have spent many of my hours of forced leisure, in visiting the studios of American painters and students of painting here, and here are some notes upon them.

Cranch — our well-known "C. P. C." — poet and painter — has now nearly or quite finished several pretty large pictures; two are views of the mouth of the grand canal, Venice, (one of which, in particular, has the brilliant glow of the Italian morning sky) and two are water and coast scenes in the bay of Naples. He has also several new studies of trees and forest glades from Fontainebleau. One of the Venetian pieces I am happy to say has been ordered by a gentleman of Boston.

May, of New York, is just completing a large picture with figures of life size, Columbus writing his will. The subject is, I believe, from Lamartine. The hero, a grand figure, sits supported by an attendant at a table, the pen in his fingers upon the blank leaf of a missal, but at this moment he is not writing, for his thoughts are recalling the scenes of his past life, and dwelling upon the ingratitude which veils his last years in sadness. Two other pictures, in progress, and much less in size, are the Murder of Admiral Coligny, and the duel scene in the village inn, from Waverly. Would not he be the man to paint the great scene described by John Adams, "the colossus of American Independence," in his letters to Judge Tudor, viz., the birth of the American Revolution, or James Otis's speech on the "Writs of Assistance," in the old State House, Boston?

Howland, of Adams, Mass., has upon his easel a large picture, "The Prisoners." The subject is the carrying off of several beautiful women, in a boat, by corsairs, of the Mediterranean, and gives the artist free play for his taste in color. He is just now executing an order for a beautiful female head and face, with a black veil thrown over it, for a gentleman of Boston. Among his sketches are a girl listening to a serenade, and two from Faust.

Babcock, of Boston, is busy at present upon a small pictures, in which the brilliancy of color, which attracted so much attention in Boston three years ago is still marked. At that time, great fault, I remember, was found with his drawing; happily he has been paying special attention to this branch of his art, and with great success.

Boughton, of New York, whose studies have been unfortunately interrupted by illness, has a picture of Whittier's Maud Müller under way, but he has occupied himself mostly for some time in drawing from life.

Colman, of New York, is at work upon a view

of Seville, of which his brother artists speak in high terms.

Brigham, of Boston, is hard — nay, too hard — at work studying in the Louvre, and drawing from life. Rubens is his idol, at which I do not wonder. He has several fine sketches and subjects for large pictures at some future time. Indeed he ranks with the best of our young artists. I am very sorry to hear that he expects to return home next year, for he exhibits so much promise, it would be a loss to our public not to have him have opportunity for the best and fullest development of his powers.

Baker, of Pennsylvania, seems to be devoting himself mainly to figure and portrait painting.

Dana, of Boston, has a large picture upon his easel, "Excelsior," the moment chosen is that in which the youth has fallen and is half buried in snow, but still holds the banner upright. The Alpine peaks with the snow are very effective. He says it is not yet finished, — an artist only can tell why. Some New Yorker ought to give him an order for a picture of the Three Wise Men of Gotham who went to sea in a bowl, and very queer chaps they are.

Thom, of New York, is studying with Frère at Ecouen. I am told he exhibits remarkable talent.

Bancroft has just come to Paris for the winter. He is devoting himself to landscape. I have seen none of his works.

Buchanan Read passed through the city some days ago on his way to Rome, after a stay of some months in England. He brought thither a small portrait of Longfellow, which he intended to keep, but the English would have it, and he changed it into gold. He described a beautifully poetic subject, which he is going to work out, but memory has proved treacherous.

Yowell, of Iowa city, I am told, is mostly engaged in filling orders for copies of fine pictures, in which he is remarkably successful. His own works are mostly figure pieces.

I do not know whether all our American painters now in Paris are included in this list; it contains all of whom I have any knowledge, except two or three young students, just beginning their career.

Greenough, the sculptor, is very busy, I hear, but I did not see his studio.

A young Valentine, of Richmond, Virginia, is a promising student of sculpture.

And so — finis.

A. W. T.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Thron.

A TALE OF NORWAY.

(Concluded.)

On that Sunday morning when he wandered over the mountain-range in a new coat, the sun rose bright and clear in a pure blue sky. The mother sat on the threshold under the rough little porch, and followed him with her eyes as far as she could; the father stood at the window, but he went away to lie down, when he heard the mother coming—none of them were to go to church that day. When Aaste had prepared the breakfast, and they sat eating, she spoke it out before Alf, that she really wished to follow him. "Do as thou pleasest," said Alf, and now she dressed in great haste and went. Thron while on his way, thought that the birds had never sung such manifold songs, and it was likely that he himself would sing along with them. But still the best thing will be to spare one's own strength, he meditated; he had not slept the whole night.

He came to the bridal house, actually without knowing how; he could not eat and placed himself at the head of the procession, as his duty prescribed. But neither the procession, nor the spectacle of the bridal pair, inspired him with the least interest, for the expectation of what he was going to see, almost blinded him to the scenes before him. He went in advance, and it seemed to him, as if bride and bridegroom, old and young people, birds and wood, heaven and sun, more singing with him, if not aloud, yet in their inmost hearts. He did not get tired stepping onward like one intoxicated, who does not feel the ground under his feet, he looked out into the dim distance, far far out and played. Sometimes he felt like being soon in the village, yet there was constantly some turn in or hillock on the road. He comforted himself by thinking that after a while the place would appear all at once before his eyes, for he knew distinctly where it must lie. "Let us only turn round the Kammer, (a rocky hill) then we are right in the village," so he heard some one say behind him. His bow made stronger strokes, the finger pressed more heavily upon the string, and, there the Kammer glided by. He saw a light blue smoke rise up to the horizon, and below it there was glimmering and glittering a lustre and a sparkling which he was not able to discern and divide at first sight. By and by it somehow dissolved, it flew and glided asunder, and shaped itself into distinct objects. He perceived different roads and passages, and there lay a house with so many windows, that he supposed he saw an icy plain on a sunny winter's day. Here lay another one, so large, that his father's house might have been placed under the roofed porch with ease, even with the stable towering on its top. And all around, house by house, yard by yard, one white, the other red, not one had a thatched roof but bright slate-covering, which made one's eyes ache. Fine and light it stood there, the whole village, fine and light the mist hung over it, artificial like his violin, nay more artificial was everything around. The carriages within the yard, the horses which stood by unharnessed, the colored dresses of the people, the dogs, playing at the edge of the wood, the children who stood about gazing on, and over all this—away and off—sounded tones long and strong, in decided rhythm, so that he fancied everything he saw, was moving after this measure.

All at once he remembered his own tone, his own music, but in God's name, what had become of that? Certain it was, that the violin must have burst, for no trace of sound was in it any more. Just now, when I wanted so badly to use it! Thron cried, in a low voice, turning pale; perhaps he only did not strike strong enough. Therefore he put all his force into the bow. Some little good this did, but the violin must be burst nevertheless; for well he knew how it would sound—and when he thought of that he was very near bursting himself—into tears. Then he looked again straight forward on his way and noticed a house, much larger than all the others and so wondrously beautiful, that it looked like the shadow of a tree, reflected in the water. For a lofty top it had and finer and more slender grew this, the higher it rose up to the skies. Windows were there, as high as the whole house, and as it lay there—surrounded by a wall and pointing upwards—Thron comprehended all at once, that the sounds he heard came really from above. The whole house itself became music within his thoughts, every part of it must sound and was original song. "That is the church," he thought. An immense crowd of people stood around, they all looked alike and all of them looked cheerful. "They are those, who built the church," he mused, and he did not venture to look upon them out of sheer respect. Then he thought of himself, of what he did here, of the miserable tone the violin had got, just here, where all those stood, who built the church. He was ready to sink deep

into the ground with shame, but onward he must go and even at the head of the procession. That cannot be the right march, thus he comforted himself. Another one resounded under his bow, but gone was all, that it had expressed before—it was only stroke upon stroke and nothing more. "Oh, do not forsake me, thou dear, dear Lord!" the boy prayed—he took refuge in the best and highest he knew. He felt, they looked at him, those "who built the church;" he could not remember anything now—neither the waterfalls nor the woods, nor what they contained—much as he tried to do so. It is well, that neither father nor mother are here, to see my shame, thought Thron—but to his fright, he now thought he saw his mother in her black dress, in the midst of the crowd, she looked so pale. "Ha, ha, ha!" he heard, it must have been close behind him, for he saw no one laughing. His finger lost the right grasp and the bow was gliding over the board; "now I cannot even catch the right tone," this whirled through his brain, he pressed the violin under his chin, took the bow in his firm grasp again, and with the power of anxiety, he hurled a tune down over the strings, straight forth from his very soul; some dance it was, but he did not know it himself. He went up and down on two strings and on three, he wanted to take the fourth along also; there should be even a fifth and sixth, but he could not reach either of the two. "Hey, now it goes well, don't it?" such laughter he heard, he saw the gipsy sitting on the ball of the spire, making faces at him. "Have you come—you too?" and now he felt as if the violin must go up there, if he could not succeed in playing the gipsy down from his seat. His play changed into clouds, which passed to and fro before his eyes; the point of the spire bent and went up again with the Bohemian, the houses danced, people stood fixed, some elf went up on the rocks—if his fingers would only endure it, if only no knots should get into the strings! But out of the crowd, his mother strove to get up to him. "For Heaven's sake, what is it, you play?" He looked at her and plunged back into the mist—far—far. "Yes, go with me, then! I must help myself as well as I can!" He laughed though he trembled all over. There he stood at the church-door, and without looking at the procession, he turned round all at once, his bow in one hand, the violin in the other, and swift as if flying through the air, he rushed by the people, off, away, on and on without aim, passing farm-yards, fields, trees—as long as his strength lasted—then sank down on the ground and cried bitterly. For a long while he lay so—his face turned downward, stillness reigned all around—and so still it was, he thought he heard the Heaven's rustling. Then he rose and beheld his violin, it lay close by him and said not a word. "Yes, it's yet all thy fault, I know," Thron said, seizing it: thou shalt go to pieces, because thou mad'st me tremble so. He clutched it in his hand, ready to fling it to the ground with all his force. But then again it seemed to him, that still it encircled all that he had experienced, lived and learned, he remembered again the waterfalls, his father, Jutal the goblin. Thron wept again. "Yes, yes, it may remain whole, as it is—but these wretched strings I must cut—for playing? no! I never shall dare to play again in this world." He drew forth his knife, hastening as much as he could, as if no time were to be lost, and set it at the "quint." "Woe! quint." "I must pretend not to hear it," thought Thron, setting his knife at the next string. This one burst likewise, the third also now only the bass was yet left—"the bass is a dear string, thought Thron, it is hard to get it; I believe, I will leave it on there," said he furthermore, and looked around mysteriously—half bewildered.

\* \* \* \* \*

When I had read this to my friend, I stopped for a few minutes, but as he did not say anything, I was

obliged to look at him. "Why and what else?" he asked. "How so?" I questioned in reply. "Why, the conclusion!" "The conclusion." "I thought you might have comprehended the boy in a way, to furnish the result yourself. "And did he become an artist?" What I answered I will write down here at my friend's request, if it were only, to do him a service. "He is the same young man who sits by thy side, playing." No power in the world would have brought Thronde back into the wood. He would have liked to attempt playing what he had seen on that day and what he was still seeing, when withdrawing his knife from the bass. He had first set it on, when the gipsy had shown himself upon the ball of the spire, and had tried to draw the violin up to him; it was only a moment, but Thronde was then ready to loose his senses. This playing it was, that shocked and awed, but it lured also, he thought of it, when he cut the three strings through—but he thought of it likewise, when he spared the fourth. He is now no more doubtful whether he will attain it, nay what is more, he knows that he will attain all that, which sang around him, but for which he could not find strings enough. You hear yourself, how daringly and despairingly he plays; he plays on towards that aim. Years have past, years will come and go, and there he still sits and plays. Wonderful things he fancies and ventures on sometimes—but strange, very strange is one piece, in which he wails so, that my eyes overflow; for he thinks he sees the fire flicker on the hearth of his home, while he himself lies out in the wood—and he feels cold, especially on one side. But I ever thought of the day, when Thronde told us his story. How a man, an artist, is growing to be one, can hardly be represented or described; but in some such way, I think, it must be brought on. He certainly has certain dreams from his childhood upward, and a dim instinct which comes over him with the instrument; but one point (perhaps unconscious to him) it must be, from which he catches his passionate love for it, one, at which he suddenly seems to lose all his faculties, just where they rise to life and activity. If there is real worth in him, his object and aim stands all at once before him, so hugely great, that to him his instrument seems burst asunder. Is there real earnestness in him, he plays in such a moment for his life or his reason. If he is a strong sound nature the temptation to hazard another attempt, will be victorious; the allurements hung at last only on one string, but this was a deep one. In a moment of rage, Thronde cut the three strings through, without knowing what he did. Sometimes afterwards, when he sat alone, thoroughly forsaken, poor, hungry—he understood, what strings he had been cutting. This is artist's life.

M. B.

(From the New York Saturday Press.)

### Beranger.

Pierre Jean de Béranger was born in Paris, the 19th of August, 1780. His father was a money-broker. Of his mother, the principal fact known is that she placed her son out to nurse in the country. To be sure, from this fact alone it must not be concluded that she was perfectly regardless of him, since such was the fashion in those days; and possibly fashion ruled then over the womanly part of creation as despotically as it does now. It is, however, a noteworthy fact, that the man who, of all the noticeable men of modern times, lived his life in the strictest accordance with the laws of common sense as applied to the needs of his own nature,—who disregarded all the rules and prejudices of society, when they conflicted with the development of his own character in his own way,—should have come from a society which was so artificial, that the possibility of any woman other than a peasant nursing her own children, was considered a discovery, and announced as such by the philosopher Rousseau. Perhaps the fact that the great men of the French Revolution sprang from the artificial society of the eighteenth century, is a proof of the wonderful recuperative and compensatory force there is in nature, and that we could apply with advantage some of its suggestions

to our physical life.

The infantile Béranger certainly flourished under this apparently unnatural arrangement; and that, too, notwithstanding the fact that his foster-mother appears to have been as negligent of her assumed duties as his mother was of her natural ones. This Béranger deduced from the fact that he remembered nothing of his nurse, while all his youthful recollections clustered about the memory of the husband of the woman to whom he was entrusted, and who seems to have assumed all the care of the young poet, and to have conceived so warm a love for his charge, that he refused to take any pay for his trouble. "It would seem to me that I sold him," he said. At the age of five, Béranger was brought home.

His maternal grandfather, a Mr. Champi, who had been a tailor, and exceedingly strict in the discipline of his own children—whence, perhaps, arose his daughter's neglect of her maternal duties in mature life—assumed the entire management of his youthful grandson, and was as indulgent to his childish whims as only a fond grandfather can be. The young Béranger went to school, or not, pretty much as suited his own good pleasure. The principal occupation of his early years was, however, taking walks with his grandfather, and playing in the streets of Paris.

Thus obtaining the education which such advantages afford, the young poet grew to the age of ten, when he was sent into the country, to Péronne, and placed under the care of a sister of his father, who kept an inn, was named Madame Bouvet, and who appears to have been very fond of her nephew, and to have understood him better than any one, and aided him more in the formation of his character. Madame Bouvet was a Liberal, and from her Béranger first heard the liberal sentiments which were then fast leading to the French Revolution. It was also from her that Béranger first received the idea of writing songs. With Madame Bouvet he remained until he was seventeen, when he returned to Paris, and went to live with his Grandfather Champi, from whose house he saw the destruction of the Bastille. His father was a Royalist, and firmly convinced that the Bourbons would soon return. In his speculations as a money-broker, he formed all his calculations upon that basis. His son did not agree with him either in politics or in his business operations; but still there was no direct controversy between them.

The elder Béranger was so decided in his politics, that he was finally arrested as a Royalist. This of course ruined his financial operations, and left his son dependent upon his own exertions, and without any means. The loss of money did not disturb Béranger at all. He had so few artificial needs, that it required but little to gratify them. He commenced to write, and was employed by Landon to prepare the text for several volumes of the "Annales du Musée."

In 1810, through the assistance of a friend, he obtained an office in the University of Paris. From this time up to 1813, the date of the *Roi d'Yvetot*, the song from which his reputation began, Béranger was constantly at work, and probably wrote much, though nothing is known of what he then produced. Chateaubriand says Béranger told him that inspired by the "Genius of Christianity," he had commenced to write Christian Idylls. It was from the fact that Chateaubriand's works had roused Béranger's ambition, that Béranger always had a warm appreciation and friendship for Chateaubriand. Béranger himself said that in his early youth he had tried all sorts of composition, tragedies, dramas, odes, etc., but was satisfied with his success in none of these. The *Roi d'Yvetot* made a great success, and Béranger felt sure that he had discovered his speciality, and yet the first volume of songs was not published until 1815, in the thirty-fifth year of his age. The volume had a great success. Under the form of light verses the early songs in the collection concealed the bitterest satires against the increasing tyranny of the Emperor, and expressed the popular feeling of the French people, who had not yet forgotten that they had achieved their own freedom. But when Napoleon was unsuccessful, and the allies brought in the Bourbons, Béranger's enthusiastic love for the greatness of the fallen hero, his distrust of all kings and contempt for all authority which relies upon the brute arguments of strength and arms for its support, his passion for liberty, and his sympathy with the national love of independence and of the glory of France, which felt humiliated and insulted by the presence of a king thrust upon them by foreign invaders, expressed themselves in such terms that no wonder the people eagerly welcomed him as the exponent of their sentiments, and the rulers in an equal degree hated and feared him. He was not, however, molested. The government, desirous of gaining the confidence of the people, did not dare to trouble their singer.

In 1821 he had a second volume prepared for publication, and was warned by the Ministry that if he issued it he would be removed from his place in the University. Undaunted by this mean threat, Béranger sent in his resignation to the government, and sent out his volume to the public. This course of action was against the advice of all his friends, many of whom broke off with him. "The people will be with me, and my friends will come back again," he said, and the result showed that he was right. The Government however prosecuted him as a dangerous person, and an utterer of seditious sentiments. The court-room in which the trial was held was crowded with the prisoner's friends, but the trial went against him, and Béranger was sentenced to spend four months in the prison of Sainte Pelagie. During these four months of confinement Béranger was visited by crowds of enthusiastic admirers, nor did his muse desert him. The songs he composed were committed to memory by his visitors, and by means of copies, either in manuscript or secretly printed, spread rapidly.

In 1828 Béranger published a third volume, and in December of the same year was again tried as a dangerous and seditious person, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment in the prison of La Force, and to a fine which, with the expenses of the suit, amounted to over eleven thousand francs, say twenty-three hundred dollars. His friends wished him to flee, and it was shown him that he would be allowed to reach Switzerland. But Béranger preferred to go to prison. The fine was paid by his friend Berand, before the public subscription which had been opened for that purpose was completed. During the time he spent in La Force, Béranger interested himself in the condition of the prisoners who were detained there, and succeeded in having their comfort greatly increased, and some attention paid to their needs as human beings. In this work he was more interested since a large portion of them were boys, the orphans and vagrants of Paris, who had been arrested for vagrancy and the small crimes consequent to such a condition in a civilized and rich city.

In 1830 came the constitutional monarchy, which placed Louis Philippe upon the throne. The leaders of the movement wished Béranger to accept some of the spoils of victory, and pressed office upon him. He persistently refused all such offers, giving as his reason, that he should never be anybody unless he remained nobody.

In 1833, Béranger published his fourth volume, and in 1834 made an arrangement with his publisher Perrotin, by which he was to receive for the right of publishing the songs he had already written, and those he should hereafter write, an annuity of eight hundred francs, which should revert to his friend and companion, Judith Frère. This annuity Perrotin afterwards increased to three thousand francs; and notwithstanding this generosity and the lavish expense he incurred in getting up the various illustrated editions of Béranger's songs, he made the greater part of his fortune from this contract. In 1847, Béranger added a few songs to the illustrated edition published by Perrotin, that year. These, with the posthumous songs published after his death in 1857, form the whole of his works.

We must accept his success as a song-writer, from the fact of his immense popularity. The charm and grace of the French song is too subtle to stand the rude test of translation. The terseness of their style, the condensation of their thought and expression, their suggestions and their humors are the qualities which made Béranger's songs popular alike among the educated and the illiterate classes. It is only the works which appeal to the broad facts of human nature that underlie all the distinctions of rank or convention, which men are so foolishly prone to institute among themselves, that obtain so wide spread a recognition and become the classics of a nation's literature. The value of Béranger's life to the world, certainly to this portion of it, is however rather to be found in the life he lived as a man than in his merits as an author. The common sense which he made the rule of his life, the self-reliance which he always displayed, the distrust of those in authority, the self-respect which led him to place not his trust in princes, the faith which he evinced in mankind, the honesty, the charity, the kindly feeling for those who were truthful and the contempt he displayed for all charlatans, whatever might be their social position, these qualities it is which makes his character and his life a fit study for the world.

Perhaps these qualities can better be shown by quoting his own words than in any other way. The following extracts of his conversation are taken from his Memoirs, written by Savinien Lapointe, a shoemaker, a poet, a pupil, a friend, a companion, and a biographer of Béranger.

Speaking of a literary life, Béranger says: "Keep



yourself clear of the lower class of literary men, and all hack writers by profession."

Of the comparative merits and lasting interest of the various branches of literary composition, he says: "We commence with Lamartine, then we go to Hugo, sometimes to Delavigne, who does not always respond to our thoughts—and then having rounded the circle, we come back to the song-writer."

Advising Lapointe upon the necessity of trusting rather to severe and long-continued work than to what is called inspiration for the production of works of real merit, he says: "I do not wish just now to criticize you too much, I would be afraid of making you timid by so doing. You should preserve your originality, your boldness, only you must strive to find the right word. You must come to see me, I will lend you a book of synonyms. I myself have worked all my life with dictionaries, and have not yet ceased to consult them. As for the dictionaries of rhymes, that is a different matter, though they are sometimes of use."

Lapointe had called upon Victor Hugo, and told Beranger of his visit, and of the advice Hugo had given him to read a great deal of poetry. "I think differently," said Beranger. "A man should read a great deal of poetry while he is seeking the form in which to express himself. You have found your's, set about perfecting it. Read history; events are the fathers of poetry and of ideas; put the knowledge of events in your head and leave the poets alone."

When Lapointe called upon Victor Hugo he found Henri Heine there. Hugo opened the door himself, and showed Lapointe into a richly furnished room, welcoming him with the sentiment, "Enter sir, enter; poets are kings." At hearing this, Beranger shrugged his shoulders and asked, "What did you answer?"

"Nothing, I bowed again, and was silent and embarrassed."

"In your place I would have said, I came sir to measure you for a pair of boots."

This freedom from parade, this common sense, this self-respect which made Beranger too honest ever to play a part, or to assume a position which he knew he could not fill, while it characterized his life as a song-writer, and was condensed by him into the saying "facts are poetry," was almost the most noticeable fact in his public life. When his friends opposed the publication of his second volume, one of them offered him a much larger sum of money than Beranger hoped to gain from the volume, if he would refrain from issuing it. This offer Beranger refused. Lafitte, the banker, offered him a situation; but Lafitte was his friend, and Beranger would not be indebted to any of his friends. "It is," he said, "because I know how strong an influence gratitude has over me, that I am afraid to contract such an obligation even towards those whom I most esteem." His friend Manuel left him a large bequest; but Beranger felt that he was amply provided for by Perrotin's annuity, and refused to take anything but a watch, which should serve him as a memento.

After the Revolution of 1848, he was elected to the Assemblée Constituante, by over two hundred thousand votes, and wrote to the Assembly declining his seat. The Assembly voted unanimously not to accept his resignation. In his letter acknowledging this compliment, Beranger again declined the honor, and requested to be allowed to live as a private citizen. "This," he wrote, "is not the wish of a philosopher, still less of a sage,—it is the wish of a rhymist who fears that he would not survive it, in the midst of the turmoil of events, he should lose his independence of soul, the only possession for which he has ever been ambitious. For the first time I ask a favor of my country: let not its worthy representatives refuse the prayer which I address to them in again requesting my dismissal; but let them pardon the weakness of an old man, who cannot hide from himself the honor he forgoes in separating himself from them." This second resignation was accepted.

Perrotin, who became quite rich, often wished the poet to leave his simple and unpretending home, and come to live in his country-seat; this invitation Beranger would never accept. "I should feel like an exile in so grand a house," he said, "and my poor friends would not know how to find me."

In 1855 Napoleon III. hearing that Beranger was poor, proposed to give him a pension, and knowing how impossible it was to make Beranger accept any favors, the offer was made through the Empress Eugénie. This offer Beranger also refused to accept, though such an evidence of respect touched him to the heart, and made it difficult for him to adhere to his determination never to put himself under any obligation. "People do not know how much courage it requires to refuse," he said.

Beranger's political opinions may be stated concisely, as a faith in the people, in their ultimate de-

cision upon any question, in their honesty and in the future of the democratic principles of the age, which would, strangely enough, appear visionary and absurd in this republican country. He was no reformer, had no desire to coerce men into freedom, his belief was in leaving them to work out their own destiny. His position in politics was therefore always in the opposition, since it is always safer to distrust the governors than the governed. The first require to be corrected by opposition in their errors, the last correct themselves, since they are the first to suffer from the evil effects of their mistakes. It was this principle which governed his course toward the great Napoleon. "My enthusiastic and constant admiration," he says, "for the Emperor's genius, the idolatry which he inspired in the people who always saw in him the representative of the victorious ideas of equality; that admiration and idolatry which eventually made Napoleon the noblest subject of my songs, never blinded me to the constantly increasing despotism of the Empire. In 1814 I saw in the fall of the Colossus, only the misfortune of a country which the Republic had taught me to adore."

It was the need he felt of always preserving his independence, so that he could express his opinions without any fear of praise or blame, that made him refuse so persistently all office, whether offered him by a ruler or by the voice of the people.

And certainly in this Democratic age few persons have so ennobled the proud position of a private citizen as Pierre Jean Beranger. In this independence of character, this love of personal freedom, this disgust at all cheap notoriety, and contempt for all the modern appliances by which it is gained, this quiet and unobtrusive firmness in maintaining the privacy of his private life, and asserting his right to live as best suited his conviction of his own needs, that Beranger has set an example to the noisy vulgarity of our modern life which cannot be too highly commended.

The life so passed came to a close the sixteenth of July, 1857. His old friend and companion, Judith Frère, had passed away on the ninth of April, in the same year. Beranger had promised her that he should not outlive her more than three months. He was then suffering from the disease of the liver, and the bleeding at the lungs, which caused his death. He died upon his sofa, supported in the arms of Madame Vernet, the wife of Vernet, the painter, and in the presence of some of his most intimate friends. His sister, a nun, had brought a priest to be present at the last moment, and offer those consolations of religion which are needless in such extremities if the life of the subject has been governed by higher aims and a nobler faith than are common among men. Beranger felt that his life had been so lived, that he needed no hasty preparation for death, and therefore quietly dismissed his sister and her priest. He was not more afraid to die than he had been to live, for death to him was not more solemn and mysterious than life. So calmly did the final moment come, that his friends who were in the room hardly knew that his life had ceased.

Though he had requested that his funeral should be as quiet and unostentatious as possible, the population of Paris came out in crowds to pay their last respects to him. His body was placed in the tomb of his friend Manuel, at the side of Judith Frère.

EDWARD HOWLAND.

New York, November, 1860.

## Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, DEC. 15.—The last week or so, has given Philadelphians quite an abundance of music. The Italian Opera Company have been singing here, and have presented us with two novelties, "Il Giuramento" and "Moisè en Egitto." The former opera has not been played here since the days of Truffi and Benedetti, and has give much pleasure to the habitués of the Academy. The principal artists acquitted themselves admirably in their respective rôles, COLSON and FERRI having particularly distinguished themselves. SUSINI has been suffering from chronic bronchitis, which has made him so very hoarse, that it is painful to listen to him. It is to be hoped that we shall have some more of the compositions of Mercadante; Elisa e Claudio would amply repay any management bringing it out. Rossini's *Mosè* was played but twice, and it must be said, that to the public at large, it failed to give the satisfaction the artists had expected.

The chorus was not good, and the concerted music, upon which everything in this opera depends was not as well rendered as it should have been. We regret to say that with one or two exceptions only, the houses were smaller, than we have ever seen. The troupe have joined their forces and now manage for themselves. If their loss here should give them a hint to be less exacting as regards terms with operatic managers in future; it will do no harm. Colson has been contending against "fire and sword" as the other evening she set fire to her dress from a lamp from which the alcohol burned over the side and dropped on her. With great presence of mind she crushed it out immediately, escaping with a burnt hand. A few evenings later, she fell on the dagger in the stabbing scene of "Il Giuramento," and injured her arm quite badly. On Friday evening the Maennerchor Society celebrated their twenty-fifth anniversary at Samson Street Hall. The proceedings commenced with a concert, the following was the programme:

1. Festgesang. . . . . Mendelssohn  
(Solo, quartet, orchestra and chorus.)
2. Polonaise, (E flat), piano. . . . . Chopin  
Mr. Charles Jarvis.
3. Evening Hymn. . . . . C. Zillner  
Maennerchor.
4. Trio (D), piano, violin and 'cello. . . . . Reisinger  
Messrs. C. Jarvis, S. Hasler and C. Schmitz.
5. A Criminal Case. Comic operetta in one act, arranged by  
A. Birgfeld, Director of the Maennerchor.

The concert passed off very agreeably, and the operetta gave much amusement to the audience. At the conclusion of the concert the guests proceeded to the supper room, where a delightful repast awaited them, to which full justice was done. Speeches were made by a number of persons, among whom were Hon. Wm. B. Mann, Adolph Birgfeld, the pleasant director of the Society, the first President, &c. After supper, young and old went into the ball room, and dancing was kept up until an early hour of the morning. Everybody went away delighted. The Maennerchor Society have held weekly meetings, and have done much toward the cultivation of musical taste in our city. We have in pleasant prospect for next week, WOLFSORN AND THOMAS' second Classical Soiree, and on Christmas night the Handel and Haydn Society bring out the "Messiah" for which they are making extraordinary preparations.

IL FANATICO PAR LA MUSICA.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 23, 1860.

### Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

THIRD CONCERT.

1. Tenth Quartette, in E flat, op. 74. . . . . Beethoven  
Introduction, Allegro—Adagio—Scherzo—Presto—Finale,  
Tema con variazioni.
2. Abend Ständchen. . . . . C. Kreutzer  
Vocal Quartette.
3. Piano Trio, in D minor, op. 49. . . . . Mendelssohn  
Allegro agitato—Andante con moto—Scherzo—Allegro.  
(Repeated by request.)  
Messrs. Lang, Schultze and Fries.
4. Andantino and Scherzo, from the 34th Quintette. . . . . Onslow
5. "Komm Stiller Abend Nieder." . . . . L. DeCall  
Vocal Quartette.
6. Quintette, in D No. 4. . . . . Mozart  
Introduction and Allegro—Larghetto—Minuetto—Finale, Allegro vivace.

We were offered, as will be seen from the programme, three capital pieces by the trio of tone-poets, who are sure to delight and inspire an audience that loves good music.

The Quartette in E flat by Beethoven grew upon us, as we expected it would. We have hardly to add anything to the remarks made after the first performance of it. The impressions received then were strengthened on hearing it

again. It leaves a feeling of pleasure behind, like that of beholding a strong man of a cast of mind rather serious, indulging in genial fancies, unbending from his more earnest work, and showing the marks of satisfaction in his lit-up countenance. Quiet in the first movements, the latent force breaks forth a little more distinctly in the Scherzo. The graceful second theme, as if dallying with grief that has been overcome, forms a fine contrast to the impetuous beginning. And the still more impetuous Prestissimo again sets off the first two parts to great advantage. The last movement closes strong and brilliant. The Club did well by their audience in repeating the piece, and deserved all the applause they received for their good rendering of it. Mr. LANG did himself a great deal of credit by playing his part of the Piano Trio by Mendelssohn, as well as he did. The first, third and fourth movements were especially good. He played with taste and feeling, and many passages were exquisite. Mr. Lang gave us much pleasure by his appropriate rendering of all light and humorous places, which were played with much grace and ease. His accentuation and phrasing showed that he had carefully studied his work. And it is our conviction, that Mr. Lang need only follow his impulses, and in slow movements his expression will be still nearer to the very best in musical elocution. The fine grand of Messrs. Chickering assisted Mr. Lang very well, and we think he treated his instrument with taste and understanding. Mr. Lang does honor to America, and Boston especially, and we were glad of the very favorable remarks, his playing elicited from the very greatest of living pianists, Dr. Liszt, as we happen to know from a trustworthy source.

The Quintette by Mozart was a most pleasant close to the concert. Mozart is ever beautiful. The introduction in a similar character to that of the Beethoven Quatuor, prefaced a charming Allegro, of a good deal of mirth and humor, and grace withal. The Coda repeating the introduction and the first melody is almost surprising in its abrupt close. The Adagio, a charming quiet melody of great beauty went very well. The Minuetto full of kindly pleasant feeling has a Trio full of sparkling, gladsome joy. This in a still higher degree takes possession of the Finale, which sweeps along gloriously in its first melody. The second one is finely worked up in a short counterpoint, exhibiting an exciting contest between the different parts, until they unite again in the first melody with which the piece closes. The playing was generally well done; only in the first viola an absence of broad tone and treatment was noticeable, which sometimes disturbed the ensemble of the other instruments. Mr. SCHULTZE was especially happy in bringing out the humorous element pervading the work.

The two movements from Onslow's 34th (!) Quintette sounded rather tame, pleasant as they are. Such music is quite comfortable, it does not excite. Though we wish by no means to undervalue Onslow, who has the great merit of cultivating a pure style, and forming it after the best models, we would yet ask how that second theme got into a "SCHERZO?" It is quite pleasing, and the staccato melody in the violoncello impresses one as something original. But what, we ask, has it to do with a Scherzo?

The songs by the new organization, the Or-

pheus Quartette Club, including the principal soloists of the Orpheus Musical Association, were sung quite well as these gentlemen are accustomed to do; the first one better in the repetition, which the gentlemen kindly assented to, when encored. But why select a piece like the second, belonging, as it does, to a superannuated, we had hoped, extinct race of beings in the four-part song creation. Such fossil remains did very well some thirty or forty years ago; but now, when we have a new generation of songs—we will not quote names, merely refer to programmes of Orpheus concerts—why reach back, to bring to light again a piece—of historical value, showing how a text ought not to be composed? Should the gentlemen favor us again at some future time, we would most earnestly urge upon them the expediency of singing a live song, fully developed and organized after the fashion of these later days.

The concert left a very pleasant impression on us. Such sterling pieces as the three, numbers 1, 3 and 6, make any concert agreeable and worthy. A suggestion may be ventured as to the fitness of repeating the parts of compositions in the manner the composer directed it. When Mozart thinks it best to have a part repeated, he is the best judge, we take it. If by doing so the concert would last longer than is desirable for those that live at a distance, it seems to be the best plan to leave out a piece of less importance; we mean, not put it on the programme at all. On the other side of the Atlantic such chamber-concerts frequently consist of two quatuors and one trio, or of a quintette and two quartettes. If we must have "a variety" on this side, to make a chamber-concert attractive, do not let us have it at the expense of a work of standard value.

The hall was crowded. Good and effective ventilation is still a desideratum however. The room grows too warm, and the carbonic acid set free by a large audience is not the best material to keep air sweet and wholesome. When will architects begin to study ventilation? It is a good number of years since Dr. Bell wrote a most thorough treatise on this indispensable requisite of domestic architecture and—what is more—proved the truth of his theory in practice. Is it so far to Somerville—or did architects never hear any thing of the subject?

We are glad to see that the labors of the Club, working in the right direction now for twelve years, are rewarded by a goodly attendance. The next concert will take place on the first day of next year, and we hope the Club will continue to give us fine programmes, and to prosper generally in the year incoming, beginning it as well as they closed this. \*†

#### The Concert Season in Boston.

Our notices of the concerts that have taken place up to this time, show a record of crowded houses, and that too, to concerts of the very highest class, not only in the character of the programme, but in the price of admission. We refer to the concerts of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club and of Mr. Dresel. We are glad for the sake of these artists, who have been unwearied for years, in providing the best for their audiences that their success has been so great. But it is not easy to understand why the offers of the Philharmonic Society addressed to a much larger

public, at a very low price, and of the Handel and Haydn Society, should have failed so entirely of any response. Both of these societies have promised the public entertainments of the highest order in their respective departments, and promises too (not like those of opera managers) which the public knew would be faithfully performed; one waited for the public to come forward and sign its subscription lists; the other solicited the public by individual appeals, but both alike have failed of success. We cannot but regret deeply that we are this winter to be destitute of the admirable choral performances of the Handel and Haydn Society, and the Orchestral Concerts to which for so many years we have been accustomed, but such we understand to be the result of the efforts that have been made to secure remunerative audiences. The theatres meanwhile are well filled every night, and other places of amusement are not without audiences. We trust that another season will tell a different story.

We are glad however that the Handel and Haydn Society is, as usual, to give the MESSIAH on Sunday, the 30th, with the aid, we understand of Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS and other able assistance.

CHRISTMAS is coming apace, and those who are in search of the tokens of love and friendship so commonly interchanged at this time, we would recommend to look, (if they are musically disposed,) at the numerous volumes on the counters of our publishers, the classic treasures of the divine Art, of immortal worth, joys forever. We mean such books as the Sonatas of Beethoven and Mozart, the Songs without Words of Mendelssohn, the Oratorios of Handel and of Haydn, the operas of Mozart and Rossini and Donizetti, and a host of other works which we see there, in compact and beautiful form outwardly, while within they are filled with the choicest inspirations of genius that the world has known.

For very young singers we have (from A. Williams & Co.,) the time honored catch, "The Three Blind Mice," illustrated, with the music, printed on cloth, washable and indestructible, and published by Dean & Son, London.

#### Jamaica Plain.

It was our privilege to be present at a soirée given by Mr. O. DRESSEL, on Wednesday last, at Jamaica Plain. The hospitable mansion of a family living at the beautiful pond and known for their great love of the best music, was thrown open to an appreciative audience, some of whom had come quite a distance to hear Mr. Dresel. He played two sonatas by Beethoven, the one in C major, op. 2, No. 3, dedicated to father Haydn, and the A flat sonata, op. 26, with the theme and variations for its first and the funeral march for its second movement. He also played the Romanza by Schumann, which was admired so much at the second soirée in this city, and Etudes, Valses, Polonaises and Mazurkas by Chopin. The entertainment being of a private character, we can merely chronicle it. But we may say that the audience, mainly composed of persons of musical culture, highly appreciated the selection and were enraptured by the rendering of the pieces. Two songs, one from Fidelio, the other from Don Juan, were sung by a German gentleman, connected with the management of one of the largest firms in Boston, to the no small enjoyment of the audience.

The dwellers in that charming locality seem to be in high favor with Mr. Dresel, to have two sonatas by Beethoven on the same evening. We might

almost grow envious of them, if we had not been present ourselves. As it was, the audience were highly gratified by the noble entertainment, and it was altogether a very pleasant evening, with a home-like charm about it, that made it seem rather hard to leave as early as the last car compelled us to.

\*†

The poem on our first page should have been credited to the "Cornhill Magazine" for November.

### Musical Chit-Chat.

**BROOKLYN, N. Y.**—The interior decorations of the Brooklyn Academy of Music, which are now nearly completed, are on an entirely novel principle, as respects similar places of amusement. All the traditional scroll-work, gilding, emblematic figures, composition caryatides, papier maché ornaments, and flamboyant trumpery, which time out of mind have been used in the ornamentation of theatres, ball-rooms, and opera houses, have been discarded, and the plainest and most matter-of-fact carpenters' work substituted in their place. The painting is of a corresponding simplicity, being nothing more than a crimson ground, picked out with two shades of salmon color, and what is the most surprising about it is that the effect is extremely agreeable and refined. It looks like a place intended for rational amusement and not a gilded pandemonium, where the chief objects aimed at are to bewilder the imagination and weary the eye. The small concert room attached to the Academy is ornamented in a style of corresponding simplicity and good taste. One of the advantages of this style is that the mind is put at rest immediately by discovering the actual strength and solidity of the structure, as every beam, pillar, and apparent support is exactly what it pretends to be, and not a hollow sham. The Brooklyn Opera House is a novelty, both externally and internally; and though no one could imagine from its appearance for what purpose it was designed, we believe it will be pronounced one of the best adapted buildings of the kind in America. Not the least admirable feature of it is its roof. It is so rare to find a building in New York with a becoming roof to it, that it will be a comfort to any one with an eye for architectural proportions to look upon this very remarkable building.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

**CHICAGO.**—The Philharmonic Society has organized under Mr. Balatka, formerly of Milwaukee. We learn that their subscription list numbers thirteen hundred. A contrast to the list of our Boston Philharmonic. Here is the programme of their first concert:

#### PART I.

1. Overture—"Max Robespierre".....Litolff
2. Romance for Tenor.—With accompaniment of Violoncello and Piano.....Tiehsen  
Mr. Louis Maus.
3. Grand Concerto in E, op. 11.....Chopin  
For Piano, with Accompaniment of Orchestra. Larghetto, Vivace.

Performed by Mr. Paul Becker.

4. Terzetto and Chorus—from "Elljah".....Meudelssohn

#### PART II.

1. Introduction and Chorus—from the Third Act of "Lo-bengrin".....Wagner
2. Allegro Scherzando—from the Eighth Symphony.....Beethoven
3. Aria for Soprano—from "Gemma di Vergy".....Donizetti  
Miss Anna Fessel.
4. Overture, "Nozze di Figaro".....Mozart

THE MUSICAL UNION, at their annual meeting, elected Dr. L. D. Boone, President, C. M. Cady, Vice President, and Geo. F. Root, Conductor. Mr. Root intends taking a permanent residence here, he having an interest in the flourishing music-furnishing establishment of Root & Cady, heretofore E. T. Root only having been associated with Mr. Cady in the business.

By this accession they doubtless have become so firmly rooted that no wind of rivalry can upturn them.

## Music Abroad.

**BERLIN.**—At the Victoria Theatre Verdi's *Traviata* has been given for the first time, Madame de Lagrange making her debut in the part of Violetta, and displaying a prodigious facility of execution joined to acting full of energy, she produced an extraordinary impression. It is pleasant to read the accounts of the appearance of singers so familiar to us, who came here without European reputation, but become famous in this country, without that prestige, such as Tedesco, Mad. de Lagrange and the veteran Badiali, and to see how the verdict given here in their favor is affirmed by the judgment of cultivated European audiences.

Mlle. Trebelli, the new contralto, has not accepted the engagement offered her at the opera in Berlin.

**ROME.**—A new opera by Pacini, *Gianni di Nisida*, has been brought out here, with great success, Bettini taking the principal tenor part.

**FLORENCE, Nov. 19.**—Amid all the martial stir, and the shock and excitement of revolution, Italy does not lose her love of music, or neglect to seek the means for gratifying it. It would be strange indeed when such an admirable political harmony has begun to exist and a generous and wise patriotic union is growing up, that there should not still be heard on every side the old concord of musical sounds. Here, in Florence, we have been having a musical season of six weeks. Opera has been given at three theatres of as many different grades, from the more exclusive *Pergola*, down to the popular *Nazionale*. *Il Profeta* has had a run of about three weeks at the former theatre, and *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, at the latter. Bellini's opera of *Norma* has been put upon the stage at the *Pergola* during the past week, with the Frenchwoman Masson for *prima donna*, whose success in her part, both as singer and actress, is well spoken of. So far as the public is concerned, the opera is tolerably well sustained, notwithstanding the absence of so many of its former supporters. To the managers, however, it can hardly prove a profitable enterprise.

Last night the Philharmonic Society gave a concert or *accademia*, as they call it, for the gratification of about four hundred invited listeners. This society, as is well known, is the high court of musical art in Florence, and the repertory of the productions which it brings out, is generally of a very superior character. Both the society and its audience is composed of those most skilled in, and the best judges of art and the reunions have always a somewhat elegant and fashionable character. Like a ball, the concert commences at about nine at night. The present entertainment was more interesting than usual to us Americans, because to one of our countrywomen of talent was assigned a conspicuous part. Miss Abby Fay, of Boston, sang to the satisfaction of all her friends, and with much applause, from the general Italian audience, the very sweet cavatina, "Come per me sereno," from Bellini's opera of *La Sonnambula*. I have heard but one expression, that of warm praise of the excellent manner in which the part was performed, both as to the bearing of the singer upon the stage and the musical execution. Among much that was good in the eleven pieces executed at the concert Miss Fay's performance was acknowledged to be among the best. From Italians I learn that this singer has already acquired a very high degree of artistic culture, and only needs the inspiration of passion with somewhat more of technical discipline, to insure professional success.—*Cor. of the Transcript.*

In the great singing festival held at Liege on the

30th of October, more than 2,000 voices—French Belgians, Germans—took part. The first prize was carried off by the Concordia Society of Aix-la-Chapelle.

A Festival Cantata for the arrival of the new king of Italy, in Naples, has been prepared by Maestro Pistilli.

Signora Floretti, a *prima donna* who made a favorable impression at the Theatre San Carlo, Naples, a couple of years ago, has been transplanted to St. Petersburg, where she is said to have satisfied that critical public in "I Puritani."

M. Chelard's opera, "Macbeth," has been successfully revived at Vienna.

### London.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—One line may chronicle the doings of the English Opera during the two weeks past. The success of *Robin Hood* continues unabated. It will take three lines, however, to chronicle the doings of the Italian Opera in the same space of time, although nothing absolutely new has been adventured. The week before last *Il Trovatore*, *Don Giovanni*, and the *Huquenots* were given on alternate nights with *Robin Hood*; but the success of Verdi, Mozart, and Meyerbeer has in no way lessened the attraction of Mr. Macfarren. English dramatic music is at present decidedly in the ascendant. The prospects of "National Opera" never looked so flourishing. The success of *Robin Hood* is a warrant for that. There is just now no hint about what is to succeed Mr. Macfarren's opera. Mr. Wallace's *Amber Witch*, we hear, is not yet ready, and should a new work be required at this side of Christmas, Mr. Frank Mori's *Bride of Florence* has, we believe, the best chance. The first operatic essay of the composer of *Fridolin*, and some of the most popular songs of the day, will be looked forward to with interest.

At the ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA Loder's *Night Dancers* was revived.

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.**—The third season was inaugurated on Monday, Nov. 12, most propitiously. The programme was agreeable and interesting from end to end, the performers, all of the first class, playing and singing their very best, and the audience that crowded St. James's Hall as able to appreciate as eager to applaud. Three great composers, who, though they have fulfilled very different missions in art, have each in a remarkable degree contributed to its progress, and, moreover, possess a something (almost, it may be, undefinable) in common—Spohr, Dussek, and Weber—were drawn upon for the selection, vocal and instrumental; and certainly, belonging as they all do, more or less, to the "romantic" (in the deep-felt, earnest signification of the term) and, at intervals, quasi "melancholy" school, their united efforts resulted in as cheerful and brilliant a musical entertainment as, perhaps, was ever provided. Here and there a bit of "sentiment," it is true, peeped out; but it came like a stray sunbeam on a bracing winter-day, and the contrast only helped to endow the predominating vigor of the rest with the additional life and charm. We subjoin the programme:

#### PART I.

- Quartet, in G minor (strings).....Spohr.  
Song, "Rose softly blooming" (Asore e Gemma).....Spohr.  
Canzonet, "Name the glad day".....Dussek.  
Sonata, in C major, Op. 24. Pianoforte solo.....Weber.

#### PART II.

- Sonata, in B flat, Op. 69 (pianoforte and violin).....Dussek.  
Song, "Restore those visions bright".....Spohr.  
Song, "Glückseln im Thale" (Kuryanthe).....Weber.  
Quartet, in B flat (pianoforte and strings).....Weber.  
Conductor—Mr. Bennett.

### Paris.

Nov. 7.—The Italian Opera is now in the full swing of the season, and latterly there has been a complete run upon Rossini. *Il Barbiere* with Mad. Alboni, and MM. Badiali, Zucchini, Gardoni and Angelini, and *Cenerentola* have awakened all the early and bright memories of old opera-goers. Badiali's Figaro, though not so fresh and youthful as might be desired, is admirable in style, and Gardoni's Almaviva exhibits both talent and grace. The Rosina of Alboni, however, is matchless. In the singing lesson, she has gone back to Rode's air again instead of the piece by Hummel, which she had latterly substituted for it, and all who heard her had reason to be thankful for the change. But with so lovely a voice it matters but little what she sings. The most common place strains are converted into strings of pearls as they issue from that enchanted larynx. Alboni's

reception in Kosina was a succession of encores and calls before the curtain. *Cenerentola* was not quite so warmly received. It is difficult to say why, for it is masterpiece of the buffo style, and proceeds throughout with unflagging spirit. The finale of the first act and the sextuor, *Questo nodo* are pieces, which once heard, engrave themselves forever on the memory. Alboni was, of course, the principal figure in these as in the first-named opera. Her final rondo was electrical in its effect, and the last variation was called, or rather shouted, for, unanimously. Gardoni and Zucchini were well up to the mark, and Badiali's Dandini was of the good old stamp, and showed that this artist is thoroughly master of the secret of the buffo style which so enchanted our fathers.

Halevy's *Val d'Andorre* has been produced at the Théâtre Lyrique, having been made over to that house by the former manager of the Opéra Comique.

The *Pardon de Ploermel* has been produced at the Opéra Comique, with the remarkable feature of the part of Hoël being sustained by the female bass, Mlle Wertheimer. Her success was complete, and Mlle. Wertheimer entirely won the favor of her audience by her excellent acting, and the masculine vigor of her singing. Mlle. Monrose made her first appearance as Dinorah, in which she showed considerable grace, and a power of free, nimble, and correct execution. Mlle. Belie sang the scena, written by Meyerbeer for the Italian version played in London.

Nov. 10. — The month of November is not propitious to the operatic or dramatic world. A skirmishing party of colds, catarrhs, and influenzas prelude the advance of winter, and many a distinguished artist, disabled has to retire to the rear. Among others, M. Gueymard has been incapacitated by a severe lumbar affection, or, as we should say, a lumbago, and the revival of Halevy's *Juive* would have had to be postponed had not a M. Renard been in readiness to supply the gap. Mlle. Maria Sax made her first appearance in the part of Rachel, and thoroughly succeeded in the attempt. Mad. Vandenheuevel-Dupres, as the Princess Eudoxia, was no less successful; while M. Renard looked the character of Eleazar to perfection, and acquitted himself of the music to the entire satisfaction of the audience. All three artists were called before the curtain.

The Italian Opera has been in a perfect torrent of prosperity. The re-appearance of Mario, and the return of Ronconi to Paris after an absence of ten years, have been the very intelligible cause of this flood of good fortune. Mario, Ronconi, and Alboni are the only Almaviva, Figaro, and Rosina of the day, and we doubt whether either has been surpassed of yore. The good Parisians, for once, are sensible of this artistic verity, and applaud them *ad nubes*.

The new opera comique by Scribe and Auber is in full preparation. The principal artists to whom it is to be intrusted are Mlle. Montrose, Mlle. Prevost, M.M. Montaubry, Coudere, Barrielle and Ambroise. There is also immediately forthcoming a new opera in one act by M.M. Sauvage and Ambroise Thomas. It is generally reported that an important change is about to take place in the staff of the Opéra Comique. Mad. Ugalde is to retire and Mad. Saint-Urbain is to exchange the boards of the Italian stage for those of the Salle Favart.

At the Théâtre-Lyrique *Orphée* has been taken up again with Mad. Viardot, who has thus anticipated the period announced for her re-appearance, namely the beginning of January. A Mlle. Oruil made her debut in Gluck's opera with some success. Her voice is fresh and flexible, though somewhat weak in the middle notes.

Nov. 20.—M. Gueymard having recovered the painless flexibility of his lumbar regions, the run of the *Prophète* has been resumed.

Nad. Penco has made her first appearance this season in *La Traviata*. She was recalled at the end of the first act, after the grand air "Follie, follie," and was warmly applauded in the *brindisi*, the duets with Gardoni and Graziani, and the whole of the third act.

The Opéra Comique is up to the roof in preparations. Another new opera, entitled *André*, in two acts, has been accepted. The words are by M. de Leuven, and the music by M. Porse. At the same time the new opera by Scribe and Auber is being zealously pushed forward. Meanwhile Mad. Cabel has been re-engaged, and has played in *La Part du Diable* and *l'Etoile du Nord*. Mlle. Saint-Urbain, of whose intended debut at this house I said something in my last, is to play the principal part in M. Offenbach's new opera, instead of Mad. Ugalde.

The Odeon has just put forth an amusing "proverbe" entitled *Une Epreuve après la Lettre*, and the Palais Royal presents its frequenters with a parody on *Orphée*, called *J'ai perdu mon Eurydice*. At the Variétés we are presumed a "Revue," with the title, *Oh là que c'est bête tout ça*. The gods avert the omen!

## Vienna.

Nov. 6.—A second hearing of *Der Fliegende Holländer* confirms the impression that it is the most satisfactory and the least eccentric of all Wagner's operas. Written apparently before the ambitious intention of forming a new school of music for the future had seized and fettered the mind of the composer, it is a work containing some of the freshest and most vigorous efforts of his genius. Instances certainly occur where novel effects are attempted, in which the style subsequently adopted by Wagner is foreshadowed; but they are rare and almost forgotten in the many points of excellence to be admired. The overture—a composition of neither the form nor importance to justify that title—opens with a subject which most frequently recurs throughout the work. This theme pervades the opera, and is that with which the Holländer, in thought and presence, is identified. It is very effectively introduced, as the commencement of Senta's ballad in the second act, when she relates the story of the Flying Dutchman, and foretells her own destiny. Whether dramatically or musically considered, the treatment of this subject is most successful, and increases the interest of the whole work by the skilful manner in which it is made subservient to the progress of the plot. The notion may not be original, but its development evinces a knowledge of the resources of his act, which none but a thorough musician can attain.

To the first act the storm and the chorus of sailors on board Daland's ship forms a spirited introduction. As the tempest temporarily subsides, the tenor solo, a mariner's love song, contrasts well with the preceding and subsequent description of the elemental strife. The storm rises again (most graphically portrayed in the orchestra), as the vessel of the Flying Dutchman appears. The grand scena of the Holländer, "Die Frist ist um," and his following duet with the bass (Daland), are both in Weber's style, and would not be unworthy of that master's signature. The act terminates with a chorus of sailors as the ships set sail. After a short instrumental prelude the second act begins with a melodious chorus for female voices, sung by Senta's companions, while they spin. In this a striking effect is made by the women laughing in chorus, jeering Senta for her melancholy. Then follows Senta's ballad already mentioned, a composition full of character and dramatic feeling; after this there is a duet between the soprano and tenor, Senta and Erik, her betrothed, when the lover urges his suit in a most plaintive melody, not altogether new, but so harmonized and instrumented as in a great measure to disguise its Italian origin. At the conclusion of the duet Erik departs, and Daland (Senta's father) returns accompanied by the Holländer, in whom Senta recognizes the object of her ideal love and destiny. It is in the treatment of this situation, the most important moment of the libretto, that the composer fails. The Holländer and his victim are made to stand and look at each other for some time, while their emotions, supposed to be under various influences, are very inadequately depicted by music in the orchestra. The result is such as might be expected—the situation is lost. A solo for Daland "Mögst du, mein kind," the duet between Senta and the Holländer, "Wie aus der Ferne," and a terzetto for the three just named, are the other *morceaux* in this act. The third and last act opens with a chorus of sailors about to leave the port; they are joined by women bringing provisions. The ship of the Holländer, lying at anchor, is hailed by the women and sailors, but no reply is given by the mysterious crew. Suddenly the wind rises, and the spectral mariners man their ship, singing the refrain with which the Holländer has been identified. A double chorus between the two ships' crews follows, and is the noisiest and least effective piece of music in the opera. Senta subsequently appears, followed by Erik, who endeavors to dissuade her, in a duet *allegro agitato*, "Was musset ich hören," from following the Holländer. The last finale, in which Senta, Daland, the Holländer, the choruses of the sailors, and the women take part, is admirably contrived, and forms a fitting termination to the work. It is somewhat singular that Wagner should consider the *Fliegender Holländer* as the least important of his operas, another instance that composers are not by any means the best judges of their own productions.

At the Kärntnerthor Theatre the *repertoire* is almost similar to that of last week. Some changes will, I believe, be made in the performances announced, for even an opera house, under the management of an Emperor's representative, is not exempt from such casualties. "I have sent word that I shall not sing this evening," exclaimed one of the artistes whom I met yesterday. "Not sing," I replied; "but you are announced, and will not surely disappoint us." "No, no! I won't disappoint you," was the reply. "But let the Director think so. A few hours' Bauchweh will do him no harm."

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Sons of the greenwood. Cavatina.

"Robin Hood." 30

The greatest plague on earth is love. Duet for Soprano and Tenor.

"Robin Hood." 25

Two more vocal gems from the new sensation Opera by Macfarren. The first is a brilliant air, written in the florid style, the second a very pleasing duet which is well adapted for the parlor, and sure to become popular.

Good night, good night to all. C. Robbins. 25

Lines written on the death of an accomplished young lady, an only daughter, who was burnt to death by the explosion of a fluid lamp. Her last words as she parted from her friends on that fatal evening were "Good night, good night to all." The music is appropriate. The piece has a very pretty vignette.

From love and home and thee. W. Guernsey. 25

Sentimental ballad with a pretty melody.

Jenny the pride of the glen. Lon Morris. 30

A sweet pretty song sung nightly with great applause by the popular ballad singer, Mr. Ambrose A. Thayer, whose likeness is on the title-page.

### Instrumental Music.

March from the Oratorio of "Abraham."

Melique. 25

This is quite a remarkable production. At the first performance of the Oratorio at the Norwich (Eng.) Festival this noble march created a furor. The best English critics call it "the finest march written since Mendelssohn's Wedding March."

I'm leaving thee in sorrow, Annie. Transcription. Brinley Richards. 40

An elegant piano arrangement of a beautiful melody. The "Warblings at eve" by this author, one of the most charming piano pieces ever written, will no doubt prepare the way for these admirable Transcriptions of English, Irish and prominent operatic melodies of which this piece is the last number.

### Books.

WEBER'S THEORY ON MUSICAL COMPOSITION.

Treated with a view to a Naturally Consecutive Arrangement of Topics. By Godfrey Weber. Translated from the improved German edition, with Notes. By James F. Warner. 2 vols. Price, \$4.

Weber's work is prominently adapted to this country. Its admirably clear and simple style, taken in connection with the copious detail of its matter, renders it, as the author himself very justly observes, peculiarly appropriate to those who have but little or no present acquaintance with the subject. On the one hand it is the best authority that the world contains; on the other, it is simple and easy to be understood. The word "Theory" seems rather an unfortunate one to be used in this connection. To the apprehension of many, it carries the idea of something that is far removed from the practical and useful, and that it is attended with no real, substantial advantages; while in point of fact, the term, as employed in the present instance, designates a body of principles and a mass of knowledge which is practical in the very highest degree, and which sustains very much the same relation to musical action, as a helm does to a ship, or a guide to a traveler, or sunbeams to all our operations in the external world.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 456.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 29, 1860.

VOL. XVIII. No. 13.

## A Day Dream.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A day dream by the dark blue deep ;  
Was it a dream, or something more ?  
I sat where Posilipo's steep,  
With its grey shelves, o'erhung the shore.

On ruined Roman walls around  
The poppy flaunted, for 'twas May,  
And at my feet, with gentle sound,  
Broke the light billows of the bay.

I sat and watched the eternal flow  
Of those smooth billows toward the shore ;  
While quivering lines of light, below,  
Ran with them on the ocean floor.

Till, from the deep, there seemed to rise  
White arms upon the waves outspread,  
Young faces, lit with soft blue eyes,  
And smooth, round cheeks, just touched with red.

Their long, fair tresses, tinged with gold,  
Lay floating on the ocean-streams ;  
And such their brows as bards behold,  
Love-stricken bards, in morning dreams.

Then moved their coral lips ; a strain  
Low, sweet and sorrowful I heard,  
As if the murmurs of the main  
Were shaped to syllable and word.

The sight thou dimly dost behold,  
Oh, stranger from a distant sky !  
Was often, in the days of old,  
Seen by the clear, believing eye.

Then danced we on the wrinkled sand,  
Sat in cool caverns by the sea,  
Or wandered up the bloomy land,  
To talk with shepherds on the lea.

To us, in storms, the seaman prayed,  
And, where our rustic altar stood,  
His little children came and laid  
The fairest flowers of field and wood.

Oh woe, a long unending woe !  
For who shall knit the ties again  
That linked the sea-nymphs, long ago,  
In kindly fellowship with men ?

Earth rears her flowers for us no more,  
A half-remembered dream are we,  
Unseen we haunt the sunny shore,  
And swim, unmarked, the glassy sea.

And we have none to love or aid,  
But wander, heedless of mankind,  
With shadows by the cloud-rack made,  
With moaning wave and sighing wind.

Yet sometimes, as in elder days,  
We come before the painter's eye,  
Or fix the sculptor's eager gaze,  
With no profaner witness nigh.

And then the words of men grow warm  
With praise and wonder, asking where  
The artist saw the perfect form  
He copied forth in lines so fair.

As thus they spoke, with wavering sweep  
Floated the graceful forms away ;  
Dimmer and dimmer, through the deep,  
I saw the white arms gleam and play.

Fainter and fainter on mine ear  
Fell the soft accents of their speech,  
Till I, at last, could only hear  
The waves run murmuring up the beach.  
—New York Ledger.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## The Diarist Abroad.

PARIS, Nov. 27, 1860.

I wrote formerly of the pleasure given me by the sound, healthy music in these days of "the future," by Offenbach, as heard in two of his operettas, which had gone from the Bouffes Parisiennes, to the German theatres. It so happened that the first performance, which I heard here, was his "Orphée aux Enfers," at the aforesaid Bouffes. The thing as the name implies is a burlesque upon Gluck's Orpheus, and an immensely comical affair it is, even as seen without understanding the dialogue—for my knowledge of French is that of the eye—spoken it is "all Greek" to me. The piece has now reached more than 300 representations. One reason of its running so long is doubtless the small size of the theatre—the smallest I ever saw. Still the piece itself has great merit as a burlesque, and the music is delightful in itself and delightfully appropriate. A song by John Styx is quite remarkable for its humor. Of the broad farcicality of this burlesque, perhaps this will give an idea. Orpheus is deprived of his Eurydice by the shepherd Aristæus, who is in fact Pluto in disguise, and who takes the lady down to his own regions, where he may make love to her at his leisure. Jupiter, who is sadly henpecked by Madame Juno, hears about the affair from Mercury, and determines to "cut out" his brother god. This he undertakes to do in the form of a huge blue-bottle fly. The scene in which he visits Eurydice in this form is one dangerous to diaphragms.

I meant to have heard it again, for the sake of the music, as well as the laugh, for it—the music, not the laugh—besides its melodiousness, shows a variety and beauty in its orchestration, a working up of themes and a general effectiveness, which seems to prove more genius than we have met with in many of our younger composers ; a genius, too, which is content to do what it can do well, without straining after awful sublimity, where it would be all out of place. Offenbach is of a Jewish family of Cologne, I am told ; at all events he is a pupil of Ferdinand Hiller, of that city—and a creditable one.

Another evening I went to the Theatre Lyrique to hear Gluck's "Orpheus," with Mme. Pauline Viardot as Orpheus. I had heard and read so much of this lady as a great lyric artist that my expectations were sadly disappointed. Could she ever have had a voice ? A great actress she assuredly is, and her style of singing

very great. The character is, however, with me, identified with Johanna Wagner, as she was five years since. And she, in all points except vocal execution, is (as in stature) head and shoulders above Viardot.

In putting the opera upon the stage, too, what a falling off from the royal stage in Berlin—the scene in Tartarus perhaps excepted—but what a Frenchy Elysium ! That wonderful piece of music, the dance of the demons, was omitted, a piece which as played in Berlin adds so much by contrast to the musical painting of Elysium. Nevertheless, it was a great treat. Why could not this be brought out, with an English text, at the Boston Museum, instead of shallow pieces, which are neither one thing nor another ?

At the same theatre I have seen Halevy's "Vale of Andorra, an opera in which most of the scenes are spoken dialogue and not to be understood by me. The music pleased me much, far more than anything else which I have heard by Halevy. The only good singer was the old bagpiper, a splendid barytone and a very fine actor. He would be a valuable accession to the New Orleans French company. The ballet is introduced twice, and very good dancers appeared in it ; not much inferior to those I have seen on royal and imperial stage in grace ; equal in sprightliness and far beyond them in lasciviousness. As a rule I dislike the introduction of ballet in opera, anywhere except in ballet pantomimes, and would most gladly have dispensed with it here. Not so the French audience. It was immensely delighted. The auditorium is not very large, the stage is a fine one, the machinery and scenery excellent. Why need our stages be half a century behind those of Germany and France in these respects, as all my friends here agree they are ?

Having a curiosity to see one of the famous French pieces of Magic, I went into the Theatre Imperial du Cirque, to a performance of the "Hen that laid the golden Eggs." The eggs had an explosive mixture, and the actors had but to crack one upon the stage to have their wishes fulfilled. The transformations were, many of them, very fine and surprising. In one instance, the breaking of an egg changes almost instantly half a dozen windmills on hillocks, into magnificent barges floating in (stage) water, and filled with cavaliers and ladies. A very comical idea is that of introducing, what I suppose must be the King of all dunghill cocks—in shape of a man dressed to imitate that famous bird, whose gestures as well as the jokes he uttered were received with roars of laughter. This piece had a great interest for me as being an excellent specimen of that sort of magic opera which was so much in vogue in Vienna 75 years ago, and to which we owe Mozart's "Magic Flute." I am told, however, that another piece at the Porte St. Martin, of this class, is still finer. The music is partly new and partly selected by a man named Clairville. Among the selections is the huntsman's chorus from "Der Freyschütz." As a

whole it is very light, melodious, and pleasing; very enjoyable. Some of the scenery is superb, particularly one of the infernal regions, in which, my friend H. tells me, the French are very great, and with whom it is a favorite subject. Solo singing mostly poor, poor voices, poor execution; chorus good; the songs, as a rule, little more than repetition of words, half spoken, with a nice orchestral accompaniment. One comical musical effect was new to me.

One of the actors begins a song and at the end of the first line others strike in with a single note, fortissimo. No. 1. stops, eyes the others, as Ravel used to eye the man who stole his bottle, for some six or eight bars, and then goes on again, with another line, only to be broken off in the same manner. As the pauses were nicely calculated, so as not to lose the rhythm, and the music really pleasing, the effect was very ludicrous.

I have been to hear the "Prophet," partly because in spite of Blank and Dash, I like the opera and partly because this is a good work by which to see for myself in the Grand Imperial opera in Paris is in fact so far above and beyond anything which one can see in Germany. I have been so often assured (generally by friends who have never been in Berlin!) that if I really would see one of Meyerbeer's great show pieces I must come to Paris, that my curiosity was greatly excited. The music is, of course, the same to all intents and purposes orchestras of very nearly the same number of performers; choruses also, both large and good; solo singers six of one, half a dozen of the other; here Fides was Tedesco, now a pretty extensive, middle-aged, dark-eyed German woman, singing just so roundly as of yore at the Howard Athenæum, when she so captivated Henry, her voice, I think somewhat worn, her execution exquisite. There (Berlin) Johanna Wagner, with a grand, full voice, that always took hold of my feelings at once, a great actress, but as a singer deficient in those graces and that execution, which only early and the right culture can give one. Which of the two I should choose to hear in this part, it is quite difficult to decide.

As to the putting of the "Prophet" upon the stage, on the whole I prefer Berlin. Certainly the skating scene and the sunrise there are far more beautiful and true to nature than here. The Berliners know how to skate—these people did not. The Cathedral here was more showy but was very nearly an impossible one, while at Berlin you saw old Münster on the stage and a real Gothic edifice. Here it would seem to be the aim to dazzle the auditor; in Berlin to give him true representations of nature. Hence, when one sees Spontini's "Vestal," the "Magic Flute," "Orpheus," and the like plays there one gets a fund of knowledge from the scenery. I am told that "Semiramis" is thus put upon the stage here, now, but I have not seen it.

I believe these are all the operatic notes which I have to impart.

As to other music I have heard none, save some very fine pianoforte playing at "C. P. C.'s". The performer was a young woman, Miss Colmache, daughter of a well-known literary lady here, and sister of the singer, whom the *Journal* must know as Mlle. Vaneri, of Her Majesty's Theatre, in London. I was exceedingly impressed with Miss Colmache's performance, particularly Beethoven's C sharp minor Sonata, op. 27; not

more by her execution than by her poetic conception of the music. A more simple, unaffected natural person one does not often see; an enthusiast for music for music's sake; full of Beethoven and Chopin. What is more, she has thought and can talk of the art sensibly. I wish she was in Boston. I hear that her sister, now engaged in Italian opera, is a fine English oratorio singer. I saw Thalberg the other morning. He is going to Naples, to my great disappointment, as this deprives me of a sight of many valuable manuscripts, which I hoped to examine.

Nothing further about the production of Tannhäuser here. There is a story that the director of the opera gave as an insurmountable objection to the work, that it contained no ballet, with which Wagner refused to have anything to do. But thinking better of it, he wrote all night and the music was finished. But as he would have the ballet at the opening of the work, (in the hall of Venus), the director was not satisfied, and how it will be arranged is still the question. It can be nowhere else without violating the principles on which Wagner constructs his work.

A. W. T.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Letters on Musical Subjects.

#### VII.

A LETTER FROM ZURICH—MARX ON BEETHOVEN'S LIFE AND WORKS.

MY DEAR FRIEND.—Since writing my last letter to you, (see *Journal* of April 21st,) much time has elapsed and much land and sea has been between us. I feel so little like beginning where I then left off, that you will have to excuse me to-day for letting some one else speak. The extracts from a letter received a few days ago will be as interesting to you, I hope, as anything I might write. It is dated Zurich, Dec. 3d, and was written by a lady friend, a teacher of music. Concerning a little scholar, who began with her about the middle of September, she writes: "As long as we did not play from notes, instruction was mere play; with them some difficulties came also, of course. Now we have quite a long part of the road behind us. She plays without mistakes, moderately fast, all the major keys through two octaves, without an undue motion of the hand, raising her fingers nicely from the joints. She knows of course how to form the scales, as she learned long ago the difference between the whole and halfstep by ear. She knows how to find the tonic chord of each major key in its various positions—the names of the inversions I do not use yet—and plays them as broken chords. From any given fundamental tone she finds without hesitating large and small second and third, fifth and octave; less readily the fourth, sixth and seventh. She also knows the intervals by ear when I play them. In naming them I use the terms first, second, &c. degree. She used to play little pieces from Knorr's edition of Müller. Now, since she has made good friends of the bass key and the bass notes we play from the second book of 'Köhler's Volks-melodien' besides other little pieces, which she learns by heart quite readily. When she knows a little piece quite perfectly, I play it to her once more and then tell her, now look at every note with the intention of learning it by heart; after having played a short musical sentence in this way, I make her look at her hands and she knows it by heart. In this way we go over the whole piece, and then she plays it from beginning to end without interruption."

I quote this extract as it may show you how intelligent teachers think and proceed with reference to learning pieces by heart; a practice which is still condemned by some and also to give you an exam-

ple of how much may be accomplished in two and a half months, with a daily lesson of half an hour's length. Most beginners get too few lessons. Little at a time, regularly and often is the best rule for the nursing of children, concerning their physical, mental and musical diet.

"The little musician knows all the portraits of the great tone-masters hanging in my room, and might tell you something of every one of them. My little pupils, boys and girls look forward with eager anticipation to Christmas and to Mozart's birthday, which the crowd of little ones are going to celebrate at my house. In winter I have once or twice a month a musical Sunday at my rooms. I made this arrangement as we have here so few opportunities of hearing good music and this is a point of so much importance. My older pupils come, we make music and read something on music. For a change we read Goethe's Egmont on Sunday last with Beethoven's music, of course only in the arrangement for four hands, as we have no orchestra at our command. Making music at the piano by oneself does not make a person musical; therefore such reunions are necessary."

"We have just now one of the most famous piano players here, ALFRED JAELL. He gave one concert and will give one more. I confess that he did not come quite up to my expectations. From all I had read and heard about him, I expected more. His technical ability is perfect, his touch is capable of all the shades from the most tenderly breathed piano to the greatest force; and yet—he is wanting in that which raises FRAU SCHUMANN so high above most piano players—soul." It may be added here that the lady is a personal friend of Frau Clara Schumann. She continues: "In hearing him play one cannot help thinking that he feels nothing of it himself. One admires, but is not taken hold of by the magic power which in Clara's playing at once transports one unto other undreamed of spheres. A remark of one of my pupils, a young man, best characterizes his playing. I had given him lately Hanslick's book on the Beautiful in music. Hanslick denies, as you know, that music expresses any ideas, restricting it mainly to a play in beautiful forms. After the concert the young man said: If one were to hear music played in such a way only, Hanslick would be right, no doubt; but as we fortunately hear it differently done, he is wrong."

"A few days ago an interesting little book came out entitled: 'The Spirit of Music by L. Nohl.' It is based throughout on Vischer's Aesthetics; in the purely musical part of it, however, he unfortunately does not always refer to sources as infallible as that. That he bases his remarks concerning Mozart on Otto Jahn is quite right; but the views of Marx on the last works of Beethoven seem to me after all somewhat too vague. Old Mr. Marx, who used in former times a number of unnecessary words, shows quite plainly the marks of old age; he is frequently quite too wordy. This footing on Marx even misleads the author, who is otherwise correct and original into some contradictions,—a pity, since the book is really excellent. I am looking forward with lively anticipation to some interesting new works. Some serenades for the orchestra and the first concerto for the piano by Johannes Brahms, will shortly be published by Reiter-Lindemann in Winterthur. This publisher is certainly quite praiseworthy. He never yet accepted, and never will accept for publication an inferior composition. But from unknown talents, who cannot find a publisher, he takes everything. Is he not an excellent old man?"

That they are beginning in Germany to lower the concert-pitch, you know, I suppose. Cologne has the honor of having taken the lead in this movement. All the old wind instruments have been abandoned, new ones having been bought, which are in accord-

ance with the normal (Paris) diapason. Now if Meyerbeer's operas vanish from the répertoires—there is little hope for it, to be sure—and if Wagner's do not take their places, we shall have less ruined voices in future." So far my extracts.

The lady's allusion to Marx' book on Beethoven calls to my mind an intention which I had since those articles on Marx appeared in this paper (April 21st and 28th, 1860). They were written with a great deal of knowledge on the subject, but also with a great deal of malice. We will admit all the author of those articles says about the faults of M.'s book as to biographical data; we will even admit that he quoted other works incorrectly—an admission which we only make because we have not got a copy of the second edition of Schindler's life of Beethoven before us, in which Schindler speaks in the highest terms of this same book of Marx. But what business had the writer to put in stories to prove the vanity of Marx even if they be true. Does this foible incapacitate Marx from judging of the contents of Beethoven's works. What the opinion of a thorough German critic on this work is, the translation of some articles written by Mr. Brendel, of Leipzig, the editor of the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik," in the next "Journal" will show you. The evident gusto with which the writer of the paper in this "Journal" drags forth personalities, that have absolutely nothing to do with a review of a work containing musical criticism of the highest order, shows that there is another motive at the bottom. There is a bitter feud existing between a faction of old school musicians and those who follow Marx, who has undeniably written the best book on musical composition. As long ago as 1835 Marx attacked the old school, taking for his text a work by Dehn on musical composition. Dehn and his friends never forgave Marx the utter annihilation of the book and its system. And thus it happens that all possible personal abuse is heaped on Marx by that faction. As these private matters are utterly irrelevant to the impartial review of a momentous work we abstain from any further remarks on them. And by way of fair play we will translate and publish the review of Dr. Brendel, which is written by a person competent and impartial.

You subscribed to the Philharmonic concerts—of course. Pity that not more persons did the same. The lists look rather blank. It would be a nice thing for Boston not to have any Philharmonic concerts this season. Well, after the old Handel and Haydn Society fell through with their subscription list, anything in this line seems possible here in our Athens. G. A. SCHMITT.

Cambridge, Dec. 2d, 1860.

### Lurline.

#### A REVIEW OF MR. WALLACE'S NEW OPERA.

It is not usual to criticise an opera before hearing it on the stage; but when the score, neatly printed and adapted to the ability of musicians of only ordinary skill, appears from the press, it appears to us that it possesses as many claims to notice as a new book, at least. There are thousands of amateur piano players and vocalists in this city who are fully able to play and sing most of the pieces in Wallace's *Lurline*, and for them the present brief analysis of the opera, as published by Hall & Son, is intended.

Mr. Wallace is known personally to many of our citizens, and as a composer his name is familiar all over the country. His piano-forte adaptations of operatic and other airs, and his original compositions for the piano, are among the most graceful and effective ever written. As an opera composer his reputation in this country rests entirely on his *Maritana*, and he has but recently finished the *Amber Witch*, of which much is expected.

*Lurline*, his best work so far, was first produced at Covent Garden Theatre on the evening of the 25th of February, 1850, and has already been played some fifty nights with renewed applause. It has proved an undeniable success, and while it has brought money to the management it has proved a happy vehicle in which the singers engaged could ride still

further into public favor, and has also done infinite credit to the composer. If Wallace's next opera proves as happy a success as *Lurline*, he may rest contented.

The libretto of the opera is by Mr. Fitzball, who has had considerable experience in this line, but it must be confessed, has not done full justice to his subject, the Rhine story of the syren of Lurleiburg. Mendelssohn commenced an opera on the same subject, but did not live to finish it. The following is the plot of *Lurline*:

Act I.—Count Rudolph, an extravagant young German in an antique castle on the banks of the Rhine, having dissipated his patrimony among his graceless followers, proposes marriage with Ghiva, the daughter of a baron reputed rich, who, thinking his daughter's suitor wealthy, approves of the project; but an explanation taking place, the proposed alliance is mutually decided to be inexpedient. Previous to this rupture, Lurline, the Nymph of the Rhine, who, by her enchanted harp and song, lures vessels to destruction in the whirlpool of the river, has seen Count Rudolph in his bark and fallen desperately in love with him. Accordingly, she presents herself to him at a wild banquet, (the last that he and his companions have determined to hold in the castle,) and surrounding him by spells, places a magic ring on his finger and disappears. On recovering his reason the Count has become enamored of the beautiful Water Queen: the notes of her bewitching harp and voice attract him to the Rhine; he embarks, despite all interferences, is engulfed and supposed to perish.

Act II. opens in the coral caves under the waters inhabited by Lurline and her nymphs, in which, by virtue of his talismanic ring, Rudolph is enabled to exist. His followers are seen in a boat singing a requiem for the loss of their chief, by which he is so affected that he urgently desires to return to them for a short time. Lurline consents to his departure for three days, and agrees to wait his return on the summit of the Lurleiburg at the rising of the moon on the third evening, and he departs laden with gems and pearls from the ocean balls.

Act III. On returning to his companions Rudolph discloses to them, and to the Baron and Ghiva, the source of his newly acquired wealth, and the old matrimonial project is renewed. Ghiva, fearing again to lose her betrothed, steals from her his enchanted ring, by which alone he can return to the coral caves, and throws it into the Rhine. In the meantime Lurline, inconsolable in the absence of the young count, sings her lament to her harp nightly on the Lurleiburg, where a gnome in the service of the Rhine King finds and brings her the enchanted ring as a proof of her lover's infidelity. Lurline resolves to upbraid him for his perfidy, and visit him with her vengeance.

The old mansion on the Rhine is now the scene of great festivity, but amidst it all the Count thinks sadly of his forsaken Lurline, but dare not present himself before her without the lost ring. Lurline appears to him alone and demands it. A scene of reproach ensues, ending by her denouncing the treachery of his companions, who, grown envious of wealth, had plotted to destroy him and plunder the castle. Rudolph is implored to take refuge in flight by Ghiva, but he prefers death at the feet of Lurline. The assassins approach, when Lurline's affection returning full force, she seizes the harp, and by the spell of music causes their destruction and saves her penitent lover.

The opera is preceded by an unusually long and elaborate overture, opening with a slow choral movement in D sharp major, which key predominates throughout. The overture without being a plagiarism, at once reminds the hearer of that to Weber's *Oberon*; and it may be remarked that the critics have generally noticed that in *Lurline* Wallace adopts Weber's style, and indulges in some of the orchestral effects which Weber has already made familiar to us.

The overture finished, the orchestra proceeds with a brief introduction, in which the smooth triplets, which serve as accompaniment to the melody, serve to suggest, with tolerable clearness, the idea of waves. Rhineberg appears and sings an accompanied recitative, containing little snatches of melody, and followed by a rapid air in F minor, "Idle Spirit," supposed to be addressed to some supposititious gnome. A dialogue in recitative—there is no spoken dialogue in the opera—follows, between the gnome and Rhineberg, leading to a *spiritual* chorus of water-spirits, welcoming the King of the Rhine:

In the halls of liquid crystal,  
Where the water-lilies bloom,  
Where the music of the billow  
Lulls thee on thy wavy pillow,  
King of the Rhine!  
Welcome to thy home!

—the melody of which is repeated by the voices, with a varied accompaniment. A brief recitative that leads to Lurline's opening air, which is indeed the theme running through the whole opera. The words sung by the syren are these:

I.  
Flow on, flow on, oh! silver Rhine,  
Convey to him these tears of mine;  
Ye rocks that wildly spread around  
Let th' echo's note his name resound,  
And breathe to earth and sky  
My love and secret sigh;  
Waft, echo, waft above,  
Oh! Rudolph, thee I love.

II.  
Ye flowers that strew the crystal tide  
With perfume, tempt him to my side,  
Ye nymphs that dwell beneath the wave,  
Transport him to my coral cave—  
Oh! Rudolph, thee I love.

Exquisitely beautiful is this melody, while the

harp accompaniment gives to it peculiar effect. It is one of the most elegant and happy of Mr. Wallace's vocal compositions. It is followed by recitations and a romance for Lurline, "The Night Winds," a weird plaintive melody in A minor. The words are:

Where the night winds swept the wave,  
And the white surge forms a grave;  
When the moon withdraws its beam,  
When the stars no longer gleam  
Then my wild chords pierce the gale.  
And distract the mariner's sail;  
On the bark plunges through billows and gloom,  
To the Lurleiburg whirlpool, its wreck and its gloom.  
Yet when 'tis calm and Nereids charm  
Is hushed and silent as the deep,  
And the mariner pale as his own white sail  
Lies fathoms down in his quiet sleep  
Oh! then I weep.

And the syren proceeds to tell her father a youthful knight gazed on her from his skiff and her harp fell tuneless from her hand. She was, of course, in love.

Very beautiful is the succeeding chorus in D flat major: "Sail! sail! on the midnight gale!" Its rapid, march-like movement has already made it a favorite with our brass bands, and it is probably the most ear-taking melody in the opera. A buffo duet for Ghiva and the Baron follows, with a sparkling accompaniment in the Rossini style, for orchestra. A trio and chorus—"Drain the cup of pleasure"—lead to a quaint and beautiful romance for tenor—"Our bark in moonlight beaming," in which Rudolph tells how he first heard Lurline. This is one of the most original pieces of the opera. A highly dramatic concerted piece concludes the act.

Act II. opens with a chorus of gnomes, followed by a delicate melody, "Under a spreading coral," by Lurline. A brilliant chorus and dance, "From his palace of crystal," lead to a romance for tenor, "Sweet form that on my dreamy gaze," of the Balfé school. Lurline has a pleasing drinking song, "Take this cup of sparkling wine," followed by a rather insignificant quartet and chorus. A drinking song for the gnome (basso) shows some singular orchestral effects, which again suggests Weber. Ghiva then has an easy and pretty ballad, "Gentle Troubadour," the melody of which unites both simplicity and originality. A hunting chorus, for male voices, with accompaniments for wind instruments, which follows, is usually encored in the representations of the opera. Rhineberg has a rather mawkish ballad, "The nectar cup may yield delight," and then enters the very beautiful scene in which Rudolph, beneath the waves, hears his companions singing his dirge. The *andante* movement—

Peace to the memory of the brave,  
Tranquil may their slumbers be,  
Peace to the dead beneath the wave:  
Rudolph, peace to thee;

alternates beautifully with the interpolated strains of Rudolph and Rhineberg. This is one of the most finished compositions in the opera, as regards its harmonies and dramatic coloring. The act closes with a superb and melodious concerted piece, which, like those of Donizetti's and some of Bellini's, is worked up to an admirable climax, and followed by the usual *stretta*. Altogether, this act is the most effective of the work.

Act III. opens with an orchestral introduction leading to another ballad in the Balfé style, "My home, my heart's first home." A rather dreary chorus about "Gold," and a duo for Ghiva and Rudolph, with exquisite melody running through the accompaniment, brings us to an elaborate scene for Lurline, in which the interest is hardly sustained to the end. A very beautiful unaccompanied quartet, "Though the world with transport bless me," which will become a popular concert piece, brings us to a grand duet for soprano and tenor, noticeable rather for dramatic coloring than melody, and then, after a few intervening recitatives and bits of chorus, we have the *finale* to the opera in a recurrence of Lurline's opening air, in which the disappointed syren sings:

Flow on, flow on, thou lovely Rhine,  
The spell has ceased which made thee mine;  
Oh! bloom enchanted scene  
While young and pure hearts beat,  
Or pure and gentle lips repeat  
The Legend of Lurline;

while the chorus listening to her distant strains maintained a subdued vocal accompaniment. As the air concludes, Lurline darts off into a series of graceful *fioturi*, the chorus still accompanying. Then, as she strikes her harp, a prolonged thrill on E, gradually dying away, is the last note of the syren which we hear.

"Lurline" is indeed a beautiful work; and, what is quite as important, it is published, either entire or in parts, by Hall & Son, and easily accessible. We direct the attention of amateur singers to it, and pianists will find in its melodies accompaniments sufficient to occupy their attention for many a pleasant

evening. That Lurline will be popular here when better known there can be no doubt; for rich harmony, graceful finish, and gushing, fresh and easy melody, is always popular with true music lovers; and all these qualities are combined in Mr. Wallace's new opera.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

### Notes of Birds; A Hint for Musical Critics.

There is an old saying to the effect that it takes all sorts of people to make a world." For instance, a Mr. W. D. Hipkins ("Phœbus! what a name!") is just now descanting most learnedly and amusingly, in the columns of a London journal, on *The Mystery of London Bird-Fancying*. In order that our readers may form some idea of the solemn importance of this mystery, we subjoin three brief extracts, expounding most luminously the vocal characteristics of three among the chosen tribes. We commence with the Linnet. Hipkins *loquitur*:

Linnetts are said by bird-fanciers to possess certain properties of song, which are thus denominated:—Weeting, chowing (rough and mellow), feering, laughing, piping, rattling, scrigging, wying, and whisking. The bird that sings sweetest is said to do his song in the finest key, and, if he goes through his song without stopping, to lead and finish well. If he begins imperfectly, or stops in his song, it is termed a bad lead or finish. The birds are distinguished by the terms battling-birds and song-birds; the former, from singing matches, and being continually carried about to rooms where birds of a similar character are brought, become lavish and hurried in their song. The latter (which are better fitted to teach young birds, and are principally kept for that purpose) are said to keep good time, and are noted for the beauty of their song; and I may mention that a song-bird linnet, the property of Mr. R. Moody, was lately sold for £10. I now proceed to the detail of song—the jerks. Of these, of course, I can only give a portion, and those the most approved at the time I went to hear matches sung. The following are the names of a few sung by the best birds:—Tollic tollic chay, ic ic quake aweet; lug lug orch aweet; ter weet, &c.; tollic chou, ic ic quake chou; egip egip pipe chou; ogip egip poi; tuc tuc fear; tuc tuc vizzy; and a very rare old song, au au chay chawisk. Some birds do an objectionable song called the donkey, ic au jah; and some, after finishing a jerk, end with chite chite chite. This, with good fanciers, would, notwithstanding that they did plenty of "toys" (a term for good song), cause them to be parted with as cast-offs, lest they should spoil their nestlings, branchers, and young linnet-mules; they were, however, readily bought for battling-birds, in which this defect of song was often passed over, provided they were spirited birds. I may mention here the linnet's calls, as they are sometimes named at the commencement or during the song. Tollic, tollic, pew and poi, and the chuckle; they are so plain that any one who has once noticed them would immediately recognize them.

Very good and clear for the Linnet. The Goldfinch comes next, and we really think our Operatic critics might learn to distinguish betwixt the "tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee" of their subjects, by careful study of Hipkin's discriminations. Thus does Hipkins define the Goldfinch's strong points.

I will now describe a portion of what fanciers designated as the best song of the goldfinch. The properties were *peeping*, *sublinking*, and *chumying* or *churmying*; there are but few birds at present that excel in the latter property, and the owners highly prize them. The running song was, *Sublink, sublink, churmy churmy chink* (or *churmy chay*); *sepat sepat, churmy chay; widdle widdle chay, &c.* It was the first of these jerks in particular for which Foote's mule was considered so valuable, from its rarity. It led and finished well, and its song was clear and distinct. It was considered one of the best song birds of its kind to be found, and, I think, better than any goldfinch or mule to be heard at present. The present favorite song, as read by fanciers, is *Sipit slam slam, widdle widdle siwity, off* which jerk some birds do the *hussle chay*, and the *sipit widdle widdle, slam slam widdle chay*. Slamming was formerly disregarded, not being considered a good property, as birds singing their natural note (those caught after moulting in the fields) were distinctly designated rough slamming birds. The song of the latter, however, is not so distinct and clear as that of birds which have been taught; but there is not to the uninitiated so marked a difference between the songs of the taught and the untaught birds, when heard together, as there is between those of the furry and the song-bird linnet.

You may exhaust a pipkin by emptying it of its contents. Hipkins tapers off when he comes to speak of the Chaffinch, which he does in this fashion.

The English fanciers have several strains of birds, thus denominated in former times; the *chocweydo*, the *whitfadoo*, the *kissmedear*, &c., but the *chocweydo* is considered the best song; one of the best limbs being *ching ching ching, ull ull ull, chocweydo*; the last note the oftener repeated the better—technically termed heavy in the mouth; this applies to all the notes, the principal difference being the termination or finish of each strain. The birds vary the notes in each limb, but terminate with *whitfadoo*, *kissmedear*, or *chocweydo*, according to the strain to which they belong.

If we should ever have Frezzolini, Fabbri, and D'Angri simultaneously on the boards of our Academy of Music—for example, in *Zerlina*, *Donna Anna* and *Donna Elvira*—why, this number of the *Albion* ought to be in great demand.—*N. Y. Albion.*

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 20, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Commencement of the Opera of "Martha," Piano Solo.

### Editorial Correspondence.

#### NEW SERIES.

BERLIN, Dec. 2, 1860.

Already five or six weeks in the heart of musical Germany! And not a word of it recorded for our readers! Long weeks of travelling and novelty, too, before that, where music was not a direct object. But the kind reader knows what news came one day with a stunning blow upon the happy traveller, palsyng the hand that writes. But God's sun still shines, life still goes on. Nature is beautiful and still speaks to the soul, and so do Art and Music, still divine and true to our deepest needs, even when sorrow shakes the whole bright and wondrous fabric of this life, till life and time appear unreal.

A brief sketch now, a catalogue of what these five or six weeks have afforded of the richest musical opportunity, enough to occupy perhaps several letters, and then we will return at leisure to the interesting topics. And first

#### A WEEK IN LEIPZIG.

It was quite late in October. At the edge of evening, wet, muddy, dark and cheerless, with every outward impression of the gloomiest, unacquainted with a human being there, alone, with a great isolating grief for a companion, the traveller entered this Mecca of a music-loving pilgrimage. The heavenly ministry of music was now truly to be tested. It was not many hours before he stood within that homely, quaint old architectural curiosity, the Thomas Kirche, in which old Sebastian Bach was Cantor for so many years. There was the old organ, far up, in the second gallery, at one end of the church, and there were assembled the boys of the Thomas School, some thirty or forty in number, to sing, as they always do at one o'clock on Saturdays, motets and anthems; and hundreds of lovers of such serious music make it a point always to be present. This time we had not the good fortune to hear anything of Bach. The pieces were: 1. a Motet by Richter, one of the present professors in the Conservatorium, a composition of much contrapuntal merit and much beauty, in a somewhat Mendelssohnian vein; and 2, a *Pater Noster*, by Meyerbeer. The music in itself was not unedi-

fying; but the sound of those sweet, clear, fresh young voices, beautifully blended, and without accompaniment, was something almost angelic, and fell like a refreshing dew upon the weary spirit.

The next morning (Sunday), in the same place, the Lutheran service opened with a chorale, followed by an elaborate Cantata in several movements, with chorus, soli and orchestral accompaniment, composed by Richter, after the traditional example of old Bach, who every Sunday for some years made it his religious task there to produce a fresh, original Cantata of this sort. The cleverest musician in our day would think it not a small achievement to produce a few such in a lifetime. Verily, if ever music was the daily service and religion of a whole life, praising God with all one's heart and all one's soul and all one's strength, forever striving with a pure zeal and contentment for the highest, inspired with true creative faculty and ever fresh designs, inspired with love of work, to realize them, it was so then and there with Bach. Such gigantic industry, so patient, cheerful, happy, inspired by such genius, and aiming ever at the most beautiful, the perfect, undisturbed by any poor anxiety about the world's applause, but thinking always only of the best and reaching it with certainty of aim proportioned to such singleness of purpose, is about as good an illustration as human biography affords of what may be meant by "the beauty of holiness." A man of genius constantly producing his greatest in the routine of weekly service! And for whom? For what? For the congregation of a local church, who can scarcely be supposed to have appreciated the wondrous skill and subtlety of such art, or to have been struck by the Cantata otherwise than they may have been by any idle passing notice of the Gothic ornament upon the walls and colored windows of their churches; and where too it must seem very doubtful if the means existed for any adequate rendering of the music, such as we now have. They heard each Cantata once, and then it was put away and forgotten, not to come to light again until now, a century later, when these works are for the first time published and performed in concerts, to become henceforth the admiration and the study of all musicians and all music-lovers who are in earnest with their art. It is as if Albrecht Dürer or Da Vinci had every Sabbath hung up a fresh painting, a production of his highest art, before the altar, to be wondered at for the moment, and then put aside most probably forever.

On this occasion the composer had for his Cantata the advantage of a modern orchestra, which Bach had not. It was a sight hardly to be seen elsewhere, we imagine, in a plain Protestant church on Sunday morning, the organ-loft bristling with violin bows and bassoons, the *fascies* (*fagotti*) of the orchestral commonwealth; and it was a sound as strange to hear the confused tuning thereof going on amid the chorale of the morning service sung by the congregation down below. And among these violins were famous men, as David and Dreyschock, and Dawidoff among the 'celli. Conductor of the whole was the learned contrapuntist and professor, Hauptmann, now for years the occupant of old Bach's post of Cantor. It was a sweet, soothing, tranquilizing music, fit for the religious hour; a rich offering at the same time of artistic skill, both in



the contrapuntal texture and the instrumentation of the work; the softer and more sentimental passages (not in a bad sense of the word) being again in a kindred vein with Mendelssohn. The choir, of which the sopranos and altos consisted of the boys we heard the day before, sang it as well as one could wish. The only drawback was the place itself, and the strange position of the choir up in that "sky parlor" of a great cold, dreary house.

The next Wednesday morning gave me the first taste of the famous Gewandhaus orchestra. It was the rehearsal for the concert of the following evening, which I also heard. Certainly here was an assemblage of such musicians, such artists as I had never seen before in one orchestra. Here, too, were the traditions of the place, where the spirit of Mendelssohn reigned so long, reviving and continuing the influence of Bach; here the local pride in art, in conscious striving for perfection, progress, ("*Aufschwung*," as the Germans have it), which, whether real or in large part fancied, is admirably expressed in the motto it has set up for itself over the arch and the bust of Mendelssohn at the stage end of the tasteful little hall: *Res severa est verum gaudium*, (The severe thing is a [our] real delight). There was an inspiration at least in the audience, in large part furnished, particularly at the rehearsal, by those engaged as teachers or as pupils in perhaps the most earnest and ambitious musical conservatory in the world. The galleries, sunken in the wall on three sides of the room, above, were filled with the pupils of both sexes, who have free admission to all these twenty concerts and rehearsals; while below one listened the more earnestly that he found himself sitting in the company of Moscheles, Richter, Hauptmann, Wenzel, Pappeitz, professors in the school, besides much of the first musical society in Leipzig. It is an orchestra of eighty. At the head of the unrivaled body of violins was Concertmeister David, on a raised seat, a strong, impetuous looking man, with the confident air of one long accustomed to go ahead and set the tempo in all musical movements where he is concerned. To look upon him one wonders at the rare feeling and expression with which he plays in solo, say in a Sonata of Beethoven, as I heard him once in private. As Conductor or Director there stood forth a man of gentler, finer mould apparently, one who seemed almost physically weak for such an energetic office, in the person of Carl Reinicke, the young successor to Rietz, who has removed to Dresden. There is something in the voice and general appearance of the man that reminds one of our own Otto Dresel, and he is evidently a musician of the same fine, firm fibre and the same clear, earnest stamp. He is certainly one of the most masterly pianists and genial composers of the day, as he with simple kindness gave me opportunity to know one morning, when he played to me not only some of the most imaginative works of Schumann, but also some truly significant and beautiful variations of his own upon a theme of Bach, and a charming Notturmo. Amid the artistic surroundings and in the cheerful and serene atmosphere of his artist home, it was too much like hours now ever sadly to be remembered, and the sympathetic tones touched deeper springs perhaps than they intended. The critical opinion of the Leipzigers upon the new conductor as such, and whether he is to make good the place

of Rietz, seemed then to be not quite made up. Of the three preceding concerts there had been some complaint of something like timidity, want of that heroic vigor and decision in the taking up of movements, to which they had been accustomed. I have heard nothing to the contrary of the most cordial understanding, personal and artistic, between him and the sturdy coryphæus of the violins above-named; but one may easily imagine a conflict of temperaments, beyond the control of either, in such a relationship of leaders, which, in so delicate and sensitive a matter as the conducting of the orchestral ship through all the rough and smooth seas of a symphony, would naturally most disturb the finer nature of the two.

But Leipzig knew too well the value of the man it had called to itself, and is proud of the possession. As presiding spirit and director in the Gewandhaus concerts they feel that Reinicke is the right man. And this is felt particularly in the important function of determining the programmes, selecting and preparing the subject matter of the concerts. These have been so far of remarkable interest, representing many sides, while always classical and sterling. Indeed the selections have had quite an historical character, illustrating progress, and contrasting new with old, not afraid even of the newest tendencies. Thus the leading features of the first concert were one of the latest works of Beethoven, the overture, op. 124, and a Symphony and Violin fantasia by Schumann; of the second, Beethoven's 7th Symphony, Of the third, Handel's "Water Music"; a tenor Aria and a Concerto (C minor) for two pianos, by Sebastian Bach; a Symphony by his son, C. P. Emanuel Bach; a Symphony by Haydn, Aria from Mozart's *Idomeneo*, and Overture by Gluck. One would gladly have arrived a few days earlier for that. Another evening has been largely occupied with Cherubini, a composer much too seldom heard, taking advantage of the anniversary of his birth. The Concert which I heard rehearsed and finally performed was the fourth of the series and presented the following works;

#### FIRST PART.

1. Symphony (No. 4, A major).....Mendelssohn.
2. "O weint um sie," from Byron's Hebrew Melodies, for Soprano solo, chorus and orchestra, (first time).....Ferd. Hiller.
3. Frühlings-Fantasie, Concertstück for 4 solo voices, orchestra and pianoforte.....N. W. Gade.

#### SECOND PART.

4. Music to Byron's "Manfred," with connecting poem read.....Robert Schumann.

All fresh and modern again; but by composers who had too much genius of their own to need to try by the discarding of old forms to hide the want of genius.

I can never forget the sensation produced upon me instantly by the first notes of the fresh and buoyant allegro of Mendelssohn's well-known "Italian" Symphony, as it sprang so fountain-like into the air from those instruments that seem quickened with one soul. It was a delicious surprise, thoroughly stimulating to the whole musical and poetic sense, and transporting and possessing you at once. Truly I had never heard a symphony so admirably played. And yet the orchestra had imperfections. Some of the wind instruments, especially the horns, were coarse, — a temporary misfortune which no doubt will be, if it has not been already remedied; for of course

the spirit exists there which must bring the whole up to the standard of past years as completely as the mass of strings, which is magnificent. A task of more difficulty was successfully essayed by the orchestra in rendering the overture, accompaniments, interludes and melodramatic bits of Schumann's "Manfred" music. To the entire work we listened with profound interest. It seemed to be in all respects one of the very best of Schumann's works, full of imaginative thoughts, and happy always in the expression of them. Indeed a real work of genius. The overture (which has been heard once in Boston) is a powerful reproduction in tones of the dark and melancholy soul of Manfred, with all the dreams of beauty and of love that play across the guilty and mysterious background. The songs of the Spirits of Air, Water, Earth, and Fire, with the Alpine suggestions of the accompaniments, are full of poetic beauty and rare and exquisite surprises. The tremendous chorus of the spirits Manfred summons up is of an overwhelming grandeur. Then, too, there are nice bits of pastoral relief now and then in the orchestra, such as the chamois hunter's horn, and so forth. And the *Requiem* from the cloister in the distance, introduced for a finale, has a solemn, beautiful effect. One thing marred the whole, and that was the connecting poem, which was well read, but which was not Byron; instead of that a miserable abridgment of the "Manfred" had been concocted by some bardling in such a manner as to empty it of all its poetry and still protract the performance to a tedious length. The choruses were finely sung by members of the Sing-Akademie, the Pauliner Sängerverein and the boys of the Thomas choir. The solos were badly sung; uninteresting voices, and often out of tune.

Ferdinand Hiller's mournful music, if not strikingly original, is masterly in style and treatment, and an adequate, beautiful, impressive rendering of the lamentation of the Hebrews in their exile. It is such music as truly meets and fills the soul that is in grief. It flows in a rich, full flood of solemn euphony. Would not our Boston societies do well to procure this work?

Gade's "Spring" fantasia is an elaborate work marked by the same individuality as all his works — the constant individuality of the man and not any new individuality of the work itself. The same wild seashore reverie, not unlike Mendelssohn in his "Hebrides" and "Scotch" Symphony, but weaker far, pervades it. Portions, particularly of the purely instrumental interludes, were very beautiful; but as a whole it grew monotonous, and the musical reflexion of the thought in some lines of the lively little lyric poem was tame and commonplace.

The hall was uncomfortably crowded at the concert. One wonders that such an orchestra, giving such famous concerts, must needs imprison itself in and limit its audience to a room accommodating not more than 800 persons; and this time many seats were canceled to make room for the chorus. It is true the place has its charm and its tradition. It is no wonder that they like to keep alive good music in the very room where Mendelssohn so long presided. And so that little hall, somewhere in the middle of the vast gloomy old pile of building, centuries old, is made light and genial with all the symbols and suggestions of pure Art; it is a beautiful hall; most tasteful in its proportions and adornments; Mendelssohn's

bust and the motto over it, above the stage, keep the first meaning and intention always present; and of course it is inspiring. They have a notion too, that it is a hall particularly good for sound — so it is; and that you catch all the finer shades of the orchestra there much better than in large halls, where much would be lost. But we could not help feeling that the *fortissimos* were sometimes lost, too, in the small place. One must not stand too near, if he would see a colossal work of architecture or sculpture. Leipzig has no large music halls. In Dresden it is even worse, the Symphonies, as well as Chamber Concerts, there being given in a still smaller room in a hotel. In Berlin it is not much better, as to size. Strange that we, in our American cities, with not the tenth part of so much noble music to be accommodated, are so much better off for music halls!

But I forget. Leipzig has vast halls — magnificent, sumptuous halls, worthy of royal halls of state, in which music is made day and night, the year round. And so has Dresden, and Berlin, and the other German cities. But these are cafés, beer and billiard saloons. Strange scenes they present to the uninitiated. All the population throngs to them apparently; through three or four hours of an afternoon or evening, thousands of people, of all ranks and ages, women and children, whole families often, go and sit there around little tables, sipping coffee, beer, or what not, the whole place cloudy with cigar smoke frequently, many of the women knitting or sewing in the most comfortable, sociable way, as if in their own houses, chatting away in the intervals of the music, but all as silent and attentive as at a lecture or a sermon when the orchestra begins.

There are several such places and such orchestras in Leipzig; always one or more for a resource, if time hangs heavy on one's hands. Here the programme seemed mostly miscellaneous and light, now and then a good overture or symphony offsetting quantities of polkas and fantasias. But in Dresden and in Berlin they have larger orchestras, and programmes loaded with solid classical music, in such amounts and such variety, that the most eager music-lover can hardly keep the run of his too many and too tempting opportunities. Would you believe, reader, that I have actually heard in one of those places, amid all the smoke and beer and coffee and knitting needles, the ninth symphony of Beethoven—the three first movements entire, and a pretty formidable abridgement of the fourth (the choral) movement to boot! So also the entire "Egmont" music; and often in one afternoon two symphonies, three overtures, and something else. These are the people's concerts. Of course they are not counted among the high festivals of Art. But how much they are doing to make Beethoven and Mozart, and Mendelssohn and Schumann, &c., as familiar as household words among all classes that can be called respectable! How they make the finest music at least as generally appreciated as the finest poetry and other literature! What an education to the heart, mind, imagination of the masses! What an intellectual resource to couple with amusement, and make life safe while it is free and happy! Grief itself can look on such a scene and thank God for the inextinguishable sunshine, the symbol of his presence, and for the genius of joy that never dies out in his children.

I had hoped to say something in this letter of the Musical Conservatorium in Leipzig, and to have made myself more fully acquainted with that famous institution. That must be reserved for another time. That week I was on my way to Berlin, to get settled for the winter after some four months of constant travelling, in the hope of frequent visits from that centre to Leipzig, Dresden, Hanover and other musical places. But reading that those two noble artists, Clara Schumann and Joseph Joachim, were to give the first of three concerts the next evening in Dresden, how could I hesitate to go first there; and how that providential impulse was rewarded it will take another letter to tell. A rich week was spent there; and such rich acquaintance, friendship I may say, commenced, that already the cloud and the heaviness of long weeks of bitter, restless solitude began to seem lightened, and the world itself again. And then came the attraction back to Leipzig for one day again, by so rare an opportunity as a performance of the Christmas Oratorio of Bach! And now several weeks in Berlin, rich with the *Orpheus* of Gluck, the *Fidelio* of Beethoven, several operas of Mozart, the "Ruins of Athens" music of Beethoven, nearly all his symphonies, and more than we have ever heard in America of the symphonies of Mozart and Haydn, and many more by others old and new, all the four *Leonora* overtures, works of Schumann, noble choral works, and works of all kinds, the mere list of which would be longer than this letter. So indeed would be the mere list of what is announced for performance during the next eight days here.

All this is yet to be recorded,—not to speak of the great blank covering a period before this, which may still yield up some reminiscences in chance connection with appropriate topics. And now that it has pleased the good God to lift this ban of silence, we trust our broken Correspondence will continue, as before, its even flow, perhaps in somewhat deepened channels. D.

## Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, DEC. 24.—I regret that indisposition prevents me from giving you any more than the programme of our last Philharmonic concert,

### PART I.

Symphony, No. 6, "La Pastorale," Op. 68, in F.... Beethoven  
Concerto, for Piano, in A minor, Op. 64.... R. Schumann  
Mr. S. B. Mills.

### PART II.

"Festliche," Poème Symphonique, 1st time.... F. Liszt  
Grande Fantaisie Russe, for Violoncello.... A. Kummer  
Mr. F. Berger.  
Paraphrase de Concert, for Piano, "Rigoletto".... F. Liszt  
Mr. S. B. Mills.

Overture, "The Jubilee," in E.... Weber  
and remarking that the whole was very finely performed. Mr. MILLS proved that he has only gained in excellency as a pianist since his arrival here, when he played this same beautiful concerto at one of the Society's concerts. Mr. BERGMANN showed himself a perfect master of his instrument. The Society, in spite of the gloomy prospects of the present winter, is flourishing in an unusual degree. The first concert, instead of being, as I mistakenly asserted some time ago, not as full as usual, was the best first concert of the season that has ever taken place—and since then the number of members has greatly increased.

MASON & THOMAS' Soirées have met with a very annoying interruption. Mr. BERGMANN, infected probably by the spirit of a portion of his adopted country, has quarreled with the rest of the Quartet,

and followed the example of "our little sister Caroline." As he is a rather more important element in the Union to which he belonged, than the above-named young lady in hers, the delightful concerts in which he took a part, have come to a sudden stop. The general sympathy is with the deserted, however, and every one hopes that they will find some one to show that Mr. Bergmann's place can be filled.

—t—

CHICAGO, DEC. 19.—*Philharmonic Society's Second Concert.*—One of the largest audiences assembled on Monday, Dec. 17, at Bryan Hall, to testify their appreciation for the really excellent concerts, given monthly by this Society. At an early hour the Hall, which is one of the largest and most beautiful in the West, was filled and every seat occupied.

### PROGRAMME.

#### PART I.

1. Overture, "Max Robespierre".....Litolff
2. Romance for tenor, with Accompaniment of Violoncello and Piano.....Tiebout  
Mr. Louis Maus.
3. Grand Concerto in E, Opus 11.....Chopin  
For Piano, with Accompaniment of Orchestra. Larghetto, Vivace. Performed by Mr. Paul Becker.
4. Terzetto and Chorus, from "Elijah".....Mendelssohn

#### PART II.

1. Introduction and Chorus, from the third act of "Lohengrin".....Wagner
2. Allegretto Scherzando, (Eighth Symphony).....Beethoven
3. Aria for Soprano, from "Gemma di Vergy".....Donizetti  
Miss Anna Fessel.
4. Overture, "Nozze di Figaro".....Mozart  
Conductor, Mr. Hans Balatka.

The orchestral performances throughout gave general satisfaction, and the ever pleasing Allegretto from the 8th Symphony was enthusiastically encored. Mr. PAUL BECKER, the classical pianist, in his usual smooth and graceful style, played the Grand Concerto in E, by Chopin, a composition full of originality and peculiar effects. The Choruses from Elijah and Lohengrin, sung by the Mendelssohn Society and members of the Philharmonic were poorly sustained and lacked spirit and animation. The Recitative and trio to the former were almost a failure. Miss ANNA FESSEL sang an aria from "Gemma di Vergy" with good effect, and was heartily applauded. She has a good vocalization and a voice of great power. Having but lately removed from Milwaukee, it was her first appearance here, and certainly a very successful one.

The third concert is announced to come off on Monday, Jan. 14, and is looked forward to with high expectation by the numerous friends of the Society.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Dec. 20.—A correspondent (from whom we shall be glad to hear again), sends us a notice from the *Nashville Union*, of the second concert of the Philharmonic Society of that city. Everywhere but in our own Boston, Philharmonic Societies seem to thrive this winter.

"Second Philharmonic Concert."—The Philharmonic Society are giving excellent fulfilment of their promise to devote themselves to the study of the great masters whose compositions have been stamped as classical, by the acclamation of the musical of all nations. Their programme on Tuesday night embraced the following pieces, each a gem in its way:

1. The Introduction and Allegro movement of Haydn's Grand Symphony in D, (one of the twelve composed for Salomon's concerts.)
2. Lanner's Lauterbrunnen Waltzes.
3. A concert Overture by Kalliwoda.
4. Mendelssohn's Wedding March.

The performance of Haydn's Symphony was, we think, much the most successful effort the Society has yet made; the beauties of Haydn's graceful melodies were enthusiastically and skillfully interpreted by the various performers, and the ensemble derived from Mueller's masterly guidance a precision and concert of action which brought out all the finely grouped harmonies of the work.

The set of waltzes next on the programme was the only piece which connoisseurs will hesitate to receive as strictly classical; but really when such a composer as Lanner uses the waltz as the form of his graceful compositions, we lose sight of the original destiny of such works as subordinate to the business of the ball room, and enjoy the sparkling fancies of the composer as much as if he had constructed them upon the more dignified model of the overture or symphony."

Our correspondent writes:

"In addition to what is there stated, perhaps a little information about C. H. MUELLER, our conductor may be acceptable; he is not unknown to Boston musicians having I believe for a season conducted the concerts of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society; long before that he was known to the present writer as leader of the orchestra in the Norwich Theatre, England, and of the Choral Society of the same city; this Society is not unknown in musical history being the substratum of the celebrated Norwich Musical Festivals for which Spohr, Benedict, Mendelssohn, Sterndale Bennett, Belfield, Molique and other eminent composers have written some of their best works. Among the musical people of that most musical city, Mueller was highly esteemed as a first class orchestral conductor, and has since held important positions in London, and in various American cities; whatever breeze it may have been which first landed him in Nashville, it blew good fortune to our Philharmonic Society which has made wonderful progress under his direction, partly attributable to his skill as a conductor, and partly to his extensive and *recherche* musical library, which contains a variety of scores of the great masters almost unheard of in this country. CITHARISTA.

## Music Abroad.

### Paris.

Procrastination is also the order of the day at the Opéra Comique. The new opera which M. Offenbach has been writing in conjunction with M. Scribe, is still only in the state of promise. The performance has, however, been positively announced for this week. Mlle. Saint Urbain, who is to play the part originally intended for Mad. Ugalde, is said to be thoroughly "up" in her part, and panting for action. The opera which M. Aime Mailland, the composer of *Les Dragons de Villars*, has written for the Théâtre Lyrique, is also in the limbo of suspense, owing to the unabated attractions of *Orphée* and the *Val d'Andorre*.

At the Bouffes Parisiens the egregiously protracted run of the parody on Gluck's opera, *Orphée aux Enfers*—over three hundred nights—is about at last to be arrested, and *Fortunio* will reign in its stead.

Mad. Penco is shortly to make her appearance in *Norma* at the Italian Opera, and a new tenor from Sicily is to play the character of Pollio. There is also to be another *début* on the same occasion—a *comprimaria* recently engaged by M. Calzado, whose vocal powers are highly spoken of, will canvass the snuffrages of the public as Adalgisa. There is a rumor, of which I am unable to test the truth, that Signor Ronconi is shortly about to perform a histrionic *tour de force*, by playing Don Basilio and Figaro the same night. That this accomplished and versatile artist is fully capable of executing this feat, and keeping the individuality of the two characters in question as distinct as though there were two Ronconis equally gifted with the dramatic faculty, there can be little doubt. But whether the proceeding is not somewhat undignified, and savoring of a vanity unbecoming so great an artist, is another question. From this point of view, knowing the strong good sense of Signor Ronconi, it seems more than probable he entertains no such intention; at any rate, the feat is only possible in the first act.

At this moment is proceeding a sale of autographs of considerable interest, being the collection of M. Lajarricte. A few of the letters may be referred to here, as especially connected with "music and theatres." First, there is a little note from Boieldieu to Choron, in which he fixes 2,400 francs as the price of a "Te Deum" for the Church of Notre Dame. Paer, who was not so well off, addresses a petition to a minister of state, containing the very modest request that "his superannuated pension may be continued." Favart, in a charming letter to his wife, while he admits that the Flemish women are amiable, protests that he will never have eyes but for her. Gavandau, who, in 1793, was dismissed his post of officer in the *milice Parisienne*, supplicates

the members of the *Comité Révolutionnaire* to reinstate him, not for his own sake, "which is of little matter, but for the sake of the honor and esteem of his comrades in arms, the highest pleasure and foremost need of a true Republican." Rouget de L'Isle writes for the directorship of the Opera. He promises "to rescue that magnificent manufactory, that immense centre of French industry, and to make it a truly national stage, the most splendid and the least burthensome which has ever existed in France or elsewhere."

There is a letter from Rachel. She is to make her re-appearance on the 1st of June. "But is it permitted," she asks, "in a theatre, that a tragic actress should sometimes suffer human affliction (her sister Rebecca was ill)? It requires (viz. the theatre), like a despotic tyrant, that our souls should not extend beyond the foot lights. *Allons*, since I have a salary, I must turn somersaults like the clown (*Paillasse*) when the bills announce me."

There is also a letter from Mad. Raucourt to André Dumont, a member of the Committee of Safety, urging him to obtain the liberty of a woman who had been arrested. She says, "Put my note in your pocket, that you may be reminded of my entreaties. Adieu, André, adieu. Thine!"—*London Musical World*, December 1.

### Vienna.

The reputation of the Kärntnerthor Opera House, although, for reasons which shall hereafter be considered, now somewhat on the wane, will give an interest to the following list of the managers and singers at present employed in the undertaking:—

GENERAL DIRECTORS—MM. Esser and Schöber.  
FINANCE DEPARTMENT—Herr Steinhäuser.  
COMPTROLLERS—Comte Lanzcoransky and Hofrath Raymond.

PRIME DONNE—Mad. Caillag, Mad. Duetman Meyer, Mad. Wildauer, Mlle. Kraus, Mad. Hoffman, Mlle. Liebhart.

CONTRALTO—Mlle. Sulzer.

SECONDE DONNE.—Mlle. Ferrari, Mlle. Weiss, Mlle. Kudelka, and Mlle. Koschok.

PRIMI TENORI—MM. Ander, Wachtel, and Walter.

SECONDI TENORI—MM. Gunz, Campe, and Barach.

BARITONI—MM. Beck, Hrabaneck, Libisch, and Rudolph.

BASSI—Drachler, Schmied, Meyerhofer, Koch, Grauer and Hülzel.

1st VIOLIN—Herr Helmesberger.

CONDUCTORS—MM. Esser, Proch, and Dessof.

The band and chorus, formerly of such remarkable excellence, have suffered considerably from the fact of three conductors being appointed to a post which one alone should fill.

The retirement of Eckert from this position cannot be sufficiently regretted. Since he left the precision and vigor of both the orchestra and chorus have but too evidently diminished, and it is hardly a matter of surprise, when it is considered that three conductors, Esser, Proch, and Dessof, supply his place alternately, and thereby prevent the possibility of that unity of feeling so absolutely necessary between a band and its conductor, which can only be attained by long and constant practice with each other. It is to this system of divided management that the decline of the Kärntnerthor Opera House is to be attributed. Its effect is observable in every branch of the establishment. Most evident in the band and chorus, it is also apparent on the stage in the slovenly costumes and careless *mise en scène*. Let us hope the system will be changed, and before it is too late. Comte Lanzcoransky regain your vigor, and don't let the Opera House, which formerly was an honor to you, lose its reputation through your indifference and neglect.—*Ibid*.

### London.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—On Monday night an operetta in one act, entitled the *Marriage of Georgette*, was produced with unequivocal success. *Les Noces de Jeannette*, the French original, from the joint pens of MM. Barbier and Carré (authors of *Dinorah*), was brought out some years ago at the Opéra Comique. The music, by M. Victor Massé gained the first laurels for a young composer who has since taken rank among the most popular disciples of the late Adolphe Adam, and whose latest notable performance, *La Reine Topaze*, was, like *Les Noces de Jeannette*, composed expressly for the now celebrated Mad. Miolan Carvalho.

The *Marriage of Georgette* was preceded by the ballet of *The Ambuscade* and followed by Mr. Loder's admirable *Night Dancers*. Mr. Balfe's new opera—*Bianca, the Bravo's Bride*—is in active rehearsal.

DEATH OF RELLSTAR.—The most celebrated of the journalists of Berlin, Louis Rellstab, died on the night of Nov. 27. The evening previous he had been present at the opera, and the next morning was found dead in his bed. He was born April 18, 1799, at Berlin, where his father was a music publisher and afterwards a bookseller. Having finished his classical studies, Rellstab, in 1815, entered the service, which he left in 1821, with the rank of lieutenant. In 1827 he became connected with the *Gazette de Voss*, to which he contributed articles concerning music. He was also one of the *collaborateurs* of the *Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris*. Our readers have not forgotten his recent correspondence, which was distinguished by the poetic elegance of style, filled with images. Among his works unknown to criticism may be cited the libretto of the "Camp of Silesia," for which Meyerbeer wrote the score. A long procession accompanied his mortal remains, among whom were seen Meyerbeer, M. de Hulsen, superintendent general of the Theatres; the Aulic Councillor, Schneider, and a host of artists from the theatres, journalists, &c. The singers of the Opera executed several morceaux around the bier, before the body was removed. After the funeral oration, pronounced by the preacher Stahn, the procession moved, preceded by the bands of the Cuirassiers and of the Dragoons of the Guard.—*Gazette Musicale*.

Signora TREBELLI, it is said, has been engaged at Berlin for five years.

### Musical Chit-Chat.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB hardly need that we should direct our readers' attention to their advertisement on the first page. There will be much curiosity to hear the new quintette, by Mr. Eichberg, the accomplished conductor of the Museum orchestra.

THE ORPHEUS QUARTETTE CLUB announce a concert which should be fully attended. The gentlemen composing this Club are the very élite of the Orpheus Society, and gave the highest satisfaction at the last concert of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

THE MESSIAH. Our readers will not fail to notice the advertisement of the HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY. They offer the MESSIAH for Sunday night, and we learn that on the success which attends this performance depends some projected performances at which it is hoped to secure the assistance of Formés previous to his approaching return to Europe.

M. R. P. is informed that Rau's works on Beethoven are not biographies but a sort of romance. They are alluded to by the "Diarist" in a recent letter and have not been translated into English.

NATHAN RICHARDSON.—An Instruction book for the Piano has just been published, which purports to be a collection of the last efforts of the lamented NATHAN RICHARDSON, when in fact it is but a re-modeling of an old production, which he himself discarded as imperfect. The title-page of the book is "The New Modern School for the Piano Forte," with a portrait of Nathan Richardson, and purporting to contain "all that is original, important, and valuable, in Mr. R's former works," and it is made to resemble in its general appearance the "New Method for the Piano," which has met with that eminent success which the genius of its departed author could not fail to secure for it.

Persons purchasing carelessly are quite likely to be misled, and to take the book when they suppose they are getting the New Method, though a very casual examination of the contents of the two books will reveal the great difference between them. It is deeply regretted that any publisher should be found willing to issue the book in its present form, as to the extent it may be sold it is injurious to the fame of the author, who is no longer here to protect himself, and takes from his widow so much of the only means of subsistence left to her by her distinguished husband. From the proceeds of the sales of the New Method, the copyright of which was her legacy, she has brought the remains of her husband from a foreign land, and deposited them in the roll which was familiar to his youth, and from future sales she must rely for her support.

The unnecessary cruelty of introducing as a compliment, a portrait of Mr. Richardson into a book designed to do him incalculable injury, we forbear commenting upon. These facts, we trust and desire, will induce the friends of music to do justice to the dead and the living.—*City Item*.

### Music and Peace.

Music is the language of harmony. It is the highest mode of articulate expression, and its true voice ever speaks for peace and love. The devil has taken possession of all the best tunes, said an old divine, once upon a time, and he might have added that he hired all the poets too. But it is one of the hopeful signs of this transition age that not only poetry and music, but the general arts, are returning to their legitimate offices of advancing the general harmony and elevating the general virtue. The poets, whom Horace stigmatized as cowards and humble laudators of the deeds they were disqualified to perform, now stand, like Lamartine, and Victor Hugo, and John Bowring, and Bryant, and Longfellow, in the van of liberty, and have braved oppression and wrong; and painters, whose grandest tableaux were of battles, now present to the eyes of the people, like Edward Landseer, the beauties of peace beside the horrors of war. Music, when attuned to the harmonies of nature, always subdues and softens the soul. Thibaut, the celebrated professor of law in Heidelberg, relates that a young man, his guest, who had listened to the performance of a composition of Lotti, exclaimed, when he left his house, "Oh, this evening I could do no harm to my greatest enemy." Zwingle, the Swiss reformer, when reproached by Faber, afterward Bishop of Vienna, for cultivating music, said, "Thou dost not know, my dear Faber, what music is. I love to play a little upon the lute, the violin, and other instruments. Ah, if thou couldst only feel the tones of the celestial lute, the evil spirit of ambition, and of the love of riches, which possess thee, would then quickly depart from thee." When the child upon its mother's knee is weeping, she soothes it with a song. "The ancients pretended," says Madame de Staël, "that nations were civilized by music, and this allegory has a deep meaning; for we must always suppose that the bond of society was formed by sympathy or interest, and certainly the first origin is more noble than the second." Among the instrumentalities of peace and love, surely there can be no sweeter, softer, more affective voice than that of a gentle voice breathing music.—*Burritt's Citizen.*

### Influence of Music on the Mind.

The love of sweet sounds has prevailed in every age and every clime as one of the most prominent characteristics of humanity since the world began. From the reed pipe of the shepherd, with which he endeared himself to his bleating flock, and obtained a solace for his own heart, to the grand choruses of the Grecian drama, where refinement and luxury came as aids to the potent spells of harmony, man, whether savage or civilized, whether in war or peace, in comfort or distress, has ever sought for emotions of pleasure in the concord of sweet sounds.

The ecstasies of the mind when brought under the influence of modulated sounds, have often operated as powerful aids to heroism, and to lofty purposes of good, and have inspired feelings of poetry and devotion, such as in a silent world could never have been born. The tragedian Alfieri composed all his beautiful dramas either when listening to soft music, or immediately after having heard it; and at such times his soul was so completely possessed with the beauty of the melody and the bewitching powers of musical strains, that he was as one inspired by some higher power, and felt himself immortal. In fact, with many men of refined feelings, and possessing delicate sensibilities to the charms of music, the performance of beautiful composition acts as a spell of enchantment, and deprives them of all power to resist its influence. Such men as Alfieri, when under the sorcery of music, are as men bewitched. Milton exquisitely expresses this in a passage where the marriage of poetry and philosophy is for once perfect:

But let my due feet never fail  
To walk the cloister's studious pale,  
And love the high-embowered roof,  
And antique pillars massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light.  
There let the pealing organ blow  
To the full-voiced choir below.  
In service high, and anthems clear,  
As may, with sweetness through mine ear  
Disolve me into ecstasies,  
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

To the potency of music in influencing the feelings and conditions of the mind, must we attribute the attachment of races to their native music and national songs. A rude, uncultivated, and dejected peasantry may suddenly be roused from their serfdom by the airs and songs of their homes; and, while awakened to a consciousness of their wrongs, inspired with strength and purpose to destroy them. The effect produced on the Swiss soldiers, when in the service of the French, by an ancient air known in Switzerland as the "Ranz des Vaches," was so

powerful, that it was forbidden to be played; it so forcibly reminded the men of their homes amid the mountains, as to make them desert. Scarcely any people are more attached to their native music than the Scotch; and whenever they hear the airs of their own hills, they are fired with enthusiasm and the love of home. At the battle of Quebec, in 1760, while the British troops were retreating in great disorder, the general complained to a field officer in Fraser's regiment of the bad behavior of his corps. "Sir," replied he, with some warmth, "you did very wrong in forbidding the pipers to play this morning; nothing encourages the Highlanders so much in the day of action: nay, even now they would be of some use." "Let them blow like the devil, then, if it will bring back the men," answered the general. The pipers were ordered to play a favorite martial air, and the Highlanders, the moment they heard it, returned, and formed with alacrity in the rear. In the late war in India, Sir Eyre Coote, aware of the attachment of the Highlanders to their favorite instrument, gave £50 to his troop to buy a pair of bag-pipes after the battle of Porto Nuovo.

The effect of music on the mind is much influenced by association and memory. In the attachment of men to the songs and airs of their native land, there is also associated the scenery, the green valleys, the brown woods, the mountains, moors, and streams; which memory, with fancy's vivid pencil, paints upon the heart when awakened by the songs of home. But there is something deeper, something more occult and mysterious in the power of harmonious sound. When we listen to the performance of exquisite overtures and passages selected from the great masters, when wholly unaccompanied by the magical tones of the human voice, we become conscious of an effect the cause of which lies more remote than the associations of scenery and the dear memories of home, and which can only be explained by attributing them to an internal and intuitive perception of the mind, by which it clings with rapture to these waves of sound, not for the memory of scenes which they awaken, but for the love of harmony alone. Milton, when his darkness was approaching him, speaks of rays of light rushing upon him with a kind of noise; and the blind have frequently attached a perception or idea of color to sweet sounds. The senses all mutually affect each other, and the use of either suggests to the mind certain objects which belong to the others also. It is by this unity of sense that the whole being becomes enchained by modulated sound, and the correspondence between musical vibration and nervous action, is so close, that music alone is capable of influencing the health of the body and the soundness and character of the mind. In the Asinaria Asylum, many insane persons have been restored by means of music; and the reports made by inquirers into the treatment of lunacy, invariably testify to the value of music in restoring the insane. The highest geniuses are frequently but a few removes from madness; and, in such, the extreme susceptibility of the nervous system renders music one of the most powerful of charms. Mozart, even when young, would turn pale at the sound of a trumpet, and become convulsed at a harsh discord; and only a melody and touch like his own could soothe and becalm his heart.

The old fable of the bite of the tarantula being cured by the sounds of music only, deserves to be regarded with more reverence than an old wife's tale. Democritus tells us, that many diseases may be charmed away by the melody of a flute; and it is well known that Asclepiades treated sciatica successfully with the sound of a trumpet: and what is worthy of remark, he tells us that the malady did not disappear unless the diseased part trembled in sympathy with the sound.

There is no music either so soothing, or so capable of inspiring the mind with energy and warmth, as that of the human voice, and it is only in so far as each instrument corresponds with some tone of utterance belonging to human passion, that it becomes capable of raising the mind into action, and endowing the nervous system with force, precision, and vigilance.—*Life Illustrated.*

THE TELEGRAPH IN THE OPERA.—In the new French opera house about to be erected," says the *Constitutionnel*, "the electric telegraph will, it is said, play a very prominent part. An instantaneous line of communication is to be established between the Cabinet of the Minister of State and that of the director of the theatre; a wire will also run from the box office to the principal hotels, so that strangers will be able to engage places immediately on their arrival in Paris, and by the aid of the same electric power the prompter will be enabled to give notice to the actors and actresses in their rooms when the curtain is about to rise."

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

She is thine. Ballad. S. O. Grover. 25

An easy song, well written and likely to be received with much favor by amateur singers.

The hunters wake with early morn. Ballad.

"Robin Hood." 25

Ample vengeance. Duet for two baritones.

"Robin Hood." 30

The first is a fine song for a baritone voice. The duet should meet with a ready sale as the few operatic duets for low men's voices that have been available for amateurs, are pretty well worn. This new one will be a favorite with singers and hearers.

#### Instrumental Music.

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A pretty and instructive piece for young scholars.

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# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 457.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 5, 1861.

VOL. XVIII. No. 14.

## Robert Franz.

Robert Franz was born on the 28th of June, in the year 1815, at Halle on the Saale. His parents belonged to the middle class, and had in their characters none of the elements to which the artistic tendencies of their son could be traced. His father was, as it not seldom happens, a sworn enemy to all so-called unprofitable things and gainless arts. Notwithstanding this, he must have been the more gifted of the two for music; for in his old age he sang to the great enjoyment of his children, a number of chorals and motets, which he had from time to time heard and learned in his school-days, with the purest intonation and most undeviating accuracy. These artistic manifestations only extended to church music—he was insensible to all other musical impressions. His mother possessed sound and sterling qualities, and sought by her own diligence to supply the deficiency of culture which was a necessary result of the manner in which she was brought up. She took great interest in the education of her son and daughter; the employments of the father kept him the whole day away from the house, so that he concerned himself but little about his children.

In this way the boy grew up, while his relations, and perhaps even he himself remained unconscious of the musical capacities slumbering within him. His father took him sometimes to church on high festival days; when the customary church music was to be performed; "which must have whirled around wonderfully in my head, for I well remember to have dreamed and hummed about the house for weeks afterwards." But there the thing ended. When old enough he attended the grammar school of the Halle "Waisenhaus," whose higher classes practised singing one hour weekly. "The 'Cantor' now and then allowed us to sing two and three part songs: the second part was sung by carefully chosen pupils, to whom I in no way belonged, and who were placed upon a separate bench. I sat with the larger number. Often I could not resist the strong desire I felt of extemporizing a second part, and drew upon myself, in consequence of this unlawful private amusement, many hard boxes on the ear from the 'Cantor,' which did not however prevent me from running courageously into the same danger on the very next occasion. The rest of the school did not sing by note, but only by cipher; in the higher classes alone did the 'Cantor' venture to exercise us in reading by note.

In his fourteenth year he left the grammar school and entered the Latin school, formerly the "Waisenhausgymnasium." About this time, as he himself relates, his first musical tendencies were manifested. One of his relations had a son who was a piano-maker, in Vienna, and who, while on a visit to his mother, had discovered an old clavichord at an auction. This spinet like thing, not leathered but quilled and without dampers, he strung anew

for his own use, and then left it with his mother for her own private entertainment. "The good woman sat for hours at the instrument, and thrummed unweariedly on the keys, without having the least idea of music. My mother gave me an account of this interesting pastime, and curiosity, or if you will, an inner voice, impelled me to take a personal observation of these performances. This decided my fate. From this time I was not to be separated from my relation, and vied with her in attempts—quite enough to make one's hair stand on end—to draw harmonious sounds from the dismally groaning instrument. The mere playing upon it naturally could not long content me, and I forthwith betook myself to more earnest studies. In the drawer of the clavichord I discovered a written set of long forgotten dances, probably a relic of the first possessor, and this furnished the basis of my artistic development. At the grammar school I had learned some violin notes, and I found out with my own hand the tones corresponding to them. The bass-notes naturally gave me more trouble, but these also I gradually learned, and was thus placed in a position to lay quite extensive plans. With the most striking perseverance I contended boldly with all obstacles, though it is to this day a complete riddle to me, how I succeeded in successfully overcoming them." His mother must have been at first greatly astonished to witness this absorbing interest, but finally, though with many shakes of the head, she consented that he should ask his father to purchase the beloved instrument for him. Then arose an energetic opposition; his father would not have such a disturber of peace in the house; but finally yielded to his repeated solicitations and bought the instrument for eight Prussian thalers. Then began a noise in the paternal house—father, mother and sister from that time enjoyed no more quiet hours.

"I was then a stout boy of fourteen years, who was not to be trifled with in any way and knew how to carry his point. So I now petitioned for an instructor on the piano, and my mother was actually compelled to procure one for me." A relation, who played a little on the piano, was intrusted with the instruction of the young aspirant, and one need only recall his own experience, in order to obtain an idea of the manner in which the ground was prepared for the budding sapling. The teacher did not know much more than the scholar—soon came saucy questions, and consequently serious collisions, and it may be imagined that the "stout youngster" did not sweeten the task to his preceptor. The final result of these proceedings was a change of teacher, though without any especial gain for the pupil, as the new master was worth no more than the old; the little drama was repeated in the shortest space of time, and so it happened, that I went from one teacher to another, without having enjoyed anything which deserved the name of instruction. I found myself thrown upon my own resources, and wavered about first

in one direction and then in another, in the most bewildered manner. Two circulating libraries in Halle supplied the varied materials for musical studies, and all were blindly taken out and heaped one upon another; Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Herz, Kalkbrenner and Hummel; you may imagine what a confused state my head was in. At least these mad doings found by chance a wiser limitation." A teacher at the Gymnasium named Abela, held once a week a chorus practising for the more gifted pupils. Our friend joined the class, and the master's attention was soon attracted to him. He himself played but little on the piano, and was delighted to discover in the boy a "remarkable reader by note," to whom he could without anxiety trust the accompaniments. "These chorus rehearsals certainly exercised an important influence upon my later development; the cantatas of Mozart and Haydn, the oratorios and psalms of Handel concentrated my rambling attention and formed a lasting foundation for future growth. It is true I remained as before self-taught, but now in a way which must preserve me from a ridiculous end."

As his devotion to music took exclusive possession of the mental faculties of the youth,—"wherever I was, it was unceasingly running in my head"—so it could not but follow that his studies at college should be seriously interfered with. The unclassical pursuits of the youth were at first treated with ridicule and then with harshness—so much the more intense did his longing become to devote himself unrestrainedly to artistic pursuits. While in this distress he entered a higher class at the college—and his parents found themselves finally compelled most reluctantly to yield to their lost son and to place no further obstacles in the way of his devotion to the art. His mother was in despair, because she saw no end to the thing, his father scolded, their interest in him only made his situation more insupportable through taunts and reproaches—"only my simple but unshaken belief in my destiny enabled me to stand from amid all this misery and to induce them to bring this painful situation to an end, by taking me from college, and allowing me to try my fate under the auspices of Fr. Schneider. My attempts at composition had all the faults of foolish self-teaching, and betrayed neither talent for form, nor any intrinsic worth. If at this day a young man should present himself to me who had accomplished the same as I had done at that time, desiring me to decide upon his future course, I should advise him to do anything else rather than to enter upon the profession of an artist. I was only an interior performer on the piano, and on the organ, which I had taught myself, I was equally unskilful. With regard to Schneider's requirements of young art-students, he was easily satisfied; we were expected to be present at the hours of instruction, and at the orchestra and singing-rehearsals, otherwise we were left to ourselves. Here also it ended in my being again thrown upon my own resources. Not a long time

elapsed before I belonged to those "personis ingratis" who thought they knew many things better than the master. When I reflect now impartially upon my connexion with Schneider, I do not wonder for an instant that we separated from each other; two more uncongenial natures than were ours could scarcely be found. Among my remaining fellow-students, I chose only the congenial ones, and we pursued our artistic studies privately on our own responsibility."

After remaining two years at Dessau he returned home, but at once encountered again the same bitterness. It was required of him to give undeniable proofs of his ability under the most difficult circumstances in the world. His compositions thus far were good for nothing, they had the doubtful worth of pedantic studies. Not being far advanced as a performer either upon the piano or upon the organ, our friend was wanting in those qualifications which were needed to awaken the interest of the public in him. The paternal house possessed no connexions, but on the contrary was rather a hindrance to their being formed. For that purpose all the relations desired to see substantial results of his studies, and as these could not be brought forward, there was naturally no lack of reproaches of the severest and most inconsiderate kind. In order to escape these he endeavored to obtain a vacant place as music teacher and director of a small singing society in Schönebeck. Some good spirit, however, counselled him to take a survey of things in the place itself before entering upon the engagement. "But what I saw and heard there, was not at all attractive! Without hesitation I shook the dust from my feet and returned to Halle, never more to leave it. Naturally this attempt also aided in rendering my stay in my father's house still more uncomfortable; I was deserted by all except my mother. Had I not possessed her, had she not remained true to me and stood bravely by my side—I should have sunk under this dreadful wretchedness."

After nearly a year of such suffering, Franz was admitted into the musical circle of Schröner, "Landgerichts director" at Halle, and this event exercised an important influence upon his future development. Principally compositions of the old Italian masters and works of Bach and Handel were practised in this circle. Franz, at first one of the chorus, soon became the accompanist, and thus the direction of the whole fell into his hands. "Puffed up with self-sufficiency, the sad inheritance of the high school at Dessau, I looked at first with contempt upon the efforts of these dilettanti; they knew neither simple nor double counterpoint, they knew not how to fabricate canons or to manufacture fugues. Quickly enough must I have made myself ridiculous from my arrogance—they saw in my knowledge only means to an end and with regard to this end their views were different from mine. They judged of the intrinsic worth of a work of art, not of its form, the latter was a matter of course in a true work of art. That I continually got the worst in these contests was plainly visible to me, and I began to reflect more deeply upon these fundamental principles. From this time things appeared to me in a new light. The old Italian masters did not move me much, but Bach on the contrary made the greatest impression upon me. Until now I had really known him only by name. Wholly astonished I entered

suddenly upon a world of which my soul had never dreamed. At this time also, began my first acquaintance with Schubert; and it may easily be imagined what a strong impression this soul of fire must have produced upon me. The results of this newly acquired knowledge were not slow to manifest themselves, and I drew a dash over my past life and so to speak began a new existence. The compositions of Bach and Schubert served as models for me; first of all I entirely gave up composing: what I wished to express, was in the most violent opposition to my now circumscribed interests. These raged entirely unchecked within me and finally took possession of me so wholly, that my devotion to them was fast becoming morbid. Schubert especially wrought so fearfully upon my brain, and made my nervous system so irritable that it unfortunately made me subject to a deafness, which to this day still torments me." Gradually his acquaintance in Halle became extended beyond that little circle. Intercourse with young academicians furthered his culture; Ruge's periodical review, which at that period was exerting a great influence in Halle, aided his strivings; the philosophical, æsthetic and critical knowledge also that he had acquired, found application in his artistic studies, and aided him in an important manner to understand the principles of art. He had a large circle of friends and acquaintances, "a continual coming and going, with a constant ebbing and flowing of ideas, refreshed me infinitely, and taught me to look at things and to judge of them from different points of view. After my passion for Bach and Handel had somewhat cooled, or rather after I had appropriated to myself what in them was congenial to my nature, a period followed, which drew me strongly towards my eminent cotemporaries. Pre-eminent did Schumann bring to maturity, much that until then slowly fermenting had been working within me." A long journey to Salzburg and the Tyrol which Franz undertook for the sake of trying to restore his hearing, must have exercised a healing and strengthening influence upon his whole being, for after his return, signs suddenly appeared of self-dependent creative powers: "I must compose, because I cannot help it. The longer my powers had been pent up, the more stormily did they now burst forth. From that time I date my true studies; I taught myself art-expression. With every new song my power increased, and I gained variety in form, which until then had been wanting to me. The necessity of acquiring clearness in my ideas was exceedingly useful to me; I never succeeded in composing until I knew exactly what I meant to express. Ambition had until then been a stranger to me—that also had been an advantage to me; for I composed not for others, but first of all for myself, pouring forth my little sorrows and joys in true artistic genius. This egotism did not allow me to think of bringing my compositions into publicity—that seemed to me like a profanation of my holiest feelings." Many friends of our artist, and among them especially his present brother-in-law "Hinrichs," urged him strongly to publish some of his sets of songs. He sent them to Schumann who interested himself most earnestly about them, and almost immediately obtained a publisher for them. Of his method of occupying himself with art, he says himself, that in spite of his constant musical pursuits, he

could yet speak of no really musical studies in which he had been engaged at any one time. "I threw myself over head and ears into everything which interested me, and can only truly think of myself as enjoying. By nature I possessed great powers of observation, I never enjoyed blindly, but ever sought to understand clearly the reasons of my satisfaction or dissatisfaction with the objects. To this harmonious balance between reason and feeling do I owe principally what I have become; it has helped me easily to surmount all difficulties. A sound instinct also impelled me to occupy myself only with those things which corresponded to my taste and feeling, and to have absolutely nothing to do with whatever was in opposition to my own individuality. In enjoying I have always learned, and that has been my experience until the present day. That I almost exclusively employed the song-form, and but seldom wrote in any other manner, was at first the result of irresistible necessity: later I was convinced that in this form my meaning received its truest expression. In the main I have not swerved from this rule, and could with difficulty resolve to make a trial of any other mode." Franz lives at present honored in Halle his native place, which could not refuse to recognize his genius, although his fame first extended itself abroad, before he was justly appreciated by his fellow-townsmen. Thus gradually the direction of the "Sing-Akademie" and the Halle "Gesellschafts Concerte" fell into his hands, he had been for a long time already their organist. At the University he had lately been elected music director. He had given, as before mentioned, a direction and important artistic meaning to the musical life at Halle, especially through numberless classical performances, more particularly of the works of Bach and Handel; the firm yet modest character of our artist cannot fail to exercise an important moral influence over his whole circle of friends and acquaintances, the performances of the Halle "Akademie" are a reflection of himself; musically solid, upon the ground work of perfection full of freedom, without vain show or regard to momentary consequences. Franz at present enjoys the universal esteem of his fellow-townsmen, and the exalted appreciation of his fellow-artists.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

#### Music in France.

We have long felt the need of an epitome of French musical history, some sketch book of the annals of the art, which might serve as the thread upon which to string the facts in history and biography, which we are continually picking up in the course of our reading, but which we know not exactly how to place in proper historical and chronological order. There are plenty of old books, some of them are of great extent—none of them to our purpose. M. Charles Poisot, of Paris, has just published the book needed. Originally essays in the *Univers Musical*, it is now a carefully revised but rapid survey of the music of his country down to the year 1860. The whole forms but a small duodecimo volume of some 300 pages. The first seven chapters are devoted to the origin and progress of sacred or liturgic music, of course that of the Roman Catholic church, of which confession the author is a devoted member, as a hundred passages in his work prove. This fact, however, is

one which rather adds to than diminishes the interest of his book, as it gives us an insight into that religious feeling, from which has sprung so much of the most glorious music of the greatest composers—that of the mass, the highest form of music in the opinion of such men as Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini.

Then follow sketches of the history of the Grand Opera, of the Chanson and Vaudeville, of the Opera Comique, Instrumental Music, the Conservatoire, &c.

It seems to us that we can do our readers no greater favor than to give them, from time to time, portions of this work of M. Poisot, and beginning with a translation of the first few chapters of the book, not perhaps the most interesting, but we hope of no small value, especially to that portion of our readers who sympathize with the author in their religious faith.

We add here some passages from M. Poisot's introduction, from which the reader will see that he is as devoted a Frenchman as he is a devout Roman Catholic. Whether the reader will be disposed to admit the author's claims of credit to France and Frenchmen, is perhaps a question. What he says of the Bards may not perhaps be new, but as they form his starting point, it seems proper that it should find a place here.

"No one, to my knowledge," says M. Poisot, "has treated the subject which I have here undertaken. Yet, in fact, precious documents are scattered through great numbers of books; but they needed to be brought together, made complete and arranged in chronologic and historic order.

"This seems to me the right time to bring out to the light our French school, formerly so brilliant, still so remarkable and yet so little known by artists, amateurs and the public generally.

"Opera, it is true, originated in Italy; Germany is the fatherland of instrumental music and the symphony; but France had also its national music in the chanson, the vaudeville and the comic opera.\*

"Through the good sense, taste and wise eclecticism which characterize it, the French school at the present time tends to become universal in Europe and to rule the entire musical world. [Bravo, M. Poisot!] Why does every illustrious stranger seek with such ardor success in Paris? Because Paris is, in fact, the head of the civilized world, the modern Athens, the city which makes reputations; and as our language, so clear, so perspicuous, so precise, tends by its use in European diplomacy to conquer the place held by the Latin in the middle ages, so our school of music is substituting itself for all others through its faculty of absorbing the various merits of the schools of the most diverse countries. \* \* \* \* \*

"Before speaking of the divisions which we have adopted in this work, let us cast a glance backward upon the music of the ancient races, which fixed themselves successively upon the soil which we inhabit."

We omit what the author now says upon Enoch and Jubal and Tubal Cain, and other worthies, doubtless better known to our readers than to the public which M. Poisot addresses. Nor will we follow him in following the disper-

sions of the races which sprang from Shem, Ham and Japhet, but take him up again at the point where he speaks of Bardism.

"According to J. C. Walker, in his *Memoirs of the Irish Bards*, (4to. Dublin, 1786), Ambergin, brother of Heber, first Monarch of Ireland, had the rank of Chief of the Bards. This dignity imposed on him the triple duty of poet, historian and legislator. The Colleges of the Bards were held in the depths of oaken forests. There, the Druids taught their disciples the elements of history, the art of oratory, the Laws, by means of poetry, in which was contained all the science of those distant ages. Music was always connected with this multiple course of instruction and was regarded as the most exquisite division of human knowledge. Their teachings were oral, and were continued from twelve to twenty years.

"The word *Bard* comes from *Bâr* or *Barydd* which signifies the "fine frenzy" or exaltation of the poet. Famous singers celebrated to the sound of the lyre or harp the acts and deeds of heroes and preserved the genealogies of all their princes which they carried back in a direct line to Adam!

"In Ireland, when the student had finished his course, a bonnet called *barred* and the degree *Ollamh* (or doctor) were conferred upon him. Every profession being hereditary the candidates for Bardism were necessarily of certain families.

"As soon as the young Bard had received his degree of *Ollamh*, the choice of his profession was determined by that of the family to which he belonged. He became *Fílea*, *Breitheamh* or *Seanacha* according to his birth; these offices, long united in the same person, had become separated, their duties being thought too numerous for a single individual.

"The *Ollamhain-re-dan* or *Fílidhe* were poets; they preserved in verse the traditions of religion; they animated, both before and during the combat, the soldiery with martial odes and songs of war; they celebrated valorous deeds, and composed verses upon the births, marriages and deaths of the chiefs and princes, who held them in their service. The *Fílidhe* were also the heralds and faithful followers of their princes; they marched at the head of the armies, clad in long white flowing robes, holding magnificent harps in their hands and surrounded by the *Orfidigh* or musicians of the orchestra.

"During battle, they held themselves aloof and from a safe place—their persons being held sacred—watched the deeds of their chieftain. The muse animated them and aided their watchfulness: some even pretended to the gift of prophecy, and the better instructed among them were admitted into the order of the Druids.

"The *Breitheamhain* or *Brehons* promulgated their laws in a sort of recitative, sitting upon an eminence in the open air. They united the double functions of judges and legislators.

"The *Seanachaidhe* were antiquaries, genealogists and historians; each province, chief, prince had their own.

"Besides these three orders of Bards, there was another of inferior grade comprehending all players upon instruments. To all classes of these, their profession was also hereditary.

"In Gaul, as in Ireland, the Bards immortalized in their verses the actions of heroes; moreover they often interposed in combat and through their influence the sword was often returned to

its scabbard. They even censured their chiefs, when their actions were not exempt from reproach.

"Thus viewed, the part which music played becomes really sacerdotal. It added to the majesty of religious rites, by giving more of force and harmony to public prayer, appeased the fury of the warriors, taught history and preserved the memory of grand deeds, reprehended those who did wrong; truly grand and important functions, whose benefits might in our day be felt, if those who rule in art would will it seriously and perseveringly.

"Under the Roman dominion Gaul received the influence of Greek civilization, but the Roman emperors were often cruel and sanguinary. A law of Claudius abolished the Druidical rites and ordained the extermination of the priests. The noble profession of the Bards degenerated by degrees under the corrupting influence of strange and pagan manners. According to Athenaeus, they became mere courtiers and parasites.

"The principal string instruments in use in Roman Gaul were the barbiton or lute; the psaltery of ten strings, which were played with a plectrum; the cythary of two, four or eight flaxen strings, under powerful tension. Among the wind instruments were the horn of the Urochs; the marine trumpet [?]; Pan's pipes; trumpets, straight and curved; the simple flute, straight or curved, long or short; and the double flute of wood or silver. The bag pipes and shepherd's pipes are curious relics of our ancient instruments. The instruments of percussion in use in those times were, cymbals, *crotales*, cithern, (of Egyptian origin), and the Basque drum. But, soon the invasion by barbarous nations began to pull down the structure of the Roman empire; the Burgundians and Franks successively overran Gaul, and Clovis founded the first united French monarchy.

"A grander cause of civilization had risen in the East. In time of Augustus Christianity was born in the stable at Bethlehem. The apostles soon spread the Good News in all lands. The church at Lyons was founded by Pothin and Iranacus, coming thither from Smyrna. Christians were multiplied through the influence of eloquent preaching but more through martyrdom. Clotilde converted Clovis. Martin, Hilaire and Denis had planted the faith among the Gauls. When the light of the Gospel had caused the dark mysteries of Druidism to vanish, the Bards no longer sang the praises of false gods, but made their harps to sound in honor of the Trinity. The Christians also spread their doctrines with the aid of hymns and sacred canticles. Thus we see that in all times, under all forms of civilization and religion, music was added to prose and poetry to augment their force and add to their effects."

(To be continued.)

#### Moravian Christmas Festivities.

In no church upon earth are the festivities which characterize Christmas better calculated to arouse and impress a just conception of the holy subject of commemoration, than among that devoted band of Christ's followers—the Moravians. Truthful specimens of art, illustrating a variety of incidents connected with the nativity, decorate the houses of the village congregations, while the services in the churches themselves are conducted with appropriate forms, heightened by impressive and beautiful music. To the children, especially, are these annual religious demonstrations fraught with the highest temporal

\* Has England nothing? Can M. Poisot show any secular part music earlier than the old English "Sumer is Icomen in"? German writers allow (by inference) credit to England in this branch of music.

and spiritual pleasure—scenes and services these which cling as the ivy itself to their hearts, through all the shifting phases of after life. On Christmas Eve, a prominent place is assigned the little ones of the flock, immediately in front of the minister, who discourses upon the gospel narrative of the Saviour's birth in language adapted to the understanding of the simplest intellect. The children unite enthusiastically in the hymns of joy and praise; and, to quote an able writer, "when, near the close, Christ is being sung as the 'Light of the World and Sun of Righteousness,' the doors of the hall are thrown open, and hundreds of burning wax tapers illuminate the uncertain light of the declining day, words cannot express the delight beaming in the countenances of the happy gathering of little ones." Festivities, thus peculiar and impressive, annually congregate into the Moravian towns immense herds of country farmers with their sons and daughters. These latter are attracted by the twofold object of witnessing the religious exercises, and of gadding through various houses in which there may be found ingenious and tasteful "Putzes," or Christmas decorations; many of which it may be remarked, would suffer but little, when subjected to severe art criticism. Amid boughs of spruce, hung in graceful and thickly netted wreaths and festoons, forming verdant alcoves, may be discovered fanciful imitations of landscape features; mills in active operation; ponds alive with ducks and geese, steadily sailing with the motion of unseen magnets; flocks of sheep and squadrons of grazing cattle; and perchance, suspended over all this idyllic scene in miniature, a large, illuminated transparency, portraying with vivid effect the infant Saviour in his rude manger, surrounded by the brute denizens of the stable. Angels pendant, swing gracefully through the scene, lighted into effect by multitudinous wax candles.

The music in the church services is admirable and appropriately chosen. Rich, gushing tones of the organ, moulded into devotional harmonies by well-skilled students of the solid German choral style, peal solemnly through the sacred edifice; and from the key-note at the close of the voluntary proceeds a classic symphony, in which a full orchestra combines with the instrument, thus doubly enhancing the effect. And after the symphonic prelude, the choir, numbering many well-trained voices, vocalizes anthems replete with love and gratitude—glorifying the incarnation of a world's Saviour in strains of joyous and heavenly harmony. These anthems are culled from the works of Haydn, Graun, Beethoven, Beckler, and others; nor can any person who has ever heard the Rev. Francis Hagen's beautiful composition—*Morgenstern auf fuenfte Nacht*—sung in alternate melodic movements by the choir and the band of little children below, forget its almost heavenly effect. Many of our patrons, who have been educated in the celebrated Moravian schools, will recall vividly the scenes herein described. May each succeeding Christmas find them as happy as they must have been while seated in the unostentatious churches of the villages wherein passed their school days. And, in conclusion, a merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year to every reader whose eyes may chance to light upon this article!—*Amateur's Guide, Phil.*

### Women and Music.

Dr. Holmes, in the "Professor's Story" in the *Atlantic Monthly*, speaks thus of the women without music in their souls.

"Beware of the woman who cannot find free utterance for all her stormy inner life either in words or song! So long as a woman can talk, there is nothing she cannot bear. If she cannot have a companion to listen to her woes, and has no musical utterance, vocal or instrumental, then—if she is of the real woman sort, and has a few heartfuls of wild blood in her, and you have done her a wrong—double bolt the door which she may enter on noiseless slipper at midnight; look twice before you taste of any cup whose draught the shadow of her hand may have darkened!

"But let her talk, and, above all, cry, or if she is one of the coarser-grained tribe, give her the run of all the red-hot expletives in the language, and let her blister her lips with them until she is tired, she will sleep like a lamb after it, and you may take a cup of coffee from her without stirring it up to look for its sediment.

"So, if she can sing, or play on any musical instrument, all her wickedness will run off through her throat or the tips of her fingers. How many tragedies find their peaceful catastrophe in fierce roudades and strenuous bravuras! How many murders are executed in double-quick time upon the keys which stab the air with their dagger-strokes of sound! What would our civilization be without the piano?

Are not Erard and Broadwood and Chickering the true humanizers of our time. Therefore do I love to hear the all-pervading *tum tum* jarring the walls of little parlors in houses with double door-plates on their portals, looking out on streets, and courts which to know is to be unknown, and where to exist is not to live, according to any true definition of living. Therefore I complain I not of modern degeneracy, when, even from the open window of the small unlovely farm house, tenanted by the hard-handed man of bovine flavors and the flat patterned woman of broken down countenance, issue the same familiar sounds. For who knows that Almira, but for these keys, which throb away her wild impulses in harmless discords, would not have been floating, dead, in the brown stream which runs through the meadows by her father's door,—or living, with that other current which runs beneath the gas lights over the slimy pavement, choking with wretched weeds that were once in spotless flavor.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 5, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha," Piano Solo.

### Editorial Correspondence.

NEW SERIES.

No. 2.

BERLIN, Dec. 6, 1860.

After the week described in Leipzig came a yet richer week in Dresden, most beautiful of German cities. Golden October days, most rich and solemn, and nights as lustrous as the crystal air and harvest moon at its full could make them. But no—before going on with our slow record of the past, what if we gratify, or perhaps tantalize, the impatient reader by a moment's leap over into the present. Let us anticipate an instant and take just a glimpse of what is doing here and now. It is a bare inventory that I have to offer, simply the musical programme of this week in Berlin; which shall serve as a sample, hardly above the average, of the whole winter. See then what may be heard in Berlin in a single week. If the list is unusually rich in some particulars, as, for instance, in concerts of the great choral societies, it is below the average in others, say in the German department of the opera and in violin quartets. As it is, I can name only what is publicly announced, making no mention of much that is going on continually in smaller theatres and saloons, as well as occasional private or semi-private soirées of a selecter sort, which are not advertised. On the other hand, let me include in the account one or two choice private opportunities, which enrich the week for your reporter personally, since the object here is to show how much good music one may hear in Berlin in a week, as well as how much he must also lose from the impossibility of being present in two or more places at the same time. Let us begin with

Sunday, Dec. 2.

10 A.M. Services in the Dom or Court Church (Lutheran). The choir of boys and men, the most perfect in all Germany, sing a *Te Deum*, unaccompanied, in perfect tune, with silvery purity of voices, and some chorales.

4 P.M. LIEBIG'S KAPELLE (Orchestra), of forty-five, at Mäder's Salon, one of those splendid halls, where men, women and children spend their social afternoon, chatting, knitting, sipping coffee, and listening devoutly to the music, especially if it be Beethoven. Programme:

Overture: "Lear and Cordelia"..... *Marie Moody*  
Fantasia and Sonata, arranged for orchestra by  
Ritter Seyfried..... *Mozart*  
Overture to "Leonore," (No. 1)..... *Beethoven*  
Scherzo from "Midsummer Night's Dream."

*Mendelssohn*

Overture to "Leonore," (No. 2)..... *Beethoven*  
Symphony (No. 12), in D major..... *Haydn*

6 1-2 P.M. ROYAL OPERA HOUSE. German night. *Macbeth*, in 5 acts, after Shakspeare; music by Taubert, kapellmeister and conductor of the opera. *Lady Macbeth* by Frau Jachmann (JOHANNA WAGNER).

VICTORIA THEATRE. Italian Opera, with Mme. ANNA DE LA GRANGE, Mlle. DESIRÉE ARTOT, M. Carrión, &c. Probably *Norma* or *Lucia*, or some such old story. Possibly, *Il Barbiere*, a story (i. e. in music) that does not grow old.

FRIEDRICH-WILHELM-STÄDTISCHES THEATRE—terrible name to pronounce or write!—Light French Vaudeville or Comic Opera. Offenbach's *Orpheus in Der Hölle*, and Maillard's *Glücklein des Eremiten* (Hermit's Bell), appear to divide nearly all the evenings between them.

Monday, Dec. 3.

ROYAL OPERA. Merelli's Italian Company. *Il Trovatore* (!), by Sig. Verdi. This troupe possesses one rare magnet for the public, in a fresh contralto of the very rarest, purest quality, Mlle. TREBELLI (née Gilbert, at Paris). No contralto that we ever heard—not excepting even Alboni—has a voice of such clear, metallic, fascinating quality, or sings the music of Rossini in a style so finished, chaste and noble; and there is the charm of unaffectedness in all she does. One longs to hear her in an opera of Gluck. She is a musician, too, it is said. From her earliest childhood her teachers were German, and at the age of 10 or 11 she could play Sonatas of Beethoven or fugues of Bach on the piano. Afterwards, when the rare treasure of her voice claimed especial culture, she was initiated into the songs of Schubert and other noble tone-poets. I have heard her only in *Tancredi* and a poorer opera of Rossini, and found report completely justified. The only soprano prima donna of this Italian (!) company is the Signora Lorini (our American Virginia Whiting), who has attained to a marvellous degree of facile florid execution, or what they call here *coloratur*. The men are quite indifferent.

The other two opera houses as above.

Tuesday, Dec. 4.

4 P.M. LIEBIG, at the Tonhalle (café, &c.). Gentlemen most politely requested not to smoke; with which request they comply for the most part, with a degree of self-sacrifice only appreciable by Germans; let the rest of us be thankful, and indulge them all the more on the first fit occasion. A few sneaking whiffs of rebellion there will be, naturally, in obscure corners on the outskirts of the crowd and up in the galleries; but, on the whole, pretty well for Germans. Verily Liebig is an institution. The man who, through the spell of Beethoven and Mozart, and even duller emulators of their fame, can keep tongues quiet in their heads and cigars reduced to secret restlessness in pockets, through three or four whole hours of German life, is certainly a benefactor to Art and the world. And his is no false, merely negative, Temperance Society principle.



He does good positively. He does not simply take away, he gives you something; pours you out generous, foaming, overflowing measures of pure soul champagne, the glorious inspirations of the masters who have sung best from the heart to the heart of universal harmony. And think how cheap we get it! It is almost "Come ye to the waters, without money and without price."

The admission to each concert is *five silbergroschen* or ten tickets (to be used when you will) for one *thaler*, that is, 7 1-2 cents for each concert! For which you get, this afternoon, this bill of fare:

Overture to "Zampa".....*Herold*.  
Symphony, in E flat.....*A. Romberg*.  
Overture, (by a new aspirant).....*H. Urban*.  
"Invitation to the Dance".....*Weber*.  
Overture to "Tannhäuser".....*Wagner*.  
Symphony, in B flat, No. 4.....*Beethoven*.

5 P.M. SING-AKADEMIE. Rehearsal at their beautiful. Three hundred voices; ladies and gentlemen who feel it a privilege to pay something for the pleasure and instruction of practising the best kind of choral music under the direction of such masters as the venerable GRELL, (now esteemed the first composer of sacred music in Germany), and BLUMNER, his colleague, author of a successful oratorio, "Abraham." The pieces under rehearsal (the most rigid and the most cheerful that we ever witnessed), for the approaching concert, are two: A Mass for sixteen voice-parts, containing really sublime effects, and a *Te Deum*, both by Grell. This will be the second concert of their series; at the first they gave the *Paulus* of Mendelssohn.

6 1-2 P.M. ROYAL OPERA. Mozart's *Così fan tutte*, with a new German text, in place of the coarse and silly one to which he wrote it. Frau Köster, Fr. Bötticher, Fr. Herrenburg-Tuczek, Herren Krüger, Salomon and Bost. Conductor, Herr Kapellmeister Dorn.

Other Opera houses as above.

Wednesday, Dec. 5.

6 1-2 P.M. ROYAL OPERA. *Semiramide*, with Lorini and Trebelli.

VICTORIA THEATRE. Mme. Lagrange in *Rigoletto*.

FRIEDR. WILHELMSTADT. DO. Offenbach's *Orpheus*, &c.

7 P.M. LIEBIG, at Sommers' Salon. Enormously crowded and hot. Discomfort seeks relief (for self alone) in noise and bad tobacco smoke. Exceptional this. What perhaps aggravated the restlessness was the long time devoted in the first section of the programme to the airing of new composers' aspirations and the gratifying of curiosity to hear what is written now-a-days in the way of overture and symphony. The first two pieces, especially the Symphony, proved exceedingly *langweilig*—tedious.

Overture to "Don Carlos".....*L. Deppe*  
Symphony in A.....*A. Fischer*

Overture: "Nachklänge von Ossian".....*N. Gade*  
"Spring-Song," arranged for Orchestra.....*Mendelssohn*  
Romanza, for Violoncello.....*Franchomme*  
Overture to "Coriolan".....*Beethoven*

Symphony (No. 13), G minor (not the G minor).....*Mozart*

7 1-2 P.M. Herr G. WEISS gives a Soirée, chiefly for the production, it would seem, of his own sacred vocal compositions. This is a great week for new productions. He has a delegation of voices from the Sing-Akademie to aid him.

This is his programme:

1. Sacred Chorus: "Lasst uns, &c.".....*G. Weiss*
2. Recit. and Air from "Passions music".....*J. S. Bach*
3. *Geistliche Gesänge*, from the "Imitatio Christi" of Thomas à Kempis.....*G. Weiss*
4. Sonata in C, op. 53.....*Beethoven*
5. Song: *Bell' Raggio*, from "Semiramide".....*Rossini*
6. Songs and Morning Hymn.....*G. Weiss*

Thursday, Dec. 6.

10—12 A.M. Two hours at the organ with old BACH, in the Kloster-kirche. This was a special, private boon, enjoyed by only three listeners. The organist was a young countryman of ours, of whom our readers have heard, and will hear more, Mr. John K. Paine, of Portland, Maine. Unwarmed and cheerless as the great church was, all brick within and brick without, it soon sent a thrill of inward warmth through one to hear the noble themes enunciated and so wonderfully developed through the interwoven voices in such works as these:

1. Toccata and Fugue, in D minor.....*Bach*
2. Sonata, in G major, (in form of Trio for two Manuals and Pedal).....*"*
3. Prelude and Fugue, in G.....*"*
4. Toccata, in F, (very brilliant).....*"*
5. Variations on "Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser," by the performer.

6 1-2 P.M. ROYAL OPERA. *Mathilda di Sabran* (or *Corradino*), comic opera, by Rossini, Mmes Lorini and Trebelli.

Other Opera houses as usual.

7 P.M. SECOND SINFONIE SOIREE of the Royal Orchestra, in the Concert-Saal of the Opera House. Eighty musicians, conducted by Taubert. These are the great Symphony concerts of Berlin; the proceeds to go to charitable objects. The instruments are all in the hands of the very first artists. The programme always consists of just two Symphonies, two Overtures, and nothing else. This time it is less interesting than usual to a veteran concert-goer, since the pieces must be mostly quite familiar to him.

Symphony, in B flat major.....*Haydn*.  
Overture, to "Les Abencerrages".....*Cherubini*.  
Overture, to "Euryanthe".....*Weber*.  
Symphony (No. 2) in D.....*Beethoven*.

7 P.M. Concert of the "MOHR'SCHEN GESANGVEREIN," for charity, and also for the airing of young composers' ideas. The pieces announced were:

1. Overture, C minor, comp. by.....*H. Mohr*
2. String Quartet, F major.....*"*
3. "Der Wassernack," a Lyrical Cantata, for Chorus, Solo and Orchestra.....*R. Wüerst*

Friday, Dec. 7.

4 P.M. LIEBIG, at the Walhalla, to accompany the chocolate and coffee, and keep the knitting needles up to concert pitch.

Overture to "Leonore" (No. 1).....*Beethoven*.  
Symphony in E flat major.....*A. Romberg*.

Overture to "Leonore" (No. 2).....*Beethoven*.  
Andante, from a Symphony.....*Abt Vogler*.  
Overture to "Leonore" (No. 3).....*Beethoven*.

Symphony (No. 13) in C major.....*Haydn*.

A rare chance in this and the next named concert to study Beethoven's working processes, and trace the growth of his thought, how it worked itself out by successive trials to full and complete expression. And all for three grochen! Surely here is a good *seven and a half cents' worth* of Beethoven, to say nothing of Father Haydn, Romberg, &c.

6 1-2 P.M. ROYAL OPERA HOUSE. German night. The fairy opera, *Oberon*, by C. M. von Weber. Here is temptation; but we are committed to the next, viz:

7 P.M. ROBERT RADECKE's second subscription concert, in the hall of the Sing-Akademie. These are the fresher, livelier series of orchestral concerts, representing progress, presenting greater variety of matter than the Royal Orchestra, arranged and conducted by a fresh and energetic young man. They correspond more nearly perhaps than anything else in Berlin to the Gewandhaus concerts of Leipzig. But the orchestra is less large and perfect, namely Liebig's, which is quickened, however, into new life under Radecke's control. Numbers 2 and 4 in the following programme, are new compositions by artists living in Berlin.

1. Overture (No. 1) to "Leonore".....*Beethoven*
2. Psalm 137: "By the waters of Babylon," &c., for chorus, solo and orchestra. (Conducted by the composer).....*George Vierling*
3. Concerto in E minor, piano with orchestra, entire, (played by Herr Gustav Schumann).....*Chopin*
4. "Ein Märchen," overture, (the composer conducting).....*Richard Wüerst*

5. Symphony (No. 3), in E flat.....*R. Schumann*  
In the first of his four concerts Radecke gave us the entire music of Beethoven to the "Ruins of Athens," and Schumann's overture to "Genoveva."

Saturday, Dec. 8.

7 P.M. ROYAL DOMCHOR. First Soirée in the hall of the Sing-Akademie. Boy's and men's voices, unaccompanied. Nothing finer of its kind in Europe, so they say.

PART I.

1. "Lamentabatur Jacob," by *Cristoforo Morales* (born at Seville, 1520, died at Rome, 1574).
2. Chorus (for men's voices,) by *Giovanni Croce* (1594).
3. "Agnus Dei," by *Bernabei* (1720).
4. Fugue for piano, in A minor, by *Bach*.
5. "Adoramus," by *Benelli*.

PART II.

6. Motet, by *C. S. Schröter* (1740).
7. Chorale: "Wenn wir in höchsten Nöthen sein," by *J. S. Bach*.
8. Andante and Allegro from piano-forte Sonata in F minor (op. 57), by *Beethoven*.
9. Motet, by *Johann Cristoph Bach*.

6 1-2 P.M. ROYAL OPERA. Italian. *Semiramide*.

VICTORIA THEATRE. Lagrange in parts of *Norma*, *Don Pasquale*, *Il Barbiere* and *Lucia*.

Sunday, Dec. 9.

4 P.M. LIEBIG'S ORCHESTRA, at Maeder's Salon, again.

Overture to the *Wasserträger*.....*Cherubini*.  
Symphony in A major ("Italian").....*Mendelssohn*.

Overture to "Don Carlos".....*Deppe*.  
"Aufforderung zum Tanze".....*Weber*.  
Overture to "William Tell".....*Rossini*.

Symphony, in C minor.....*Beethoven*.

6 1-2 P.M. ROYAL OPERA HOUSE. German opera: *Armida*, by Gluck.

At the Victoria, *Norma*; at the Friedr. Wilhelmst., "the Hermit's Bell."

7 P.M. The BACH-VEREIN, conducted by G. Vierling, give the first of three concerts. The principal features of the programme are: Cantata, by *Bach*: "Bleib bei uns, denn es will Abend werden."

Passions-music, by *Schütz* (17th century).  
Cantata, by *Bach*: "Ich halte viel Bekümmerniss."

—But I had best draw the curtain, ere the reader cry: "What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom." Truly here is full as much as any mortal ears could crave to hear in eight days. And now, if one were disposed to be ugly, he might call on his friend, the editor at home, for a like statement of what Boston has to show for any given week; but coupled with the taunt should be the benevolent wish that that friend might never be drawn asunder by announcements of Bach on one side of the Lindens, and Gluck on the other, the same evening. Boston shall arrange her attractions better, and take care that Bach cantatas fall upon the Verdi nights.

—And now let us recall the harvest moon and Dresden. D.

#### Handel and Haydn Society.

An immense audience filled the Music Hall on Sunday evening last to hear "The Messiah." One would think that such a large attendance would warrant a series of concerts for the winter; but the Society, we learn, are doubtful as to the result, and have abandoned their project. The concert was in many respects a successful one, though there were few marked features in the performances. The body of tone was large and full, as it seemed to us; although being compelled to sit next to the stage, we lost much of the sound that was wafted over to the balconies. The choruses were generally well sung, though with scarcely the precision and steadiness in time that could be desired. The altos and sopranos occasionally indulged in cross purposes, giving the effect of a slight see-saw movement. However, it is not worth while to be too critical when the general result is satisfactory. Of the solos it may be said that they were carefully rendered, but without the spirit that rouses the enthusiasm of an audience. The debutante, Miss GILSON, a high, pure soprano, seemed to receive the largest share of applause, even more than was given to Miss PHILLIPPS for her grand and artistic performance. However, the public, not unnaturally, likes a new face and a sweet voice; and Miss Gilson's notes are all pearls. The excessive use of *portamento* in "Come unto Him" gave it a sickish sweetness to our ears. A singer ought to show some nerve even in a *legato* strain. When the timidity incident to a first appearance has worn off, this lady may take a good position among our oratorio singers.

Mrs. HARWOOD was heard with most pleasure in "I know that my Redeemer liveth." She gave this sublime song a fullness and significance that one rarely hears even from more celebrated artists. In the recitatives, while we have no special fault to find, we miss a certain dramatic vigor necessary for their highest effect. Mr. ADAMS has, as our readers all know, a sweet toned voice, inclining to a tender expression, so that his singing is more impressive in a smaller hall and in music of a different character. He was technically correct and gave his best endeavors to render the airs effectively; but his powers do not seem to be suited to the severe and rugged style of Handel. The new bass, Mr. THOMAS, has a light and flexible voice and a correct method, but he lacks the ponderous tone which these sombre strains seem to demand.

Of Miss Phillipps we can say but little, for her voice and style are so admirable, and her genius so widely known and recognized, that it is scarcely necessary to do more than to mention her name. Her singing of "He was despised," was enough to establish her as an artist of the highest rank.

On the whole, the Society is to be congratulated; and if nothing more can be done in these troublous times, we must wait till next winter for another Sunday evening concert. We hope, though, they will think better of it.

#### Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

FOURTH CONCERT, JAN. 1, 1861.

1. Quartette in B flat, No. 6, op. 18. . . . . Beethoven  
Allegro—Adagio—Scherzo—Finale, La Malinconia Adagio and Allegro.
2. Aria. "Ah s'estinto ancor mi vuol." from Donna Caritea, Mercadante . . . . . Mrs. J. H. Long.
3. Andante and Scherzo, from the Quartette in E, op. 81, (Posthumous work.) . . . . . Mendelssohn
4. Songs, { "My dream of love is over," . . . . . Spohr  
"Recitative and Air, "Deh vieni," from Le nozze de Figaro. . . . . Mozart  
Mrs. Long.
5. Quintette in B flat, (first time,) . . . . . Julius Eichberg  
Morro—"Sehnen, Trachten, und Sterben."  
(To aspire, to strive, to die.)  
Allegro—Scherzando and Adagio—Finale, Allegro.

We have scarcely ever heard the strings of the Club sound fresher and purer than during the first two movements of the Beethoven quartet. The hall, not being quite as crowded as at the last concert, had just the right temperature. The quartet went very well; the gentlemen seemed to play with a will, and brought out finely all the youthful mirth of the composer. One of his earliest works, it is as pleasant as Mozart's; much of its form, the short melodies, the cadences, the trills, tells of the period when he yet wrote within the accustomed limits of traditional forms. The whole of it is delicious. If "la Malinconia" is not as deep as he felt and wrote in after life, we do not find fault with him. It is a *real*, though a very slight melancholy, and is set off finely by the two movements between which it is placed. These two seem of the same material, the same motive and feeling running through both of them. Unfortunately the first violin was somewhat out of tune during part of the third movement, and seemed to be at loggerheads with some of the highest notes. We noticed this in Mr. EICHBERG's quintet too a few times.

Mrs. LONG's part was rendered in her splendid way, with her fine voice and careful school. The aria from Mercadante, she sang most to our liking; the song of Spohr and the *Deh vieni* were rendered rather colder than they should have been.

It is a matter of some delicacy to speak of a new work, if we cannot afford it full praise. Such is our case. We think Mr. Eichberg ought not to have put the motto on the programme. Raising expectations that are not fulfilled, stating a programme that is not carried out, leaves unpleasant impressions. Better leave free play to imagination—it is not well to tie it down. Of the four movements the fourth seemed to be the best. Through the whole work however we could not find the connecting link, the idea. The first motive of the first movement is grand and good. But though the form is faultless, often ingenious, though the motives are worked up skillfully, though several of the melodies are very good (so the second theme of the last movement, with a Mendelssohnian grace and flavor about it,)—we yet could not see the connection of many of the musical phrases. The last movement with its strong first motive, its half melancholy second theme, and a third melody coming in afterwards of quite a pleasing character, has nothing in it of death. The first movement might be aspiration and striving, but neither the Adagio, which begins with quite a noble strain nor the last movement, can possibly be construed into dying. To be short: the work has many fine passages as to melody and harmony and working up of motives, but it is in our opinion not a work of inspiration and genius, rather one of industry and talent. While we applaud the ambition of Mr. Eichberg to write in a noble, elevated form we regret not to be able to say more to encourage him.

Of the intentions of the Club, very praiseworthy and welcome, to give Saturday evening concerts, our readers will find some notice in our advertising columns.

On Saturday last Mr. B. C. BLODGETT a young musical student recently returned from Germany, gave a musical soirée at the rooms of Messrs. Hallet, Davis & Co., with the assistance of Mrs. J. H. LONG, Miss D. P. PEARSON, Mr. W. H. SCHULTZE, Mr. WULF FRIES and Mr. F. H. HOWARD to about two hundred invited guests. Mr. B. will no doubt become an ornament to the circle of musician-artists in Boston. His style does not show as yet any individual character or poetic inspiration; it is all learned, but learned well. The selection of pieces was judicious. The novelty presented—a Trio by Jadasohn—proved to be highly interesting.

#### Musical Correspondence.

ST. LOUIS, DEC. 22.—We have had considerable music lately, Mrs. C. VARIAN JAMES gave six "grand concerts" and our Philharmonic Society its third. I enclose programme:

##### PART I.

1. Overture, "Preciosa" . . . . . C. M. v. Weber
2. Chorus, "Gloria in Excelsis," from Mass in G.C. M. v. Weber
3. Cavatina, "Pensa alla Patria," from "l'Italiana in Algieri" . . . . . Rossini
4. Allegretto from "Third Symphony" . . . . . L. van Beethoven
5. Recitative, Aria and Chorus, "Guerrero, a voi," from "Norma" . . . . . Bellini

##### PART II.

1. Overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream" . . . . . Mendelssohn
2. Chorus, "Gloria Patri" . . . . . Palestrina
3. Duo, "Sul Aria," from "Figaro" . . . . . Mozart
4. Violin Solo, "Souvenir de Bellini" . . . . . Artot
5. { a.) Air and Chorus, "Oh May"  
b.) Quartet and Chorus, "Grand Finale" }  
from "Euriantes" . . . . . C. M. v. Weber

We liked Mrs. James very much indeed. I had prepared an elaborate article on our third concert, but for a wonderful and unusual thing every paper in the city prepared and published long articles, something never done before here, and have appropriated every fine sentence I had ready, so I can only say that there were 2000 present of our best citizens, and that everything was a complete success.

The violin solo was the surprise of the evening, DR. KELLERER proving himself really to be an artist. We were disappointed in not hearing a flute solo by Mr. CARR. If you have a better *professional* player than Dabney Carr, why—I never heard him. The solos of this and the last concert sung by Mrs. ALLEN, Mr. CATHERWOOD, &c., and the parts sung by Miss VON PHUL and Miss MCGUNNIGLE, were the best ever sung here, excepting the first prima donna. Mr. Catherwood's voice is four or five notes lower than CARL FORMES, and no wise behind in power. In the last Miss Von Phul in the sextet from Lucia, and Mrs. Allen in, "In tears I pine," surprised their best friends.

The Society has many efficient members who contribute very materially to its advancement. CHARLES BALMER is one of the most active, and to him in no little degree does this Society owe its sound footing. PATTI did not come; is in New Orleans, I believe. A. C.

ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, DEC. 31.—If Charles Wesley were living to-day he certainly could not complain that the devil has all the best music. "The school of the prophets" at Andover has an organization (without an organ) under the name and style of the Lockhart Society, which gives us better music than "the Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders" to which the Satanic legions march in the first Book of the Paradise Lost.

Last Thursday (Dec. 27) the Lockharts gave a concert in the Town Hall, which is universally acknowledged to be the finest ever heard in Andover. Classic gems of Mendelssohn and Beethoven, fairy fantasies of Chopin, solemn wailings of Van Bree—one could well imagine that one was listening to Otto Dresel and the Orpheus. (Let these artists be void of fear—the Lockharts will soon be scattered among

the Turks and cannibals as young missionaries.)

The Society is peculiarly fortunate at this time in possessing a leader (formerly of the Harvard Glee Club) who has not only musical skill but what is quite as needful, great enthusiasm, and a rare faculty for inspiring it in others.

It has good reason also to be proud of its pianist—a gentleman who inherits the name and genius of all the Masons. If any association would license him he could doubtless preach sermons without words

"Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,  
But musical as is Apollo's lute."

(Of course he would have a right to use notes.) These artists are the two great lights. Then there were sixteen stars who ruled the night. I append their programme for your edification.

## PART I.

1. Tirolerlied. . . . . Kummer.  
Flute and Piano.
2. Chorus, "Sanctus." Arranged by. . . . . Tufts.
3. { Quartette, "Serenade" . . . . . Eisenhofer.  
Chorus, "Wo Solch ein Feuer" . . . . . Mendelssohn.
4. { Marche Funebre. . . . . Chopin.  
Charakterstück. . . . . Heller.  
Piano.
5. Chorus, "Integer Vitae" . . . . . Flemming.
6. Solo, "Die Reue" . . . . . Fuchs.
7. Chorus, "Setze mir nicht" . . . . . Mendelssohn.

## PART II.

1. Caprice de Concert, (La Traviata). . . . . Ascher.  
Piano.
2. Duo, "Qual Mare Quel Terra" . . . . . Verdi.
3. Solo and Chorus, "Agnus Dei." Mass in C. Van Bree.
4. Adelaide. . . . . Beethoven.  
Flute and Piano.
5. Quartette, "Love" . . . . . Cherubini.
6. Chorus, "Huntsman's Farewell" . . . . . Mendelssohn.
7. Eight Voices, "Wanderer's Night Song." . . . . Lenz.
8. Chorus, "Farewell" . . . . . Mendelssohn.

If we take into consideration that this classic programme was the work of gentlemen who sang together for the first time at the beginning of the present term and pilfered their half hours of practice from Hebrew and Edwards on the Will, it is no slight praise to say that they were successful, that half the pieces were enthusiastically encored and that the other half deserved the same praise.

It was a good thing both for the Society and for the Seminary. People see that Theologians can do something besides put folks to sleep. The announcement of a concert by Old School Theologians would twenty-five years ago, have attracted as much attention as a chorus of mummies with the accompaniment of the Bones. But it is fit that the oldest and holiest of the fine arts should number its votaries in this chosen seat of Orthodoxy just as in the Theological School at Bethel young prophets went down from the hill of God to greet King Saul with psaltery and tabret and pipe and harp. DA CAPO.

BALTIMORE, JAN. 1, 1861.—We have had but little music in this monumental city during the present season. A pleasing Concert by FORMES, FABRETTI, and STIGELLI,—a poor performance of Haydn's "Seven Last Words of the Redeemer," given by the Choir of the Cathedral and "other amateur vocalists"—a week of very bad and poorly paid opera—another operatic concert. This is the whole catalogue of the vocal entertainment which Baltimore has treated itself to thus far this winter. Haydn's Oratorio of the "Seven Last Words" I had never heard before and parts of it seemed to me very grand and effective. But it was given without expression, without time, without animation, without everything, in short, which was needed to give a fit interpretation of such a work. Add to this that the performance took place in a hall nearly twice as long as your Music Hall with but half its breadth (erected over a market, and dignified by the name of the Maryland Institute Hall), and that the noise of shuffling feet and clattering tongues was almost incessantly heard mingling with the feeble tones from the distant platform, and you can easily imagine the sensations which

tingled the ears of one accustomed to the full choruses of the "Handel and Haydn," and the decorum of a Boston Concert Room. As the concert was "for charity," I tried to be religiously reconciled to the very un-devotional nature of the performance, and so, closing my eyes, I fancied myself to be in some vast cathedral, and tried to imagine that the strains of music which came so indistinctly from the distance proceeded from the lofty choir, and that the noise of treading feet was but the sound of passing worshippers who had knelt and prayed and were giving place to other devotees. The illusion, however, was only temporary, for I had never associated with solemn worship and pealing anthems beneath "fretted vaults" and in "long-drawn aisles" such harsh confusion of feet and tongues and voices as greeted my ear from every side. Next time such a charity concert is given, I shall leave my "quarter" at the ticket-office, out of regard for the poor, and then, out of regard to myself, shall—go home.

For instrumental music we have had four concerts thus far, given by the "Beethoven Society," and to all lovers of good music, these performances have given great delight and satisfaction. I believe this is only the second season of the "Beethoven," and the Society is already one of which Baltimore may well be proud. The following gentlemen make up the company: MAHR, 1st violin; GIBSON, 2nd violin; LENSCHOU, 1st viola; THEIDE, 2nd viola; SCHMIDLER, Piano; JUNGNIKKEL, Violoncello.

Like your "Mendelssohn Quintette Club," the Beethoven is made up of artists in the best sense of the term. All of them are finished performers, and thorough musicians, and all are alike animated by a strong love for their art. Nothing but their devotion to the highest order of musical compositions and their determination to aid in cultivating a knowledge of these works among the musical public here, could sustain such a society in Baltimore, for the pecuniary support which is given them is very much less than is awarded to similar societies in Boston and New York. The 3d Concert of the "Beethoven" was given a fortnight ago last evening. The following is the programme:

## PART I.

1. Overture, from the Opera, "Don Giovanni," for Piano, Violins, Viola and Violoncello, by. . . . . Mozart
2. Solo Quartette, for 2 Violins, Viola and Violoncello, by. . . . . Grand
3. Quintette, for 2 Violins, 2 Violas and Violoncello, by. . . . . Beethoven

## PART II.

1. Quartette, for 2 Violins, Viola and Violoncello, by. . . . . Haydn
2. Grand Duo, from the opera "Martha," for Violoncello and Piano, by. . . . . Gregor and Servais
3. Grand Potpourri, from Preciosa, for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello, by. . . . . C. M. V. Weber

The Quintette by Beethoven was the one in E flat, but to my surprise, only the first movement was played. I was still more astonished when, upon remonstrating with a member of the Society for thus preparing me for a feast and then withholding the feast itself, I was told that the audience wouldn't endure the performance of an entire Quintette or Quartette of Beethoven! "Endure," indeed, when we had just listened to the whole of the Solo Quartette by Grand, a very pleasing thing to be sure, but as a whole wearisome and unsatisfactory! Such treatment of an audience made up of music-lovers, all of whom seemed fully to appreciate the fragment of Beethoven to which we were served, seemed to me no less absurd than would be the conduct of a teacher who should think his pupils advanced enough to be wearied by Ben Jonson's prolixities, but not yet capable of appreciating a play of Shakspeare. I shall look for better things from the "Beethoven" hereafter. The 4th concert was given last evening with the following programme:

## PART I.

1. Sinfonie, in C major, (by particular request.) for Piano, 2 Violins, Viola and Violoncello. . . . . Beethoven
2. Quartetto, for 2 Violins, Viola and Violoncello. . . . . Haydn
3. Grand Solo, for the Violin, performed by F. G. . . . . De Beriot

## PART II.

1. Quintetto, for 2 Violins, 2 Violas and Violoncello, Beethoven
2. Grand Trio, from "Magtana," for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello. . . . . Wallace
3. Overture, from the opera "Guillaume Tell," for Piano, 2 Violins, Viola, and Violoncello. . . . . Rossini

The Quintette of Beethoven this time was the ever beautiful "Septuor," three movements of which were admirably rendered. Then we had the whole of the sparkling symphony in C major, which was much more effective than I had expected from only four stringed instruments and the piano. As the pathetic

Andante of the "Septuor" seemed a most fit expression of the sadness of the "dying year" whose last moments were thus speaking on through "music's golden tongue," so the symphony was the embodiment of all the joys and pleasures which the old year had brought us. The Quartette of Haydn was well performed, but why is it that all other Quartettes seem so to lack the soul which we feel in all of Beethoven's works? The form seems to me to be the same, but will some of your critics tell me what is this grand difference which I am sure has been felt by many others besides your correspondent?

I must notice in closing this hurried epistle, a marked improvement in the diminution of the opera element in the programme. I am sure the "Beethoven" as it grows older will adhere still more steadily to its highest purposes, and give their pupils (for such are all of their audience), healthy discipline in the "classics" in place of all the nursery rhymes and picture books to which, in music, we are all so apt to cling with more than childish fondness. H. G. S.

## New Publications.

We have received from A. WILLIAMS & Co., "The Knickerbocker" for January, 1861, in a new dress and new cover, which we cannot like so well as the time honored old one. Mr. Clarke is still at its head, and many of the best American writers are contributors to its well printed pages.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.—Singing carols is something rather unusual in New England, and when we read of the mediæval carols, and the "yule log" at a time when

"A Christmas gambol oft would cheer,  
A poor man's heart through half the year."

it delights us to imitate the goodly German or English holiday customs with all their domestic festivities. Our Christmas Eve was gladdened by a serenade in front of the Advertiser office last evening, a genuine carolling, which, according to the ancient custom of singing canticles at Christmas, was intended to recall the songs of the shepherds. The following are the two carols with which we were favored:—

Silent night! Holy night!  
All is calm, all is bright,  
Round yon Virgin Mother and Child;  
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,  
Sleep in heavenly peace!

Silent night! Holy night!  
Shepherds quake at the sight!  
Glories stream from Heaven afar,  
Heavenly Hosts sing Alleluia!  
Christ, the Saviour is born!

Silent night! Holy night!  
Son of God, love's pure light  
Radiant beams from Thy Holy Face  
With the dawn of redeeming grace,  
Jesus, Lord, at Thy Birth!

Earthly friends will change and falter,  
Earthly hearts will vary;  
He is born that cannot alter,  
Of the Virgin Mary.  
Born to-day,—Raise the Lay;  
Born to-day,—Twine the Bay;  
Jesus Christ is born to suffer.  
Born for you: Born for you,—Holly strew:  
Jesus Christ was born to conquer.  
Born to save: Born to save,—Laurel wave:  
Jesus Christ was born to govern.  
Born a King: Born a King,—Bay wreaths bring,  
Jesus Christ was born of Mary,  
Born for all: Well befall, Hearth and Hall,  
Jesus Christ was born at Christmas,  
Born for all.

These carols were sung by a choir of boys from the Advent Church, Green street, who performed their parts finely. We wish them all a "Merry Christmas" and many happy returns of their annual carollings.—Daily Advertiser.

## London.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—Another glorious triumph for English opera—another hope for national music. Mr. Balfe's new opera, *Bianca, the Bravo's Bride*, produced on Thursday evening, was one of the most legitimate successes ever witnessed within the walls of any theatre. The excitement commenced with the overture, which was encored, and was rampant at the end of the first act, when a vociferous call was made for Mr. Balfe, who, after some delay—doubtless not being prepared for so early a summons—made his appearance, and was received with deafening acclamations. Four long acts, enduring four hours and a half, would have cooled any ordinary enthusiasm, and have tired any ordinary patience; but the applause, far from abating, went on increasing, and was most vehement in the last two acts, the audience unanimously encoring a gallop in

the last scene, which was indeed inevitable, since the music is exciting in the extreme, and the *pas* is most admirably arranged by M. Petit, the *maitre de ballet*, and was capitally danced by the young ladies.

The libretto of the *Bravo's Bride* is from the pen of Mr. Palgrave Simpson, who has founded his plot on Monk Lewis's melodrama, *Rugantino, the Bravo of Venice*, and has pretty closely adhered to the original. *Rugantino* is not only buried in oblivion, as far as regards production on the stage, but is excluded from most editions of English dramatic works, even from those, like the *London Stage*, which pretend to comprise every work that achieved popularity in its day. It is, however, included in "Cumberland's Plays," but does not appear to have obtained much favor at any time. The story, as adapted in the libretto, may be thus briefly detailed:—

A certain romantic young Prince of Ferrara falls in love with Bianca, daughter of the Duke of Milan, but, though betrothed to her in some mysterious way, which does not appear, wishes to be loved for himself, and not for his princedom. He takes upon him the guise of a young soldier of fortune, and wins the heart of the tender Bianca, but withholds confession of his affection. He departs to the wars—to test the young lady's love by absence, we may suppose—and "crushes the bravo band." How this is effected we are not informed; but the "bravo band" is headed by a terrible chief, Fortespada, whose very name strikes terror to all the country round. Our prince is "led by fate" to the brigand's den, and finds him dying, and so penitent, that he confesses "a foul conspiracy of death" on the part of certain nobles against the Duke of Milan, in which he is implicated. The brigand gives the prince a list of the traitors, and dies. Upon this, the better to prosecute his plans to discover the head of the conspiracy, the prince disguises himself as the brigand, gains access to the conspirators, and induces them to elect him as their chief. He has them thus entirely in his power, but why he does not denounce them at once is not told. The prince is a great adept at disguises. Two of the conspirators having determined to kill Bianca in the grand cathedral of Milan, where she goes alone to pray, our prince, who knows everything, is ready behind a pillar, caparisoned as a mendicant, and stabs the highborn gentleman who was about to stab her. Bianca faints, and on coming to herself she sees the beggar transformed into the brigand, and is terrified when she hears him claim her, in life or death, as the "Bravo's Bride." The young lady—who must have been singularly obtuse as to vision not to detect her lover through one of his disguises—naturally screams, and brings her father and friends to her assistance. The Prince, however, is not so easily caught. Directly he hears the approach of footsteps he assumes the garb of a monk, and makes his escape. We need not dwell upon the incident of the Prince appearing to the Duke as the bravo, since nothing comes from it, but may go at once to state the *dénouement*, which happens thus:—Changing his tactics, the Prince appears to Bianca as Odoardo, when a confession of love takes place on both sides. The lovers are detected in their transports by the Duke, who, at first enraged with Odoardo, at last consents to grant him his daughter's hand, provided he would place Fortespada in his power that night, at twelve, in the great ducal hall. Nothing can be easier for the Prince to comply with, as we know. Accordingly at night, when the ball goes forward, and the midnight hour has tolled, Odoardo appears and announces that he has captured Fortespada alive. "Bring him before us," cries the Duke, whereupon the Prince retires, and returns as the Bravo. He is unanimously voted to destruction, when the royal troops appear, and, at a sign from the Prince, carry off all the conspirators in custody. Lastly, his Royal Highness declares that Fortespada and Odoardo are the same, and, being pressed for further disclosures, confesses that the Prince of Ferrara is identical with the bravo and the young officer.

Of the music generally we are inclined to think that the composer has expended more thought and care upon it than on any previous occasion. But on this point we must defer entering into details until our next. The first performances of our impressions shall be published with our criticism of the music.—*London Musical World*, Dec. 8.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The weather has not been very favorable for the winter concerts, four of which have been now given; nevertheless, the attendance on each occasion has been larger than might have been expected. The programmes continue to preserve their distinctive instrumental features, which Mr. Augustus Manns finds he has been wise in adopting. A symphony and one or two overtures invariably constitute items in the selection, for the most part executed with efficiency and vigor. The

new vocal favorite has been Mad. Palmieri, who made her *début* last Saturday, and sang airs from the *Bohemian Girl*, and the Italian repertory with marked effect. Also the lady's *corymbos*, Signor Palmieri, presented himself as a tenor singer, with no remarkable results. M. Joseph Heine, a violinist, made his first appearance, and executed Ernst's *Pirata fantasia* with much applause. The symphony was Mendelssohn's A major, alias *The Italian*.—*Ibid*.

LEAMINGTON, (England).—A famous young violinist, J. Becker, who has met with much success in England, has met with a singular accident. One of the strings of his violin breaking while he was examining it, struck him in the right eye, probably depriving it of sight. The unfortunate young artist is thus stopped at the beginning of a brilliant career. The accident occurred at Leamington.

#### Paris.

THE SISTERS MARCHISIO.—A Paris journal, *La Presse*, in noticing a musical performance which recently took place at the house of Madame Orpila, one of the most distinguished amateurs in the French metropolis, thus speaks of the two fair artists, Mlles. Carlotta and Barbara Marchisio, who have already won for themselves so much renown at the Grand Opera and in private *salons* by their *ensemble* singing: "But the principal attraction of the evening was the first appearance in this artistic *salon* of the sisters Marchisio; they sang the duos from *Matilda di Shabran* and *Norma* in the midst of a transport of enthusiastic applause; the perfection of their method, the richness of their organ, but, above all, that admirable combination of the two voices, the quality of which harmonizes so perfectly, that marvellous blending together even of the most difficult *nuances*; those oppositions of light and shade so wonderfully managed, so exquisitely graduated, in short, all those qualities of *ensemble*, twins, as it were, which characterize and individualize the talents of the sisters Marchisio, astonished, no less than enchanted, the brilliant auditory. We doubt whether the sisters Marchisio ever obtained a success more real and more flattering at the same time. Among the company who were most liberal of their applause were Mad. Miolan-Carvalho, M. Duprez, and the "brothers Braga."—*London Musical World*, Dec. 8.

FLORENCE.—A new musical journal *L'Italia Artistica* has appeared here, and has reached its eighth number.

ROME.—Another new opera has been brought out at the Apollo theatre, called *Stefanias*, revealing the artistic talent of the young maestro Raffaele Gentili.

AMSTERDAM.—The Society for the promotion of the Science of Music at Amsterdam had invited about eighteen months ago, the learned in music of all countries to join in a competition, for which the works might be written in any language. The prize task was an historical treatise on the musical condition of the Netherlands during the sixteenth century. At the meeting of the 23d of last October, the dispensation of the prizes took place; they were all won by German competitors. The first prize was gained by Herr D. Arnold, of Albersfeld, for an historical critical essay on the rhythm and melody of the old Netherland national popular songs. Herr Kade, at Dresden, won a second prize, for a monography on *Matthaus le Maistre*; and Herr E. Pasque, at Darmstadt, received a prize for a monography on Adrian Petit. Moreover, the Society has undertaken to support the publication of the works of Herren Arnold and Kade.

HAVANA.—The opera season commenced in the city of Havana on the 2d of Dec. with the "Trovatore." The *Diario de la Marina* says:—"Senora Lotti possesses many natural recommendations. She is of a beautiful figure, has a fresh and musical voice, which she manages with much skill, taste and elegance. Senora Natali (Fanny) is already well known to the public. Senor Pancani economized his voice on his debut, but in many of the fine passages he gave evidence of great ability. Senor Cresci, was also disposed to reserve his voice for a greater occasion, but he shows that he knows how to sing and to use his excellent talent to advantage. Altogether the 'Trovatore' was well represented. Senor Gottschalk directed the orchestra with his usual ability."

## Special Notices.

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# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 458.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 12, 1861.

VOL. XVIII. No. 15.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Sketches of French Musical History.

### SACRED MUSIC.

#### I.

It may be considered as established, that the germs of the various forms of the music of our epoch are to be sought in the chant of the ancient bards—in *Bardism*. By sharing in the rites of the Druids, they added to the solemnity of their religious ceremonies; in celebrating the noble acts of heroes, they gave birth to a form of narrative, which at a later period was transformed into the romance, the ballad, nay, even into works of history; and finally while censuring private immorality, they indicated the true way in which Art and the theatre might become teachers of good morals—their end being to instruct as well as to amuse. *Castigat ridendo mores*, as the old motto of the Opéra Comique justly had it.

In our opinion many a beautiful operatic subject might be drawn from the ancient Druidic and Gallic periods of history. We have never seen the *Ossian* of Leseur, but the Bards' chorus of Rossini in *La Donna del Lago*, which was afterwards introduced into the opera, *Robert Bruce*, is powerful and majestic. The mass of men's voices in unison, sonorous and vibrating, relieved by the most splendid orchestration; those grave personages in flowing white tunics, holding golden harps, and crowned with oak wreaths, and arranged in curved lines rising like the seats of an amphitheatre, formed a picture of magic splendor, well exhibiting the lofty poesy of that grand form of imperfect civilization.

With the Roman conquests, Bardism degenerated and gradually disappeared. No longer exerting a salutary influence upon society, the bards sold their songs for gold and encouraged vice instead of virtue. Moral depravity drew after it the fall of the Roman Empire, and the invasion of the barbarians almost annihilated, for the time at least, the culture of the fine arts and especially of music. Meantime everything began very soon to wear a new aspect; Christianity, by its divine, supernatural power, civilized the most barbarous races and after the battle of Talsiac, Clovis, the fierce Sicambrian, peacefully bowed his head under the powerful hand of the Bishop, St. Remigius.\*

Music, that universal language, reflecting alike the passions, ideas and sentiments of each epoch, was religious in its origin; so it follows, that, after the changes in the patriarchal traditions, which gave birth to the various pagan and idolatrous rites spread through the greater part of Earth's surface, the celestial muse was marvellously regenerated after baptism in the pure and living waters of nascent Christianity.

The Church from the beginning had a liturgy; whether in its origin it was Jewish, Egyptian, Greek, or, perhaps, derived from all three, is

\*The baptism of Clovis by this saint is the subject of the altar piece in the church of St. Remigius, at Bonn.

now difficult to decide. Be that as it may, the Apostles established successively the reading of the Evangelists, the benediction of the people, the *preface* and the *canon*: in a word all those several parts which by degrees have come to form the holy sacrifice of the Mass.†

From the year 104 A. D., hymns to Christ were sung, and the 42d Canon of the Apostles ordains that the Cantor, as in case of the subdeacon and the reader, should cease from his functions and be thrust out of the communion if addicted to gambling and other forms of intemperance.

In the third century, St. Denis of Alexandria, St. Cyprian and the canons of the council of Elvire, in the fourth, Popes Sylvester and Damasus, St. Athanasius, Cyril of Jerusalem, Basil of Cæsarea, Prudence, &c., occupied themselves with the liturgy. Diodorus, Bishop of Tarsus, and Flavian of Antioch introduced into the church the alternate (Antiphonal) chanting of the psalms, a practice soon afterwards brought by Ambrose to Milan. Saints Hilaire of Poitiers, Loup, Bishop of Troyes, Salvien of Marseilles, Mamert of Vienne, Apollinaris, bishop of Clermont, laid the foundations of the ancient Gallic liturgy.

In the sixth century, St. Cæsar d'Ales, Elpa, the wife of Boethius,‡ St. Benoit, patriarch of the Western Monks, and St. Germain, Bishop of Paris, composed a great number of hymns. At last in the seventh century, Pope Gregory the great compiled the Antiphony, founded the college of singers (in our day the Pope's choir.) and established the practice of singing entirely without orchestral or organ accompaniment. Schools of Roman singing were successively established in France in the churches at Soissons, Metz, Tours, Strasburg, Lyons and Dijon. Why was the single, universal liturgy proclaimed at the council of Vannes, (about A. D. 465) so soon abandoned? Because, alas! however difficult it be to organize and place upon a solid foundation any establishment, it is still more difficult to maintain it, by reason of the force of human passions before which too often the most sacred things are not safe. Egotism, self-love, the spirit of revolt, insubordination and disobedience have unhappily left their marks deeply impressed upon all the crises and revolutions of our poor humanity.

According to M. Castil-Blaze, Clovis was not insensible to the charms of music. Desirous of having in his service a famous virtuoso and skilful professor, he sent to Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths, for the singer Acorede, recommended by the wise Boethius, who came to the French Court to delight the most aristocratic ears.

Gregory of Tours reports that at the burial of St. Clotilde, the ceremony was accompanied by

†The writer is Roman Catholic, and perhaps a Protestant historian would not here agree with him.

‡The *Nouvelle Biographie Universelle*, says (Art. Boëce) "Son mariage avec Elpa paraît être une fable."—"his marriage with Elpa appears to be a fable."

a numerous choir of psalmodists. (Cum magno psallentio.)

Towards the year 556, Quintianus, Bishop of Claremont, discovered in a monastery a youth named Gall, endowed with a voice so charming that people came from all quarters to admire him. The prelate desirous of cultivating talents so promising, presented him to Theodoric son of Clovis, and to the queen his wife. They, charmed, retained him at Court. The king conceived a strong affection for him, took him with him upon his journeys, and after the death of Quintianus gave him the See of Clermont. Gall was after his death canonized for his virtues, and tenor singers might well claim him as one of their patron saints, at the present day.

Chilperic, king of Soissons, youngest son of Clotaire I. composed hymns, which however are not praised by Gregory de Tours; Gontran, king of Bourgoyne et Orleans—by some authors classed among the blessed—was so passionately fond of music could not take his meals without hearing the psalms and responses of divine service executed with much perfection. We shall not affirm that the virtuous monarch did not often himself give the pitch, and direct the performances of the choral society of Soissons, even then ancient.

Dagobert (whose name signifies *heroic singer*) was also a famous dilettant. Assisting one day at vespers in the abbey of Romilly, good Christian as he was, his ear was suddenly struck by the tones of an admirable voice. He divined at once that such a voice could only belong to a beautiful woman. Falling desperately in love with the songstress, the beautiful Nantechilde or Nantilde, he divorced his queen Gomatrude and espoused the charming recluse. This story in such skilful hands as those of Scribe might furnish a companion piece to the *Domino Noir*.

In the *Vie de Saint Eloi* mention is made of a singer in service of Clotaire II., named Maurin, whom the applause of the Court had rendered vain and presumptuous—a proof that twelve hundred years ago the fault of singers were the same as now. Thierry III. it is said, had players upon all sorts of instruments, who accompanied the fine voices of singers, the whole combining to produce delicious concerts. Saint Ausbert at that time the prince's chancellor, was so transported as to write: "Pray God! if thou hast given to mortals the power of thus elevating our souls, even to thee, what will it be to hear in heaven the eternal song of angels and the saints?"

The musical chapel of the King of France was just established in the Cathedral at Paris by St. Germain, bishop of that city and almoner of King Childebert.

It thus appears that the Merovingian dynasty had in its service both singers and performers upon instruments; but they were only heard at public ceremonies or during the repasts of the sovereigns. Occasionally, however, there was a

concert or ball at Court, and then the musicians were required to preside at the *esbattement joyeux*—pleasures of the highborn dames and their lords. Under those slothful kings, music necessarily degenerated and became the handmaid of sloth and feebleness, but the mayors of the palace had already seized the power, which was soon to place them upon the throne and gave France in Charles Martel a worthy predecessor of the immortal Charlemagne.

In short we may call the Merovingian era the liturgic epoch, though we would not affirm that the *chanson* had not already been heard.

But we must consider humanity as a whole and take it as it is, with its varied tendencies, as they appear more or less developed, according to the moral complexion of each era. Literature, art, music, reflect exactly the grand mean, or average of the manners of any historic period. By turns religious, warlike, dramatic, the musical expression of each century breathes the form, I might almost say the *costume*, of the dominant social life; it is the result of the true mean of that which produces it. The man of genius receives this general impulse, this grasps it as a whole and impresses his own zeal upon it. The man of talent confines himself to imitating the man of genius, but can never reach his original and creative power. From the fourth to the seventh century we may name among the mortal melodies which saw the light at that ancient period and which time has selected because their beauty is unchangeable: 1st., the *Te Deum*, a hymn grand, sublime as the heavens, broad as the earth, this hymn of incomparable solemnity is considered the joint production of two fathers, *m n* of sublime and universal genius at that period of the primitive church, Saints Ambrose and Augustine: 2d., the hymns for Christmas and Epiphany; they are full of character and are attributed to Sedulius, preacher and poet, who, according to Trithemius, wrote A. D., 630; 3d., the hymn, "*Vexilla regis prodeunt*," composed by Fortunat Bishop of Poitiers. This piece, inspired by the history of the Passion in the New Testament, possessed a melancholy charm, which could only have been borrowed from Christianity.

[See the Latin rhymed verses which celebrate the victory of Clotaire II., over the Saxons, beginning thus:  
"De Clotario est canere sego Francorum."

### On Rudimental Instruction on the Piano.

BY F. PETERSILEA.

#### No. II. TOUCH (*Anschlag*).

A right beginning saves a vast amount of time and labor in the progress of any undertaking, and yet it appears to me, that more judgment has been used in any other department of study, than in that of the Piano.

A correct position of the arms, hands and fingers is generally understood and thoroughly explained in some Instruction books; the object—to produce a *good touch*—and the means chosen (the little pieces, amusements, ay, even studies,) are such as to produce, nay *force* the opposite effect.

About thirty years ago Kalkbrenner invented and recommended a Handrest; I found it exceedingly useful, but nobody else ever uses it, as far as I know. Correct time is considered indispensable; then why not use the Metronome Hummel has recommended it in the strongest

terms. My regard for it is such, that for twenty-five years or more I never taught a pupil without it. It does not merely assist in keeping time; but by means of the bell points out the Rhythm—the *accents*, and without a due regard for these, there is not the slightest chance that a good touch ever can be obtained.

The Touch is two fold: *Mechanical* and *Melodious* or *Expressive*.

Some pieces and passages admit only the former; others, only the latter; still others, and by far the greater part of good Music, both. Every fine player knows this. Unconsciously a good player will use the one or the other, as circumstances require. But this seeming unconsciousness is the result of a perfect Mechanism first acquired, and superior taste and judgment added in later studies. The causes for a bad touch are vastly more numerous now than they were twenty or forty years ago. In a former period the music of Mozart, Haydn, Clementi, Cramer and Hummel was the object of the highest ambition. Now it is Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Chopin and Liszt! The passage from the former school to the latter is now-a-days traveled in a rail-road fashion; some think, also, that the old stuff of former ages might better be let alone altogether.

The beginner must only use the mechanical touch, for at least a couple of years. The music chosen for lessons and studies must be free from features, which require or admit expression. No crescendo, diminuendo, accelerando, ritardando, irregular accentuation, ff. pp. sfz. is admissible. *The student of painting has to learn to use the pencil before the brush, drawing before coloring!*

The difference between *mechanical* and *melodious* touch may be stated thus: "The former consists in a *STROKE*, (the literal meaning of the German word, *Anschlag*), the latter is produced by *PRESSURE*. The former produces only heavy and light or accented and unaccented notes, never admits of the slightest stiffness, pressure or strain; may be given by the *Finger* (Finger action), *Hand* (Wrist action), or *Arm* (Elbow action), according as the notes to be played, are legato, marcato, staccato, heavy or light. *FINGER ACTION* only is to be employed in legato movements. (The Slur is at present not to be thought of, its use and abuse shall be noticed in a future article). The accent is produced by lifting the Finger as high as possible before its *FALL*; the light note is the result, if the finger is but slightly raised. N. B. Remember: in either case the finger falls like a hammer on a loose hinge.

The *WRIST ACTION* is used only in playing detached notes. The hand is kept expanded, level, the fingers bent but motionless, the arm in its steady level position, the hand uplifted, more or less, in consideration of heavy or light notes, and let fall. (Excellent drawings for Finger and Wrist action are found in Richardson's New Method, but for *pure Elbow action* there is no plate. The Figure in which Elbow and Wrist action combined is shown, is applicable only to the melodious touch. A true representation of *ELBOW ACTION* for mechanical touch, would show the arm in the figure V; the wrist elevated, the hand entirely loose, the Fingers straight, pointing perpendicularly upon the keys. The rise and fall of the arm must correspond with the distance of the intervals and the power desired; but the Fingers must not attack the key from a

greater distance than is absolutely necessary, for superfluous motion is worse than useless. The *melodious touch* may proceed either from the Finger, Wrist or Elbow—from the finger and wrist action combined—and lastly from Elbow and Wrist action joined. For perfect drawings see the plates of Richardson's new Method. But in every movement of the Finger, hand or arm, there is a certain restraint, control, regulation (of course I do not mean stiffness). Therefore in short: THE MECHANICAL TOUCH IS SIMPLE, THE MELODIOUS TOUCH COMPLICATED, and consequently unsuitable for the beginner.

The proper cultivation of the mechanical Finger action or touch shall be the subject of my next letter.

(Translated from the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik," vol. 50. Nos. 8, 11, and 16, for Dwight's Journal of Music, by G. A. Schmitt.)

### Ludwig von Beethoven's Life and Works.

BY ADOLF BERNHARD MARX.

Reviewed by Franz Brendel, Editor of the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik."

I.

Since Mr. Stourdza, the Russian privy-councillor condemned the German universities and gave his verdict against all German culture, no greater insult has been offered to German nature and German art from the neighboring eastern empire than OULIBICHEFF's book on BEETHOVEN. True, we have been accustomed for centuries to receive from those plains, Huns, Mongols and the cholera; but those are dispensations of heaven which we have to submit to. But the book of Oulibicheff, the work of a "sinful man," which he was swinging as a scourge over the sins of the musical representative men of the nineteenth century, has deserved a reproof at the hands of a German for some time. Not because it is of any importance, whether a Russian dilettante in Nischney-Nowgorod finds in Beethoven's F major symphony the sublime production of an Olympic humor or the effects of a "Chimera"—a creation of his own brain! That might trouble us Germans little. But Oulibicheff, having become the favorite of all musical dilettanti by his Mozart-Biography, has been proclaimed all-powerful "hetman" by the whole horde of Cossack critics, from the Volga to the Seine, in consequence of his predatory invasion into the sacred realm of German Art. He sets up the wail of woe, repeated for ever and ever, over the fallen angel, the apostate from the church of Haydn and Mozart, in which the only safety is found; over the man worthy of our pity, who bore the cross of deafness and succumbed to that cross. But if, in his case, deafness and bad example are considered mitigating circumstances, what fate do those wicked persons, who are not willing to make the brook run up hill, who in the time of round hats and natural hair think another kind of music possible, yea, even necessary, than in the time of perukes, queues, and three-cornered hats! To kill these Herostatuses critically, it is necessary to insist on the axiom: "*principiis obsta*" (resist principles) with all possible energy. After one-half of Beethoven is killed, his sinful part given to the flames, then the heretics, anabaptists and musical Hussites will perish by their own folly.

Under these circumstances it is important in the highest degree, and pleasant to see a savant of excellence, Mr. MARX, rise to vindicate in warm, eloquent language, in a manner truly scientific, the whole of BEETHOVEN to Germany and poor mankind. Yea, the whole BEETHOVEN. For this purpose, he attacks from the outset the idea of a musical apostasy, Beethoven's, and the error of a gradual development, Beethoven's, in three or four styles.

Beethoven's gigantic genius would have signalized an epoch in any century. If an unfavorable fate had thrown him into the 16th century, he would perhaps have overtopped PALESTRINA and ORLANDO LASSO. A mild and kind Providence ordained him to be the successor of MOZART and HAYDN. Both are the most glorious productions of the 18th century on the musical soil of all the world. BACH and HANDEL were the most decisive representatives of the self-conscious, GERMAN Protestant mind, which finds its world within itself or builds it up within itself in cheerful battle for thought, secure against all inimical powers. HAYDN and MOZART, on the contrary, were Catholics, sons of the more universal religion; but their catholicism was at the same time the mild and humane one of the age of Joseph II. They did not do away with the terrors of hell and purgatory; but their pure souls had the blissful consciousness that the fire of hell and purgatory was not going to burn them. Haydn, in his well-balanced, harmonious frame of mind, wrote hymn after hymn of joy and happiness of life. Thus he created God's world anew, not as the vale of sorrows of the theologians, but as an emanation of the free spirit of God. Irresistible enchantment pervades the works of his younger pupil and master, MOZART. At Salzburg stood his cradle. In that delightful valley, whose magnificent mountain forms are yet far from the sublime ruggedness of the stock of the Alps, half-Italian breezes float around us. Here the heart swells with longing for the gardens of the Hesperides to the south of the Brenner mountain. Such a longing for unknown isles of happiness, the striving after the sunny world of eternal love and youth is the golden tenor of almost all of Mozart's works. Therefore all the sweet yearnings of youthful happiness in love tremble through his symphonies and operas; he is for this reason able to picture the terrors threatening this happiness of love. And therefore nature denies to him sorrow and the strife with those powers that night have destroyed his empire of youth. He died young, very likely to the advantage of his glory.

If love and longing of youth were the exclusive contents of art, Mozart would be the master absolute, and passing beyond him treason against art. But when Mozart died European mankind underwent, for the second time, the fall of man—the French revolution was beginning to send up its fiery rays.

(To be continued.)

### Ludwig Uhland.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

Of all living German poets, Uhland is perhaps the best known beyond the limits of his native country. He is not, therefore, necessarily the greatest; for in the higher qualities of passion and imagination he is surpassed by Rückert, while in vigor Freiligrath is his superior. Neither of these poets, however, approaches Uhland in those qualities of simplicity, sweetness, and quaint tender fancy, which have made him so popular, even with those who know him only through translations. Few English poems have had a wider circulation among us than his "Crossing the Ferry," commencing:

"Many a year is in its grave,  
Since I crossed this restless wave."

—or, "The Castle by the Sea," in Longfellow's version. In Germany no poet has written such a number of songs and ballads, which have been taken at once to the heart of the people, and have become the commonest household words of Song. Uhland is a popular poet, in the best sense of the word. Tender, true, loyal to his fatherland, full of all noble and generous inspirations, he has written no line which can possibly be perverted to exercise other than a good influence. In this respect, as well as in the consistency and integrity of his life, he strongly resembles our own Bryant.

Uhland was born in 1787, in the little town of Tübingen, in Würtemberg, where he now resides.

He studied jurisprudence, and resided for a while in Stuttgart, where he was several times elected a member of the Constitutional Assembly, always heartily cooperating with the liberal and progressive party. Many of his political lyrics breathe a bold and ardent spirit of freedom. I scarcely know a bolder or more manly utterance than that song of his, which every German student sings:

"If now a soul from heaven descended,  
At once a hero and a bard."

He soon withdrew from active life, and burying himself in his beloved Tübingen, devoted his days to poetry. In 1848, only, his repose was broken. He was chosen to the German Parliament at Frankfort, where he resumed his old place, on the extreme Left, and spoke good words for German Unity and German Freedom. He has amply proved his political kinship to the poets of Suabia—to Schiller, and Schubert, and Hauff.

The first German book which I ever attempted to read was Uhland's Poems. Before I had been a week in Heidelberg, and while I was still unable to ask for a clean towel, I had read "The Blind King," and "Little Roland." The delight which these poems gave me, lightened the study of the language, and I did not stop until I had mastered the book from beginning to end. I was anxious to know something about the poet whom I had thus learned to love, but those who had seen him described him to me as a dry, silent, ungenial old man, in whom no trace of the poetic character could be discerned.

Nevertheless, I determined that I would visit him in the course of my three months' walk through Germany; but when I reached Stuttgart, toward the close of the trip, with twenty cents in my pocket, and fifty miles yet to be traversed, and the bottles of the clouds emptied upon my head, I set my teeth together, looked at the statue of Schiller, and started for Heidelberg through the rain.

Seven years afterward, on my way from Constantinople to England, I found myself again in Würtemberg. I had not much time to spare, but the reflection came: I may never be so near to Uhland again; he is an old man, and if I fail to visit him now, I may repent it all my life. So I stopped for the night at Stuttgart, and booked myself for the diligence which started at dawn for Tübingen.

It was a tiresome, dreary ride over the windy uplands. In the gloomy autumn day, the cold fields and dark woods of pine exercised a depressing influence upon me, and I began to wish myself back again. The only other passenger was a young man, who was completely absorbed in his own thoughts, which he wrote from time to time in a note-book, as well as the shaking diligence allowed. I was curious enough to steal a glance now and then, and discovered that he was composing a poem, "right out of his head," as the country people say. During the ride of six hours he produced three stanzas, of eight lines each, and alighted in Tübingen with an air of great exhaustion. I wish I knew who he was; I even wish (I am ashamed to say) that I had spied out the title of the poem, that I might have the pleasure of ransacking modern German literature to find it!

Tübingen is a quaint little old place, on the side of a hill, overlooking the valley of the Neckar. But I had not come to see the town. My first business was to write a note to Uhland, stating who and what I was, and why I wanted to see him. Having dispatched this by a servant of the hotel, (who, I thought, seemed a little surprised, and spoke of Uhland as coolly as if he had been a shoemaker,) I lay down on my bed to await the result. In half an hour the man came back, stating that Herr Uhland would receive me immediately; and he thereupon accompanied me to the poet's residence.

I was ushered into a bare little library, lighted by a single window. It resembled, in fact, a lawyer's office much more than a poet's sanctum. A side-door opened and Uhland entered. He shook hands with a manner which was benevolent rather than cordial, and invited me to a seat on

the sofa. After the usual commonplaces, he conversed very pleasantly. I found at once that he was thoroughly simple and unobtrusive, yet cheerful and kindly—anything but dry and cynical, as he had been represented.

His stature is small, and his figure slight. The shoulders stoop a little, which makes him appear older than he really is. His face is thin, and much wrinkled about the mouth and eyes—but the eyes themselves are soft, clear, and blue, with the same fresh, youthful character which I found in those of Humboldt. His nose is prominent and full of character, his forehead high, and finely modeled, and his scanty hair, once blond, is now silver-white. The form of his head has much resemblance to that of Bryant, but he lacks the splendid Homeric beard of the latter.

I asked him whether he had written any poems recently—whether we might not expect something more from him. "I would not swear," he said, "that I will never write any more; but I have never yet written except from the necessity of expression. Whether that necessity will come again, is a thing which I cannot foresee, but it is certainly less active now than in my younger years." He then went on to speak, with great frankness, of his own works, not concealing his satisfaction at their popularity, yet not elated thereby, for they were evidently written for himself, and the effect which they might produce on others was but a secondary consideration.

After an hour spent in pleasant talk, I rose to take leave, and then ventured to ask for his name, as a souvenir of my visit. He wrote upon a slip of paper: "An inhabitant of the Suabian Land to the wanderer from the Orient," signed, and gave it to me, with a friendly invitation to visit him again. As I returned to the hotel the rain began to fall, so I kept within doors all evening, and at midnight took a return diligence to Stuttgart. So that all I saw in Tübingen was the poet Uhland.

Here is a tender little song of his, which has not been translated:

#### TO THE NAMELESS ONE.

Oh, would that I were standing  
Upon a mountain's crown,  
With thee on vales and forests,  
With thee, love, looking down:  
There all around I'd shew thee  
The world, in morning's shine,  
And say: if it were mine, love,  
So were it mine and thine.

And in my heart's deep valleys  
Couldst thou but thus look down,  
Where all the songs are sleeping  
God sent, my life to crown,  
The truth I cannot utter  
There might thy dear eyes see:  
Each hope and each achievement  
Received its life from thee.

—Independent.

(From the Monthly Religious Magazine.)

### History of the Oxford Singing-School.

BY REV. E. H. SEARS.

The singing-school I understand to be one of the essentials of a New England ecclesiastical organization, and I do not think we can come to a full understanding of New England life, education, character, and manners, unless we know something of this, not the least important of its institutions. I am a graduate of this institution,—not, I am sorry to say, with the first honors, but I have been through all its drill, been initiated into all its mysteries, and feel myself tolerably competent to write its history. The history ought to be written by some one. Our school was marked by curious and interesting incidents, some of them highly illustrative of Yankee tastes and proclivities. I have waited now thirty years, and I am afraid if I wait any longer all the actors in the drama will have passed off the stage, and the history will never be given to the world. I shall be obliged, however, to alter a few names, and make some new combinations of incident, so as not to hurt the feelings of some people who are yet alive; otherwise the reader may rely upon my accuracy. I enter upon the subject *con amore*, since it is one with which poetry and music are blended with such endless shades and variations.

The village of Oxford is situated on one of the

hills in the interior of Massachusetts. It contains a meeting-house, a store, a post-office, what used to be a tavern, and half a dozen houses in which the first of the village aristocracy reside. The village, I am told, did not take its name from the English seat of learning, but rather from its bovine and agricultural interests. Large herds of cows and oxen graze in its pastures; and it is delightful, on a summer's evening, to see the flocks of the dairy vending along into the barn-yards, and the milkmaids and milk-women heing thither with their pails; for the women in Oxford have never been deprived of their right to labor. Great cheese-rooms are filled with long rows of cheeses, of most beautiful yellow, all the work of the women and the girls. Somehow the blushes of the "evening red" pass into the cheeks of the Oxford maidens; they are pictures of health and womanly strength; the sunset skies of purple and crimson, whose lights play over their features, scarcely give them a deeper tinge than Nature had done before, and the business of the dairy is enlivened with the psalm-tunes learned at the singing-school.

I must give an account of the state of things before the memorable singing-school of 1830 revolutionized the affairs of the village of Oxford. The meeting-house had square pews, both on the floor and in the galleries, and a sounding-board over the pulpit, which was always just going to fall on the preacher's head. The minister was a venerable preacher, of the old-school orthodoxy. He wore a white neckcloth, without any collar; his thin, white hair always lay sleek on the top of his head. He always came in at the north door, and, as he took off his hat on entering, he stroked the top of his head three times (I always wondered why, as nothing was never out of place there), and ascended the pulpit stairs, the very picture of piety and meekness.

Once in two or three years the parish went through the process of "seating the meeting-house." You must understand that the pews were not owned individually, but by the parish, and the parish as yet was the whole town. Consequently there was a committee appointed to "seat the meeting-house." It was well understood that some pews were more aristocratic than others; these were assigned to the doctors, the lawyer, the justices of the peace, and now and then to some rich Farmer Scrapewell, whose wife and children fared out in finer silks and broad-cloth than his neighbors, and who would "sign off" if left out among the Snookses and Smiths. There were two pews, one under each flight of stairs, which always caught the fag-end of the parish. In one "Old Dick" and his family were always seated, who were colored people; in the other a half-wit, named "Cornelius," with a few of his peers. There were two pews below, one at each of the opposite entrances, to which no one was assigned by name, one being reserved for single men, and the other for single women, and which got the name of the "old bachelor's and old maid's pews." It is a curious fact, which always puzzled me when a boy, that, while the former was generally occupied, not a person was ever seen in the latter within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, though the meeting-house had stood for half a century. The gallery pews were never "seated," but left free to the young people in general, the boys at the right of the minister and the girls at the left; and they were always full. Indeed, in the good old times the house was generally filled in all its parts, except the pew for single women, which was a blank spot in the gathered and packed humanity of the village of Oxford.

But we are more specially concerned with the singers' seats, and it lies upon me to describe them. They occupied three sides of a quadrangle, the pulpit being at the middle of the fourth. Consequently, the singers sat in single rows running across three sides of the meeting-house, the treble fronting the bass, and the leading chorister fronting the pulpit. The leading chorister was a tall, bilious, wiry looking person, by the name of Peter Bettis. You should have seen him in his glory, especially in the full tide of one of the "fuguing tunes." His forces marshalled on each side of him, he would bend his lithe figure, now this way, now that way, throwing his voice into the bass and into the treble alternately, as if rolling a volume of song on each side out of his own inexhaustible nature. It really seemed, sometimes, as if all other voices were touched off by his, like a row of gas-lights breaking out in long lines of splendor by the touch of a single flambeau. Especially when they sang, as they very often did, the 122d Psalm, proper metre,

"How pleased and blest was I,  
To hear the people cry,"

you should have witnessed the strophes and the antistrophes, sometimes in jets and jerks, sometimes in billows, which the bass rolled forth and the treble rolled back again, and which then the three living

sides of the quadrangle would all take up anew, and bring down in one tremendous crash of harmony.—Peter Bettis, as the central figure, swaying with the inspiration, riding on the whirlwind and directing the storm.

"I were worth ten years of peaceful life,  
One glance at their array."

On the left of the chorister were the picked young men, the flower of the Oxford farms; on his right the girls, in neat white dresses, and in long continuous rows, beginning away at the south side of the church and extending to the north, and then making a right angle and coming up snug to the right shoulder of Peter Bettis,—all ruddy and smiling as the roses of June. Without much abuse of metaphor, you might call these two quadrangular sides the two wings on which Peter Bettis soared into the empyrean of the celestial symphonies.

The choir was a unit, and the Oxford parish was in its palmiest prosperity. I am compelled, however, as an impartial historian, to record the fact that even now there was a small speck in the horizon. There were two other choristers—Timothy Case and Jesse O. Whitney—who sat with the bass. Timothy Case never liked Peter Bettis, notwithstanding Peter's popularity in Oxford and vicinity. Though Peter Bettis would carry by storm the whole congregation, Timothy Case always stood out and muttered some sulky criticism upon the singing. It fell to him as the second chorister to take the lead in Peter's absence, when he would try to outdo his rival, especially in singing treble, by which means he got the name of "Squeaking Tim." But he was not without his influence in the parish, for he married a cousin of Farmer Scrapewell's wife, and some thought him the better singer of the two. I cannot pretend to balance the claims of the two gentlemen.

Such was the state of affairs when the singing-school opened. A Mr. Solomon Huntington, who had taught singing with immense success in the neighboring and fashionable town of Grandville, came to Oxford. "What do we want a singing-school for," asked several, "when the singing is as perfect now as it can be?" Not so, however, thought the Cases and the Scrapewells. Not so thought the young people who attended the Grandville concert. Not so thought several others who met at the Oxford Mansion-house to hear Mr. Solomon Huntington sing, and play on his bass-viol. He was a portly, sociable gentleman, who had seen the world. He had great compass of voice, and when he played on his violin, and represented a thunder storm, a conflagration, the judgment day, the battle of Trafalgar, and several other catastrophes, they were constrained to acknowledge that music had not reached its grand diapason in Peter Bettis.

The school opened in the centre school-house. It was crammed. Peter Bettis was there, with the three vocal sides of his quadrangle. Timothy Case was there. The Scrapewells were there. The *élite* of the village was there in reserved seats. All the singers in town came thither, bells jingling, boys and girls laughing and frolicking. After the school got fairly launched and organized, Mr. Solomon Huntington had a good many criticisms to make. He told them that half of them swallowed the music down their throats without letting it come out at all. "Fill your chests and open your mouths, not squeeze your mouths up as if you were going to whistle Yankee Doodle instead of singing praises to the Lord, thus—" And he would fill his lungs, and open wide his mouth, and pour out a thunderous volume of sound, and roll it and quaver it and shake it into sparkling scintillations, and throw them all over the school-room like sparks from a smithy's anvil. Then he would show off the opposite method by way of contrast and ridicule. He would compress his lips and chest, and grunt out some guttural sounds, or whine through his nose, "That's the way you sing here." Curious developments followed. It was soon evident that there were two opinions about opening the mouth. Some kept their mouths shut closer than ever; these were mostly the older singers. Others expanded their jaws to a most astonishing capacity. I had never noticed but what Peter Bettis opened his mouth sufficiently during his flourishing administration; but now you could hardly see the motion of his lips. On the other hand, the more Peter Bettis shut his mouth the more Timothy Case and Jesse O. Whitney opened theirs. The question was discussed at parties and sleigh-rides. Mercy Bettis said that when she saw the Scrapewell girls sing she could think of nothing but a trap-door. She would not open her mouth as if she was going to swallow the universe,—not she. At the next party Emily Scrapewell, in one of the "awful pauses" in conversation, accosted Mercy Bettis on the opposite side of the room, inquired for her health,

and said she understood she had been threatened with the lockjaw. It was an injudicious remark, though it raised a general titter at Mercy's expense. There was a division among the singers, however, and it could not be helped. Mercy rejoined that "She would rather die of lockjaw than have her jaws dislocated in yelping Watts's hymns." After the two parties had got thoroughly formed, I often amused myself with looking over the school-room during the singing, and among the odd fancies that came into my head, I represented to myself the Oxford singing-school overtaken by some sudden judgment and turned into petrifications, or, like Lot's wife, into salifications, some with their mouths wide open, some with their lips screwed together, and I wondered what the geologist would make of it as he dug them up or quarried them out at some future age, and whether from this single fact he could thread back the history of our singing-school and of its division into the trap-door and the lockjaw party. What would he make of the preserved fact? Would he not say that one part was gasping for breath? or would he not say they were trying to eat the others? Would he ever suspect the truth? and hence may we not infer the uncertainty of most of these antideluvian speculations? This, however, by the way.

The singing-school had not proceeded far before it was deemed necessary to affect a complete reorganization of the choir in the church. Mr. Solomon Huntington said it was impossible to sing with the singers strung from one end of the meeting-house to the other. They must "sit together." The whole plan of the galleries must be changed. That row of pews opposite the pulpit must be torn away and an orchestra must be formed there. Now came a worse crisis in the affairs of Oxford. The quadrangle must be broken up, and with it the two central wings on which the congregation for half a century had soared to the stars. I cannot record all the speeches and debates. Mr. Huntington carried all his points from beginning to end, for the young men and women were always with him. Indeed, I am candid to say that he was an intelligent and worthy gentleman, and I presume he was right in this matter, though I always mourned the mutilation of that old church. There the two wings of Peter Bettis had caught me up into the heavens, and made me feel the truth of an old gentleman's saying, that "the singing was the best part of the sermon." There I had come up to hear the sermon, sometimes rather to look at the minister while my thoughts were running along the other side of that quadrangle where the roses from all the farm-houses were ranged a-row. The astronomers say that the best way to see a star is to look one side of it. So I have no doubt a great many of us youngsters looked at the minister for the purpose of seeing particular flowers on the right wing of Peter Bettis's quadrangle. I suppose it was wrong; but I am writing history, and feel obliged to be candid.

Then there was all the reverence and affection bound up in the arrangements of an old church, the same as in an old Bible or hymn-book. Every board that was torn from its place tore into the very heart of Deacon Webster and old Uncle Eliakim Jones, and several other patriarchs, who would gather at noon in one of the great square pews, lean their gray heads upon their staves, and talk over the old times and the degeneracy of the age. But the reformers had their way. The quadrangle was broken up. The pews in the north gallery were ripped out and piled away as old lumber, and seats were arranged one behind another, the singers seated anew, beginning with the graver men and matrons, and ascending and tapering off with the boys and girls, whose heads nearly touched the ceiling above. The next Sunday, hark and behold! the musical wings were clipped forever and the singing rained down from what they called an orchestra perched away up in the north gallery. The people below, however, call it by different names, and by names which were anything but complimentary. "Pigeon-loft," "hay-mow," "hen-roost," and divers other terms suggestive of rural tastes and occupations, expressed the disgust of the Oxford conservatives at the desecration of their meeting-house. The controversy between the trap-doors and lockjaws, conveniently abbreviated as the "traps" and the "locks," paled away, though it was not forgotten, in the new controversy between the quadrangles and the orchestra men, which extended beyond the choir and involved the whole congregation.

(To be continued.)

Carissimi, a famous composer of music, being praised for the ease and grace of his melodies, exclaimed: "Ah! with what difficulty is this ease acquired."



## Prospects of Operatic Music in America.

It is a common maxim that we have no means to judge of the future, save through the experience of the past. Like many other common maxims, however, which are acknowledged to be sound in theory, and are systematically eschewed in practice, it is seldom adopted by individuals or classes, as a rule of action. The projectors and conductors of Opera houses, for instance, invariably regard it as a "glittering generality." No consideration of past failure deters either class from renewed experiment. Huge theatres for operatic purposes, have gone or are going up all over the country, which will favorably compare in splendor and dimension with those of the European capitals. New York, Boston, and Philadelphia have their Academies; Brooklyn, regardless of expense, points exultingly to her \$200,000 edifice. Turning to the West, we find the ambitious Pike investing his magnollian profits in a sumptuous pile, which he gracefully christens with his poetic name. There seems to be an abiding faith in the musical proclivities of the American people. One *impressario* after another gets into difficulties, and finally disappears in the Slough of Despond; yet the new temples continually arise, as if to multiply chances for the unlucky speculator to tempt financial ruin. The very name "Academy of Music," has been such an unfortunate one, that we wonder ingenuously has not been taxed to invent a title which should be a harbinger of hope rather than an omen of disaster. In fact, the first regular theatre for the performance of Italian Opera in England was styled the Royal Academy of Music, and was as ill-fated as most of its god children have been. Established in 1720, largely aided by Royal and aristocratic patronage, supported by the talents of Handel, Bononcini, and Ariosti, whose works were interpreted by the best living singers, this establishment closed its doors in 1728, after sinking £50,000,—a much larger sum than now,—over and above the regular receipts from public patronage.

These considerations, however, by no means prevented the speedy inauguration of similar enterprises, whose histories bear the common family resemblance. Thus men refuse to be guided by the experience of others. Each imagines his case is to be the exceptional one. Each has his favorite schemes, hobbies and pets whose judicious juxtaposition and distribution shall disarm criticism and forestall failure. Each falls into the delusive snare of trusting that the enthusiasm with which the Hydra-headed monster always welcomes a new undertaking, is an earnest and reliable indication of permanent and substantial support. Each finds out his blunder when there is no longer anything in his pockets to buoy up the weight of his *aces* of wisdom. We are well aware that it is easier to speak of the causes of failure, than to point out the means for effectual remedy. It is very certain that there is a very strong taste for Italian music among our people collectively. The problem is, so to direct that taste into steady channels, as to induce its gratification to pay for the cost of the article it requires. That no solution has yet been arrived at is sufficiently obvious. The late Manager of our Opera house has unquestionably labored hard to please the public and to maintain his position. There have been drawbacks. He has mounted most expensively and unprofitably, the least melodious and popular operas of his repertoire—the *Sicilian Vespers* and the *Jewess*. Good works, on the contrary, have been carelessly presented. It is an unfortunate illustration of the doctrine of compensations, that bad operas have been so finely equipped, and fine operas so illy. He has been drawn into the blunder of risking the reputation of his house on the untried efforts of novices who have displeased the public by "stepping on the top round of the ladder at once, an experience which precludes the possibility of ascension and includes the probability of a fall." Finally, he has "enjoyed the disadvantage" of too marked and blatant a support from a press which too regularly swamps its candidates, to permit the rational hope of even a musical exception. The minor detriments, such as undisciplined employees, an army of impecunious lobbyites, half *claque* and half clique, and the succumbing to the caprices of conceited artists, are, we presume, to be classed more or less among the inevitables when so delicate an exotic as the Opera in its embryo state. But we believe New York is now getting sufficiently cosmopolitan to admit of an Opera enjoying that precision of discipline, fertility of resources for the *mise en scene*, and judicious advantages of every means for increasing receipts, common to Old World establishments. We venture to suggest among the latter, that the upper part of the house in the Academy of Music has never yet been made to pay what it should. Let comfortable stalls and small boxes be arranged in the upper tiers, and let for the

season, at a fixed moderate price. People who are now ashamed to go to any but the most expensive part of the house—which they can often ill afford—would soon be induced, by comfort and permanency, to avail of the new convenience. The Stockholders would best subserve their own interests by consenting to forego their existing monopoly of the (nearly) three hundred choicest seats in the house, reserving, simply, their right of admission. These reforms being achieved, a strong effort should be made, by offering liberal inducements for wholesale purchase, to lease the boxes in family (or grand) tier, also by the season. The patronage of the general public is too unreliable, too much affected by weather and caprice, to be regarded as a substantial basis for the treasury; such a basis must come as in London and Paris, from subscription. Let now a well balanced company of competent artists, whose selection shall be placed in hands of unmistakable experience and taste, and whose engagements shall be strict enough to prevent public disappointments, be brought forward, and there will be, with the suggested improvements, greater reason to anticipate successful and permanent establishment of Italian Opera in America, than we have yet had the right or the means to count upon. It is a pity that so elegant and refined an amusement should not obtain something better than its present precarious foothold here, and without being uncharitable enough to wish any one any harm, we shall be glad to see in the future, a management with sufficient spirit, dignity and capacity, to compass the necessary reforms, and to realize an Opera House as a solvent and abiding institution.—*N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.*

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING IN RICHMOND, VA.—The slave population and their employment are objects of interest to the visitors to all Southern cities. Go into a tobacco manufactory here and you will see from fifty to one hundred blacks of both sexes and all ages, busily engaged in picking and rolling the weed, and preparing it for boxing; while at the same time a flow of delightful harmony is kept up as their united voices join in some of their peculiar hymns, many of which are the same as are heard in the churches of Boston. The slaves work and sing as a matter of course; they could not well do the one without the other; and to a question of mine, after visiting some twenty or more factories where the same habit was observable,—I was told that their song was never interrupted by any one, though in several instances conversation with the proprietor was almost impossible, in consequence of the "congregational singing" among the operatives.

I visited one of the churches for blacks yesterday afternoon, and found there the same disposition to sing as prevails in the factories. No sooner had the last words of one hymn left the lips, than some little whining voice, or oftener, a gruff bass one, would lead off on something else; and I began to think that the congregation did not intend their preacher should have an opportunity to commence his portion of the service at all. There are no churches for free blacks in Richmond, but free and bond all worship together, and not a few whites are found among them, also; who are always treated with the greatest respect.—*Corr. of Boston Evening Transcript.*

THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF HANDEL'S "MESSIAH."—When Handel's "Messiah" was first performed, the audience was exceedingly struck and affected by the music in general; but when the chorus struck up, "For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," they were so transported that they all, together with the king, (who happened to be present,) started up and remained standing till the chorus ended; and hence it became the fashion in England for the audience to stand while that part of the music is performing. Some days after the first exhibition of the same divine oratorio, Mr. Handel came to pay his respects to Lord Kinnoul, with whom he was particularly acquainted. His lordship, as was natural, paid him some compliments on the noble entertainment which he had lately given the town. "My lord," said Handel, "I should be sorry if I only entertained them, I wish to make them better."

ANECDOTE OF ZEUNER.—Our notice of Zeuner's "Feast of Tabernacles," reminds us of an incident in his life, illustrative of his extreme sensitiveness. At one time organist of a prominent Episcopal church in this city, Zeuner, allowing his fancies to assume the shape of a masterly impromptu fugue upon a certain Sunday, astounded the few appreciative and knowing members of the congregation with his wonderful performance—while

he simultaneously shocked the many-headed with what seemed to them totally incomprehensible and devoid of beauty. At the conclusion of the service, one of the prominent members, meeting the great organist in the vestibule, put the following query to him: "Mr. Zeuner, pray, is our organ out of order? There was such an unaccountable jolting and rumbling in the pedals this morning, and altogether it sounded very strangely indeed." This lamentable display of musical ignorance entirely overcame the testy and sensitive harmonist. With a contemptuous hiss between his teeth, he strode from his interrogator, nor ever went near the stately church again, professionally or otherwise.—*Amateur's Guide.*

Here is a bit of pleasantry which goes to show what sort of a life is led by a Parisian theatrical manager. M. Beaumont, who has recently assumed the direction of the Opera Comique, and is supposed to be an exemplification of the proverb, that a "new broom sweeps clean," or that, in other words, his profession is paramount to every other consideration, is already in his office at nine o'clock in the morning, walking up and down the room, with an air of importance justified by his responsible position. A liveried servant enters and obsequiously asks if M. Beaumont "desires breakfast to be served?"

"Breakfast, indeed!" ejaculates the great man. "Either I am director of the Opera Comique, or I am not. If I am the director, it is my imperative duty to receive petition—I mean pieces. It is now between nine and ten o'clock, and not a single act have I yet accepted. Business before pleasure! Introduce the petitioners!"

The servant throws open the doors of the ante-chamber, and a throng of authors and composers rushes into the cabinet. After patiently listening, during two mortal hours, to the demands of his courtiers, the King of the Opera Comique is once more alone, and can at least breakfast in tranquillity. M. Beaumont has done a good morning's work; and six new operas are added to the repertoire of the establishment. The servant sits in the ante-chamber, awaiting the termination of his august master's repost. All at once, a gray-haired stranger enters, carrying under his arm a voluminous roll of music.

"Is the director in?" asks the stranger, in persuasive accents, at the same time slipping a Napoleon into the chamberlain's hand.

"The director is at this moment particularly engaged. He is breakfasting, and cannot be interrupted."

"Would you have the kindness to announce me?" entreats the stranger. "I am convinced he will receive me."

"I am quite sure it would be useless. You come on business, I suppose."

"Yes. Say that it is M. Auber, with a new opera."

"Let me advise you, M. Auber, to come some other day. We have already received a sufficient assortment in your line, this morning!"—*N. O. Delta.*

JULLIEN'S EXTRAORDINARY DUEL.—M. Jullien was first noticed by the public as leader of the concerts at the *Jardin Turc*, at Paris, since built over. A five story house now stands where he once stood, as we have also so often seen him here, with primrose gloves, and shirt cuffs turned up to the elbow, wielding the sceptre of the king of the orchestra. It was during his reign at the *Jardin Turc* that, according to M. Lecomte, the following accident happened to him: "He had an extraordinary duel, unprecedented save amongst Ariosto's fabulous heroes. One of the musicians, who had been a fencing-master in a regiment, had a dispute with him, and sent him a challenge. Jullien asked a week to prepare for the duel, and his request was granted. At the end of that time the encounter took place with swords, and he received a furious thrust, which ran him right through the body, the hilt of the weapon actually resting upon the wound, and his antagonist having naturally let go his hold, Jullien rushed upon him, and in his turn dealt him a desperate blow; after which, having thus revenged himself, he remained erect, with a sword sticking out of his back! Nobody daring to withdraw it, he himself had the energy to pluck it from the wound. It had made itself a passage which, wonderful to relate, interfered with none of the organs essential to life. A month afterwards, Jullien had resumed his baton and his primrose gloves, and, pallid and in elegiac attitudes, he once more presided over those concerts to which the fame of his adventure now attracted all Paris. The circumstances which decided him to quit Paris, were, like everything in his life, singular and out of the way. Having some cause of complaint against the authorities, he revenged himself by the composition of an odd

posting-bill, in which a combination of letters, put in larger type than the others, formed, when seen at a distance, words offensive to the police. He had to run for it, and then it was he went to England."

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 12, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha," Piano Solo.

### Orpheus Quartette Club.

On Saturday evening, Jan. 5th, the gentlemen composing this Club, Messrs. W. and C. SCHRAUBSTADTER, LANGERFELDT and JANSEN, the solo singers of the Orpheus Musical Society, gave a concert at the hall of Messrs. Chickering, assisted by Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG. The programme was excellent, and the execution for the most part also. The singing of these gentlemen in the Orpheus concerts made them deservedly favorites, and the ensemble-pieces they sang that evening, were done with that nicety of shading, that strict and careful entering in the intentions of the composer, which is a characteristic of the Orpheus, and a proof of Mr. KREISSMANN'S careful training.

#### PART I.

1. Quartette, "Ich grüße dich," .....Hartel
2. Aria, "O Isis und Osiris," from the Magic Flute. ....Mozart  
Mr. R. Jansen.
3. Tartini's Dream, Sonata for Violin, (1690,) by request,  
.....Tartini  
Mr. J. Eichberg.
4. Duetto from Don Giovanni. ....Mozart  
Messrs. C. Schraubstädter and R. Langerfeldt.
5. Quartette, Walzer. ....Vogl

#### PART II.

6. Quartette, "Drauss ist alles so prächtig," .....Spohr
7. Aria from Don Giovanni. ....Mozart  
Mr. C. Schraubstädter.
8. a. Elegie. ....Eichberg  
b. Fabiana. ....  
Mr. J. Eichberg.
9. Songs. a. Ungeduld. ....F. Schubert  
b. Er ist gekommen. ....R. Franz
10. Quartette, Abendlied. ....C. Kreutzer

The four quartets are good pieces. The tender "Ich grüße dich" and the similar "Abendlied," the May-song, "Drauss ist alles so prächtig" with its simple melody like a people's song and the favorite sparkling "Walzer" each one good in its way, have all of them their peculiar charm. The fine harmonic effects of No. 1 were accurately rendered, and the whole piece sung with truthful expression. The same is true of the "Abendlied;" the "Walzer" went as well as usual; in the quartet by Spohr, a greater degree of simplicity would have improved the rendering. The solos were well done, though not as well as the ensemble-pieces. We think we have heard Mr. Jansen's voice to greater advantage before in the same air than on Saturday. There was hardly life enough in his performance. This want of life was noticeable to some extent in the Duetto and the Aria from "Don Giovanni." The two songs by Schubert and Franz were better rendered than the other solo-pieces, though in some places they were overdone, especially the second.

Mr. LEONHARD who was expected to accompany the solos, and Mr. Eichberg's pieces being prevented from so doing by news of an unexpected sad event, the gentlemen were fortunate in having Mr. MEYER'S assistance, who without any rehearsal played well. It would be unfair,

therefore, to reflect on the fact that the accompaniments were too loud for the most part. Undoubtedly, had Mr. Meyer been able to rehearse with the gentlemen, he would have found the proportionate harmonious degree of strength.

Mr. Eichberg's part of the programme was performed with rare mastery and taste. The famous sonata, "Il trillo del diavolo" was rendered excellently. The trills with their accompaniments had a perfect finish and a drastic strength about them; in hearing them, one might imagine the savage scowl or the sardonic grin of the unutterable personage whose name the sonata bears. The tenderer, elegiac portion of it were played with fine taste and warmth of expression. The legend of this sonata as Tartini is said to have related it himself, is as follows: "One night I dreamed, his Satanic Majesty was addressing me in the following words: 'you are after all a cold composer, poor in invention, and but a common fiddler. I do these things better.' Then he played me a sonata such as I had never heard before, full of trills, which I like so well. I awoke, jumped up, tried to write down the sonata, which I still imagined I heard. I wrote a curious, very difficult sonata, full of the most artful trills. But I felt that my composition was far below the excellence of the original. Yet a d—lish sonata it is nevertheless." It is historical, that he preferred it to all his other compositions and had it constantly hanging on the wall of his room, opposite the door. The date 1690 as stated on the programme is an error, however, as Tartini was born only in 1692. With the same excellence in expression, breadth, strength and sweetness of tone, the two pieces of Mr. Eichberg's composition were played, of which the second seemed to us the most original. It is a pleasure to hear so difficult an instrument as the violin handled so well and masterly. It was a rare treat. A praiseworthy feature in Mr. E.'s two pieces, was the absence of all the routine clap-trap, we are accustomed to in the majority of violin-pieces. They are noble in treatment, and leave a pleasurable satisfaction in the mind of the hearer.

The concert was a very pleasant one, and was so received. The audience was a good one; from the absence of many persons whom we know to be great admirers of the singing of the Orpheus, we conclude, however, that the enterprise did not have publicity enough. Everything here depends on advertisements—no, fortunately not everything but a good deal concerning the business arrangements of concerts. We wish the concert might have been as profitable to the gentlemen as it was agreeable to the audience.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### The Messiah.

I have been considerably amused during the last few days, at reading the various newspaper criticisms on the performance of the *Messiah*, by the Handel and Haydn Society, on the 30th ult., but still more so by the opinions expressed by those same writers, that the *Messiah* is, after all—much of it—unfit for cultivated ears to listen to, in this advanced period of musical knowledge and experience.

While some of our best informed, and most judicious critics have given the old Society credit for having given to the public a very good per-

formance of this Christmas Oratorio; others have indulged in a strain of remark quite the opposite; and, in answer to the latter, I will only say that in common with many others—who perhaps are as competent judges as those who exhibit such wonderful capacity for faultfinding—I listened attentively through the performance with a high degree of satisfaction, and without discovering those blemishes so freely spoken of.

To an unprejudiced listener such expressions as "tame and spiritless"—"see-saw style of singing the choruses"—"catch-penny form" of presenting it to the public with a meagre chorus, orchestra, &c. &c., are very ridiculous, and can have no other possible effect than to convince the reader that something more than a desire to chronicle faithfully the doings on that occasion was the prime object.

But when one glances his eye over the criticisms of the work—the *Messiah* of Handel—he is lost in amazement at the exceeding knowledge (acquired in so short a space of time) and critical judgment of some of these newspaper writers. For instance, one who but a year ago,—or possibly two years ago—indulged in columns of praise of the Cantata called the "Haymakers," (a very clever thing in its way,) and who made use of this expression in relation to it, "we consider this composition as one of the greatest works of the age," now says that "the grandeur of this oratorio (the *Messiah*) cannot be felt by us with our progressive ideas, our present knowledge of the works of other great masters," having, undoubtedly, the "Haymakers" firmly fixed in his mind.

Another writer likens the magnificent runs and roulades of Handel's songs and choruses to a "festoon of onions to the rhythm of a hornpipe."

Surely we are progressive, and very soon we may expect to find the *Elijah* or *St. Paul* of Mendelssohn superseded (in the minds of many of these learned modern critics) by some composition of wondrous beauty, particularly adapted to Negro Minstrelsy.

The same writer says, "Let any other man write such stuff and the world will be shocked." Probably those magnificent fugues of connected notes in Mozart's *Requiem* were entirely forgotten when he penned that paragraph.

The assertion that the *Messiah* was never performed so well here as it was by the Mendelssohn Choral Society, a few years ago, and that it was then "faultless," is simply absurd. The Handel and Haydn Society, at the Festival of 1857, with a chorus of six hundred and an orchestra of eighty, gave this grandest of Handel's works in a manner to leave comparison with any other performance of it quite out of the question.

A highly respectable and popular Weekly, in a notice of the performance, written apparently in a very decidedly foggy atmosphere, speaks of the "imperfect organization of band and chorus, so evident on the start," &c., but neglects entirely to give an opinion of the merits of the composition. It would have been pleasant to have heard from him on that important point; but in the absence of such a decision as he is capable of giving, the musical world are obliged to withhold judgment until further developments. B.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB will give the first concert of their new series this evening, the programme for which is an inviting one; as it offers

to us the celebrated Septet of Beethoven, (op. 20.) which has never been played in public before in Boston. Messrs. HAMANN, HOHNSTOCK and STREINE will assist in the performance. The remainder of the programme is more calculated to attract a popular audience than the ordinary ones of the Club at their regular concerts. Mrs. LONG is to sing several songs, Mr. SCHULTZE gives a violin solo and Mr. ZONIER a flute solo.

We hope that a crowded house may reward this new undertaking, which is designed to attract two very different classes of hearers.

The next regular concert of the Club will take place on Tuesday next, when we shall hear Franz Schubert's Octette, by way of novelty. Mr. H. Draper will sing.

**BOSTON MOZART CLUB.**—We have received a copy of the Rules and Regulations of the club of amateurs recently organized under this name, for the purpose of rehearsing and performing orchestral music, to which we made mention some weeks ago. It surely augurs well for Art here that such an organization should exist among us, and we are glad to learn of the success of the undertaking. The following are the officers for the present year: Wm. M. Byrnes, President; Augustus Flagg, Vice President; George Papendick, Secretary; James Swan, Treasurer; George D. Russell, Assistant Manager; Edward Kendall, Librarian.

In addition to the performing members, the Club includes associate members, both gentlemen and ladies, who, by the payment of a small annual assessment, have the privilege of attending all the rehearsals and musical entertainments of the Club during the winter. We learn also that members of both sorts, active and associate, will be gladly welcomed by the Club, and that the officers whose names are well known in the community will give all information in the matter to those who are interested. The Club meets every Monday evening at the Piano Warerooms of Messrs. Hallett & Cumston, 339 Washington Street.

### The National Airs and Songs.

Differ as people, here and there, may, in these times, the NATIONAL SONGS seem everywhere to strike a vein of patriotism, and to touch a chord that never fails to respond. No one is willing to abandon them, poor as they may be intrinsically. A correspondent of a new Orleans paper warms into a positive enthusiasm, he protests against giving them up. He says:

I sincerely believe I never could learn to get entirely over a certain moisture of the eyelids that always comes to me when listening to the sweet and stately melody of the Star Spangled Banner, whether issuing from a company of mimic soldiers in the broad glare of day, or whether at nightfall, gently swelling over moonlit waves from a far-off line-of-battle-ship. Nor do I think I could easily conquer a certain tingling of the finger-ends, and a peculiar combative tendency which will creep over my usually quiet nature, when the soul-stirring notes of Hail Columbia, marching onward like an army to the field, suddenly breaks upon my ear. Much less, in view of the fact that even Yankee Doodle, played on a two-stringed fiddle by a negro boy, seated upon a cotton bale, will cause emotions patriotic in character, would I guarantee to nerve my heart to utter forgetfulness of any other of our national melodies, endeared to us by so many recollections of bravely-fought fields and hard-earned victories.

The New Orleans Crescent also protests against giving up Hail Columbia or the Star Spangled Banner, and even claims a special property in them for the South. None the less do we claim them here as ours, and long may they be a part of the common birthright of all AMERICANS. The Crescent very properly says:

"These tunes and anthems of right belong to the

South; and as they are glorious tunes and anthems, we should cherish and perpetuate them, instead of throwing them back into the possession of those who have causelessly and wantonly become our enemies. These magnificent compositions first burst upon the world when the whole country was a slaveholding country; and like nearly everything great in war, peace, intellect and science, which made our forefathers illustrious, sprung from one general source. Instead of abandoning, let us claim them as our own legitimate property. They are a proud portion of our birthright. Our whole people have listened to their swelling strains with unalloyed delight; and tens of thousands would almost as soon fight for their retention as they would for the protection of their section—so strong is their reverence for, and powerful their attachment to, the grand old tunes they have admired and loved from earliest boyhood to the present moment.

For these reasons, leaving out of the account numerous others which could be brought forward, we sincerely trust these truly Southern National Airs, wherever performed in public hereafter, will be greeted with that hearty approbation which has been bestowed upon them from the time when the memory of the oldest citizens runneth not to the opposite."

### New Publications.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for December. Reprint of Leonard Scott & Co.

"Maga" is always full of good meat and we greet every number with undiminished pleasure.

MARION GRAHAM, or "Higher than Happiness," by Meta Lander, author of "Light on the Dark River," &c. Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co. 506 pp.

### Musical Chit-Chat.

**MASON AND HAMLIN'S MELODEONS.**—The manufacture of melodeons and other instruments of that nature has grown within a few years into a large and important business. This class of instruments often fills a place that no other can supply, and various reasons, (beside an absolute preference for the tone) lead to their adoption and use.

The instruments made by the firm mentioned at the head of this article are distinguished as among the best, if not the very best made in this country, for tone, power, external finish and variety of style. At the late Fair of the Mechanic's Association in this city, Messrs. Mason and Hamlin were awarded the first premium, a SILVER MEDAL, for their Melodeons and Harmoniums. From the report of the judges accompanying this award, we make the following extracts:

"The instruments exhibited by the firm of Mason and Hamlin were of remarkably fine workmanship, and the care exercised in voicing the reeds has made them better than those of any other makers, with whose instruments your Committee are familiar. The enterprise and ingenuity which has been bestowed on them, and elevated them from the low level which in their first inception these instruments held, cannot be too highly commended and encouraged. Without discussing the question whether one kind of mechanism is more legitimate than another for producing tone in instruments of the organ class, there can be but one opinion of the advance already made in the manufacture of reed organs, and their present superiority over the specimens of former years; and your Committee would most cheerfully award to Mason and Hamlin the principal merit in promoting such a desirable result." The judges were: Messrs. William Read, Charles J. Capen, J. Baxter Upham, Carl Zerrahn, George Derby, James C. D. Parker and Samuel Jamison.

PITTSFIELD, MASS., Dec. 28.—The Cantata of "Paradise" and the Peri was performed by the pupils and music teachers of Maplewood. The correspondent informs us that the occasion passed off finely. The music was by Mr J. L. Ensign, who is one of the teachers of music in the institution, Messrs. K. Treuer and Otto Feder, being the others.

**A MUSICAL ENTHUSIAST.**—Dr. Ford, the rector of Melton, was an enthusiast in music, very singular in his manner, and a great humorist. His passion for sacred music was publicly known, from his constant attendance at most of the musical festivals in the kingdom. I have frequently met him, and always found him in ecstasies with Handel's music, especially the *Messiah*. His admiration of this work was carried to such an excess, that he told me he never made a journey from Melton to Leicester that he did not sing it quite through. His performance served as a pedometer by which he could ascertain his progress on the road. As soon as he had crossed Melton-bridge, he began the overture, and always found himself in the chorus, "Lift up your heads," when he arrived at Brooksby-gate; and "Thanks be to God," the moment he got through Thurmaston toll-gate. As the pace of his old horse was pretty regular, he contrived to conclude the Amen chorus always at the cross in the Belgrave-gate. Though a very pious person, his eccentricity was, at times, not restrained even in the pulpit. It need not be stated that he had a pretty good opinion of his own vocal powers. Once, when the clerk was giving out the tune, he stopped him, saying, "John, you have pitched too low—follow me." Then, clearing up his voice, he lustily began the tune. When the psalmody went to his mind, he enjoyed it; and, in his paroxysms of delight would dandle one or both of his legs over the sides of the pulpit during the singing. The doctor was himself a performer, had a good library of music, and always took the *Messiah* with him on his musical journeys. I think it was at Birmingham festival that he was sitting with his book upon his knee, humming the music with the performers, to the great annoyance of an attentive listener, who said, "I did not pay to hear you sing." "Then," said the doctor, "you have that into the bargain." — *Gardiner's Music and Friends*.

**NEW ACOUSTIC APPARATUS.**—The paraboloid sounding apparatus proposed several weeks since for the City Hall, has been secured and tested, and with the most satisfactory results. The contrivance is simple, and consists chiefly of a large oval apparatus after the style of a shell, erected ten or twelve feet above the platform, and supported by a couple of pillars, a few feet above the speaker's head. A very low sound of the voice is distinctly heard at the opposite end of the hall, and no echo is produced, however loud it may be. The whole thing cost but about \$200, and the benefit derived is worth that much during a single lecture season. It will be used during Mr. Youman's lecture, at the City Hall, this evening. — *Springfield Republican*.

**GOTTSCALK.**—Private advices inform us of the illness of the great American pianist, who still remains in Havana. At one time the attack proved so dangerous as to require the constant attendance of three eminent physicians. His friends, however, will be pleased to hear of his gradual convalescence since then. The character of the disease is not stated. — *Amateur's Guide*.

## Musical Correspondence.

TRAPPE, PA., Jan. 2.—The *Creation* was given in this village on Christmas Eve, by the Phi Kappa Tau Society, of Washington Hall. There was a goodly number of singers, accompanied by piano and several other instruments. The performance was characteristic of those given by the same society on former occasions good. The audience was larger than at any previous performance, and evidently appreciative; for *The Creation* entire was not sufficient. A gem from *Moses in Egypt* was given. C. H. JARVIS, of Philadelphia, presided at the piano, and closed with a masterly performance of an exceeding difficult piece. The solo singers were Miss TILLIE A. GROSS, C. D. HARTRAUFF, A. RAMBO, H. R. WEAND and H. W. SNYDER. The whole was under the conductorship of A. Rambo. This is a noble cause, and we say persevere. Q.

NEW YORK, JAN. 7.—In regard to opera there is very little to say. The Formes company gave one performance on New Year's night, which was well attended by Germans at theatre prices, but the panic, "hard times" and secession excitement have all been too strong to give poor Apollo a chance to twang his lyre again in Gotham. It is rumored that the Colson troupe will open the Brooklyn Academy of Music before long. It is probable that they will also give a few performances at our Academy of Music. Rumor hints the possibility of a new opera house being built in this city, further up town than that on Fourteenth Street. We need it about as much as a dog needs two tails.

Concerts announced this week are Miss HAWLEY's on Tuesday evening. The lady is a contralto vocalist of considerable ability, and a singer I believe in St. George's Church choir, where KING the best organist in the city (of his style) is engaged, and plays excepting on Christmas days and such like occasions, when he don't find time to attend. If Miss Hawley don't sing at St. George's, she sings somewhere else, it don't matter where. Her annual concert this year takes place at a new concert saloon, Irving Hall, a room highly spoken of. I give you the programme:

## PART I.

1. Solo, Violin—(Fantasia,) "Anna Bolena".....Allard Henri Appy.
  2. Song, "The Anchor's Weighed".....Mr. Simpson.
  3. Sacred Song, "Ruth and Naomi".....Topliffe Miss Hawley.
  4. Solo, Piano, Fantasia, (F sharp, minor).....Mendelssohn Mr. Beale.
  5. Duo, "The Sailor Sighs".....Balfé Miss Hawley and Mr. Simpson.
  6. Finale to the Second Act of "Lurline".....Wallace Mendelssohn Union.
- Solos by Mrs. W., Miss Francis, Mr. Simpson and Mr. Werneke.

## PART II.

1. Solo, Piano, Variations on "Home, Sweet Home".....Thalberg Mr. Beale.
2. Cavatina, "Roberto Devereux".....Donizetti Miss Hawley.
3. Song, "Home of my Heart," (Lurline).....Wallace Mr. Simpson.
4. Trio, "Turn on, Old Time," (Maritana).....Wallace Miss Hawley, Mr. Simpson, and Mr. Werneke.
5. Solo, Violin, "Grand Variation" (La Norma,).....Appy Henri Appy.
6. Song, "Good Night, Farewell".....Kucken Miss Hawley.
7. Chorus, (Lurline).....Wallace Mendelssohn Union.—Solo, Miss Breunen.

The Mendelssohn Union assisting at this concert, the Harmonic Society will assist by way of balancing attractions, at a concert to be given at the same place on Thursday evening, by Mr. BRISTOW, for a charitable object. Felicien David's *Desert* will be produced on this occasion.

A new singer has arrived here, but has not yet appeared. He is a tenor, SIMON LEVIDAN by name, an Italian, and formerly one of the Garibaldians. He has a powerful *tenore robusto* voice, and would take well in the Verdi Operas. His voice would easily fill the largest theatre, and I think that in case the lyric drama ever revives in this section, Simon Levidan's name will become better known. There is a new prima donna here also, a Mlle. ELENA who comes from Rio. In the present operatic stagnation she had better have stayed there.

Some little gossip and perturbation has been created in church choir circles by the communications of one "TIMOTHY TRILL" to the *Despatch* of this city. Timothy is an organist who possesses some brains, a facile pen and a great many absurd notions. He composes music, and too much of it for his own good; but he is a clever writer and "cuts up" the follies and whims of church choir members admirably. He has exposed some curious instances of musical charlatanism, and his communications are worthy the attention of *Dwight's Journal*.

I don't know how it is in Boston, but as far as New York is concerned, church choirs and their occupants form a most amusing study. It is incredible how many stupid, incompetent, yet self-conceited people belong to choirs—how much twaddling, cackling, gossiping, slandering, backbiting, reviling and all uncharitableness is going on in them. Changes are constantly occurring. If a man or a woman gets a station in a church worth having, he or she is thenceforward the target for aspersions and envy. He or she is the object of official assassination; and he or she has the pleasant knowledge that a band of least fifty individuals are panting to turn him or her out of the position and fill it themselves. Under handed means is familiar to the majority of our choir musicians. Germans who can live on three cents a day, and save two of them, are ever ready to underbid an American musician, and I could give instances in connection with some of our choirs which would amaze everybody but a New York musician. Efforts have been made to unite our church choirs into a sort of mutual benefit Society; but the personal piques and jealousies were too strong for the successful accomplishment of the plan. TROVATOR.

WORCESTER, JAN. 5.—I have for a long time been hoping that some one in the "heart of the Commonwealth," would inform you of our musical affairs here, but as I have not seen a communication in your valuable paper from this place, for a long time, I will write a few lines which you can publish if they are worth publishing.

Concerts this season are like angel's visits, few and far between. On Friday of last week we were favored with a concert by the MENDELSSOHN QUINETTE CLUB, of Boston; assisted by the popular vocalist Mrs. LONG. She never sang better. The concert as a whole was faultless.

Our Mozart Society is in a flourishing condition, numbering one hundred and fifty members, with Prof. E. H. FROST, Conductor; B. D. ALLEN, Pianist and G. P. BURT, leader of orchestra. Handel's "Messiah" was performed by this Society on Saturday evening, Dec. 29th. Both solos and choruses were well rendered. "I know that my Redeemer liveth" was sung by Miss WHITING with fine effect, and was the gem of the evening. The remaining solos were sustained by Miss FISKE, Mrs. PIERCE, Mrs. DOANE and Mrs. HILL; Messrs. FROST, WHITING, ALLEN and LAWRENCE. The orchestra played the accompaniment finely, and also the overture to Zampa.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club propose giving a series of chamber concerts, commencing Friday of next week. In my next I will give you an account of their concert, I shall also have a few words to say in regard to our Mendelssohn Choral Club under the direction of Mr. B. D. Allen. M.

A WHISTLER ENCORED IN A THEATRE.—Night before last a little event occurred at Niblo's Theatre which will long be remembered by all who were present. Pending the appearance of the members of the orchestra, who were for some reason behind time, a plainly dressed man in the third tier commenced whistling that peculiarly plaintive melody, "The Last Rose of Summer," with a sweetness and grace quite bewitching. By degrees the accustomed hum of voices in the parquette and boxes ceased, and all eyes were turned upward in the vain endeavor to trace whence came the mysterious and thrilling strains. The audience seemed entranced with the strange warbling notes and trills of the whistler, and perfect quiet reigned throughout the house. Some of the actors peered from behind the curtain, and even the musicians crept silently into the orchestra. With the most intricate variations, the whistler finished the air, when a storm of applause broke from the audience, which almost shook the house to the centre. Again were the shrill and peculiar notes of the whistler heard, and again was the house reduced to breathless silence. The strange music ceasing a second time, the orchestra struck up an operatic air, but their music was fairly drowned by the storm of applause. One of the ushers finally traced out the whistler, and churlishly turned him out of the house. —N. Y. Tribune.

## Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE  
LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson &amp; Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The skipper and his boy. V. Gabriel. 30

A free and happy imitation of Hullah's musical version of "Three fishers went sailing." It is a sad and mournful story and with the assistance of the highly suggestive music, is capable of producing a deep impression.

Tender blossoms. (D'un pensiero.) Duet. "Sonnambula." 30

The beautiful Quintet Finale in the second act, where Edgardo denounces the vainly pleading Amina, arranged as a duet for two Ladies' voices, to new and original words, by Linley. It is a gem.

Jennie of Mendee. Song and Chorus. W. O. Fiske. 25

Simple and pretty. Just the thing for Amateur Quartet or Serenading Clubs.

Faded Flowers. Song by Willing Arranged with Guitar Accompaniment. Dora. 25

A song which has become very popular of late, and promises to be still more so.

## Instrumental Music.

Fort Sumter Grand March. D'Albert. 30

Major Anderson's Quickstep. " 25

Both the pieces are dedicated to the commander of Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor whose recent coup d'état has gained him such great notoriety in all sections of the country. They are both very fine pieces of music, and will recommend themselves, even without the title, to lovers of this style of music.

On rocking waves. Th. Oesten. 35

The second number of a cycle of elegant Piano pieces, entitled "Bygone hours," which the composer has lately added to the favorites of the day. The set is fully equal to the "Sounds of Love," by the same author, of which one or two numbers are in the hands of almost every advanced player.

Lucretia Borgia. Rondo. Julius E. Muller. 25

An instructive piece of pleasing character for about the third quarter.

## Books.

THE PIANIST'S BEST COMPANION. (SCHMIDT'S FIVE FINGER EXERCISES.) A collection of two hundred and thirteen Five-finger Exercises for the Pianoforte, intended to impart an independent and equal action of the Fingers on that instrument. Composed by Aloise Schmidt, with an introduction by J. A. Hamilton. 50

The practice of five-finger exercises, or, in other words, of passages in one fixed position of the hands, has been found so eminently useful, not only to beginners, but even to advanced pupils, as a means of forming a true and graceful position of the hands and arms, and equality in the action of the fingers, that such exercises are now placed before pupils by all respectable masters throughout Europe. This collection will be found more ingenious, diversified and complete than any other yet published.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 459.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 19, 1861.

VOL. XVIII. No. 16.

## The Birth of the Year.

BY FREDERICK TENNYSON.

Let us speak low; the infant is asleep;  
The frosty hills grow sharp; the day is near,  
And Phosphor with his taper comes to peep  
Into the cradle of the new-born year;  
Hush! the infant is asleep—  
Monarch of the Day and Night;  
Whisper yet—it is not light:  
The infant is asleep.

Those arms shall crush great serpents ere to-morrow;  
His closed eye shall wake to laugh and weep;  
His lips shall curl with mirth and writhe with sorrow,  
And charm up Truth and Beauty from the deep:  
Softly—softly—let us keep  
Our vigils; visions cross his rest;  
Prophetic pulses stir his breast,  
Although he be asleep.

Now, Life and Death arm'd in his presence wait;  
Genii with lamps are standing at the door;  
Oh! he shall sing sweet songs; he shall relate  
Wonder, and glory, and hopes untold before.  
Murmur melodies that may creep  
Into his ears, of old sublime;  
Let the youngest born of Time  
Hear music in his sleep.

Quickly he shall awake: the East is bright,  
And the hot glow of the unrisen sun  
Hath kissed his brow with promise of its light;  
His cheek is red with victory to be won.  
Quickly shall our king awake,  
Strong as giants and arise;  
Sager than the old and wise  
The infant shall awake.

His childhood shall be froward, wild, and thwart;  
His gladness fitful, and his anger blind;  
But tender spirits shall o'ertake his heart—  
Sweet tears and golden moments, bland and kind!  
He shall give delight and take,  
Charm, enchant, dismay, and soothe;  
Raise the dead, and touch with youth  
Oh! sing that he may wake!

Where is the sword to gird upon his thigh?  
Where is his armor, and his laurel crown?  
For he shall be a conqueror ere he die,  
And win him kingdoms wider than his own!  
Like the earthquake he shall shake  
Cities down, and waste like fire;  
Then build them stronger, pile them higher,  
When he shall wake.

In the dark spheres of his unclosed eyes  
The sheeted lightnings lie, and clouded stars,  
That shall glance softly, as in summer skies,  
Or stream o'er thirsty deserts, winged with wars;  
For in the pauses of dread hours  
He shall fling his arms off,  
And, like a reveller, sing and laugh  
And dance in ladies' bowers.

Oftimes in his midsummer he shall turn  
To look upon the dead bloom with weeping eyes:  
O'er ashes of frail beauty stand and mourn,  
And kiss the bier of stricken hope with sighs.  
Ofttimes like light of onward seas,  
He shall hail great days to come,

Or hear the first dread note of doom,  
Like torrents on the breeze.

His manhood shall be blissful and sublime,  
With stormy sorrows, and serene pleasures,  
And his crowned age upon the top of Time  
Shall throne him great in glories, rich in treasures.  
The sun is up; the day is breaking;  
Sing ye sweetly; draw anear;  
Immortal be the new-born year,  
And blessed be its waking.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Sketches of French Musical History.

### II.

ERA OF THE CARLOVINGIANS, A. D. 751—987.

Upon the fall of Merovingian dynasty, the second race of kings, known as the Carolingians, came into power. We must not forget that from the time of the conversion of the Gauls to Christianity down to the discovery of printing, the church was, in France, almost the only depository of the traditions of letters, sciences and arts. The nobles wielded the sword, the peasants (serfs) cultivated the soil, the "clerks" only, in the monasteries, copied the manuscripts of antiquity and made additions to the sum of human knowledge. Music, too, followed the same course, and experienced a similar development to language, grammar, and the seven liberal arts, among which it was also numbered.\*

Ecclesiastical music — the Gregorian chant — was also called *Roman*, because, at first established at Rome, it spread thence throughout the West.

Towards the end of the sixth century, pope Gregory the Great, determined to restore the ancient splendor of the church service. He called about him men of skill, and being himself a very expert musician, he applied to the improvement of vocal music those theories of Boethius which had then recently popularized among the Latins the difficult rules of the Greeks. He established at Rome a school of sacred music in two sections; one by the staircase of St. Peter, at the Vatican, the other in the Palace of St. John Lateran. In the second the Pope himself gave instructions to the pupils, of whom the most remarkable were rapidly advanced to high ecclesiastical dignities. The school continued to flourish for several centuries after the death of the pontiff, producing a great number of singers who spread with great eclat the Gregorian or Roman modes of singing in France, Spain, Germany and even England.

According to Castil-Blaze the chapel or musical establishment of the kings of France was not regularly organized until the year 750, under the reign of Pepin the Short. Seven years afterward this sovereign sent an embassy with presents to the Eastern Emperor Constantin, who, in return, sent as a present to Pepin, an organ, which the king placed in the church of St. Cornelius, at Compiègne. Walafrid Strabo relates

\* The "Liberal Arts" were Rhetoric, Dialectics, Mathematics, Arithmetic, Geometry, Music and Astronomy.

that a woman, listening for the first time to the instrument, until then unknown in France, actually fainted through pleasure and excitement.

The use of the organ quickly spread and its introduction into the ceremonies of the church proved exceedingly effective in improving the science of harmony. During Pope Stephen's residence in France, Pepin had been struck with the melody and majesty of Roman singing. Wishing, at a later period, to establish it in his kingdom, he applied to Pope Paul, who sent him the books containing the music; after which, Simeon, one of the first of the Roman musicians, by order of the Pope, opened a singing school at Rouen, where Remi, brother of Pepin and Bishop of the city, placed a great number of pupils, who were afterwards to be distributed in the provinces. This was the origin of "Masters of Music."

Gervold, chaplain of queen Bertrade, possessed a fine voice and good knowledge of the art of singing; he also, in 787, established a music school, in the monastery of St. Waudrille, of which he was abbot, which became celebrated. But the barbarism of the prevailing taste soon corrupted the primitive purity of the Roman music; for when Charlemagne went to Rome with his chapel, the third time, to celebrate Easter, a dispute arose between his singers and the Roman. The former pretended to sing best, the latter claimed this praise, and this upon the ground that they had been instructed by St. Gregory; and accused the French of having perverted the ancient music. The matter was referred to Charlemagne, who decided the point by asking his singers, "Which water is purest and best; that which runs from a living spring, or that which collects from various streamlets?"

The singers replied unanimously that water was most limpid at its source, and became the more impure as it was the farther conveyed in canals.

"Well then," cried the king, "return to the source of St. Gregory, for it is clear that you have corrupted the chant."

On this occasion Charlemagne obtained of Pope Adrian, two singers, Theodore and Benoit, well versed in the art of teaching Gregorian singing, who took with them their Antiphonaries, (Books of the Service) written in the Roman notation. On his return to France, Charlemagne established one of his men at Metz, the other at Soissons, and ordered the Music Masters of all the French cities to correct their Antiphonaries after those of St. Gregory.

Paul Diacre was ordered to prepare in two volumes the offices for all the festivals of the year, and Leidrade, archbishop of Lyons, established a school in his Cathedral, on the model of Charlemagne's chapel. At this place the custom was adopted of chanting every office by rote as it was done in the Emperor's court. Charlemagne occupied himself much with music and demanded frequent rehearsals from his singers. He composed, among other things, that magnifi-

cent hymn, which is still sung at Pentecost, beginning with the words, *Veni, creator spiritus*. We have remarked the appearance of the B flat in this hymn as also in the *Vezilla Regis*. But it is only inserted here to soften the interval of the third (tri-tone), although its effect is, as in the other piece mentioned, to give the melody that tint of sadness, which is inherited in our modern music by the key of D minor. The principal musicians, contemporaries of Charlemagne, were Bede, the celebrated English monk, and Alcuin, his learned disciple, who became the professor and friend of the Emperor. We may note, too Chrodegang, Bishop of Metz, who introduced the pure Roman chant into his diocese, and Theodulphe, Bishop of Orleans, to whom we owe the hymn for Palm Sunday, *Gloria laus et honor*.

Louis the Pious, successor of Charlemagne, inherited his father's love for music, he often joined his choristers in singing and caused a magnificent hydraulic organ to be constructed for his beautiful church at Aix la Chappelle. During his reign the most remarkable liturgic musicians were, Amalaine, Deacon at Metz; Agobard, Archbishop of Lyons; Helicasar, Chancellor of the Crown; Walafrid Strabo; Rhaban Maur, Archbishop of Mayence; and Angelome, a monk at Luxeuil.

Charles the Bald was, like father and grandfather, also a musician. He composed the office of the Holy Shroud, for Compiègne and the response of St. Martin, *O quam admirabilis*. At the same time, Remi of Auxerre, Reginon, and Hucbald were laying the foundations of the science of harmony.

In the tenth century, Aurelian already gave rules for modulation, while Guy of Auxerre, Odon de Cluny and Jean de Metz emulated the ancients in hymns and songs composed in honor of divers saints. But by the side of the purely liturgic was now springing into being a music popular and secular, — songs of new Frank bards — who whether in the Teutonic, Latin or Romance tongue — then the most widely spread languages, celebrated the exploits of contemporary heroes. We have read the poem composed by the Frank, Angelbert, upon the battle of Fontenat or Fontenay (June 25, 841) and can affirm that it is not wanting in a noble and martial character. We must mention as remarkable:

1. The complaint on the death of Charlemagne.
2. The complaint on the death of Abbé Hug.
3. The Chant of Godeschale, monk of the abbey of Fulda and Orbais (France) who died Oct. 3, 868 or 869, after condemnation as a heretic.

These pieces have been published by the learned M. E. De Coussemaker, in his *Histoire de l'Harmonie au moyen Age*. The music to the Odes of Boethius and that to the odes of Horace contained in the same volume, appears to us but ordinary; but the *Chant de la Sybil* upon the last Judgment, has a large and awful effect, and so has that to the *Prose des Morts* of Montpellier and that to the *Libera* in the Missal d'Aquilée. Here then we have the origin of the *Dies Irae*, that sublime and awe-inspiring inspiration attributed in our time to various authors whose names are the subjects of dispute and controversy. The poem, in honor of Otho III. dates from the 10th century; but nothing is so melodious and

graceful as the table song of the same epoch published by M. de Coussemaker, after MSS. in the imperial libraries of Paris and Vienna; both poetry and music have a freshness of color which will always be young — another proof of the truth of the old saying "the truly beautiful is immortal."

But as composition, sacred and secular, was already cultivated in those remote and barbarous times with success, so musical notation was becoming by degrees reduced to a system and harmony or rather counterpoint was born and nourished in the pious solitudes of the cloisters. To the ancient alphabets had now succeeded a rotation in points and the *neuma*.\* These signs, upon the absolute value of which the learned are not yet agreed, had at first but the appearance of apostrophes or accents; but becoming too complicated, a horizontal line was soon introduced — the first element of our *staff* — giving something of geometric regularity to the quantitative signs, which still were in the main arbitrary in form. Music must, however, have a method of instruction founded upon tradition, for no written signs can ever fully express the manner of its execution.

We must go back to the *Sentences* of Isidore of Seville for the first definition of modern harmony, considered as the concord and union of several simultaneous tones. [Vide Gerbert, *Scriptores Ecclesiastici*, vol. i., p. 21.] Aurelian de Réomé, Remi d'Auxerre, Reginon de Prum, Scotus Erigonus developed those combinations of tones which the monk of Angoulême called the art of *organizing*. They gave, in fact, the term *organum* to the vocal or instrumental parts, which served as a relief to the principal melody.

But the first author of the middle ages, who treated of harmony, with all the practical details necessary to convey an exact idea, is Hucbald, a monk at St. Armand in Flanders, who lived at the end of the ninth and the beginning of the tenth centuries. His *Musica Enchiradio*, (vide Gerbert, vol. I.) is composed of nineteen chapters, most of which are specially devoted to Harmony. He applies the term *Diaphony* to the harmonious singing of dissimilar sounds heard simultaneously. Two species of *Diaphony* are distinguished. In the first, the melody is accompanied in direct movement by the octave, fifth or fourth. This diaphony, which corresponds to the *mixture* on the organ, is, in its effect, hard and barbarous to the cultivated ears of our time. The constant employment of these perfect chords in all the various combinations of three and four parts had nothing offensive to the primitive musical ear of our good ancestors; these intervals, the succession of which is absolutely proscribed in our times, were even regarded as "producing a harmonious concert, a music of great sweetness." (Gerbert, Vol. I. 166.)

The second series of diaphony was composed of intervals mixed by motion direct, oblique or contrary. In the 18th chapter of Hucbald's manual, we find an example, which includes, besides the fourth and fifth above cited, the unison, second and major third.

But this is sufficient upon music during the era of the Carolingians.

\* The late Prof. Dehn had projected a treatise upon the *neuma*, of which his sudden death has deprived the world.

Miss ABBY FAY, of Boston, is in Florence.

## Musical Culture.

### VI.

#### RETROSPECT.

The various subjects which we have attempted to discuss under the general title of *Musical Culture* are of such moment that to treat them thoroughly many volumes would be required; what we have given must therefore be considered merely as suggestions. With reference to the two articles on *Instruction* we wish no one to infer from the stress that we have laid on the development of the *musical* capabilities of a pupil, that we underrate the importance of educating the powers of mechanical execution. The reason why we said little or nothing about the latter subject was, as stated there, that most instruction books — we mean of course the better class of them — have treated of it in a satisfactory manner. But not only the instruction-books; almost all books treating of musical subjects in general, all journals of music, most papers devoted to schools and education, many conventions of musicians and teachers — since the instrument became popular — have made it a theme for discussion. In short, it is a subject that is not left to rest for a moment; and naturally enough, nothing important can be said of it now which in some form or other has not been heard a thousand times before.

That the art of piano-forte playing consists in a skilful use of the fingers and hands is doubtless true; but it is no less true that *music* should form a prominent part of a performance, or to speak more plainly, that the most astonishing feats of digital and manual skill do not make up for the absence of the musical spirit. We must, however, admit that the composers are partly responsible for the eagerness with which inferior professional players, and amateurs, seize on the common-place productions of the so-called manufacturers, just as they are responsible for the fact that so many superficial and trivial songs are publicly executed, even by superior singers. In both cases they have committed the fault of disregarding, at least to a great extent — the nature of the voice and the instrument, as well as the inclinations of the performer, especially the public performer; they are too sparing with the wealth of sound and euphony at their disposal and give the musician too little opportunity to play or sing as he would like. As regards the pianoforte, in its present state, there is an abundance of sound in its strings, a power, a variety of light and shade, and of instrumentation, that are too often disdained by the so-called classical composers and abandoned to their inferior contemporaries, who turn them to all sorts of abuse. To compose in the style of Bach, Mozart or Beethoven, is very well; but it should be done with regard to the improvements the instrument has gained since those masters lived and labored. We must also not forget what a fascinating power *splendor* exercises on youthful minds. Let every musician ask himself, how often in his life he has succumbed to its charm, and let him cease to accuse the amateur player who prefers a splendidly arrayed piece by Thalberg to the poor, intractable and finger-breaking skeletons furnished by the so-called learned composers or the uncompromising masters of counterpoint. When ugliness shall pass for beauty we may perhaps expect to find it otherwise.

To the article on *public performances* we may add here that our musicians manifest in general too conservative a spirit. It would seem that for us there exist no Symphonies of Schumann, Berlioz, Gade, Rubinstein, Hiller, Wuerst and many others, whose works are worthy a place on a programme. Year after year we must hear Beethoven's fifth and seventh, though by this time they might be supposed to have been thoroughly digested by the music-lovers in these quarters. In chamber-music there is a still greater choice, and Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn (singular that Haydn is almost totally neglected), without compromising their glory, might well make room, now and then, for others. The number of composers is almost legion who have successfully cultivated the stringed quartet, though their names are not in every one's mouth. But let us not be misunderstood. Any musical institution which draws its programmes principally from the afore-said great masters is entitled to much credit; for, who can do without listening often to the lucid, serene Mozart, and to the deep, passionate Beethoven? and who, that is desirous of seeing a good taste diffused and love for the art excited, could recommend a better selection to that effect? But, nevertheless, such an institution misconceives its task, if it confines itself, besides one or two others, exclusively to these composers. Therefore, a little more variety, gentlemen! a little more regard for the age in which you have the honor to live and which showers its blessings upon ye.

To write about *criticism*, as we have attempted in the fifth article, is an ungrateful task; because it is a subject so pregnant, so many-sided, and capable of so many different modes of treatment, that after all one may have said, it yet seems, as if the most important part were left out. It is also a very delicate subject, if one deems it necessary to expose the abuses that are carried on in the name and under the guise of criticism. We confess frankly, that the inclination to undertake that business was very strong. But, after all, what would it avail? Would it abate the nuisance? Doubtless, not in the least. Moreover, we do not belong to those who think that, because they have access to the press, they have also the privilege of assailing a profession that counts among its members so many noble men and excellent writers; though we must admit that even these not unfrequently follow the impulse of the moment, or an acquired routine, without remembering the terrible power of the press. How many a deserving artist has had occasion to deplore the consequences of a hasty judgment on himself and his works! It is, however, not always the unappreciative and unfavorable, but frequently the laudatory, criticisms that are misapplied and thus work injury. We see often one artist of a city coaxed and petted before the public, while the rest, though equally meritorious, are hardly deemed worth noticing. The truth that an abundance of praise heaped on one is bestowed at the expense of the others, is too frequently forgotten; and the consequence is that both, the critic and his favorite, are hated by the weaker portion of those others, and that all of them feel discouraged. The demon of partiality, that arch-fiend to justice and truth, is perpetually lurking about a local critic, attempting to drag him from the right path.

As regards criticisms on compositions it seems

necessary here, where the superficial and the solid have advocates equally numerous, to uphold the standard of high and true art with inexorable firmness. This alone can inspire friends with hope and confidence; this alone can strike enemies with discouragement and dismay; this alone can finally secure the victory for the good over the bad. However, this by no means implies that every thing shall be decried that does not quite come up to the standard of an elaborate master-work. While a critic's refrain in his addresses to the artists should for ever be: "Onward, to perfection!" and while he should omit no opportunity of stimulating and encouraging them to achieve the highest, the sublimest, he should acknowledge every species that has a right to exist, and he should give the composer credit for as much virtue as his work displays. A barn, a dwelling-house, a palace and a cathedral rank differently in architecture and command different degrees of respect, according to the idea they respectively realize, and according to the amount of invention, of science, skill, labor, patience, perseverance and similar virtues, which the construction of each requires. The barn is as little to be despised as the cathedral, if it is correctly built and exhibits as much taste as is consistent with its nature and destiny. Thus, in music, we have the Oratorio, the Opera, the Symphony, the Song, the March, the Waltz, and so forth; or, in other words, we have sacred, opera, concert, chamber (or parlor), military, and dance, music. Each is as necessary as the other; but as works of art, one species is of an higher order than another. The composer of a Waltz, if the piece shows invention, taste and skill, is entitled to respect; but the composer of a Symphony, that manifests the same good qualities, is entitled to much more respect; because the composition of a Symphony requires a far greater amount of all of the virtues before enumerated than a Waltz. Accordingly, it is a good sign, which speaks well for the artistic culture of a city or a country, and for its intellectual and moral superiority, if one sees its artists cultivating the higher forms more or less exclusively. Those critics that discourage every effort in a higher direction by persuading themselves and the public into the belief that superficial opera-music — such as that which the modern Italian composers and their imitators, to whatever country they may belong, are fabricating — is the quintessence of true art, would do well to consider this and cease their noxious labors. As before remarked, we grant everything the right of existence; but let it pass for what it is, and let it be judged accordingly.

We find it natural that people are delighted by the mediocre, when they have not yet culture enough to enjoy the superior. What an immense number of all sorts of books one must have read, beginning with the stories of Mother Goose, before one is enabled to appreciate Shakespeare's Hamlet, Goethe's Faust, or Humboldt's Cosmos! The same process is necessary in music with reference to the enjoyment of works of the first class, or classical works. It is a presumption, therefore, that is hardly equaled, if persons, or cliques, who have neither the sensibility nor the culture necessary to perceive, and delight in, the excellence of such works, declare there is nothing superior in them, if they do not say something worse, and now labor to guide the taste and judgment of the public according to their false

theories, theories of which the principal doctrine is, that the more readily a composition adapts itself to an undeveloped ear and to an indolent mind, the nearer approaches it to the ideal of a true work of art. An opera, in which there is an abundant lack of dramatic truth, whose melodies are skimmed from the surface and whose harmonic, modulatory and contrapuntal structure ignores all art and science — this is true music. Now, look here, young musicians, ye, who have a burning desire for perfection, who are unhappy, if you cannot exercise your talents on the highest, whose life's aim and end is to realize the true destiny of a man and an artist — see, what a glorious future those critics and connoisseurs are preparing for you! Hang up your hopes, turn back your aspirations a peg or two, sit down and echo the strains of Verdi and Flotow, or else your career will be a failure! But, fear not! By the power of Bach, by the fire of Beethoven, by the religious fervor of Handel, it shall not come to pass! The dignity of the Art is given into your hands, and no would-be-critic or would-be-connoisseur can harm it, if you stand firm.

Schiller says: wherever Art is fallen, it is through the artists. The sentence may be inverted and remain equally true: wherever Art has risen, it has done so through the artists. Accordingly, the music of this country, its rise, progress and glory, depends chiefly on the musicians. Those, of course, only are meant who have the will and the power to do something for it.

It is true that the times are exceedingly unfavorable for musical enterprise of a higher character. We not only allude to the political struggle that is rending our country at this moment, but also to the restlessness and materialism which characterize this age. Still, it should not discourage us, but rather demonstrate the necessity of nourishing the flame of the muse and keep it burning brightly, so that its divine glow may illumine the darkness around us.

Let every one, however limited his opportunities, however small the circle over which his influence extends, do what he can to promote the best in art and life, and we shall see our wishes crowned with success.

BENDA.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Ludwig von Beethoven's Life and Works.

BY ADOLF BERNHARD MARX.

Translated from Dr. F. Brendel's Review, by G. A. Schmitt.

(Continued from page 331.)

"In spite of all chronological accounts," says MARX, (p. 220, part I), "there is more than a century between Mozart's and Beethoven's time; there is between them the great French Revolution. It would be a great mistake to presume that its influence extended to political affairs only, and not at the same time to the social state of Europe and to the minds of men. The time of Haydn and Mozart with its modest contentment and its restriction to private interests and individual emotions, to the enjoyments and cares of private or family life had gone. The interests and pleasures incident to it have remained and will remain as long as we are mortal. But there have risen beside them those more comprehensive ones connected with the ideas of liberty and constitutional law, connected with the right of the masses to take a part in public affairs, giving to all and everything a higher aim and tendency, in proportion as they take root."

Beethoven grows up with this growth of mankind

in Europe. The days when mankind revelled in childlike pleasures had vanished; those beautiful times were irretrievably lost. We may remember them with pain and longing, as SCHILLER turns back to the Gods of Greece; but all our longing will never bring them back. Beethoven, having eaten from the tree of knowledge, being a son of the 19th century, could not content himself with the subordinate position of Haydn and Mozart, to make music for the pleasure of an aristocratic mob. Proud of his dignity as an artist, he felt himself the equal of the princes and the powerful in his intercourse with them, just as Handel before him with the English aristocracy. Add to this "crime" that B. did not prefer to die as a young man, after creating his 2d symphony, but rather write a number of his principal works in the mature age of manhood. Every old maid of rank would have celebrated B. as the universal heir and successor of Mozart, somewhat eccentric, to be sure, but amiable. B. preferred to live and to rise by the strength of his own genius in the full power of manhood.

We pass by the interesting account Marx gives of B.'s young years at Bonn. His star was destined to rise at Vienna over the pure spring of Haydn and Mozart. In our statement of B.'s relations to his predecessors we merely endeavored to reflect the ideas of Marx. BACH and HANDEL, on the contrary, had but a limited influence on his development. As to BACH "B. was influenced by him as by HANDEL. He absorbed as much of them as his own individual nature might. He never studied them with a view of appropriating them or fashioning himself after them (Marx I. p. 55)." CHERUBINI's operas and MENDEL's "Joseph," the latter we rate higher though than Marx—certainly exerted only a superficial influence. In instrumentation and harmonization and harmonization especially, a relation between B. and Cherubini cannot at all be assumed.

The number of works B. wrote in his youth is very small. All developed, like Pallas Athene, he presented himself to the nation, though not at first as colossal in size as in the *Missa solennis* and the Ninth Symphony, Marx enumerates (p. 65) quite a number of smaller works, which B. probably wrote in the time from 1783—1795. With the works, which, according to Marx's view, appear small when measured by B.'s standard, and are like a combination of the works of his youth are to be classed: the *Variations on a theme in F*, op. 34, and the *Variations on a theme*—or, rather, two themes—from the *Finale of the Eroica*, with a fugue, op. 35. With all due deference to the judgment of Marx, we think these variations deserve a higher place. Just in these variations the great tone-poet takes his ideas from the innermost depths of his soul, he shows that if he did not exhaust the theme, in itself not at all grand, in the *Eroica*, a theme which occurs in the ballet "Prometheus" likewise, he did it only with reference to the limitations of form. If we hear these variations played by an inspired artist, of the orchestral power of H. v. BULOW, we cannot help liking and admiring them. The two small Sonatas in G minor and major, op. 49 certainly belong to a very early period. They are insignificant to be sure. But how much do they not impress children, who generally are first introduced by them to B.! The writer remembers the time with pleasure when a world of rapture and joy arose before him from the *Andante in G minor*, little as it is. Marx fitly calls all these smaller works connecting links between the genius and the public.

B. was despised on the one hand and excommunicated on the other for his revolutionizing the musical form of those times. Marx proves incontrovertibly that B. emancipated himself from traditional forms without becoming formless. The subjects of his poems demanded another form. Such is always created by a genius who makes an epoch in art.

"Beethoven is not placed high enough by those who consider this exceeding the old limits of forms as a dominant feature. To relinquish forms may be the result of arbitrariness or striving for originality, or ignorance and want of skill in the handling of forms. This relinquishing of forms taken by itself is not therefore freedom, not proof of an artist nature. Beethoven had to carry out a higher destiny. As a true, cultivated and faithful artist he entered into the forms created before him and completed them, filling them with his whole energy. But where they did not correspond to the idea of his work, he went beyond them, enlarging or creating new forms." (Maax I. 85.)

The form not being an external necessity, but like the human face, the mirror of the soul, it is inadmissible to assume different levels in the development of B.'s three successive styles. B.'s mind grows: as long as the old form is sufficient for his mind, he puts forth his blossoms within its limits. When it grows too narrow for him, he bursts it, creating a form of his own. This continuous growth of B.'s mind, LISZT beautifully and ingeniously described in a letter to LENZ written in 1852. We cannot refrain from quoting the principal passage from the document as communicated by Lenz (Marx 85):

"The solution I arrived at with reference to this question (namely, how far traditional forms necessarily determine the organization of the musical idea) such as it manifests itself in Beethoven's works themselves, would lead me to divide them not into three styles but into two classes. The first being that where the traditional and conventional form contains and determines the idea of the master; and the second that, where the idea expands, breaks, recreates and shapes the form and the style according to his wants and his inspirations," &c.

We will ask now, could Haydn's charming *Symphonie militaire*, this delineation of a harmless citizen looking on comfortably and enjoying the rounds of blind cartridges, have the same form, the same proportions as B.'s *Eroica*, the first movement of which appears to us like the bringing up of Jupiter amidst the din and clangor of the hammer of the Cyclops? Or had not B. to create his form himself for a poem, which before him no one could write.

Under the lead of our guide we now enter the temple of Beethoven's art itself. Here we are convinced at once that B. opened in his compositions for the piano an entirely new unknown domain to art. HAYDN and MOZART do not, with the exception of a few works, make use of the piano as an instrument for its own sake, but as the most convenient organ, "to pronounce musical ideas" (Marx I. p. 103).

(To be continued.)

(From the Monthly Religious Magazine.)

### History of the Oxford Singing-School.

BY REV. E. H. SEARS.

(Concluded from page 332.)

The next thing was the choice of a leading chorister, for Mr. Solomon Huntington's term was drawing to its close. The "traps" of course went for Timothy Case, and the "locks" went for Peter Bettis. There was, however, a third party, which represented young Oxford, and which held the balance of power. They were mostly "traps" in principle, though they did not make that the most important plank in their platform. Peter Bettis, however, was chosen by a decided majority, for he rallied around him the kindly disposed of all parties, who would not see him rudely thrust from his place. He rose, with a good deal of emotion; his words were few, but to the point:—

"I thank you, my friends, for this honor, but I must decline. I will never sing with the choir huddled together like a flock of sheep."

Of course the reader will excuse him for drawing his imagery from his own bucolical reminiscences. The third party rallied its forces. They put forward as their representative, a young blade by the name of Seth Hubbard.

Seth lived in a remote part of the town, but he

was one of the rising lights of Oxford. He was fond of singing, fond of dancing, fond of female society, and female society was generally fond of him. He was engaged to two young ladies at the same time, and would have been to a third had not "circumstances prevented." There was a girl of smart, queenly appearance, that came up from Mr. Thomas Cleveland's dairy-farm, and sat and sang in the quadrangle. Ellen Cleveland was among the best specimens of honest country life. Strength of muscle, mind, and heart had come to her from the work of the dairy-room. She had large black eyes, her cheeks were like two baldwins, and her ruby lips poured forth strains which could always be heard, clear as a lark's, in the highest and most tumultuous flights of the quadrangle. Her vocabulary was very limited, especially in the direction of polite phrases, and she cut short with the word "gammon" a great deal of the general nonsense at the country parties. It was currently reported and believed that Seth had tried to engage himself to Ellen Cleveland, than she cut him short with "gammon," that she applied her palms to his ears in such wise that fuguing tunes sang through his brain spontaneously for several hours, and that she set him whirling like one of her own cheeses till his face subsided into a homeward direction. This, however, had been hushed up, and Seth had come clear shining out of any little clouds of this sort. Every Sunday he came with his gilt buttons gleaming in the distance. As far as you could see Seth, so far you could see the row of metal on him, shining in the sun. Even the clouds of dust which the carriages raised along the road seldom shut out entirely the glimmer of the four-en buttons as they hove in sight. You might say of Seth then, when on his way to church, more truly than Goethe does of the loved one,—

"I see thee, if far up the pathway yonder,  
The dust be stirred."

Seth was chosen first chorister by a triumphant majority. He was a decided "trap," and some of that party having formed a coalition with young Oxford, carried the day. Almost all the older singers, who had given dignity and character to the quadrangle, went below into their pews. They were not going up into that pigeon-loft, let Grandville and all the world do as it might. Peter Bettis never sang any more. His mouth came closer and closer together, till he occupied the extreme left of the "locks," and when the orchestra party prevailed, it shut entirely, and he went below.

Great preparations had been made for the first Sunday after the reorganization of the choir. Mr. Solomon Huntington has closed his school and gone. The choir have met every evening in the week to practise under the new chorister, and it is expected there will be an uncommon blaze of harmony from the pigeon-loft on Sunday. Something must be done to shame the conservatives, and convince the "old fogies" of the quadrangle that theirs was not the music of the spheres.

Sunday comes: the choir are in their new seats, Seth Hubbard shines in front in his twice sevenfold metallic brilliancy. During prayer time and sermon time there is much bustling and rustling and turning of leaves; at other times—but the reader must not expect me to describe the torrents of psalmody that rolled down from the pigeon-loft into the aisles. The grand effort, however, was reserved for the close. After the last prayer in the afternoon, Parson Harrison rose, and announced to the audience that the services would close with a voluntary. Thereupon Seth Hubbard left the pigeon-loft and went below. The people stared and stretched their necks as he came wending up the broad aisle, flinging the golden sheen around him, till he stood in front of the deacon's seats, below the pulpit. Then the strophes and anti-strophes broke forth as follows:

Chorus (in the left.)

Come, pilgrim, come away,  
O-o-m-e, p-l-l-g r-l-m, o-o-m-e a-w-a-y,  
Come, come, come, come, come, come,  
Come, pilgrim, come away,  
Co—me a—way.

Soprano (below, solos).

I hear the voice of angels,  
They cry Co—me a—way,  
O-o-m-e a-w-a-y, o-o-m-e a-w-a-y.

Chorus.

O-o-m-e a-w-a-y, o-o-m-e a-w-a-y,  
Come, pilgrim, come away,  
Come, come, come, come, come, come,  
Co—me a—way.

Soprano.

They cry Co—me a—way.

Second Tenor.

Come, pilgrim, come away.

Bass.

Come, pilgrim, come away.



Tenor.  
Come, pilgrim, come away.  
Omn.  
Come, pilgrim, come away.  
Come, come, come, come, come, come.  
Come, pilgrim, come away.  
Come away—come away—come away—come away.  
C—o—m—e a—w—y.  
Sopr.  
They cry, C—o—m—e a—w—y,  
Co—me a—w—y,  
Co—me a—w—y.

All party distinctions in the choir seemed to have disappeared for the moment. Even the "locks" opened their mouths, and leaned forward from the loft in a perfect deluge of harmony, and it was some time after the last lingering "Come away" had crept off through the vacuum of the "old maid's pew," and vanished before the congregation came back to themselves. I watched Parson Harrison. He looked very solemn, and kept stroking the top of his head. I could understand why he should do it now to prevent his hair from rising up, though I do not know this was his real motive.

"How did you like the singing?" was on everybody's lips as we came out of church. I was non-committal, for I really did not know what to say. My thoughts had taken a sort of spiral motion, and I preferred waiting till they subsided into their old channel. I saw the Cleverlands walking ahead of me, and quickened my pace and came up with Ellen.

"I did n't hear your voice in the choir to-day."

"No. I sat below."

"You don't approve of the new arrangement?"

"O, I don't care a fig where the singers sit. 'T is n't of so much consequence where the seats are as who fills them."

"I expected to hear you to-day, as I understand you belong to the 'traps.'"

"Well,—I mean to open my mouth so as to let the words come out without hitting, when there's anything to come out."

"That singing this afternoon I consider rather remarkable."

"Gammon."

The same performance was repeated two or three Sundays, after which the chorister sent notice to the pulpit that another voluntary was to come off.

Parson Harrison was one of the best of men, though when he had something disagreeable to say, or something which required more moral courage than usual, he never looked his audience in the face, but always looked straight at old Dick's pew. I have heard him preach some exceedingly pungent sermons, but he always poured them all in upon the negroes. Once, I remember, he preached a sermon against dancing, all of which went straight as an arrow at old Dick, though the poor old cripple could n't dance a step to save his life. The minister, in this new emergency, after the last prayer, made a pause, stroked the top of his head, which he seldom did in the pulpit, and looked at old Dick, from which I knew he was going to say something that gave him pain.

"The voluntary can be omitted. Shall we receive the Divine blessing?" And the congregation were dismissed.

Father Harrison had told some one that he thought the voluntary dissipated the solemn impression which he wanted the sermon to leave upon the minds of the people, and he felt obliged to leave it out.

We have come now to what may be called the "Decline and Fall" in the history of the Oxford singing-school, if not of the Oxford parish itself. The next Sunday both the quadrangle and the pigeon-loft were deserted and desolate. The hymns were given out, but nobody responded. I knew how deeply the minister felt it, for he looked under the stairs and preached at old Dick all day. In the afternoon, however, he gave out "Hymn 148," which in Dwight's edition of Watts, you will see, if you turn to it, is preserved in its original beauty, having not yet been tinkered for the modern compilations. There was a subdued pleading in the voice of the venerable man, which was very tender and touching, as he read these stanzas:—

"Come, ye that love the Lord,  
And let our joys be known,  
Join in a song of sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.

"Let those refuse to sing  
That never knew our God  
But favorites of the Heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad."

The pastor sat down after reading the hymn, and stroked the top of his head three times, as if waiting for a response. I could not see how the old singers below would resist the appealing pathos of his voice, as it quivered through the stanzas. I thought Peter

Bettis would certainly open his mouth. But it had closed forever on the melodies and shut them in. The pastor was just taking up his notes when a female voice broke forth, at first subdued and almost choked with emotion, but finally it soared clear and bird-like, scaling the empty pigeon-loft and waking its echoes. It was Ellen Cleveland's. One voice after another dropped in as the strain went on. Even old Dick and black Phillis opened their mouths, and Cornelius responded from under the opposite stairs; and the last stanzas of the hymn went up from every part of the house, with an unction I have seldom witnessed:

"The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets  
Before we reach the heavenly fields  
And walk the golden streets."

It went up from the congregation as if a mighty wind had come suddenly and swept them like so many human lyres, and rolled away in a soothing and billowy motion through the arches. It seemed to be alive and have a soul in it. People looked towards the Cleveland pew. Ellen's voice ruled the whole, and when the strain closed, her eyes were swimming in tears.

This went on for several Sundays, when lo! Seth Hubbard and his comrades reappeared in the pigeon-loft. They were determined, they said, to break up this screeching from all over the church. It was disgraceful. It was barbarous. They would see whether the pews would sing down the gallery. Fortunately they did not try. The pews became mute as the pigeon-loft became vocal. The pigeon-loft, however, were never after edified by the prayers and sermons, and they regarded their own performances the only ones which it was not a waste of time to hear. They spent the time between the singing in eating pea-nuts, reading newspapers, or making arrangements for the next ball, and thus they managed to fill up the hour at church rather pleasantly, notwithstanding the dull sermons and prayers.

Here my personal knowledge ceases, and I must write from hearsay the closing chapter of the history of the Oxford singing-school. I left the good old town to be educated somewhere else, and only came back to get short glimpses of the ancient church and its mutilated galleries. Good Mr. Harrison had left,—the kind-hearted old pastor, whose smooth, white hair was the silvery shine of the heavenly purities which he approached so near. The Scrape-wells turned against him. "Squeaking Tim" went to the Baptists. Young Oxford thought they ought to have a minister who had some taste for music, and who kept up with the times. Jesse O. Whitney and his brother-in-law joined the Methodists, that their fuguing facilities might have unobstructed swing. Seth Hubbard, notwithstanding his metallic splendors, disappeared under a cloud which the reader will excuse me from describing. Old Dick had sunk into his grave,—not, I trust, without sanctifying grace, considering all the orthodox sermons which had been piled upon his head. Ellen Cleveland was there,—no longer a tenant of the Cleveland pew, but of Esquire Brown's, whose daughter-in-law she was, and she had brought up already three cottage flowers to be sprinkled with baptismal waters. There was no settled pastor; a preacher was "supplying," and the church was about half full. A new set had succeeded to the pigeon-loft, assisted by a flute and a violin. There was nothing in its performances to blame, and not much to praise; but it made me sigh for the golden days of Peter Bettis.

I by no means affirm that the singing-school was the cause of all this decline. I only aim to give its beginning, its middle and its end. Certain I am that things went rapidly down as soon as the quadrangle was broken up. Certain I am, too, that they went rapidly up again in the short interval when Ellen Cleveland led off the congregation; and we came out of the church with our hearts brimming over with devotional rapture, and our souls melting together in brotherly and sisterly love. And I brought away from the church these two ideas,—and have carried them with me these thirty years, all after experience so confirming them that the Smithfield fires could not melt them out of me,—that the Divine influx comes with special power and fullness into congregational singing, and that singing-schools are a curse to human society.

MR. SEGUN. — A son of the late Edward Segun, the famous basso of the troupe which bore his name, has arrived in this country. He is said to possess an excellent baritone voice and a fine style, cultivated in the Paris Conservatoire. On dit, that he purposes organizing an English Opera Troupe for the production of Balfe's "Rose of Castile," Wallace's "Lurline," and other operas, new to the American public.—*Amateur's Guide.*

## Music Abroad.

### Music in Italy.

LA SCALA, MILAN. At this leading Italian opera house, the season has opened brilliantly, Verdi's grand opera of *Attila* having a brilliant run. The basso, Dalla Costa, takes the part of "Attila," in which he is described as very fine. The part of "Odabella," the heroine of the opera is sustained by Mme. Borsi-Deleurie, the wife of Mr. Louis Deleurie, who has lately established himself in Philadelphia as a teacher of singing. We have before us three Milan papers devoted to Music and the Drama. One of these, "*L'Amico degli Artisti*," says of the performance of *Attila*: "La Borsi-Deleurie well sustained herself in the good opinion of the public, by her fine soprano voice, of great compass, clear in the low as well as in the high notes, and by her bold and expressive acting. It is much to be desired that she be heard in some other opera, where her talents will be much better displayed." Another of these papers, *Don Marzio*, says: "The first applause was given to the Signora Giulietta Borsi Deleurie, who, in her grand cavatina, displayed all those rare gifts that are so much appreciated in our theatre. La Deleurie is a fine artist, and as such we have already applauded her on the stage of the Carcano theatre, in the early days of her career. Indeed, she enjoys an established reputation, acquired in the principal Italian and foreign theatres, and most recently in the San Carlo, of Naples, and the Principale of Barcelona; so that on our stage she could not fail to be deservedly honored with the title of an experienced artist. Her voice is a true soprano, sympathetic, extensive and spontaneous; her acting is correct and spirited; besides which she is a complete mistress of the stage, and has the gift of a handsome face." Another journal, *Il Trovatore*, says: "The two artists who best sustained themselves in the favor of the public, were the Signora Borsi-Deleurie, and the basso Dalla Costa—a brave Amazon, and a most respectable King of the Hans. Signora Borsi-Deleurie, with her voice of extraordinary extent and volume, with her energetic singing and animated acting, had a general ovation in the andante, and in the cabaletta of her cavatina, receiving most prolonged applause. She may be proud of her success, as she had to conquer so much opposition, and present herself in a theatre where had humor is always ready to explode like a mine." It is to be hoped that the success of Mr. Deleurie as a teacher of singing, in which he has no superior in this country, may be such as to induce him to reside here permanently, in which case his talented wife may be heard in our Academy of Music.

TURIN.—At the Carignano Theatre, Verdi's *Luina Miller* has been brought out, with Mme. Angelica Moro as the prima donna, and Melzi as the baritone.

TRIESTE.—Bellini's *Sonnambula* has been produced, with Tiberini and his wife, (late Ortolani) in the leading parts, and their success has been immense.

PIACENZA.—Rossini's *Cenerentola* is the popular opera in this city. Mme. Brambilla-Maralli, the buffo Bottero, the tenor Vistarini, and the barytone Giannini being the principal artists.

PALERMO.—Verdi's opera of *Sifellio* has been produced with success, a tenor named Mazzoleni creating a genuine furor. The prima donna was Mad. Boccherini, and the barytone Pizzigati.

ROME.—Pacini's new opera, *Gianni di Nisida*, continues to be popular.

NAPLES.—The San Carlo was opened on the 29th of November, with Mercadante's opera of *Il Giuramento*, which had great success. A new singer, Signor Limberti, was much applauded.

GENOA.—The opera of *Vittore Pisani* and *Linda* were played lately for the benefit of the prima donna, Mme. Branzanti.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

VIENNA, Nov. 15, 1860.—(From our own Correspondent.)—The rehearsals of Rubinstein's opera, *Les Enfants des Landes*, has been suddenly discontinued. It appears the tenor Wachtel is in litigation with the direction of the court theatre at Hesse Cassel, having failed to fulfil his engagement last year for some cause, whether sufficient or otherwise, to be decided by the lawyers. An official request has been made by the legal authorities of Prussia, that Wachtel, *pendente lite*, should not be allowed to sing in Vienna, which request has been acceded to by the Austrian Government, and Rubenstein's opera postponed in consequence. It is a question whether Wachtel's salary will be suspended, but I should hardly suppose the Viennese authorities will so far

take part in a quarrel, in which others only are concerned. It is bad enough that they have prevented his appearing, and acted courteously to a neighbor to the detriment of an artist. Refusal of payment would be the most unjustifiable and discreditable proceeding, as evincing decided partiality in a dispute, the rights of which have yet to be determined.—*Ibid.*

MADRID.—In a recent number of the *Madrid Correo* there appears the following critique respecting the debut of an artist who for some years held an honorable position in the Royal Italian Opera Company:—"The great novelty of the evening was Mad. de Méric La-lache, who was making her debut in our theatre. Every one was anxious to see and hear the celebrated contralto, who had sung for ten consecutive seasons at the Imperial Theatre of St. Petersburg, and has been so well received in all the capitals where she has appeared. Expectation was not disappointed; and the part of Orsino was sung by Mad. de Méric in a style thoroughly worthy of an artist of her reputation. She possesses a magnificent and fresh contralto voice, an excellent method of singing, and a fine presence. She acts with consummate talent, and is, in fact, gifted with all the qualities which may be expected from an artist of her reputation. Our public saw immediately what kind of lady had to be judged, and soon pronounced in favor of the talented and comely contralto, covering her with applause both in the course of the opera and in the well-known *lindisi*. This last Mad. de Méric sang in the best style possible, giving proofs of a rare talent, and that exquisite taste which is peculiar to great singers. Mad. de Méric dresses with such gracefulness and propriety that she won for herself general approval, and she wears the male attire in a fine and very engaging manner. The reception which this artist met at the hands of the public could not be more brilliant; it was, in fact, in keeping with her merit. From this great success we are led to look forward with much pleasure to further performances, such as *Arace* and others of the same kind, wherein Mad. de Méric will have an opportunity of displaying all her powers. M. Bagier, the manager, could not have secured a better artist, and we congratulate him with as much warmth as several of our contemporaries have done before us."—*Ibid.*

#### Paris.

The correspondent of the *N. O. Picayune*, relates an anecdote apropos of Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, of a French literary adventurer, who had been long entertained at Parisian cafés by a travelling Englishman, for the pleasure of his company. He says:

Fast as time flew away, nevertheless the Englishman could not forget when the term of weeks he had allotted to his sojourn here had expired, that he must return to London. One night, after a dinner which had been watered most abundantly with the most generous vintages of Bordeaux, the Englishman announced to his companion their last repast together had been eaten. The Frenchman grieved more than I can easily express to you, as I am sure you are unable to conceive the heaviness of heart with which one descends from the luxurious table of the Café Anglais to the bread and cheese of a heggar's garret. His gaiety entirely abandoned him, and energetically as the Englishman plied him with wines, he failed to rally the fallen spirits of the former. While the Frenchman the next morning was gazing at the morsel of bread and cheese he had purchased for breakfast, but was as yet unable to touch, his viscera still being in too deep mourning for the Café Anglais, a knock at the door roused him from his contemplations. He found at the door a porter and a fine dog. The porter bore a letter from the Englishman asking the Frenchman to accept for a souvenir of their common hours the dog the latter had so often admired. The Frenchman, who had found providing his own mouth with food a task frequently attended with insuperable obstacles, could not undertake to supply another mouth with aliment. But having heard the Opera was in quest of dogs to appear on the stage when Herr Wagner's "Tannhäuser" is played, he led the dog to the opera house and offered him for a candidate in the canine chorus. He applied too late. All the places had been filled. Nevertheless his walk to the opera house turned out to his advantage, as he met, soon after he quitted the court yard of the opera house, an acquaintance, who being struck by the extreme depression depicted in every line of the poor devil's face, asked the cause of it. Being told how the manager of the opera had refused the dog without so much as listening to an enumeration of his talents, the acquaintance inquired into them, and finding the animal a beast of parts,

which the dog's face avouched were really in his possession, that is, if the rules of physiognomy be grounded on accurate observation, he purchased the dog. Although he paid five hundred francs for him, he has had no reason to regret his choice. The first use the vendor made of the money was to return to the Café Anglais and take one—a last—good breakfast; which meal being ended, he was heard to exclaim as he stepped out on the boulevard—"I had no idea dog meat was so good."

I believe it is no news to you that a pack of hounds is to figure in "Tannhäuser," I sometime ago mentioned it. There is quite a rage now for the introduction of live animals upon the stages of the town, perhaps in consequence of the success which has attended the introduction of live rats upon the opera stage. They are introduced into every ballet, and upon ballet nights it is impossible to procure a seat there. A goat, as you know, plays the leading part in Mons. Meyerbeer's "L'airon de Ploërmel." Next week we are to have sure enough camels at the Cirque—which, despite its name, is a theatre, not a ring. These novel performers really throw a good many families into distress. It requires a very decided "turn" and a long practice to become even tolerably expert as an animal, to move the feet in brute rhythm, and balance the body with beasty elegance, and give life to the painted pasteboard. It takes at the least six months for a fellow to make a decent jackass. You can scarcely believe it from what you hear every day on the street! It is considered very fortunate that managers have hitherto been unable to introduce the natural agitation of the ocean on the stage, as a great many "waves of the sea" have large families to support and would be reduced to starvation if they were thrown out of employment. The introduction of animals on the stage gives them great uneasiness and many sleepless nights, and I have heard whispered they think of deputing the highest "wave of the sea" in their fraternity as a committee to beseech the Emperor to frame stringent laws prohibiting managers from introducing beasts upon the stage. They contend that as the Government has protected Corneille, Racine and Molière from burlesque writers, protection should be likewise extended to them, and further, because animals may be salted down or eaten fresh, or, if they be unfit for these uses, may be skinned and the skin sold, whereas men cannot be sold for more than 25f., even when corpses are most scarce at the hospitals, and the damage done by the suicidal act which must precede every such sale would reduce even this paltry price, as such damage would render them to some degree improper to figure in anatomical museums.

A new and important phase in the musical pitch movement has just occurred. At the last sitting of the Royal Academy of Belgium, in the Fine Arts class, M. Fétis read a report on the question whether it was expedient that Belgium should imitate France in adopting the measures which have there been taken with respect to the new diapason. The learned professor came to the conclusion that the diapason should be fixed as it at present exists, but not lowered. M. Fétis probably wishes that the C sharp, "de poitrine" of certain exceptionally gifted tenors, should lose none of its marvellous character.

Mad. Carvalho is now at Nantes, where, after singing at a concert given by the Société des Beaux Arts, she is giving a series of performances at the theatre. There is an excellent operatic troupe there under the direction of M. Solié.

The opera balls under the direction of Strauss, whose orchestra will be employed, are to commence on the 15th of this month, previous to which there will be a ball for the pension fund of the establishment.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. The new opera of M. Offenbach, *Barkouf*, which has been put off on account of Mlle. Saint Urbain's illness, has caused the manager of the Opéra Comique to bring unexpectedly forward a little opera called *L'Éventail*, which its authors had given up all hope of seeing performed before next year, if at all. The words are by MM. Barbier and Carré, and the music by M. Ernest Boulanger.

M. Offenbach's opera will, it is said, be produced on the 20th inst., and Mlle. Marimon will take the part intended for Mlle. St. Urbain.

At the Italian Opera *Marta* has been revived, and Mar. Alboni has made with her brilliant singing and consummate acting in the part of Nancy, a complete sensation.—*London Musical World*, Dec. 22.

SAN FRANCISCO.—The English opera troupe that for a long time has been singing here, has brought its performances to a close, and, at the latest dates, was upon the point of sailing for Australia.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 10, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha," Piano Solo.

### Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

FIRST SATURDAY EVENING CONCERT, JAN. 12.

1. Septette, in E flat, op. 20.....Beethoven  
For Violin, Viola, Violoncello Bass, Clarinet, Horn and Bassoon.  
Introduction and Allegro, Larghetto, Minuetto. Theme, with variations. Scherzo. Finale. Adagio and Allegro
2. Recitative and Air, "Che farò," from Orpheus.....Gluck  
Mrs. J. H. Long.
3. Fantaisie for flute, on a Russian Air.....Holnemeier  
Fretk Zohler.
4. English Ballad, "Through Meadows Green".....Hame  
Mrs. J. H. Long.
5. Fourth Concerto for Violin.....DeBeriot  
William Schultze.
6. Song without words, in G, No. 4, Fifth Book.....Mendelssohn
7. Scotch Ballad.....Burns  
Mrs. Long.
8. Finale, 2d Act "Robert le Diable".....Meyerbeer  
Arranged by T. Ryan.

At this concert we had the pleasure of hearing Beethoven's Septet played by Messrs. SCHULTZE, violin, MEISEL, viola, W. FRIES, violoncello, STEINE, bass, RYAN, clarinet, HAMAN, horn, and HOHNSTOCK, bassoon. This beautiful, genial work, one of the master's earliest being op. 20, is like a garden full of lovely flowers, the fresh morning air wafting far their fragrance over pleasant vales and hills under an azure sky in spring time. It was his spring time, it was his time of happiness when he wrote it, and here he has gathered up that delicious feeling of youth with its hopes and joys, with its unbounded confidence and self reliance, with its frankness and genial warm love for the universe; gathered them up in undying strains of rapturous melody and sweet sympathetic harmony. He did not like it, after he had grown older; he did not want to be reminded of it, wishing he had never written it. But genius, towering over other mortals in stature, has its own proportionate standard. Its ideal aspirations enlarging and ripening into fruits, more sweet and luscious as time passes on, grow more and more exacting. Genius is its own severest critic. Contemplating its own earlier works genius may miss the vigor, the depth of emotions, the ripeness of feeling, in short the maturity of experience, at which it arrived in the course of its own progress. But we have a right to admire even such works as bear the marks of younger days, of less perfect mental development. Indeed we cannot help finding them beautiful. They seize upon us, they wake up to delicious reality the joys of our own youth long laid by and covered up with the ponderous duties of to-day. Such is this septet, and so pleasant and true to life, that one never thinks of the time it takes, (it being quite long,) but is carried on and on, from pleasure to pleasure. The work is so well known in the four hand arrangement [for the piano, that it is unnecessary to speak of its contents at length. It was well performed, and excepting some uncertainty in the ensemble of a few of the opening and closing chords in some movements, it went finely together, the performers evidently enjoying it as much as the audience. The Adagio alone might have been improved we think by a slower movement. It was begun in the proper tempo, but soon it in-

creased, taking away some of the delicious sweetness of the quiet flow of its Adelaide-like melody. We also beg to dissent from the manner in which the cadenza in the Finale was performed. A longer stop at the pauses and more breadth and hesitation in the closing portamento tones would have materially improved it. There is a marvellous effect in the rhetorical pause; half, nay the fiftieth part of a second added to a pause or to a note in a leading-over passage often adds great dignity. Messrs. Haman and Wulf Fries deserve especial mention for the fine taste with which they performed their soli. The bassoon very good for the most part was somewhat too explosive, a superabundance of air escaping, which marred the effect sometimes. It was a very good performance, generally speaking, and we applaud the Club for bringing out this work, which we hope they will repeat in the course of their concerts.

Mrs. LONG contributed to the performance two charming songs, very familiar to those who attended the Jullien and the Sontag concerts. She sang them admirably as regards voice, intonation and execution, but they seemed lacking in spirit and life and characteristic expression. Her rendering of the song of Orpheus, *Che farò* was quite faultless, and gave much pleasure.

Messrs. Schultze and Zohler appeared to great advantage in their solos which commanded liberal applause, both gentlemen playing with a singular purity and sweetness of tone that never fails to appeal to the ear of an audience. The experiment ventured by the Club seems to have met with undoubted success, and we congratulate them on being successful in attracting so large an audience. The second concert takes place this evening.

## FIFTH CONCERT OF THE SERIES OF EIGHT.

## PART I.

1. Quartette, in D, No. 10. . . . . Mozart  
Allegro—Adagio—Minuetto—Finale, Allegro.
2. Fantasia for Violoncello, on an original theme. . . . . Weber  
Wulf Fries.
3. Adagio and Scherzo, from the 3d Quintette in B minor. . . . . Spohr

## PART II.

4. Octette, in F, op. 168. . . . . Franz Schubert  
For 2 Violins, Viola, Violoncello, Bass, Clarinette, Horn and Bassoon.  
Introduction and Allegro—Andante—Scherzo, Allegro  
Vivace—Finale, Andante and Allegro.

In spite of the rain and bad walking the hall was well filled. The piece of the greatest interest at this concert being given in the regular order, Tuesday the 15th of January, was Schubert's Octette. Whatever we hear of Schubert, from his little German dances, musical epigrams as it were, and his Waltzes and Polonaises up to his Symphony, gives us pure delight. Noble, impressive melodies, full and original harmonies, with wonderful changes, and a rhythm all his own, make his compositions excellent above many others. Schubert's genius was of a very high order and his fertility in pieces that are classical and will live for ever, astonishing. This is his 165th work, and yet it is as fresh as it were one of his earliest. There is hardly a repetition of ideas, a reminiscence in his writings. Mendelssohn frequently repeats himself. Some melody in almost all his larger works bears a strong resemblance to his two-part songs or songs or his songs without words. With Schubert, on the other hand, everything is fresh, new, not heard of before. That is genius. This octette for two violins, viola, bass, clarinette horn and bassoon was played by the gentlemen who took part in the Septette of Beethoven on Saturday

last, except that Mr. ZOHLE played the Viola and Mr. MEISEL second violin. Each of the movements, has its own beauties and the whole is a work of uncommon excellence. We will defer a more detailed account of it until after a second hearing, which we are to have to-night. We merely add that the rendering was very spirited, each of the gentlemen doing his best. The other pieces played at the concert helped to make a very satisfactory programme. Mozart's Quartette is well known, so that we need not speak of it more than to say, that the portion we heard of it was finely rendered, pure as to intonation and with good expression. Mr. WULF FRIES played the Fantasia for Violoncello, by Weber, on an original theme to great acceptance. It is originally written with an accompaniment for the whole orchestra; but for this occasion the accompaniment was arranged for seven instruments. In an abbreviated form Weber published this piece in the 2d book of his exquisite "12 Pieces faciles," op. 10, for 2 or 4 hands. It is very pleasing and effective. Especially happy is the variation in a dance-rhythm, where in the second part the bassoon has a short imitation of the melody as played by the violoncello. The Adagio and Scherzo, by Spohr, was very good, and the concert, both in programme and execution one of the best we have heard the Club give.

Let none of our Boston readers fail to hear the Octette to-night. They will be amply repaid even if they should have to come through slish and rain.

In the notice of the Orpheus Quartette Club concert, in our issue of Jan. 12th, a misprint occurs which we wish to correct here. On the concert programme, distributed at the door, the title of Mr. Eichberg's second piece in the second part was misprinted *Favane*. Our types made it *Fabanna*. It ought to be *Pavanne*, being the name of a solemn, antiquated dance, the title being given to it on account of its resemblance to the majestic, measured steps of the peacock. \*†

## Musical Correspondence.

BROOKLYN, JAN. 14, 1861.—Mr BAGG's New Year's compliments to Dwight's Journal and reports this very pleasant city to be in a state of snow storm, and musically, quite excited, for the Brooklyn Academy of Music (just finished) is to be formally opened to-morrow (Tuesday) evening with a grand instrumental and vocal concert, the programme being rendered by the orchestra of the Philharmonic Society, with the brilliant voices of Madame COLSON, Signori BRIGNOLI, FERRI, and SUSINI. EISEFELD conducts, NOLL leads and MUZIO directs the vocal part. The same admission card (Price \$5) admits to a promenade Concert and Ball for Thursday next, after which this magnificent opera-house will be considered fully dedicated to the various muses.

The 2d regular Philharmonic Concert is to be given on Saturday evening next. It was to have been on the 5th, but was postponed so as to take place at the Academy, which is now engaged by the directors for all future concerts and rehearsals. The first concert (in November last) was attended with such a rush that your humble servant (Mr. Baggs) along with at least five hundred other disconsolate individuals was unable to get in, although on hand a full half hour before the time of performance. The Atheneum is really a fine concert room and will hold fifteen hundred people, but it is entirely too small for any such flourishing institution as the "Brooklyn Philharmonic." The programme for next Saturday is rich indeed and includes Mendelssohn's Third Symphony in A minor, "Recollections of Scotland," Weber's Overture to "Euryanthe," and a novelty in the way of an overture by Litolff, the "Bride of Ky-nast."

Next week inaugurates our first Italian Opera season. Tuesday we are to have COLSON, BRIGNOLI, FERRI and SUSINI in Mercadante's "Il Giuramento," and on Saturday, the young American *Prima Donna* ISABELLA HINCKLEY, in "Lucia." As your correspondent has had an intimate acquaintance with Miss Hinckley for many years, and has watched her artistic course with the most particular interest, he is anxious to know the verdict of the public on her voice and talent. She is by no means a novice, but has been before an European audience for the last two years, and completed a successful engagement in Berlin just prior to her return to America. Miss Hinckley is a native of Albany, N. Y., and was a pupil of George Wm. Warren. She went to Italy in the spring of 1857 and after fifteen months' lessons from the justly celebrated Romani was pronounced by him as complete in lyric art as he could make her. She then made her *debut* at the Concerts of the Philharmonic Society of France and was lauded in the musical papers of the day, extracts of which have appeared in many of our principal papers.

Her first operatic engagement was proffered by the grand old composer and master Pacini, but it unfortunately fell through, on account of the war, which at that time put a stop to all musical matters in Italy. She then procured a most excellent engagement for Holland and *en passant* gave a very successful concert at Paris. She has sung in all the principal cities of Holland and in many of Germany and is now "home again" just in time to be involved in Mr. Ullman's annual failure and the "inevitable crisis;" Muzio has however come to the rescue, and if I am not very much mistaken *la belle* Hinckley will make a sensation.

I wanted to send you the programme of the Christmas Music at the Church of the Holy Trinity, and many other minor items, but will leave all for my next, and also apologize for the unusual length of this letter. As Mr. Baggs don't profess to write as correspondents ought to—that is regularly and elegantly. He would be happy to hear from "Trovator" and "—t—" on Brooklyn matters. By consulting the New York papers of to-day, they will find that the competition of the Academy of Music is "the musical event of the week" and I may add a great thing for Long Island (which by the way still remains in the Union). The attractions will now be worth the ferry-ride and the trouble, and the "wandering minstrel" will meet your New York correspondents at the landing, and do the honors with all possible *gusto* and pleasure. Long wave the union of New York and Brooklyn, now even in "Philharmonic" and Opera House, so come over Mr. Trovator and take "—t—" with us and spend a musical evening, and if you need any extra inducement, we'll execute (most summarily) our celebrated solo on the historically cracked but still charming clarionette, and as "we never stop short of a shilling."

Will remain your everlasting, JEM BAGGS.

## Musical Chit-Chat.

MASON & HAMLIN.—The extensive Melodeon factory of this firm, of whose instruments we made some mention last week, was entirely consumed by fire on Monday of this week. The contents of the building were completely destroyed, and so rapid was the progress of the flames that some of the occupants had to beat a hasty retreat to save their lives. The loss of Messrs. M. & H. was considerable, but we trust that they may soon be able to begin again the business which they have so honorably and successfully carried on, and we join most sincerely in the sympathy felt for their disappointment and loss in this community.

NEW ORLEANS.—Here PATTI has for some weeks continued to bewitch the opera goers, playing in her usual round of characters. The papers are unanimous and loud in her praise.

### A Benefit at Paris.

Benefit performances rarely prove profitable here. I know there are exceptions, and three, four, and sometimes six thousand dollars have been cleared over all expenses; there was Rachel, who invariably cleared \$1,000 for the beneficiary, whenever she would condescend to play; and I dare say Grisi and Mario may perform the same miracle still. There is not in the whole catalogue of actors any other name so potent. The other actors, when they give a benefit performance are obliged to torture their invention to discover some way of pleasing the public. They endeavor to skim the theatres of their most popular actors, they endeavor to hit upon some mode of appealing to the public which shall strike attention—no easy feat in a great capital, where thousands of people are constantly soliciting attention. When they have done their best in this way, they must apply to the police for permission to give the performance, give it the written permission of every manager whose actors figure at his benefit, and lay his bill of fare before it. If the police is satisfied, it grants permission to give the performance, and gives the beneficiary liberty to increase the prices of admission. Then comes the great difficulty; getting a theatre. As every theatre in town is occupied by its own company during the winter, and their managers are not only averse from the feverish preparations made to carry the benefit performance to a successful close, but if they have a successful play they cannot easily be prevailed upon to interrupt its run—managers of theatres, like most heirs of hazard, are superstitious creatures. If they do not refuse the use of their theatre, they place it at a most extravagant rent, which absorbs every sou the beneficiary can reasonably hope for. This is the reason most benefit performances here take place very late in the season: in the winter the theatres are sure of being full, so great is the number of people in town; when summer approaches the audiences grow thinner and the manager's terms diminish. But then the poor beneficiary's chance of obtaining anything for his performance, decrease likewise, in a most alarming proportion. Nor is the rent of the theatre the only expense antecedent to the performance: there is the orchestra to be paid—the gas to be paid—the police to be paid—the printer to be paid—the bill sticker to be paid—the poor tax to be paid—the author's copyright to be paid—the carriages for the actors and actresses to be paid—the bouquets for the actresses to be paid—the *claque* to be paid—in short, the poor beneficiary hears "to be paid" so often he feels he is a mere gambler, who is risking a very large sum of money to obtain a very small gain. Even though his purse be empty; his troubles are not ended, he must make up his "poster." Actors, somebody has said, are the best fellows in the world upon condition each has a great deal more success than his comrades. Now, in making up a "poster," the beneficiary must strive to attain two things; attract the public and please the vanity of the performers who figure on it. I read some time ago, the confession of a person who gave a benefit, and he says, speaking of the difficulty of making up the "poster": "Whenever an actor is left to choose a part, a scene, or a piece, he is sure to make a bad selection. Have you ten singers? They insist upon singing ten long airs, full of trills and quavers, the longer the better, and they insist their 'time' shall be placed neither at the beginning nor at the end of the performance, but all in the middle. You have six actresses? They all insist upon playing the chief part of a different play, and you can find nobody to give the answer. Then how are their names to be printed on the 'posters?' Of course every name must be in capitals; but then in what order must they be placed? Will you begin with dancing or singing, comedy or drama? Will you adopt the rank of the theatres or the rank of the artists? There is a very simple order which can be easily adopted—the alphabetical order—but precisely because this is the simplest method it will satisfy nobody. At last your 'poster' is on the wall, and then the public begins to make this calculation: Twenty sous for the celebrated tenor, twenty sous for the celebrated singer, twenty sous for the celebrated tragic actress, ten sous for the bass singer, ten sous for the baritone, twenty sous for the danseuse, twenty sous for the fourth act of the 'Huguenots,' fifteen sous for 'Galatée,' ten sous for 'Gil Blas,' five sous for each comic song; the pianist is thrown in to boot; total, ten francs; and so he goes and buys his ticket. If you give the public nothing very tempting, he turns his back on your fine 'poster,' and walks off. If you give really a fine performance, the ticket buyers purchase instantly every ticket, leap into their cabriolets, visit every hotel in town, sell their tickets to foreigners, double and triple the price paid for them, and put in their pockets the

largest profits the benefit gives to anybody, and is no way of preventing them from driving this trade. The beneficiary is assailed with requests of all sorts all the day long. Friends he has neither seen nor heard of for ten years, remind him how old and and ardent their friendship is; relations he never heard of before come up from their provinces expressly to go to his benefit; daguerreotypists beg him to give them a sitting and a seat; they have promised to take his portrait to complete their collection of eminent people, and his portrait everybody is asking for; the artists who lend the beneficiary their assistance only ask for one box for their family, one box for their friends, some tickets for the third tier for their porter, their hair dresser, their chamber maid, and fifty seats in the pit for their accustomed *claqueur*, as he alone understands their 'points,' and knows how to take care of their 'entries' and 'exits.' At last the time draws near when the performance is to begin. The beneficiary is trembling from head to foot. The artists who are to appear do not come: each tries to come later than the other to avoid beginning the performance.

The greatest confusion reigns in the green room; temporary dressing rooms have been erected everywhere; some are dressing in the manager's private room; others are dressing in a corner of the green room; these are dressing in a passage; those are dressing in hacks at the door: hair dressers rush madly about in every direction; dressing maids are so bewildered they do not know what to do; this actor hawls for his breeches; that actor screams for his wig; the 'first young lady' calls for her crinoline; the 'first young gentleman' asks for his calves: the baritone gorges his throat; the songstress practices her trills and quavers: the stage manager yells orders which nobody obeys. 'Clear the stage!' The curtain rises. The entertainment is fatiguing, long and disconnected. The order of the bill has been changed. The public is ill humored: it purchased its places in the street, or from the wine shop, paying three times the price asked at the ticket office, and it is angry with the actors for the cheat put upon him; the actors, furious in consequence of their comrade's success, or their own want of success, lay all the blame on the beneficiary, although he isn't to blame, for he took every precaution to assure that every artist should have the same quantity of applause, the same number of 'calls out,' and the same number of bouquets. He made a contract for this in advance, and heaven knows what these ovations cost him, at what a d—l of a sum of money the bill for 'enthusiasm' amounts to. The performance ends about two o'clock in the morning. The theatre then is about two-thirds empty, for the audience have departed one by one, cursing the fellow that gave the benefit, the fellow that sold the tickets, the fellow that played. The exasperated danseuse vows she never in all her life before was exposed to such an insult, and she never will so expose herself again! What! lose her most beautiful *entrechats*, wantonly throw away her *ronds de jambe*, caper before empty benches! And all through the fault of the fool who organized his benefit so stupidly! Poor beneficiary! Overwhelmed with reproaches, tired to death, heels over head, nervous, sick, depressed, disheartened, he asks the treasurer of the theatre for his account. A legion of supplementary expenses, which no imagination could have conceived, makes its appearance in formidable figures—extra fees to the machinists, extra fees to the musicians, extra fees to the chorus, fine for ending the performance after midnight, drayage for scenery, copying music, *pour boire* to hack drivers, and so on on on on on. The bills are settled, and then the beneficiary says to himself, wiping his forehead: 'Thank heaven! all is over now. I have run from one end of Paris to the other; I have lost a fortnight in the course of which I have been able neither to play nor to rehearse; I have caught a rheumatism, which will keep me in bed for at least three weeks: I have worked like a galley slave; I have discontented the public, and put all my comrades out with me; I have lost nothing by the benefit, for after all the expenses are paid I have twenty francs profit coming to me. Gads! there's no room to complain after all, for it might have been a deuced sight worse!' The beneficiary has scarcely these words out of his mouth, just as he is about quitting the theatre, a 'Please, sir!' greets his ear. He turns and discovers a bouquet, with half a dozen fellows behind it. 'Hullo!' exclaims he, suspecting there is a snake lurking beneath those flowers, 'and what may that be?' 'It is a bouquet, sir, we have the honor to present to you. Don't forget the callboys, please sir!' 'You are very kind, vastly kind, my lads, and I am mightily obliged to you, 'pon my word I am; here's twenty francs for your bouquet; it's all I made by my benefit!'—*Corr. N. O. Picayune.*

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# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 460.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 26, 1861.

VOL. XVIII. No. 17.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Sketches of French Musical History.

### SACRED MUSIC.

#### III.

FROM HUGH CAPET TO ST. LOUIS, A.D. 987—1226.

Having thus rapidly passed in review the condition of music in France under the first two Dynasties, let us now see what happened in the interesting period from Hugh Capet to the close of the reign of Louis IX.—that king so brave, so virtuous, so constantly occupied with the good of his subjects. Ecclesiastical Art developed, the science of Music advanced, but the *chanson*, that form so eminently national attained still grander proportions, thanks to the heroism of the feudal spirit, to the noble sentiments of chivalry, and to the enfranchisement of the communes, which went so nobly hand in hand with the sweeping enthusiasm of the Crusades.

And, first, to speak of sacred music, we remark that Robert the pious (996) often figured among the singers of his chapel. He was to be seen in his silken cope, wearing the crown, and marking the measure and rhythm with his sceptre. We possess *hymns, sequences and responses* by that monarch. His wife, Constance, whose haughty and imperious character caused him much trouble, wished to be the subject of one of his compositions and would take no denial. Knowing no means to put an end to her pressing entreaties, he wrote a hymn in honor of the martyrs, beginning with the words, *O Constantia martyr.* The queen saw in these words an allusion to her name, and King Robert, profiting by her error, gave her to understand that it was written in her praise, though his design had been but to celebrate the constancy of the martyrs.

During the eleventh and twelfth centuries the most distinguished hymnologists were, Fulbert, Bishop of Chartres; Saint Odilon, abbot of Cluny; Raynald, Bishop of Langres; Hildebrand de Lavardin, Archbishop of Tours; Geoffroy, Abbot de la Trinité; St. Bernard; Peter the Venerable; Adam, Canon of St. Victor; Maurice de Sully, Bishop of Paris; and the famous Abelard, from whose pen are 96 hymns in manuscript, still preserved in the Library of the Dukes of Bourgogne at Brussels.

In 1214, Guerin, Bishop of Senlis, drew up the army in order of battle in the field of Bouvines. Guillaume le Breton, chaplain to the king, Philip Augustus, standing behind his sovereign, intoned with such vigor, first the psalm, *Benedictus Dominus* and then the *Exurgat Deus*, as to contribute not a little to the splendid victory gained by our brave warriors on that memorable day.

But by the side of the liturgic music, a new form of the art was developing itself keeping step with the progress of the vulgar tongue, the first movement of which is the famous oath pronounced by the troops of Louis the German and Charles the Bald, who had formed an alliance against Lothaire, Emperor of Italy.\*

During the time of Philip I., the *chanson française* had appeared above the horizon and its most famous adepts during the twelfth century were, Count de Bethune, Giles de Beaumont, Jean de Neuville, Helinand, Count de Soissons, Christian de Troyes, Auboin de Sezanne, Perrin Dangecourt, Blondel de Nesles, Gace Brûlé, Raoul de Coucy, and above all, Thibaud IV., Count de Champagne and king of Navarre.

The most ancient form of the *chanson* is the *lay*, a sort of plaintive elegy upon the pleasures and pains of love. The *chansons royales*, so called because sung at court, had usually five couplets; to this was added the *envoi*, a dedication composed generally of three or four verses. The songs, called among the Provençals, *tensons*, were a form of the *chanson* in dialogue, which turned upon some point debated by two interlocutors. This species of the *duo alternate* took at a later period the title of *jeu-parté*. The *servente* was a form of satire, in which the poets attacked the vices of their time. The *sonnet* was the *chansonnette* of the time; the *renverdie* celebrated the return of verdure and the spring time. The music of the *chansons* was noted in the longs and breves of the plain chant—square notes, without bars to measure the rhythm and written upon a staff of four lines.†

These simple and natural melodies needed the aid of tradition to be sung so as to produce their full effect, they were executed either solo or with the accompaniment of either harp or viol. The harp of that age had 24 strings; an old poet has given each an allegorical name. The *rote* was a hurdy-gurdy, named thus (Latin, *rota*) from its wheel. Finally, under Philip of Valois, the different kinds of musical instruments were increased to the number of thirty. But let us not anticipate.

The *Jonglerie*, which originated about the twelfth century, was composed of four distinct orders; 1. The *Trouvères*, who were poets and authors; 2. The *Chanterres*, who executed the works of the preceding; 3. The *Conteurs*, who finally became historians; and the *Jongleurs*, who played upon instruments. Philip Augustus having driven them from the French Court (doubtless for their immorality), they travelled from city to city; but after this banishment their profession declined. Meantime many of them had acquired considerable fortunes, and a few great lords followed their example in cultivating poetry and music, though merely as an indulgence of their taste and not for profit.

The principal didactic author of the period of which we are speaking is the illustrious Guido d'Arezzo; he invented the staff[?], the clefs, and various musical exercises or formulas, which would be found even now excellent for rendering

\* The first writers were Norman; we owe to them the *Roman du roi* and that of *Alexandre*, which gives us the term, *Alexandrine verses*. After the Normans the Provençal troubadours cultivated the *gaie science*, which extended to Paris and the surrounding provinces.

† The fifth line of the staff was added towards the end of the reign of Louis IX., at the beginning of the 13th century.

voices true and supple. Adopting as his basis the simple and pregnant divisions of the Monocord, he deduced from them the modern gamut, to which he united the eight ancient tones or modes. His works are truly masterpieces, and it would be of great service to music to publish a complete edition of them with a translation and illustrative notes.‡ To Guido, music without lines was "as a well without a rope." As a teacher he was so excellent that his pupils sung at sight with one month of instruction.

In the second volume of Gerbert's *Scriptores ecclesiastici de Musica Sacra* § are found the following works of Guido; 1. his *Micrology*, a short exposition of his method of teaching music; 2, a treatise in Latin verse, giving an excellent view of his method; 3 and 4, rules and an epistle upon the *chant inconnu*. He gives in it the famous gamut drawn from the hymn of St. John, excellent exercises for striking intervals, and the advice to color the lines C yellow and F red. These various and remarkable improvements gained him great praise from Pope John, who then occupied the chair of St. Peter. The 5th treatise of Guido is a corrective for the crowd of errors which had crept into the Gregorian chant. What would the venerable monk say if he could come back to earth now? The 6th and last shows how music is founded upon arithmetic, but it is not certain that Guido was its author.

Be this as it may, counterpoint was developed during the eleventh and twelfth centuries, under the learned and skillful pens of Bernon, John Cotton, Guido de Chablis, John de Garlande, Francon de Cologne, Aristote, Aribou the scholastic, Peter Picard, John de Bourgogne, Jerome of Moravia and Walter Odington. We leave it to the learned to elucidate their barbarous and doubtful texts; for our part let us examine the musical documents of that epoch which we have been able to procure, and which are still little known.

The music of the *chansons* of Count Thibaut is stamped with grace and nature; it is still but a kind of unmeasured plain chant, though, here and there, we find melodic forms full of beauty. I cannot say so much upon the rondos in three parts by Adam de la Hale, nor of the *dechants* and *motets* in two and three parts with or without imitations, which M. Coussemaker has edited with so much pains. The youngest pupils of counterpoint in the Conservatory at Paris would write more correctly and at the same time more agreeably for the ear.

Among the specimens contained in the beautiful volume of Mr. Coussemaker, we have always remarked, the *Lamentations of Rachel*, consoled by an angel; this has both sentiment and color. We may say the same of two pieces pretty well wrought out and which appear to us to be the origin of the mysteries and liturgic dramas, so numerous in the middle ages. The *Wise and Foolish Virgins* is a sort of short oratorio, not

‡ This work is now promised by M. Adrian de La Fage.

§ This work is in the Boston Public Library.

wanting in interest; it begins with a choral after which many stanzas alternate between the wise and the foolish virgins. Merchants interrupt the declamation of the latter, and then, after some words of Christ, demons seize the foolish virgins and send them to hell headlong.

The *Prophets of Christ* form a series of recitatives analogous to our key of F major. After a general prologue by the precentor, he addresses, successively, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Habakkuk, David, Elizabeth, John the Baptist, and even to Virgil, Nebuchadnezzar and the Sybil and all reply each in his own manner, that Christ will come and that he will be adored by all the nations of the universe.

The dance air of the thirteenth century, drawn from the Library at Lisle, appears to us beautiful in character; it resembles the ancient *bourrées*, which are still sometimes heard from country fiddlers. I have noted it from the manuscript, very differently from the learned M. Coussemaker; I prefer, as my own, my version to his, and yet I dare not affirm mine to be the more correct. As the measure is not indicated, the melodic sentiment and intuition must in some degree here supply the fault owing to the fact that notation was then in its infancy.

The words of this air are very moral; they signify that "nobility adorned with good morals has nothing equal to it in the world."

But we have reached a period of decay; it is that in which we see, upon solemn words in Latin, upon fragments of the psalms and Evangelists, a *dechant* in the vulgar tongue and thoroughly profane. We are involuntarily reminded of the obscenities in stone, which may be seen in nooks and corners of our old cathedrals, or of the gross illuminations, which sometimes disfigure precious manuscripts of pious and mystic prayer-books.

There is then an angel and a demon in our poor humanity, and the above is a most complete and irreputable proof of it. How else could they sing a galliard during the *Introit*, a jest during the *Graduale*, words like these "God! I could not sleep at night" while others sang "*Et vide ed inclina aurem tuam.*" They mingle the most opposite elements,—profane art with sacred—farce with solemn instruction.

Here probably is the justification of the banishment of the *Jongleurs* by Philip Augustus, and, at a later period, the reason for the famous bull of John XXII., against the abuses of ecclesiastical music. A little more and music would have been banished entirely from the churches, and if God had not raised up a genius like Palestrina, it would have been all over with music in the old basilicas. But such a fall was not yet to take place. Before its disappearance, the Art of the middle ages, between the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries, produced all its flowers and fruits; it was only upon the revival or art letters, that it by degrees gave up its territory to antique and pagan art. We hope that in our epoch, it may revive, profiting by the knowledge acquired by study and experience and employing it in a still more grand and profitable manner for the progress and happiness of humanity.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Diarist in Paris.

PARIS, Dec. 26, 1860.

The short-visaged, taciturn Spectator, during

his visit to Sir Roger de Coverly, was pleased with the old gentleman's arrangements in relation to preaching; instead of calling upon his curate to deliver a weekly discourse of his own apropos to nothing, he gave him all his time for parochial duties, preferring on Sunday to have him read a sermon in strong English and fullness of thought of the old masters of the art, Taylor, South, and others like them. How often I have wished that this might be done not only in old England in Sir Roger's chapel, but in New England in many a meeting-house, where I have suffered out my hour!

The principle is a good one in other matters than preaching; where the right thing has been well said, why strive to say it again? If a man has no impulse within to say something, which is truly his own, why labor to fill so many pages of manuscript?

Now this is in fact an apology, if one is needed, for not undertaking to make a mass of matter upon certain musical topics here and, instead thereof, giving you a letter or two, made up mainly from translations. A man, who signs himself Alexis Azevedo, is the musical critic of the *Opinion Nationale*. He gives a weekly article and this article I find always entertaining and instructive. He says, what he has to say, much better than I can, and moreover, if I give specimens of his articles you will have the satisfaction of knowing thereby something of the tone in which actors, singers and composers are here spoken of. There is plain speaking, and pointed; faults are not smoothed over, nor deserved praise withheld. Besides this, the critics know what they are about, at least judging from the French point of view.

I go back five or six weeks and begin with the first appearance of Mlle Sax at the Grand Opera, she having been previously at the Theatre Lyrique.

At the time of this young lady's appearance at the Lyrique, says M. Azevedo, we were among the first to bid her welcome. Her magnificent voice, and the intelligent manner in which she sang the part, and so delicate and self-sustained, of the countess in the *Marriage of Figaro*, were in our opinion the best promise of a brilliant future. Others have shared our opinion as is proved by her call after a short stay at the Lyrique to the Grand Opera to take the leading mezzo-soprano parts.

So long as the young songstress was making her first attempts between Mad. Carvalho and Mad. Ugalde—those excellent and devoted god-mothers—there was little necessity of giving her counsel; for she was learning both from precept and example. But at the opera things are not in the same fashion—precept is often wanting, and the examples are not all to be followed. Moreover the parts for a mezzo-soprano are essentially dramatic, written mainly for declamation, sometimes even for screaming, and are therefore not the thing for a young, not thoroughly educated beginner.

Now, a soprano, singing the parts of Mathilde or Lucie, may by this exercise reach the perfection of her art. So can a contralto, in the single part of Leonore in *La Favorite*. But Alice, Valentine, Rachel are parts better fitted to form the actress than the singer. These being her parts, we have an opportunity to address certain observations to Mlle Sax, the only object

of which is to aid her in preserving her fine organ as long as possible.

Mlle Sax sings rather by instinct than from knowledge; she owes more to nature than to art. Her voice ample and of fine quality is wanting in ductility and is sometimes a little out of tune in passages requiring much force.

To soften her fine voice, and gain the power of producing fine shades and contrasts and conquer an immovable firmness of pitch, she needs to study vocalization and the producing of pure tones with some Italian master of the old school. Above all she must husband her resources, seek out her faults, and not give up to fatigue and the bad vocal tendencies of the parts given her at the opera, as so many have done.

The part of Rachel (in Halévy's *Jewess*), in which we more particularly marked the performance of Mlle Sax, is one which demands infinite care and extreme skill to prevent the loss of the purity and freshness of a frail voice. Had we leisure we might make a complete analysis of the *Jewess* in proof of this assertion; but time and space both are wanting for so formidable an undertaking. We may perhaps do it some day, nevertheless. Meantime, we assert, without fear of contradiction that the music of Rachel is not precisely a gushing warbling, and that a young person whose voice needs both firmness and suppleness cannot find in it that fine vocal style which is needful to her profession. In fact it is not written in a good vocal style; we desire no other proof of this than that fine (?) skip of the voice—an interval of eleven notes—between the words 'Dieu' and 'vengeur'—an interval doubtless placed there to glorify the grammatical rule, that the adjective must agree with the noun! We need no other proof than the tormenting accompaniments, roaring, impenetrable to the human voice, which often tempt us to exclaim, "for mercy's sake, halt a moment, and let us hear the rest of the song," and which with an implacable persistence seem to reply, "well don't you wish you may get it?"

No, Mlle Sax ought not to engage in a contest with these invincible accompaniments, of the result of which there can be no doubt. She should perfect herself in the art of singing out of the theatre, and at the theatre her tactics should be such as we take the liberty of suggesting the principal points of; viz., to produce her "effects" in places where the accompaniment allows the voice to be heard and to make up, in passages of powerful orchestration, for the want of great loudness and exertion of the lungs, by a neat articulation and strongly accented syllables and by such appropriate gestures, as will make her presence more felt in the midst of the tempest, than by the most evident efforts and most dangerous straining of the voice.

By means of such care and precautions Mlle Marie Sax may with right aspire to the position of a worthy, perhaps a great artiste. At all events she will last longer than her predecessors, which, as it seems to us, is not to be disdained.

The D. finds the above to be good and sensible words, conveying a lesson, which may be studied profitably, also out of Paris; and by others than Mlle Marie Sax.

Now to what M. Azevedo says of Ronconi.

After an absence of more than three years Ronconi makes his appearance upon the stage of the Italian Opera in the part of Figaro. Ron-

conci is one of the greatest artists, one of the most extraordinary dramatic individualities of our time. If any comparison was necessary we might compare him to our own Frederick Le-maitre. Everything he touches bears the impress of his originality. But is this the idea of the authors, that he should render them in the manner in which he conceives his parts? It may be permitted, indeed we are forced to doubt this. It is rather his own, Ronconi's, ideas, which he expresses, the piece being but his medium. But then what genius in his transformations, what knowledge of scenic effect in his rendering!

One can hardly speak too strongly of what he has made the part of Figaro. It is certainly no longer the Figaro of Beaumarchais and Rossini, which adds a few cunning tricks to a torrent of fun without parallel; it is another Figaro, master of himself and of the others, a diplomat, a *dry old file*—a cat in a bird cage. He plays with the passions of those about him, as with chess-men, utterly without sympathy. Not only do they excite no answering emotion in him, but he does not even seem to comprehend them except as means to aid him in his projects. With what disdainful, skeptical cruel raillery, he receives the letter which Rosina sends to Lindor. Certes, this Figaro can never love, nor, what is more, be jealous of Suzanne; this man makes the marriage impossible.

The stealthy manner in which he listens to the air of Bartolo, on calumny, is in itself a poem. With a few steps, gestures and attitudes the artist makes of this scene of espyal one of surpassing interest.

It is strange that notwithstanding the deal of originality which Ronconi impresses upon the Barber of Beaumarchais and Rossini, he never tires with filling his part with the most astonishing buffooneries; yet true to himself he executes them with an imperturbable coolness; his comrades can hardly restrain themselves, and sometimes do not. For instance on the first evening he had worked out a sort of trill or shake, by a curious intermixture of three or four different voices; seeing that Mad. Alboni could hardly keep her countenance at such an unheard of trill, he made a horrible grimace of the sort which Panurge executes when he is endeavoring to abash the Englishman. The most hardened could not see that memorable grimace without a smile. Mad. Alboni was obliged to take refuge for a moment behind the scenes. We should never end if we undertook to describe all the tricks played by him with the napkin in the shaving scene, Bartolo's great cane, where he chases Bazile from the stage, and a multitude of other drolleries, which we do not approve in such abundance, but which still are worthy of notice, being executed with such incredible skill.

French words scattered through the Italian dialogue were not wanting, as may easily be believed. In the serenade scene, Figaro, handing the guitar to the count, said "It is tuned to the normal pitch." Mario for the first time singing in new pitch, made the most natural gesture of astonishment in the world.

Speaking of the normal pitch, permit us to make a slight digression. People think this a new thing. Not at all; why, in the year 2284 before Christ, Chun, successor of Yao, Emperor of China, established uniformity of weights measures and musical pitch throughout his em-

pire.\* The means employed by the Chinese to regulate this matter is curious enough. They take a hollow bamboo of a certain determinate length, and fill it with grains of millet. If the grains prove to be of the exact number prescribed, this bamboo will give their normal pitch of A. If not they change the bamboo until one is found of the same length of course, and of the right diameter to exactly hold the millet. One sees instantly, that they have not reached quite the nicety of our experimenters!

But return we to Ronconi; in the trio of the Barber where the count and Rosina instead of hurrying away down the ladder from the balcony, stop to sing of love and relieve their feelings in never-ending roulades, this Figaro's impatient movements are really exciting to the audience. He goes and comes; stamps his foot; bites his lips, folds his arms; pulls the count by the cloak. There is a marvellous intelligence in such by-play.

Now we shall doubtless be asked if Ronconi preserved his voice and talents as a singer. We honestly answer—we do not know. We shall not be able to satisfy the curious on this point until we have heard him in a part where the singing is more than the acting. Now, in the Barber he acts more than he sings; or rather he is continually in action and never singing.

Of Mario our critic says:—

Mario has returned to us! Has he preserved his voice and vocalization? Has he gained? Has he lost? It is difficult to say; be it the fatigues of his journey, the new pitch, to which he must become accustomed, or has he caught cold, nothing is so uncertain as M. Mario; now rising to artistic heights now sinking to depths incredible. All that we can affirm is, that there is nobody within our knowledge able, to sing the opening cavatina of the Barber like him.

Now read M. Azevedo on Mad. Viardot and Gluck, and see what a good lesson he gives to vocalists.

The return of Mad. Viardot to the Theatre Lyrique gives us again the immortal *Orphée* of Gluck. However it be with others, we do not cease to hear and admire this music at once so clear and profound, grand and simple as the antique, pathetic as tragedy, descriptive as painting, in which through the careful use of the simplest means, the grandest possible effects are produced every moment. Full of power, emotion and a sacred fire which she radiates upon all about her, Mad. Viardot proves herself at every repetition, as upon her first appearance,—a great lyric tragedienne throughout the piece, an extraordinary singer in the final air of the 1st act. Let us linger a moment upon her manner of singing this air, for it is the last living vestige of the art of vocalization in the serious style as practised by her illustrious father and his contemporaries. They sang their ornaments and roulades with the full voice, with fire, strength, feeling. With them they were not mere scales, trills, divisions, but means of expression as pathetic, true, touching as the accents of the recitative or the pure melody. And here we have defined in a word, the "lyric tragedy in ornate style." When, for instance, a work like the *Otello* was executed by the performers of

genius, who added to their natural endowments the true vocal culture, both the characters and the alterations of the piece gained largely from music in energy and relief. Now-a-days, the singers in executing ornaments and showing off their vocal agility, only employ about an eighth of their voices—Othello coos, Iago cackles and crows.

Thus the intention of the composer disappears, the tragedy vanishes, and nothing of *Otello* remains but beautiful melodies and charming feats of vocalization. And yet we live at a period when all the strength of the human voice is called into requisition both in season and out of season. Why not then use it where it is so necessary to the composer's idea? Alas! people no longer know how to sing!

A little piece just brought out at the Bouffes is spoken of thus:—

At the Bouffes-Parisiennes a short one act piece has come upon the stage, entitled *L'Hotel de la Poste*, music by M. Dufresne, composer of the *Valet de Gascogne*. The score is markworthy for its abundance of natural melodies and by a very intelligent application of music to the demands of the theatre. It has a serenade, two quartettes and many other striking things of the right sort. The more we hear the music of Dufresne, the more we are assured that this composer, by his view of melody, his spirit and scenic tact, might keep up, with happy and brilliant success the traditions of our truly national comic opera, now obscured by the mists and fogs which come to us from beyond the Rhine. Will then an opportunity be given this gentleman to exhibit his fine capacities, by intrusting to him a good text to be composed for good singers? We doubt it, for the composer is guilty of the greatest of faults—he is a Frenchman!

#### Goethe and Mendelssohn.

THE FIRST MEETING BETWEEN THE POET AND THE COMPOSER.

M. Le Rallstab, a German writer of considerable reputation, has recently published in Germany two volumes of his autobiography, replete with interesting gossip about distinguished men. He tells the following tale of the meeting of the author of *Faust* and the composer of *Elijah*:—

In the evening we assembled in Goethe's rooms to tea, for he had invited a large party of his Weimar musical acquaintances, to make them acquainted with the boy's extraordinary talents. Presently Goethe made his appearance; he came from his study, and had a habit—at least I generally noticed it—of waiting till all the guests were assembled ere he showed himself. Till that period his son and daughter-in-law did the duties of host in the most amiable way. A certain solemnity was visible among the guests prior to the entrance of the great poet, and even those who stood on terms of intimacy with him underwent a feeling of veneration. His slow, serious walk, his impressive features, which expressed the strength rather than weakness of old age, the lofty forehead, the white, abundant hair, lastly, the deep voice and slow way of speaking, all united to produce the effect. His "Good evening" was addressed to all, but he walked up to Zelter first, and shook his hand cordially. Felix Mendelssohn looked up with sparkling eyes at the snow-white head of the poet. The latter, however, placed his hands kindly on the boy's head and said, "Now you shall play us something." Zelter nodded his assent.

The piano was opened and lights arranged on the desk. Mendelssohn asked Zelter, to whom he displayed a thoroughly childish devotion and confidence, "What shall I play?"

"Well, what you can," the latter replied, in his peculiarly sharp voice; "whatever is not too difficult for you."

To me, who knew what the boy could do, and that no task was too difficult for him, this seemed an unjust depreciation of his faculties. It was at length arranged that he should play *Affantasia*, which he did

\* See, *Historie general de la Musique et de la Danse* by de la Fage, vol. I. p. 48. I think the work is in the Boston public Library.

to the wonder of all. But the young artist knew when to leave off, and thus the effect he produced was all the greater. A silence of surprise ensued when he raised his hands from the keys after a loud finale.

Zelter was the first to interrupt the silence in his humorous way, by saying aloud, "Ha, you must have been dreaming of kobolds and dragons; why, that went over stick and stone!" At the same time there was a perfect indifference in his tone, as if there were nothing remarkable in the matter. Without doubt the teacher intended to prevent, in this way, the danger of a too brilliant triumph. The playing, however, as it could not well otherwise, aroused the highest admiration of all present, and Goethe, especially, was full of the warmest delight. He encouraged the lad, in whose childish features joy, pride and confusion were at once depicted, by taking his head between his hands, patting him kindly, and saying jestingly, "But you will not get off with that. You must play more pieces before we recognize your merits."

"But what shall I play," Felix asked, "Herr Professor?"—he was wont to address Zelter by this title—"what shall I play now?"

I cannot say that I have properly retained the pieces the young virtuoso now performed, for they were numerous. I will, however, mention the most interesting.

Goethe was a great admirer of Bach's fugues, which a musician of Berka, a little town about ten miles from Weimar, came to play to him repeatedly. Felix was therefore requested to play a fugue of the grand old master. Zelter selected it from the music book, and the boy played it without any preparation, but with perfect certainty.

Goethe's delight grew with the boy's extraordinary powers. Among other things he requested him to play a minuet.

"Shall I play you the loveliest in the whole world?" he asked, with sparkling eyes.

"Well, and which is that?"

He played the minuet from Don Giovanni.

Goethe stood by the instrument, listening, joy glistening in his features. He wished for the overture of the opera after the minuet; but this the player roundly declined, with the assertion that it could not be played as it was written, and nobody dared make any alteration in it. He, however, offered to play the overture to "Figaro." He commenced it with a lightness of touch—such certainty and clearness as I never heard again. At the same time he gave the orchestral effects so magnificently that the effect was extraordinary; and I can honestly state that it afforded me more gratification than ever an orchestral performance did. Goethe grew more and more cheerful and kind, and even played tricks with the talented lad.

"Well, come," he said, "you have only played me pieces you know, but now we will see whether you can play something you do not know. I will put you on trial."

Goethe went out, reentered the room in a few moments and had a roll of music in his hand. "I have fetched something from my manuscript collection. Now we will try you. Do you think you can play this?"

He laid a page, with clear but small notes, on the desk. It was Mozart's handwriting. Whether Goethe told us so or it was written on the paper I forget, and only remember that Felix glowed with delight at the name, and an indescribable feeling came over us all, partly enthusiasm and joy, partly admiration and expectation. Goethe, the aged man, who lays a manuscript of Mozart, who had been buried thirty years ago, before a lad so full of promise for the future, to play at sight, in truth such a constellation may be termed a rarity.

The young artist played with the most perfect certainty, not making the slightest mistake, though the manuscript was far from easy reading. The task was certainly not difficult, especially for Mendelssohn, as it was only an adagio; still there was a difficulty in doing it as the lad did, for he played it as if he had been practising it for years.

Goethe adhered to his good-humored tone, while all the rest applauded. "That is nothing," he said; "others could read that too. But I will now give you something over which you will stick, so take care."

With these words he produced another paper, which he laid on the desk. This certainly looked very strange. It was difficult to say were they notes or only a paper ruled and splashed with ink and blots. Felix Mendelssohn, in his surprise, laughed loudly. How is that written? Who can read it?" he said.

But suddenly he became serious, for while Goethe was saying, "Now, guess who wrote it?" Zelter,

who had walked up to the piano and looked over the boy's shoulder, exclaimed, "Why, Beethoven wrote that! any one could see it a mile off. He always writes with a broomstick, and passes his sleeve over the notes before they are dry. I have plenty of his manuscripts. They are easy to know."

At the mention of the name, as I remarked, Mendelssohn had suddenly grown serious—even more than serious. A shade of awe was visible on his features. Goethe regarded him with searching eyes, from which delight beamed. The boy kept his eyes immovably fixed on the manuscript, and a look of glad surprise flew over his features as he traced a brilliant thought amid the chaos of confused, blurred notes.

But all this lasted only a few seconds, for Goethe wished to make a severe trial, and give the performer no time for preparation. "You see," he exclaimed, "I told you that you would stick. Now try it; show us what you can do."

Felix began playing immediately. It was a simple melody; if clearly written a trifling, I may say no task, for even a moderate performer. But to follow it through the scrambling labyrinth required a quickness and certainty of eye such as few are able to attain. I glanced with surprise at the leaf, and tried to hum the tune, but many of the notes were perfectly illegible, or had to be sought at the most unexpected corners, as the boy often pointed out with a laugh.

He played it through once in this way, generally correctly, but stopping at times, and correcting several mistakes with a quick "No, so;" then he exclaimed, "Now I will play it to you." And this second time not a note was missing. "This is Beethoven, this passage," he said once turning to me, as if he had come across something which sharply displayed the master's peculiar style. "That is true Beethoven. I recognize him in it at once."

With this trial-piece Goethe broke off. I need scarcely add that the young player again reaped the fullest praise, which Goethe veiled in mocking jests, that he had stuck here and there, and had not been quite sure.—*Boston Daily Advertiser*.

**SPOHR AND THE VIOLIN.**—Of Spohr's distinguished merits as a composer of quartets, enough has been said in the analytical programmes of the Monday Popular Concerts. The reproduction of a few sentences will suffice to explain, to such as have not hitherto been in the habit of attending these performances, the opinion entertained of the late Kapellmeister of Hesse-Cassel as a fertile and ingenious producer in this particular branch of his art. As a composer of quartets—it was urged—and indeed of all varieties of chamber music,—for stringed instruments, Spohr eminently excelled. Only Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn can be said to have surpassed him; while, on the other hand, he produced in this department almost as much as the last three in common. Here, however, his darling instrument was at command, and none will refuse to admit that, as a writer for the violin, Spohr was unrivalled. No predecessor or contemporary has done so much or so well for the first of orchestral, as it is the first of solo, instruments. His compositions for the violin (as a performer on which, in many respects, he equally transcended all competitors) form one of the most important and valuable bequests that genius has made to art. He represented, moreover, and pre-eminently, the great German school of playing, the most solid, legitimate, and classically pure, if not the most graceful, impetuous and brilliant. "All the composers for the violin put together, since legitimate music was provided for that instrument, could not," says a modern critic, "make one Spohr." This was the domain in which he knew no rival, and in which, whether as producer or executant, he distanced all competitors. Spohr was the rock against which the so-called virtuosity of his time could make no head. In an age of semi-charlatanism he retained for his darling instrument its classic character, and dedicated works to the fiddle which are likely to survive while music continues to be cultivated. Violinists, indeed, of every category, those alike who aim at mere display and those who entertain a worthier ambition, are infinitely his debtors; since, through the method he inculcated, and the writings he published, he not only regulated taste and developed style, but, more than any predecessor or contemporary, helped to advance the mechanism of the instrument, and thus to multiply its resources and vary its means of effect. His quartets (of which he produced about three times as many as Mozart, and twice as many as Beethoven), his quintets, and other examples of what it termed *chamber music*, form a library of themselves.—*Programme of the Monday Popular Concerts*.

## Ristori.

Dreary December has brought in its train the season of Advent. In the welcome given to an interminable catalogue of religious festivals, we have taken a solemn addios of theatrical amusements—solemn, not on account of the excessive brilliancy of the autumnal pleasure campaign, but because the suggestion of a good thing is liable to create pleasant emotions in the mind; whereas, the absence of suggestion causes an emotional vacuum. Besides influenzas and perpetual rain diluted, at rare intervals, by a few stray sunbeams, were made indurable in the consolation of Bellini's heart vibrations and Meyerbeer's intellectual outpourings. Influenzas and rain remain—poor substitutes for melody and harmony of sound.

Adelaide Ristori inaugurated the autumn season by giving six representations at the cosy little Niccolini theatre. Ristori possesses to so eminent an extent the power of fascination, that much time must elapse before sober, calm criticism can be released from the captivity in which it is enthralled by this actress. It is difficult to listen to reason when the sight, that most susceptible of our senses, is under the spell of enchantment; for as long as men are mortal, beauty will have more or less worshippers. Ristori, personally, is very attractive. They say that, when she was a girl, so wonderful was her beauty that her mere presence upon the stage was sufficient to create a furor amounting almost to frenzy. At that time she was simply a comedienne, and was not considered by Florentines to be possessed of more than ordinary dramatic talent. It is only within the last ten years, since her fame has been acknowledged abroad, that she has assumed an eminent position in her profession. Even now the Italians are not willing to accord her that meed of praise which is lavished upon her by foreign nations. Ristori's appearance is quite anomalous. It is of a type quite frequent in America. Her hair is brown, her complexion fair, her eyes of that bluish gray cast so charming in its expression and variety; her features are finely cut and regular; she has a beautiful mouth, and equally beautiful teeth; her height is noble, without towering above the woman measure, and her entire figure is exquisitely proportioned. Her hand and arm are a study, and did all Italian women possess as pretty a foot, their reputation in this respect would be quite different from what it is at present. Ristori is not only beautiful on the stage, but sympathetic, also, and many an artist at Rome has sought her as a model for Madonnas. Her voice is of contralto calibre, and most sonorous. It is managed with that colloquial art (so rare in America,) by which its power and purity are preserved through hours of most exhausting exercise.

As a comedienne Ristori is unrivalled. Her elegance of manner, dress and action, her conversational tone, her natural esprit and charming smile, eminently fit her for the personation of modern life. I never saw anything more refreshingly natural than her acting in a petite comedy called "I Gelosi Fortunati," in which a husband and wife both equally jealous and equally without reason, play at cross purposes. No amendment could have been suggested; complete satisfaction pervaded the mind; but in the tragedy, with sorrow do I confess it, she must yield the precedence to Rachel. Rachel was so grand, so consummate in and true to her art, that she never condescended to sacrifice the artistic for that which would produce greater momentary effect and call forth indiscriminating applause. Ristori has a disagreeable mannerism of closing her eyes, imagining that she is adding effect to the situation. In this she may be imitating Rachel, who occasionally contracted her eyes, but only occasionally, when the action was a natural one. As imitators invariably distort, so Ristori has confirmed into an unpleasant habit what Rachel used with extreme delicacy.

Then again, Ristori is exaggerated. This fault is probably owing, and therefore partly excusable, to her almost constantly performing before foreign audiences who have no knowledge of the Italian language, and in consequence she is tempted to interpret her author by pantomime, which really is most wonderful and comprehensive. Still, once resorting to excessive action leads to melodramatic style, which, however acceptable to English and French, who demand a key to unintelligible words, must necessarily be severely criticised by Italians and those acquainted with Italian, to whom the language is no mystery. And when Italians object to gesticulation, which is one of their great characteristics, you may be very sure that it is more than superabundant.

Ristori is *artful* in her art, and therefore not the highest order of dramatic genius; nevertheless, she is probably the first of living actresses. Certainly England and America have no one in the least com-



parable to her, and her acting never fails to give infinite pleasure. "Giuditta," and "Medea" are considered to be the characters which she best portrays. The former tragedy, founded on a well known scriptural subject, is a late production of Giacometti, a Genoese poet, and though it cannot take a high rank in literature is very effective upon the stage. It was written for Ristori, and therefore is adapted to the displaying of her peculiarities. The scenes where Giuditta determines to go to the camp of Holofernes, and slay the arch enemy of her tribe; where, upon appearing before him in all the splendor of her beauty, heightened by gorgeous dressing, she quells his anger by fascinating him with the most marvelously assumed expression of seductive love; finally, where, before completing her vengeance, she fears her inability to accomplish the self-imposed deed; the despair which overwhelms her, when upon seizing Holofernes' scimitar, the only weapon upon which she can rely to execute the bloody work, she is unable to sift its immense weight—the unexpected appearance of Holofernes' mistress, with the intention of murdering her rival, whose presence hastened the moment of exaltation, when the scimitar became as light as air, and waving it aloft, Giuditta rushed to the barbarian's couch and slays him—all are bits of tremendous acting. In Medea she depicts more varied emotions with equal power. Admirable are her transitions from vengeance to love, from love to pathos, and when material feelings are eclipsed by lover's hate and retaliation, she looks the very personification of the heathen tigress, Medea. Horribly natural is Ristori's portrayal of Myrrha in Alfieri's tragedy of that most abominable of heathen subjects. Alfieri materially alters mythology by making Myrrha guilty in thought only. Through four long acts she depicts the one dreadful passion of incestuous love for her father, which she struggles against, for which she hates herself, but to which she is doomed by Venus, under whose curse she lives and dies. When her father, Cinyras, forces her to the last act, to reveal to him the cause of her mysterious suffering, and her vindictive tempter forces her to disclose her crime in these insinuating words:

"Oh madre mia felice! almen concesso  
A lei sarà—di morir—al tuo fianco."

(Ah, too happy is my mother! at least it will be permitted to her to die by thy side,) the expression of Ristori's face, and her delivery of these two lines positively made one's blood run cold; and the gesture which the dying girl directed to her father, imploring him to conceal from her mother her impious revelation, was worthy of being perpetuated in marble.

Notwithstanding the literary merit of "Myrrha," and Ristori's accurate conception of her character, the tragedy should be banished from the stage, for it can be productive of no good, and only fills the audience with horror and disgust. It is a wonderful *tour de force* on the part of Ristori, which must be quite as repulsive to herself as to her audience. But enough of Ristori for the present.—*Cor. of N. O. Picayune.*

## Twight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 26, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha," Piano Solo.

### Editorial Correspondence.

NEW SERIES.

No. III.

BERLIN, Dec. 26, 1860.

The day after Christmas! A sober, quiet day, and snowing fast. Seasonably has the brilliant sky of yesterday curtailed itself for the rest of all who had returned as it were to childhood for the last day or two, breathing the quick oxygen of renewed youthfulness and joy in larger doses than our careworn systems can endure long at a time. And what a happy, holy, and whole-hearted day the German Christmas is! It lasts all this week; and really it has been a tree growing, and budding, and blossoming into the full flower of yesterday, for three or four weeks past. All this time, dull and sunless as the short, short days have been, has the whole air been full of coming Christmas. I met it in the eyes of all the happy, eager children trooping home from

school, the boys with knapsacks on their backs—a pretty uniform, but—sadly suggestive of the next livery which the military fatherland will put upon them when they reach the proper age! The shop-windows under the Lindens have been irresistibly attractive with all sorts of beautiful books, engravings, jewelry and toys. *Weihnacht* was everywhere the word; *Weihnachts-geschenke* and *Weihnachts-anstellungen*, Christmas gifts and Christmas exhibitions, have filled all the newspapers with curious and fantastic advertisements. Every great square held and still holds continual market, covered with booths, richly spread with everything to tempt the wondering desire of childhood; a gay and chattering scene, where you walk through endless labyrinths of charming, dazzling, comical inventions, as if it were the heyday of elves and gnomes and cobolds reestablished in the busy and prosaic streets of a great artificial nineteenth century city. Crossing, some three weeks since, the great Schiller Platz, on which I "take my comfort in mine inn," to the royal Schauspiel-Haus, or theatre, that stands between the two great domed churches, occupying with them the middle of the square—to buy my ticket to the evening's performance of Goethe's "Egmont," with Beethoven's music, I had to make my way to the door through long winding narrow paths, of fragrant little hemlocks, pines and *tannen*, as through a Birnam wood of a night's growth. This they call "*unter den Pyramiden*." Curious roots the tree pyramids all had: to-wit, little four-legged wooden crickets, painted of all colors. These were Christmas trees for sale. So in the larger square between the Palace and the Museum, on my way to pay another visit to the Giottos and the Fra Angelicos and Lippo-Lippi, to Titian's daughter, and Corregio's "Io," and the Raphael Madonnas, of which there are a half dozen here, to Murillo's Antony of Padua holding the beautiful Christ child—to the marvellous old altarpiece of the Van Eycks, to the old German masters, and the Rembrandts, Vandykes, Rubenses, &c.—I found the whole space occupied with green and rustling pyramids. And in the great Schloss-markt, and in the Neu-markt over in the old city, and about the gates of Berlin as you go out towards Potsdam, or elsewhere, all is overgrown and waving with these groves and forests of commercial Christmas. For those who despise nature, and prefer Art or miracle, there are artificial trees, such as never grew beneath the sun, except it were in some Catholic legendary heaven, with green paper foliage and gold paper blossoms—"California Blüthen"!

In the afternoon, returning from my walk over the snow under the sober woods of the Thiergarten musing along and alone, and owning the sweet and soothing influence of nature even in this blackened, wintry aspect, warmed by the joy of pretty children happy in the snow, and of the skaters on the little lakes and rivulets,—hailing too, with an inward thrill of consolation and of new faith, the Christmas emblems in the exquisite fairy frost work that has woven itself about the branches of those grand old mossy trees—I meet on the main avenue, that leads out from the propylean Brandenburg gate, a constant succession of curious, long, boat-shaped wagons, in which are huddled together parties of strange old women, with great baskets, some asleep and some laughing and chatting loudly in the broad North German peasant dialect. These are the presiding spirits of the tree markets we saw in the morning. They have "struck their tents like the Arabs," leaving the square to helmeted policemen, and the flocks of plump little birds that come peeping and sprinkling themselves down over the snow.

But we did not intend to go into all this childish description; the spirit of the season must excuse it. I hasten to the richer experiences of Christmas proper. First, however, remarking that this most poetic, childlike Christian festival, while more and more is

made of it every year, seems to have assumed a very calculating and commercial character, as all things do and must do in this commercial phase through which our race is passing, also remarking, on the other hand, that the German Christmas has by no means lost its sincerity and heartiness. Its heavenly meaning is not all forgotten in mere trade. Even in the eager clamor of the market squares there mingles much of the hearty ring of cheerfulness and good will, and faces beam with kindness, with hope of a good time for all, even in the heat of puffing and parading one's own wares. The charm and feature of the German Christmas seems to be, that it is a day when all are thinking of the children, and happy in their happiness. The tree is lighted for the little ones, and all hands and hearts are occupied in busily preparing and in lighting the old surprise whose whose magic is still fresh and perfect to the all-believing and imaginative child mind. Christmas here is not so much, as it is with us, a season for the exchange of gifts between friends of all ages. The home part of the festival is chiefly for the children; and when we are all occupied with what we most wish for our children, can it be possible that purer, kinder, more childlike thought and aspirations should not take possession of ourselves? How beautiful it is to see in every house the fanciful, mysterious work preparing—the little prying and suspicious rogues excluded, kept as much as possible in wondering ignorance till the wonder-tree shall burst upon them in full radiance and golden bloom! and to see all the elders, not merely mothers, aunts and sisters, but papa himself and the good uncle, whether he be tradesman, scholar, grave official, or mechanic, busying himself willingly and happily for once in this innocent child's work! Did I not call at my good friend's, the Professor's, the evening before Christmas Eve, and was I not instantly pressed into service with the rest, to help gild the walnuts and hang up the golden fruit, under the instructions of papa and the brave old uncle who had served in Lützow's famous troop in the heroic days, while more delicate and cunning fingers cut out California magnolias from golden paper! and all for the surprise and joy of one little *mädchen*, whose quick senses have divined all, more than all, I dare say, already.

Nature, the wise mother, seems this time to have dealt with us all as children in the same way, and to have kept us for a long time in a dark room with all the windows of heaven curtained and the folding doors drawn to, while she prepared her full flower of a Christmas day, that was to burst upon us in perfect winter splendor, a day of quite ideal weather, with an air so nimble and so full of oxygen that no mean man could live in it—a very Christmas tree of a day, flashing with gems and golden fruit, and spiring upward to the purest heavens. For weeks, nay for two months preceding, nearly all the days had been of the most dull and murky character; a mild, moist, muddy, sunless winter weather. The days were growing shorter and shorter by the almanac, while practically there seemed to be no day at all. The sun rose and set constructively. A dead leaden sky prolonged the winter of our discontent until it should be glorious Christmas. Yet under the darkness, as with those who wake before day-dawn, what hopes and pleasant plans were cheerfully astir, what eager expectation and excitement! When the days are near the shortest and the turning of the year at hand, a thrill of new life and encouragement creeps musically through all the fibres of our being; and it is as if the very heart of the planet leapt in unison with all our private hearts. And so, if the days were short, the wintry period itself seemed shorter, and *Heilige Nacht*, or Christmas Eve, was soon upon us; and with it came the moon out like Madonna through the clouds, that "turned their silver lining to the night," and hosts of stars like cherubs leaned upon the pearly clouds admiring, and the

air grew colder, yet more warming with a vitalizing heavenly warmth. For there are two kinds of cold weather; one a negative, a bitter, black, denying kind of cold, that chills like Mephistopheles; the other a celestial, crystal, clear, exhilarating cold, that seems at once to warm and purify the blood, and puts the finest nerves in tune, and sharpens every sense, and quickens all good impulses, and sets us in a right believing, wholesome and unshrinking frame. And such celestial cold it was that chased away the hosts of darkness that had so long encamped around and overshadowed Berlin. This is your true Christmas cold.

And in this quick, stimulating cold, under this glorified sky, over the glad sparkling snow, walk with us now (it is five o'clock, and the sun has been down a good hour and a quarter), up the brilliant, stately avenue of the Lindens, past houses and hotels and palaces, with the light of the Christmas tree breaking through many a window, over the bridge with its white statues looking doubly ideal over the snow, through the crooked narrow ways among the booths across the royal square or Lustgarten, to the royal church or Dom Kirche. A gloomy, homely looking pile it is, but this evening the angels are to sing "Peace on earth, good will to man" in it. There is to be a "liturgical service," consisting nearly all of music. We make our way through the crowd, to the further end of the long, narrow, tubular interior, spanned by a continuous arch for ceiling, and groping along past the old electors and Teutonic Ritters, stretched at full length in bronze upon their monuments, find standing places in the gallery above. Far away, in the opposite end gallery, are the organ and the singers, boys and men, the famous Dom-chor, half screened behind the great confused, lifeless altar picture in which some artist has endeavored to convey his notion of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. And suddenly there was a sound, as of the heavenly host—I can hardly help using the Bible language—so pure, so clear, so richly, sweetly harmonized were those sixty or seventy voices that then softly swelled upon the air, and sang through a long anthem, in such perfect tune, without accompaniment. It was the Psalm: "Why do the heathen rage," &c., ending with an elaborate ascription and amen. The composition, which seemed to be modern, was not particularly fine or striking in itself, but in good style, appropriate; quite as interesting as many of those old Flemish and Italian pieces which this choir are so fond of singing for the antiquity of the thing; at all events beautiful so sung. Is there any sound so exquisite, so holy as that of a mass of voices blended in perfect purity and which really sing together? The silvery soprano of the boys was heavenly; the alto just rich and positive enough; the tenors warm and ringing, unforced, and obedient as by instinct to the least hints of expression; the basses full and sonorous; and of each kind just enough; each furnishing in quantity and quality just what the harmony required. I do not say that a choir of men and boys is better than one of mixed voices, or for most purposes so good. But here was something singularly perfect and effective of its kind. When we are in the wrong way or despairing, may such sounds fall upon the darkness of our soul!

And now, as if to break the spell for a moment and remind us that we are yet of earth and discord, comes the painful shock of the organ commencing miserably out of tune. A poor, dead, heavy, unsonorous sort of organ at the best; the more so now that it had lost the truth. With this uncertain and unquickening sound it gives out the chorale; and the congregation join in the first verse with quite as little unity and clear ring of concord, though with a good will,—nay with some dreadful croaking close by, very likely, to preoccupy your private ear, if you happen to find yourself in a neighborhood where the will is very much better than the deed. But hark!

the organ ceases, and the second verse is the same chorale glorified and sounding in the heavens; it is sung now in true harmony instead of in false unison, by that fine choir alone. The organ and the congregation have, however, the last word. And now enters the minister before the altar, and reads in short sentences the simply liturgy, interspersed with responses from the congregation, and from the choir (some of these latter of exquisite beauty); short readings from the gospels; two or three anthems; two or three more chorals, alternating between choir and congregation as before, types of the angelic and the earthly—but no sermon—how weak one would have sounded amid such transporting strains of a more universal, pure soul language!—and the service is concluded in a single hour, one beautiful and holy hour—and all walk out again, refreshed and edified, tuned to the true tone of Christmas, into the moonlight and starlight gleaming on the snow, each to the happy home where the children wait the lighting up. There are no operas, theatres, or shows that evening—I wonder if that can be said of any other evening in the whole year in Berlin—all is sacred to the merry meeting round the tree in every home; the ideal was not to be sought abroad, it comes and waves its lily wand in every house.

The next morning was right cold and clear; a brilliant day with a dry vivifying air, as unlike all the days I had yet experienced in Berlin as possible, and like our finest winter days in dear New England. I took a long walk over the Kloster Strasse, to the Parochial Kirche, and attended morning service. There you find a really superb organ, one of remarkable power and lifesome equality of tone. Its pipes speak as though they had life in them, and were not afraid, not conscious of bad habits. The tones leap out lustily as if glad and fit to praise the Lord and celebrate the Christmas. It was built in Berlin. I entered during the singing of a chorale by the people; one of the grandest of the old chorals; a solemn minor tune, but with a warm Christmas glow in it. How different the impression from that of the evening before in the Dom Kirche. Here the organ was in tune, and in master hands, those of Haupt, who is one of the very first, if not the first, of the real classical organists in Germany, who build upon Bach. (A man of about fifty; pupil of Mendelssohn, of Zelter; intimate friend of Felix as long as he lived; a true man of a true, clear spirit, wise and thinking, thoroughly the artist, alive to all that is high and true, without a taste of vanity or meanness, and only not widely famous because he loves to stay quietly at his post, as Bach did.) Upheld by the rich, ringing, true tones of that organ, the voices of the people sounded also true; and though verse after verse was sung, with brief inspiring interludes, I did not weary of it, but grew to love its sameness; one's soul could bathe in the pure, strengthening flood of such tone. A glad, clean spirit seemed to pervade all. The place was as cheerful as sunshine. The interior of the church is nearly square, or rather, round; for each of its four sides, from the corners, opens back into a wide, deep recess, richly vaulted. In the gallery thrown across the one opposite that which contains the organ, was a large choir of both sexes, including boys, all holding broad music sheets before them, waiting to begin, and looking like some of the choirs in the religious paintings of the old masters. They sang without accompaniment, a beautiful anthem or *Te Deum*, with very harmonious effect, and frequently afterwards took their turn in the same manner in the responses between the pastor and the chorales of the people. The church was by no means crowded; when at length the vacant pews were unlocked to those who had been standing in the aisles, we took our seat in one and found inscribed upon the front the names of each of its lawful occupants (how curious are names); one was "Viollet," and that immediately before me "Tannen-

baum" (or Christmas tree); no wonder that he had to keep at home. Mingling with the music and the prayers, came down occasionally from the tower the silvery chimes, which rang out the notes of another Christmas chorale dear to the hearts of Germany. The sermon was sincere and good, and not too long, and the whole service one of the most edifying that I remember anywhere. I had hoped for a good organ fugue, though, at the close; but the organist, with whom I walked out, explained to me that the warming of the church had put certain portions of his instrument out of the fit condition. Few persons have to wrestle hand to hand with the icy Winter like your organists; he must do all his practising in cold churches and be always his own stove. But to compare this congregational singing with the other—what a difference it does make, to be sure, if music be in tune or out of tune! The moral correspondence is most intimate; singing, which is out of tune, strikes into our moral consciousness; we listen with a sense of all our sins clinging about us and dragging us down; whereas perfect tune sets all that is strong and hopeful in us ringing, relates us to the stars, and redeems us back in triumph to the whole world's harmony.

I will not attempt to describe the liveliness of Berlin throughout the day; thronged streets; the sleighing, and the skating parties in the Thiergarten; the hands assembled at noon to play by the guard-house; the crowds of officers decked out with a fabulous variety of splendid uniforms; the children reflecting the same military fancy in the streets, parading in their Christmas presents, in hat and plume or velvet—several small youth's I met in suits of complete armor, knights in miniature; joy and kindness in all faces, even in the helmeted, long-skirted policemen, who to the stranger commonly seem to creep about him everywhere with surly vigilance as if eager to arrest him on some technical conclusion.

Concerts and operas offer less than usual in the Christmas holidays; the public entertainments are mostly of the most light and popular character. Yet Leibig is still faithful to his calling. He gave one of his cheap classical concerts yesterday afternoon (Christmas day); five of them during the week; the programme each time containing two symphonies, three overtures, and something else. They add up as follows:

**SYMPHONIES.** HAYDN: No. 16 (E flat); No. 17 (E flat); Weihnachts Symphony; military do—MOZART: "Jupiter," in C.—BEETHOVEN: No. 8 (in F); No. 5 (C minor); No. 2 (in D); No. 4 (B flat); Scherzo from No. 9.—SCHUMANN: No. 3 (E flat).—MENDELSSOHN: No. 3 (A minor).

**Overtures.** MOZART: *Clemenza di Tito*. BEETHOVEN: *Prometheus*; *Coriolan*.—GLUCK: *Iphigenia in Aulis*.—TAUBERT: *Fest Overture*.—SCHUMANN: *Manfred*.—ROSSINI: "Tell;" *La Gazza Ladra*.—MENDELSSOHN: *Hebriden*; *Sommernachtsraum*.—CHERUBINI: *Lodoiska*.—ORSLÖW: *Hausirer*.—LORTZING: *Fest Ov.*—GADE: "Ossiand."—WAGNER: *Tannhäuser*.

**Miscellaneous.** Song from *Tannhäuser*. Procession of women in *Lohengrin*. Finale from the *Zauberflöte*. Weber's "Invitation to the Dance." Prelude from Bach, with melody by Gounod, &c., &c.

A pretty solid supply for one week! The Royal Opera seems mostly given over to the Italians this week. But on Friday night comes the *Iphigenia in Aulis* by Gluck. And for the same night is announced Bach's famous Mass in B, by the Stern'sche Gesangverein. Perhaps, however, this is only a rehearsal.

Christmas dramas, spectacles, and tableaux are drawing thousands to a dozen theatres every night. But there is one exhibition, which has been open in the Royal Academy building for some weeks past, of a really artistic character. At least the idea in itself is admirable, although in the execution I was somewhat disappointed. The artists, to increase this fund for the relief of unfortunate artists and their families, arrange every year at this time an exhibition of transparent paintings, of a sacred character, each picture accompanied by some piece of old modern church music sung by the Dom Chor. This time I doubt if the paintings be as fine productions as in the last years; and the singing seems to be by only a delegation of the Chor. D.

**Mendelssohn Quintette Club.**  
SECOND SATURDAY EVENING CONCERT.

- PART I.  
1. Allegro Moderato, from the Quintette in C, op. 7. V. Lachner  
2. Romanza. "Il Sogno," with Violoncello Obligato. Henry Draper. Mercadante  
3. 1st Air Varie. for Clarinette. . . . . Klose Thomas Ryan.  
4. Canzonetta, from the Quartette in E flat, and Song without words, in G. No. 4, Fifth Book. . . . . Mendelssohn  
5. Entre Act and Air, from "Le Pre aux clercs" . . . . . Herold  
PART II.  
6. "Echoes des Alpes." Solo for Violoncello. . . . . Alard Wulf Fries.  
7. Song, "Le chemin du Paradis," (The way to Paradise.) Henry Draper. Blumenthal  
8. Octette, in F. op. 169. . . . . Franz Schubert For 2 Violins, Viola, Violoncello, Bass, Clarinette, Horn and Bassoon.  
Introduction and Allegro—Andante—Scherzo, Allegro Vivace—Finale, Andante and Allegro.

This concert, on January the 19th, offered, as will be seen from the programme, several excellent pieces, chief of which, of course, was the Octette. The rendering was very good and the piece made new friends. It is so full of fine melody and harmony, all so tastefully worked up, that its strength is almost hidden by the beauty of it. After a thoughtful introduction, Adagio in F, which foreshadows both the melodies in their principal motives, comes in the Allegro, full of nerve and strength in the first and sweetness and grace in the second melody. It rises to a strong climax in the second part, followed by a few measures of deepfelt breathings of the mind—instruments answered plaintively by the strings; after which the third part breaks forth with fresh energy like the first, and is closed by the second theme played by the horn at the close of the coda, which, of course, also introduces the first in *piu Allegro* movement. The first melody of the Andante in B flat is given to the clarinette. It is a simple melody, kind and quiet, rather musing withal; and is finely contrasted by a second melody, for the violin, entering at once in G flat, assuring and loving. These two melodies are the material for the movement. With many beauties it yet ranks, to our taste, lower than the three other movements, which is no disparagement, the others being so very beautiful. The Scherzo in F has two melodies, made of a part of the first motive in the first movement. It is a frolicking movement with a good deal of archness and grace. The clarinette, piping away on f, f, g for four measures, accompanied by harmonies in the strings that sound as if they were full of mischief, adds much to the exhilarating effect of the piece. In the second part it introduces the second melody, full of good-natured glee. After a few measures of dissembling pliancy the sport begins anew, more whirling and giddy than before. The Trio in C major is rather quiet, almost out of keeping with the rest, but for the last four measures of each part, which connect it in character with the first two parts. The movement has nothing in common with Beethoven's later Scherzos, but stands in between them and some of Haydn and Mozart. Full of real glee and fun like the latter and nearly as variegated, though not as deeply colored as those of the former, it combines good humor with a touch of seriousness that befits it well. Very striking is the short introduction to the *Andante molto* to the Finale, *Allegro*. A solemn, impressive tremolo measure by the Violoncello brings forward the first motive of the first movement. In that introduction it began its course, half timidly as if groping its way; here it steps in strong, almost triumphant at first coming to a passive stop after a less triumphant repetition, when the last movement begins *Allegro*. Its first melody played piano has a rhythm quite peculiar and original, the first sentence of the period having rhythms of three, three and two measures, which gives it a marked, wilful and determined expression. Of fine effect is the repetition of the theme *forte*. In contrast with this, the second Melody is all grace and loveliness. Gradually several of the rhythms of the first movement are introduced, giving one a pleasant sensation of the unity of the piece. The two melodies mingle, oppose, flee each other and unite again, imparting an uncommon union of strong life and brilliant beauty

to the movement. The coda begins with the introduction to the movement, this time absolutely victorious and certain. Like the true artist he is, the composer represents the musical idea in the three stages of feeling at the beginning, in the progress and at the end of its development, uncertain at first, more assured, almost triumphant in the middle, victorious at the end.

The rest of the Coda, *Allegro molto*, is filled with the first melody of this movement. It is needless to speak of the masterly treatment of the instruments, or of the working up of the motives and themes or of the fine effects in harmony and rhythm. It is enough to say that the piece is a masterpiece full of undying beauty. It is the more beautiful since force and grace are so intimately blended that at first hearing one might undervalue the strength, while at second hearing or when looking it over again, a growing sense of power comes upon one, so well balanced are these two elements of which the work consists. The rhythm as well as the harmony give a character of originality to the work, which is made almost gorgeous in some places with the splendor of its harmonious combinations.

Whether we speak the mind of the majority, we know not; but we for one should feel grateful to the club if they would let us hear it once more during the winter.

With exquisite grace the gentlemen played the Canzonetta from the well-known Mendelssohn Quartette; and with vigor and true taste the piece by Lachner. Mr. FRIES was as successful in his solo as Mr. RYAN in his, both reaping great applause. Messrs. DRAPER and ZÖHLER the first in his songs and the last in the flute part of the Mendelssohn song without words did not please us, whatever may have been the applause of the public, which was liberally bestowed. Both gentlemen lack feeling. Mr. Draper tries to make up for it by a constant tremulando and overstraining. The former has the effect of putting the listener in a feeling of uncertainty. One has not the opportunity of a moments repose on a distinct and clear tone of the same number of vibrations, but is wearied by a constant unrest. The latter makes the voice of Mr. Draper sound harsh in the forte passages. If it were possible to accustom himself to a true and better intonation, Mr. Draper ought not to think any amount of quiet steady scale practice misapplied. Mr. Zöhlner played that exquisite melody of the song without words just as coldly as it seemed possible for a person who observes forte and piano marks, as he did. The gentlemen who played the accompaniment with good taste, very properly attempted to diminish and slightly to retard at the end of the melody; to no purpose however. We are not surprised that the song was encored; its beauty warranted it; but true and fine taste shows in little things, which, to be sure, pass unheeded by the ears of the multitude.

The accompaniment to the songs was played by Mr. Mayer with great delicacy and fine shading, he doing himself a great deal of credit.

The hall was crowded to the utmost. It seems as if the club might fill a larger hall, so many persons had to stand. We are glad of their prosperity and hope that it will continue.

We shall have to make some remarks about the use these Saturday concerts might be put to by the club in our next number. For the present we will make a suggestion. How would it be if the club kept expanding and as it progressed from quartettes and quintettes to septettes and octettes, enlarged to smaller symphonies, such as father Haydn left in untold numbers; or even several of Mozarts might be performed. Haydn's symphonies are almost unknown in this part of the country. But enough for to-day.

To-night we have another Saturday concert, and the next concert of the regular series of eight takes place on Tuesday next, January the 29th. \*†

**Harvard Musical Association.**

The twenty-fourth annual meeting of this society took place at the Revere House, on Monday evening of this week. Many of the same familiar faces of college days were there, many younger members, and others whose kindred tastes have caused them to be sought for as members of the association.

The usual routine of business occupied the early hours of the evening, the reports of the treasurer and librarian showing the fund and library of the association to be in an unusually prosperous state.

Then the officers were chosen, the old board being unanimously reelected, viz: Henry W. Pickering, Esq., President; John S. Dwight, Esq., Vice President; Hon. John P. Putnam, Treasurer; Dr. J.

Baxter Upham, Cor. Secretary; Henry Ware, Esq. Rec. Secretary; Dr. F. E. Oliver, Charles F. Skinner, Esq., Directors at Large.

After the election of the new members the festive features of the meeting were initiated by the singing of *Non nobis Domine*, after which the company took their seats at the beautiful table arrayed by the good taste of Mr. Bingham, the superintendent of the Revere House. A fine statuette of MOZART, new to our eyes, occupied the President's end of the table, and beautiful flowers decorated it at intervals. At the opposite end was a truly grand Chickering pianoforte, and near it the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, who were the welcome guests of the Association for the evening.

As reporters do not have seats within the circle of this board, we cannot fully give any account of the good things that sparkled from the lower quarter of the table, interspersed with choice music from the skillful artists who were the guests, from the Glee Club of the Association and rare piano music contributed by Messrs. J. C. D. Parker and J. H. Wilcox, members of the H. M. A.

But we cannot at this time forbear to allude to the spontaneous rising of the company as the instruments rung out the "Star Spangled Banner," in response to the remarks of one of the speakers, and to the speech then made by another, expressing the hope at some early day we should have a noble and real National Anthem, worthy to stand by the side of the grand English melody, God Save the Queen and the Marseillaise of France. He said that we had ten poets, here in the ranks of our own body, that includes the names of Holmes, Longfellow and Lowell, to name no more, and might we not find the composer too, who could worthily complete the work? He would say nothing in disparagement of the airs we already have that to some extent stir the blood and the patriotism of us all, but might we not look forward and hope for some better one, more worthy to be accepted as a National Anthem?

An allusion to the poet Burns called out one of the older members, one, however, whose whole-souled enthusiasm never cools or grows old, who exhibited to the company a lock of the hair of that "Highland Mary," who has inspired some of the rarest songs that the world has among its treasures of song.

But, we trespass a little upon the courtesies of the occasion, and will say no more than that the evening passed into the morning, in the interchange of the social pleasures of the meeting, before it was dissolved, all, as usual, looking forward with pleasant anticipations to the return of the next annual festival of the association.

FORMES, STIGELLI, PATTI. — All lovers of Italian music will rejoice to see the nomenclature of a concert by these artists, to be given on Monday evening. It will be the last of Formes, as he leaves us for Europe in a short time.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

MR. EDITOR: — Will you permit me to call the attention of those seeking a music teacher, to the rare merits of a young person, recently a pupil of Otto Dresel. Miss LAURA LINCOLN BROWNE is the only child of the late J. W. Browne, of the Suffolk Bar, whose sudden death last summer, threw mother and daughter upon their own resources.

I have heard this young lady play, and find her not only a worthy scholar of a distinguished master, but possessed of an essentially fine musical organization. Add to this, that she is modest, earnest and faithful, and her terms, by advice of friends, made very reasonable, and you will feel safe in joining in my recommendation of her.

Her residence is at No. 9 Kingston Street, and she is permitted to refer to Miss Graupner, 131 Tremont Street; Mr. Dresel, Hotel Pelham; Mr. Aphorpe, 17 State Street. E.

### Nathan Richardson and his New Method for the Piano.

An article having been published by Messrs. Russell and Tolman, reflecting severely upon the motives of Nathan Richardson in publishing the New Method for the Piano, we have waited for a reply from some member of his family. But the whole matter is so complicated, and the quarrel so fratricidal, that the widow of Mr. Richardson, who is the principal sufferer from this attack, shrinks with instinctive delicacy from coming before the public to disprove assertions recklessly made, and which no one but he who rests in the quiet grave, could positively expose. The whole tenor of Mr. Richardson's life, his letters, his conversation and confidence with his wife and friends give abundant evidence of his honor, integrity and singleness of heart, and endeared him to all who were not influenced by motives of selfishness or envy. Believing that Mr. Richardson while stricken with disease became the victim of designing men, and that the history of the last year or two of his life, if revealed, would make them sink into insignificance, or cause them to desire to do so, we extend to the aggrieved widow our respectful sympathy.

For ourselves we have a few words to say:—The fame acquired by Mr. Richardson as author of the "Modern School," gave assurance that a new work prepared by him after many years of experience, would be valuable to teachers and pupils. When, therefore, to our great surprise Messrs. Russell & Tolman refused to publish the "New Method" and it was offered to us, we at once agreed to accept the terms, provided we became satisfied that the work was all that it was represented to be.

The ms. was immediately placed for thorough examination, in the hands of eminent teachers fully competent to judge of its merits. The result was entirely satisfactory. Mr. L. P. Homer, an intimate friend of Mr. Richardson's, who had assisted him in preparing the book and had a better knowledge of its value than any one excepting the author, did much towards giving us a favorable opinion of it, and assisting in completing the bargain.

Far better would it have been for Messrs. R. & T. to have accepted the proposition for its publication, than to have allowed the necessity of paying a part of the price in advance for Mr. Richardson's immediate wants to have deterred them from doing so, and thus saved themselves much time, money and unhappiness in endeavoring to depreciate the forthcoming work.

From the moment it was known that the "New Method" was to be published by us, no steps were left untaken by Messrs. Russell & Tolman to defeat its success and injure its future prospects. The price of the "Modern School" was reduced, an abridgement of that work with English fingering, issued, and one of that firm travelled through the country, book in hand, bartering and exchanging until the market was actually glutted with the "Modern School." Hostility to Mr. Richardson's new book was the grand moving power of this expedition. It was hoped that those who were thus burdened with quantities of the "Modern School" would feel interested in forcing that book upon their customers and would use their interests against the "New Method." But the crowning effort of unfairness was the "New Modern School."

We have no objection to the rehash of the "Modern School," for water will find its level, but when it is called "dastardly" to defend him who is in the grave, what epithet shall be applied to those who attempt not only to blast the fair fame of the lamented dead but to lacerate the wounded feelings of his relatives?

Why was this decidedly unique collection called the "New Modern School," if not to appropriate one half of the title of the "New Method"? Why was it stated upon the title page that it con-

tained "all that is original, important and valuable in Mr. Richardson's former works," if it were not to give the impression that it was a later work by Mr. Richardson than the "New Method"? Why were the illustrations used in the "New Method" imitated, and even the new feature of "Amusements" copied, if not to deceive the purchasers into the belief that it was the "New Method"? Why was the name of Mr. Richardson placed in conspicuous characters upon the title-page of the "New Modern School" if not to give the impression that he was the compiler? And to cap the climax of ingenuity and deception, why was the portrait of Mr. Richardson placed in the book in seeming respect of the illustrious dead, if not to give the work a currency which it could not otherwise obtain, and thus, by the appearance of doing him honor, endeavor to deprive his widow of her only means of support?

In the publication of the "New Modern School" an unscrupulousness has been manifested which is perfectly marvellous to observe. The "Modern School" was recommended to the public by a host of composers and teachers of the first class, consisting of Thalberg, Knorr, Dreyschock, Otto Drael, J. G. Webb, the Masons, Trenkle, etc.

Messrs. R. & T. seem to consider that these names having been once obtained by Mr. Richardson in the approval of his first work, are lawful property, and may be used with impunity for any dish which circumstances may induce them to serve up. The names of these well known and respected parties have been paraded not only in the advertisements of the "New Modern School," but in that classic *marceau* itself, in the most audacious manner. Even the oft reiterated "caution" of Messrs. R. & T. which failed to explain why the "New Modern School" was palmed off as the last work of Mr. Richardson embraces these names. Probably the "New Modern School" has not been seen by these gentlemen, else in justice to themselves, if not from sympathy for the lamented Mr. Richardson and his widow, they would have insisted upon the withdrawal of their names.

While soothed with the flattering unctious attributed by Messrs. R. & T. as the means whereby the "New Method" has been so thoroughly successful, we must deny the soft impeachment, and insist that, if by their published acknowledgements, the "Modern School" was deserving of high encomium, it is reasonable to suppose that the maturer judgment of years, larger experience, the advice of the wisest teachers, and the knowledge of the short comings of the "Modern School" should have admirably fitted Mr. Richardson for the task of preparing a work that stamps his name with honor, and entitles him to the lasting gratitude of teachers and pupils.

The real cause of all this discussion—these attacks upon the defenceless, lies in a nut shell. The "Modern School"—the abridgment of the same, and the grand compilation named the "New Modern School" are unsealable, while the *chef d'œuvre* of Mr. Richardson, the "New METHOD" has become the standard work of Pianoforte instruction throughout the country.

OLIVER DITSON & CO.

LUTHER was a lover of music, and has himself written a treatise on the art, as also several highly melodious songs. It is to this circumstance he owes his surname of the Swan of Esleben; but there are certain compositions of his which prove him any thing but the *gentle swan*, in which he rouses the spirit of his followers, and excites himself to the wildest ardour. The songs with which he made his entrance into Worms, followed by his companions, is a genuine war-song.

The old Cathedral trembled at the unwonted sounds, and the crows rose affrighted from their murky nests on the summit of its towers. This hymn (the "*Marseillaise*" of the reformation) has maintained, up to the present day, its energetic influence; and, perhaps at no very distant period, we may shout in similar contests these old sonorous and iron-clad words—

"God is our refuge and strength," &c.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

O take me to thy heart again. *M. W. Balfe.* 25

A very pretty new ballad.

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A song of olden times, lately revived by the Old Folks' troupes, particularly Father Kemp's.

The Star at Home. *R. S. Taylor.* 25

Flowers from foreign lands. *L. W. More.* 25

Simple and melodious songs.

#### Instrumental Music.

On yonder rock, from "Fra Diavolo," 4 hands. *Beyer.* 15

March from "Moses in Egypt." " 15

Hear me Norma, from "Norma." " 15

Market Chorus, from "Masaniello." " 13

Little hand pieces useful for instruction. The melodies are of the very prettiest, such as are most likely to be caught by the young, untrained ear of the pupil.

Overture to Egmont. *Beethoven.* 50

An overture which will probably never disappear from the repertoire of orchestral societies. It has proved one of the most popular of Beethoven's. The piano arrangement is full and effective, yet but moderately difficult.

Salut à la France. Four hands. *Beyer.* 15

Air in "I Capuletti." " " 15

Air in "Belisario." " " 15

Short and pretty. Written for the assistance of teachers. They are sweetmeats for pupils in the second quarter.

La Prière d'un vierge, (Maiden's Prayer.) Varied by *Chas. Grobe.* 50

Since the air of this sparkling piano piece has found so many admirers it may be predicted that the same in a new, elegant and richly ornamented dress, prepared by the popular Grobe, will be highly successful.

Annie Laurie. Impromptu. *J. S. Drake.* 25

A short, but very brilliant arrangement of this favorite air.

#### Books.

ONE HUNDRED SONGS OF IRELAND. Words and Music. 50

A capital collection, including the best sentimental, patriotic, traditional and humorous Songs and Melodies of "the land of sweet Erin," and one that cannot fail to be heartily welcome to the tens of thousands who look over the waters to "that green Isle 'mid the ocean" as the home of their earliest recollections. It is, undoubtedly, the most complete compilation of Irish songs, published in connection with Music, obtainable in this country. Amongst the number will be found several of Moore's best songs.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 461.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 2, 1861.

VOL. XVIII. No. 18.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Sketches of French Musical History.

### SACRED MUSIC.

#### IV.

FROM LOUIS IX. TO THE END OF THE 15TH CENTURY, 1226—1500.

We now come to the noblest period of the middle ages; that in which we find their fullest development—and their close. In fact the preceding epochs were but the preparation for this; in art the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were as the bud, flower and fruit of that chivalrous and marvellous period, when religious faith was the ruling power, and ennobled all sentiments, all hearts, all ideas and all works. How far removed was everything from the indifference, egotism and mercantile spirit of our days!

Its architecture gives to my feelings a perfect idea of the artistic development of that magnificent period. In the 13th century, the pure and simple Gothic with its pointed arch forms, which almost everywhere superseded the round Roman arch. In the 14th and 15th centuries the art blossomed, its ornaments became radiant and splendid, so, too, music plain and simple became figurative—counterpoint blossomed into many parts and the apogee of the scholastic vocal forms may be decidedly fixed at the end of the 15th, or, at the very latest, within the first half of the 16th century.

Let us, then, without disparaging Greek art, or denying the superiority of the forms of the antique, study with zeal and affection the precious remains of the middle ages, and we shall see that an epoch which gave us the sublime inventions of the mariner's compass, of gunpowder and printing, may, without fear, compete with our own, which has given us railroads, photography and the electric telegraph.

In the middle ages great men had the advantage of being eminent; while now specialities are carried to such an extreme as to cut off views of grand generalities and of the synthetic harmony of human knowledge. For instance, why have we no longer such church fathers, such men of universal learning as Dante, Thomas Aquinas and Pie de la Mirandole, who could compose theses on all subjects—*de omni re scibili*.

Knowledge did not separate itself from wisdom or become, as too often in our time, a mere pretentious varnish of erudition.

But a truce to general considerations, and return we to the sacred melodies most filled with divine inspiration. The office of the holy sacrament composed by Thomas Aquinas, by command of Pope Urban IV., is really a masterpiece; we know not which to admire most, the poetry or music; we bow before that gigantic composition, which already comes to us down the current of six centuries losing nothing of its splendor and majesty.

In the 16th century what more graceful than the *Stabat mater* of Jacopone? What more

touching than the *Prose* in honor of St. Yves, composed by the blessed Charles de Blois, Duke of Brittany? What more delicious than the offices of the Presentation, Visitation, Transfiguration and Compassion of the Blessed Virgin, written by Philip Macerius, Raymond de Capoue, Jacques Gil and Jean Trithème.

The *Rational*, or manual of divine offices, by Guillaume Durand, Bishop of Mende, is a colossal liturgic Encyclopædia, which ran through no less than ninety-four editions, in the space of two centuries. This beautiful work now, for the first time translated from the Latin into French by Mr. Charles Barthelemy of Paris, has been published by Mr. Louis Vivès in six volumes, 8vo.

Guillaume Durand was born in 1230 at Puy-misson, in the diocese of Beziers. He began the study of the canon and civil law at Montpellier, and at the age of twenty-four closed his university course in Paris. Having received his doctor's degree, he became professor successively at Bologna, and Modena, and was present in 1274 as an actor in the 14th General Council, at Lyons. Having been papal Legate under Nicolas III., Martin IV., Honorius IV., and Boniface VIII., Durand was consecrated Bishop of Mende in the Cathedral at Clermont, May 16th, 1287. Three years previously he had finished the eight books of his *Rational*, in which he teaches that "such ceremonies of the church as are without meaning should be abolished." This work, a true summary, is a collection of all the more pure religious and artistic traditions. The learned Benedictine, Gueranger considers it as "the last words of the middle ages upon the mystical character of the ceremonies of divine worship." The first edition was finished at Mayence, Feb. 6, 1496, by J. Fust and P. Schaeffer (Gernsheim). This book, the first printed upon metallic types, varies in price from \$200 to \$650.

The most remarkable composers of this epoch, now but little known, are;

1. Jehannot Lescurel, of whom rondeaux in three parts are extant;

2. Guillaume de Machault, who composed among other things a mass executed at the coronation of Charles V. Two folio volumes by this author now exist in the Imperial Library in Paris; they contain about 80,000 verses, consisting of complaints, lays, ballads, chansons with music, &c.;

3. Eloy, who wrote in 1440 a mass in five parts, beginning with the words, *Dixerunt Discipuli*;

4. Guillaume Dufay, one of the first regular composers in that transition epoch, author of French chansons, motets, masses in four parts, &c.;

5. Busnois and Binchois, chapel masters of the Dukes of Burgogne, Philip the Good and Charles the Rash;

6. Ockeghem, a Belgian, pupil of Binchois and chapelmaster of Charles VII.;

7. Joan Cousin, of the chapel of Louis XI.;

8. Josquin Després, chapelmaster of Louis XII.

But corruption had crept in; the profane and sacred were mixed to a degree indecent and licentious. Pope John XXII. uttered the bull, *Docta Sanctorum*, the object of which was to call back church music to the simple, primitive chant and to punish those who abused the plain chant by small notes, sudden breaks, lewd songs and vulgar motets.

The principal didactic authors upon music of the 13th century were Marchetto of Padua, and Master Philip de Vitry in whose treatise we first find the celebrated plea for using sequences of perfect chords in direct motion, that is, the octave and the fifth. The 12th century offers us upon rhythmical music the works of Francon of Cologne, Elie Salomon, Imbert de France, and Jean de Muris, Doctor of the Sorbonne canon of the church at Paris and Rector of the University in 1350.

The *Somme* (summary) of Jean de Muris is a very curious view of the musical art of that epoch. His work is divided into twenty-three chapters, alternately in prose and verse. He cites Saints Ignatius, Ambrose, Gregory, Odon, Guido, Salomon and Hermann; he intersperses his work, moreover, with quotations from pagan authors, as Aristotle, Horace, Terence, &c. It has surprised us to find in Jean de Muris, the musical hand, which we now find used in the Method of Wilhelm; whence it appears that the practice of counting notes (or intervals?) upon the joints of the fingers is not a modern invention.

In the speculative part of his work, Muris speaks of the tetrachord of Mercury and Orpheus, and divides the monochord into 2, 3 and 4 parts, which give the octave, fifth and fourth. In his treatise on practical or rhythmical music, Jean de Muris explains of pauses and of simple, double or triple longs\*. Finally, discussing music in parts, he treats of five species of *prolationes*—the *maxime*, the long, the breve, the semibreve and the minim. He defines the "perfect long" as a note measured in a single respiration (sub uno accentu) by the time of three breves, and the "imperfect long" equal in duration to two breves. After speaking upon this point, he explains the art of singing and develops his doctrine of musical proportions.

In the 15th century, appeared the treatises of Tinctorius and Adam of Fulda. In the work of the latter, finished on Friday, Nov. 5, 1490, is to be seen the figure of our double crochet (?) called at that period *semifusa*. But the theatre had already come into existence with the Mysteries represented by the Brotherhood of the Passion M. Danjou has published in his *Revue de musique religieuse*, a *Mystery of Daniel*, with notes, which we trace back to the 13th century, and M. Fetis cites the *Jeu de Robin et de Marion* as the most ancient comic opera known. Its author was Adam de la Hale, surnamed le Bossu d'Arras, who was born about 1240 and died about 1286. We shall develop in the next pa-

\* The ancient square notes called *longas* or *longe* as opposed to the breves, or shorts, — of which we still retain a few.

per the question of the origin of the modern theatre, which coincides with the discovery of the chord of the seventh and the dominant, attributed by M. Fétis to the composer, Monteverde.

Be this as it may, before entering upon the history of the modern art, let us say a last word upon the serious and beautiful liturgic music, which is older and the mother of all other. Let us not forget that Christian religious music is higher and more noble than any other branch of the art, since it raises our hearts and minds to the author of every good gift.

Too often, alas! theatrical music excites instead of moderating the passions, and is therefore perhaps dangerous to minds frivolous and sensual in character. Let us not forget the precept of the apostle Paul, who enjoins us to "be filled with the Spirit, speaking to ourselves in psalms, hymns and spiritual songs." This recommendation, addressed by the apostle to the Ephesians; he repeated to the Corinthians and Colossians, because he knew the efficacy of religious songs to fill our hearts with divine grace, with the love of God and our neighbor, a precept which, according to Christ, fulfils all the law and the prophets. Like St. Paul, Tertullian, Eusebius and St. Clement of Alexandria recommended the employment of music in the church; heretics even employed it as a means of propagating their errors, and the council of Antioch put the religious song of Paul of Samosata into the Index. The Council of Laodicea even sanctioned the practice of singing unauthorized canticles in church.

Meantime melodies inspired by the Christian spirit appeared still from time to time. The *Stabat mater*, already mentioned, as well as the *Dies Irae*, was attributed to various authors, and the *Salve Regina* has been considered the work of Hermann Contract, Peter de Momoro, Adhemar, Bishop of Puy, and even of St. Bernard. Arevalus and Daniel have published collections of precious Spanish and German hymns; it is to be desired that France should produce a methodical collection of all which belongs to her.

But already satires had multiplied and given birth to the theatre. Gautier de Châtillon wrote verses against the prelates; Peter de Vignes pointed out the disorders of the hierarchy; Thomas a Becket stigmatized the Simonites. These essays all tended to form a Christian theatre, in which vice was censured but to reform abuses. Before going into details upon this interesting topic, let us remark, that the first grand liturgic drama was, undoubtedly the sacrifice of the mass, repeated daily in commemoration of the sacrifice of blood on Calvary. Nothing is so grand (to a Roman Catholic) in fact, as the simple dialogue and the mutual confession, which forms the introduction to the most sublime of mysteries. Who can show us anything more touching than the *Kyrie*, that plain song of repentance and hope; more joyous than the *Gloria*, that real canticle of the angels; more solemn than the *Credo*, more humble than the *Offertory*, more elevating than the *Sanctus*, or sweeter than the *Agnus* and the *Communion*? How beautiful a subject for a great musician! but to equal it, he must have both faith and genius—and these qualities are rare in all eras.

Madame Bisaccianti, though she sings at a cheap concert saloon in California, receives, it is said, a prima donna's salary of not less than \$50 per week.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### The Diarist in Paris.

Paris, Dec. 28, 1890.

I have been to hear the *Trovatore* at the Italian Opera. It is a good thing to hear *Trovatore* at the Italian opera if one must undergo it. There were Mario and Alboni, and Rosa Penco, and Graziani for singers—and how gloriously they sang—and what abominable trash they had to sing!

"But, Mr. Correspondent, the public judges otherwise." Indeed then I am wrong. I do not like yellow-covered novels of blood and thunder—but they sell enormously. Of course I am wrong again.

Penco with a delicious organ, is wiggle-voiced, so that she afforded me but very little pleasure; but oh! Mario and Alboni! Those pure, flowing, grand tones—when Verdi gave any opportunity for them to employ them! 'Tis wonderful. The Alboni sort of voice is of all the most charming to me. The deep full tones are so full of feeling—so passionate—they flow down into the heart so luxuriantly. Do you remember Angri's singing the *Ah mio figlio*, from the Prophets? That is one of my musical experiences, which never grew old, and which I never forget. The stuff which Mario and Alboni had to sing in *Trovatore* is so commonplace and flat, that I could give myself up to the mere charm of their voices, and surely that is an immense gratification, if only indulged in occasionally. Think of Alboni's voice in Gluck's *Orpheus*—if she would only sing it once!

I never heard Mario before and whether he was in good or bad voice, I do not know,—but Titchachek at Dresden is the only tenor I have heard, who approaches him.

Graziani is a very fine baritone—but is a stick of an actor. The opera house is not very large. It is very beautiful and well fitted for sound. The stage appointments, the scenery, and orchestra very fine. The audience talking, now and then humming the airs and melodies in your ears, exclaiming and fussing generally is abominable. So much for this.

Doubtless in the older volumes of the Journal of Music will be found recorded at divers times and in sundry manners, the fact that at Berlin young men who receive prizes in any of the arts, receive them in the form of a small annuity, to enable them to travel for improvement two or three years. This is a thing, which I wish to "keep before the people" in the hope that sometime or other some rich, heirless bachelor, or somebody else may leave a fund for the aid of musical students. Something of the sort exists here, and I turn to my pleasant feuilleton in the *Opinion Nationale*, to give you what M. Azevedo says about the musical prize just won, the work which won it, and the young man who is to have it. I like the man's ideas—if you do not—answer them or omit them, as you will.

He says:—

If there was any demand for them, we might have in France a multitude of new composers and any quantity of new music; we need no other proof than M. Paladilhe, whose piece has come upon the stage of the Grand Opera after receiving the first prize of the Institute, commonly called the Roman Prize (*prix de Rome*). That composer is only sixteen years of age.

And first we ought to applaud with all our might the resolution taken to perform M. Paladilhe's cantata at the opera. Its execution on a grand stage and before a large audience is true encouragement, is giving real opportunity for gaining knowledge, is the best reward to a composer. But so excellent a thing must not be an exceptional favor, an ephemeral thing. It must become a regular institution, and annually the prize-work be given to the public on the stage.

We have too often and too distinctly said, that only an invasion of the musical realm by a great force of new composers and vernal compositions, can prove a remedy for that snoring lethargy, so much like death, in which we see music with us gradually sinking and dying—to be misunderstood in what we are about to say. No one can sincerely accuse us of wishing to cast prospective shadows over the pleasures of a young composer of sixteen years, rejoicing in the twofold approval of the Institut and the public; nevertheless both for his own interest and that of his fellow-students, we introduce here certain reflections and questions:

"— Il faut parler  
Il faut en ce moment si flatteur et si doux,  
Si d'angereux peut être  
Qu'un fils de l'Institut apprenne tu connaitre!"

Now after this twofold success what is M. Paladilhe going to do? According to custom and proverb he is going to Rome? What can he learn there? What will he do? Well he will hear the singing of castrati. But he might have that pleasure without quitting Paris. He will learn that music is taught better here than anywhere else,\* he will do just what his predecessors have done, and that is mighty little!

When institutions are founded, there are always excellent reasons why they should exist. And it is just for this that they are founded. But when after two centuries nothing save the institutions themselves remains unchanged, it would be a miracle if they now fulfilled the intentions of the founders.

When Louis XIV. established a French academy at Rome, music so to speak had no existence, with us; Lulli, to get his singers to keep time was obliged to beat the measure upon the floor with a heavy cane. One day he unluckily hit his own foot, wounded it, gangrene ensued and he died of the injury. In those days the art both of tone and rhythm, transformed by the discovery of Claude Monteverde flourished in Italy in prodigious splendor. To draw the pure water from the abundant and limpid fountain was the dictate of good sense, the right of genins, to say all in one word, was but reasonable. But it is at least useless to pour out such water upon desert sands, and for this purpose to undertake long, expensive journeys.

In the Rome of to-day there is no theatre which can compare with our Italian Opera, no orchestra which can compete even with ours of the second rank, no school approaching our conservatory in excellence. A musician then educated in Paris can learn nothing there.

But still the eternal assertion remains, "Travelling forms youth." Well no doubt it does form it. Change of place, seeing, comparing are good for anybody; but while our young prize composers are seeking inspiration from the marvels of

\* In which we do not agree with Mr. Azevedo, by any means.

nature and the plastic arts, they lose their ties with and their props in the musical world at home, that Ariadne's thread which in vile prose is called the routine of the workshop, and when they come back they find in Paris monuments of which all Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Florentine, Gothic architecture could never lead them to expect the existence,—that is to say, theatres, which have for singers and the public "practicable" doors, "opening or shutting" as the leases have it, while for composers they have doors painted on the wall against which they can break their heads, happen they to attempt to pass through.

Now, clearly, there is no use in spending three years in ecstasies before the frescos of Michael Angelo and the Madonnas of Raphael to gain ability to contemplate a bit of scene painting for the rest of life.

If there is really a desire to raise up composers, there is, we repeat, but one way of doing so; and that is to enable them to make themselves heard often and under favorable condition. No one can become a good swimmer out of the water.

In hearing the cantata of M. Paladilhe, it is hardly possible to believe it the work of so young a man, so much experience and skill are revealed. A few harmonies rather strained, occasional or orchestral effects rather forced, are the only blemishes which his school have left remaining. The recitatives are all easy of declamation, and the melodies free and singable if not very original. The horn solo in the introduction, the Russian air sung by M. Michot, the phrase in the middle of the duet, and the trio are the brilliant points in this short work, in which here and there among the energetic effects which the subject demands, we hear passages striking for their grace.

Taking *Ivan IV.* for what it really is, namely, a sample card of its young author's talents, we may infer that he will be no less at home in the opera comique than in the Grand Opera. And now, just starting for Rome if he dared, he would reply to the offer of paying for this journey, what one of Henri Monnier's characters said upon an invitation to dinner, "I should much rather receive my part in money." So, M. Paladilhe would above all things like to remain upon the scene of this his first success and continue his career without interruption. But the rule commands, he must obey. We wish then this young man, who some day may take his place among the masters of the French school, a happy voyage and a prompt return. Above all we wish him upon his return a more generous and encouraging hospitality than that which his predecessors have obtained for their works.

From all which, good friends of the Journal, we may conclude that in this man's opinion, the heaven of Paris is not quite the Elysium for young composers which some have represented it to be; and that Southard is not the only man who at home can find no chance of producing a *Scarlet Letter* or an *Omano*.

A certain Monsieur Wekerlin produced at a concert in the Italian opera house (Dec. 19,) one of those musical hybrids, or in this case perhaps, better *amphibia*, called odes symphoniques, this particular one being *Les Poemes de la Mer*.

My jolly Frenchman begins his notice of it with a story. Some ten years ago, says he, Eu-

gene Lepoittevin, the fine marine painter, having just finished a house at Etretat on the sea shore, determined to have a house-warming—a sort of pic-nic and invited a pretty large company of friends of both sexes. For the purpose of regulating the details of the festival, he called a preliminary meeting of the company, at which the following resolutions passed:—

1. That each should furnish his or her own candle.

2. That each should furnish one dish.

3. That the dishes should be determined by lot, in order to avoid the inconveniences of too much of one thing, not enough of another and the like. So next day the lots were drawn. Fortune, often so malicious, played no very bad trick upon the author of the lines; at first the roast ducks, it was thought, fell to him; but it proved to be a mistake in reading the card, and he was let off with his fright, and the furnishing of the kidney beans *a la crème*.

Madame Dorus Gras the great songstress drew the coffee. This was certainly rather an unlucky lot for her, as she had no coffee service except a small travelling pot just large enough for a single cup. But pains and patience conquer the greatest difficulties; our amiable companion by thirty-two several boilings discharged her obligations, and with coffee so perfect that the recollection remains among our cherished memories.

Madame Anicet-Bourgeois had the tarts and and to M. Pingret the Medal Engraver, fell the roast beef (roasts-beef, the printer has it here.) This roast beef, a huge piece, had its comical adventures; the head cook at the hotel, had so carefully hidden it in his oven, for fear of its being stolen by his understrappers, that when it was called for, no one could find it; however, about the middle of the dessert, all at once it appeared—a little too much done perhaps and curiously shrunk.

Finally, the fish fell to the part of our bard, Eugene Lepoittevin. This rejoiced all of us greatly, for in fishing ports, it is hardly possible to get fish; we can only enjoy the odor. The fishermen are hardly ashore before their booty is on its way to Paris. But our painter had made himself the friend, sponsor, crony, counselor, and benevolent giver of old clothes to all the fishermen in the place, and could therefore be sure of obtaining the desired fish. He was safe enough, where all the rest of the world might have run aground.

It came, the day of the grand repast, and we took our seats at a table, lighted with 32 candles of which 28 were extinguished a moment afterwards by a gust of wind strong enough to displace the bundle of hay, which filled a window provisionally, while awaiting the good offices of a glazier. The candles being relighted and the bundle of hay restored to its place, then and there was served that fish, which we owed to the munificence and decisive influence and decisive influence of Eugene Lepoittevin. And such a fish! Good heavens! Pliny and Daubenton never described its like. Cuvier alone in his hypothetical descriptions of lost species, could have conceived a fish of such length and thickness. All the colors of the rainbow, and a multitude of others showed resplendent upon its scales. It was a more extraordinary animal than the famous bear of Lagingeo. Never in the days of Nero did the ancient circuses resound to

the plaudits so uproarious as the prodigious shouts with which we hailed this prodigious fish. When our admiring excitement had somewhat subsided, the owner of an oyster park, as one, who ought to know more in matters pertaining to fish, offered to divide and serve the dish. His face was radiant with delight at the opportunity of dissecting so rare a specimen. Rising the fish-slice with a magisterial air he said, "Trust me, this fish will prove as fine as it is large, for I feel no bones." He raised a slice of the fish. But what a change in his face—what a catastrophe—for the slice slipping from the knife, fell upon the table and flew into a thousand pieces! Then and not till then, we discovered that the famous fish was of clay, which the skillful Lepoittevin, unable to obtain the real thing, had modelled and painted with perfection sufficient to deceive anybody.

But give us some account of the *Poemes de la Mer*, cry our impatient readers.

Softly, gentlemen, that is just what we are going to do. As Lepoittevin's fish had the form and colors of a real one, so the *Poemes de la Mer* have the forms and colors of a true ode-symphony—but within it they are all clay. The substantial, such as invention, originality, inspiring melody, just expression, and real description, are all wanting perchance, we declare with all humility, that we could not perceive them.

Do you want proofs? Well, here are a few. The author makes us hear a *revery*—to which the vocal part is made up of the same one note, constantly repeated. The accompaniment to this is varied to the limits of possibility, and is sufficiently ingenious, we admit; but a *revery* is an indeterminate succession of vagrant ideas; and can this be expressed in a song of one note? Why it is perseverance, or rather obstinacy, which one would express in this manner. A fixed light would hardly give one an idea of a shooting star. The "Rising of the Waves" is a continuous crescendo; but waves have a habit of changing every moment. To imitate them, one should write a multitude of crescendos periodically interrupted and constantly renewed—and not a single and unvarying movement. "Sunshine on the Sea" closes with a sort of fugue; is this a formula to express the setting of the sun? Why this closes with a forcible movement, when certainly a decrescendo is the only means of imitating musically the sinking of the star-of-day. If not, what does the composer mean by his fugue? We know not; but for our part we never saw the least analogy between the sun and the fugue.

We will not pursue this matter farther; choosing to add that the "Song of the Cabin Boy" very sweetly sung by Mlle. Balbi, and the "Promenade" a sort of a barcarole lullaby, sung by Felix Levy, very sympathetically, were encouraged.

This experiment, unluckily a very costly one to M. Wekerlin, cannot be without its value to him. The manner in which the audience evidently favorably disposed, took the more ambitious parts of the work, and the great applause bestowed upon some pieces hardly up to the romances of an album, show him clearly the path he should follow in future. By not looking too high, and by shunning the path of that artist so difficult to follow, Felicien David, this gentleman with his undoubted aptitude for arrangement and

orchestration may find good employment for his talents.

Rather plain speaking, this; but I have not heard that M. Wekerlin has taken up the pen like our new men in Germany, to prove the critic wrong, and that people must and shall like his music, in spite of their ears.

Last week was given at the Grand Opera the 400th performance of Rossini's *Tell!*

At the Bouffes they have not yet withdrawn the burlesque Orpheus, which has reached now about 340 representations.

Wednesday, Dec. 19, Joseph Wieniawski, gave a concert at the Salle Pleyel. Mendelssohn's Trio for Pianoforte violin and 'cello in D minor, with the exquisite Scherzo—which is not a reproduction of the Summer Night's Dream Scherzo, was the leading piece. A sonata, waltzes and other like pieces for the pianoforte, composed and played by Wieniawski, and some airs and songs made up the rest of the programme.

W. is a little fellow, hardly larger than Mozart in person, certainly not as a composer. The sonata was dreary—the smaller pieces lively and pretty. As a pianist, he ranks high, though not to my notion up to Rubinstein, Thalberg and Dreyshock.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Ludwig von Beethoven's Life and Works.

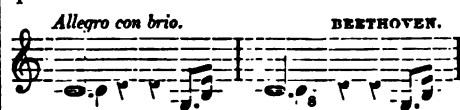
BY ADOLF BERNHARD MARX.

Translated from Dr. F. Brendel's Review, by G. A. Schmitt.

(Continued from page 340.)

It was, after BACH, Beethoven's work, to develop ideal expression on the piano, to free the tones from the limitations of the republican orchestra, to unite the world of tones in all its harmonious fullness under the monarchical rule of the piano-player. But it is a well-known fact, that great players learned just by studying Beethoven's piano works to give the right coloring to the works of the Leipzig maestro. Opus 1 of Beethoven's works consists of three Trios for Piano, Violin and Violoncello, compositions that will remain fresh forever. HAYDN did not think the third one in C minor suitable for publication. Posterity nullified that opinion. Just this Trio we like best. "The close of the Finale," says Marx, "has in it something like delicate clouds, like a veil of mist. Does not, in the first movement and in the first theme of the Finale, Beethoven decidedly show already the Faust-like character of a number of his later works? We have to forego following in a dry review, the masterly analyses, which Marx gives of a number of works from the latter years of the last century. We pass by Beethoven's unhappy love for the countess Julia Guicciardi, and the *Sonata quasi una Fantasia* in C sharp minor, op. 27, No. 2, breathing forth his sufferings from love. Of the fate that struck him with hardness of hearing, increasing with the years, we shall speak below, and we turn now to his first two Symphonies. According to Marx's opinion, the first Symphony in C major, op. 21, was written about 1799 or 1800. From the outset Beethoven enlists new troops for his symphonic triumphal processions. "While Beethoven's great predecessors are satisfied without oboes or clarinettes, Beethoven makes use of them from the beginning; to this basis are added afterwards, where it is nec-

essary, trombones, piccolo flutes and the serpent (a large wooden bass instrument), also the big drum. That is Beethoven's orchestra," (p. 213). Thus armed the master marches forth to battle. It is a different banner, decidedly, from that of MOZART, that waves over the regiments of his scores, and only a prejudiced opinion could discover in the C major Symphony nothing but a clever study after the model of Mozart. Oulibicheff, quick at comparisons, as all the people of the salons, finds the prototype for Beethoven's work in Mozart's C major (Jupiter) Symphony. Marx proves incontrovertibly, that besides the key of the beginning, C major, both works have not the least relation as to ideas. It is sufficient to compare the beginning of both works as Marx quotes them:



"Just here," says Marx, and every one of his readers will agree with him, "Mozart is farthest from Beethoven, consider only the artless playing with contrasts of Mozart, and the compact energy of Beethoven." It deserves praise, that Marx defends this Symphony against those that would underrate it. We should but little honor the memory of Beethoven by making light of the beauties of his earlier works, because afterwards he created mightier ones. Though it is Beethoven's own fault, he having so lavishly poured forth gigantic works on us. In his *Grand Symphony* in D major, op. 36, he already rises above his preceding work. We need not quote the ALLEGRO CON BRIO, conscious of victory, nor the sweet *chiar-oscuro* of the *Larghetto*. Here is a longing for love, transfigured by sweet moonlight, German and truly poetic, a fullness to overflowing of rapture and pain of love. Every one hears, we dare say, like Marx, in the Finale the words, "the matter is settled, over, victoriously ended." And what a climax in the close of the Finale, this welling up again of the tones before the pause, and the endless jubilee of the close! Beethoven's biographer closes with the analysis of this symphony his first book, comprising the time from 1770—1804. We now enter the realms of the *Eroica*.

### A New Crotchet.

"VANITY FAIR," is the only comic paper that approaches in any way to the famous "PUNCH," that has yet been published in this country. "Vanity Fair" is often equal both in pictorial illustration and in the real wit of its articles, to its London prototype.

The last number has an article under the above heading, upon the text that "Music is the food of Love," showing that, as we have but five musicians to about every hundred people, the supply is wretchedly inadequate to the demand. The writer then

gives samples of a simple system of learning music, "of furnishing one's own love food." Probably our own enlightened readers will not be very much puzzled by

### LESSON I.

wind was blowing from the when JOHN and MARY climbed the that crossed their path. JOHN, leaning on his , descended the hill, and managed to reach the erty, but MARY slipped, and came down by the .

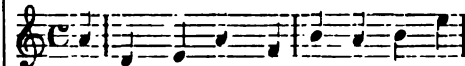
Falling down precipice, she hurt her arm, which began to and JOHN cried from above,

"You'd better not that experiment!

He then procured a and drew her up the side of the precipice, where they both sat down to .

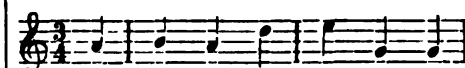
The insuperable advantages of my New Method have so firmly impressed me, that I believe the time will yet come when whole novels will be written in this manner, and will give the reader as much pleasure from their musical as from their literary character. Think of a romance, the heroine of which should always be introduced with a plaintive minor melody, while her lover—the hero—should make, with every word, a sweet and rotound base to her harmonious life! I have partly finished a book of musical fables, beginning with BLUEBEARD, set in the Key of B. The Key is of course, the fatal one, and B stands for the tyrant's name. I succeeded excellently in explaining the Sensitive Seventh, in this little book, by means of the story of the Old Man with Seven Sons, six of whom were bold, brazen fellows, and the other, a timid, retiring youth. The work, however, fell through, in consequence of my inability to find a noble illustrative of the Tetra-chord.

Another kind of exercise, adapted to the study of orthography, is as follows:

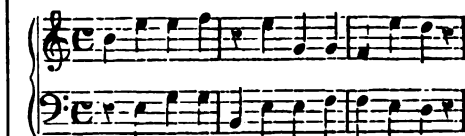


Who would think that this little melody, so touching and plaintive, possesses an inner meaning! Yet, read the notes, as they come. The first bar is A. The second, D E A F. The third B A B E! A deaf Babe! No wonder the air is sad. But how infinitely more touching it becomes, by playing D, instead of F, at the close of the second bar!

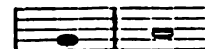
Why is it that this simple score excites such disgust? Read it and see!



A B A D E G G. Enough, in faith to disgust anybody. And here is an instance of combination, which I consider one of the finest pieces of culinary music ever composed. Try this air gently on the piano, and see what a gusto it has!



The harmony off E G G and B E E F, changing from base to treble, is delicious, and the F E D, in unison at the end, comes in charmingly. How appropriate, too is the Rest that terminates this exercise!





## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 2, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha," Piano Solo.

## Editorial Correspondence.

[The following letter from Mr. Dwight should have preceded the one published in our last number, but having, in some way miscarried, must appear at this time.]

NEW SERIES.

No. IV.

A WEEK IN DRESDEN.

BERLIN, Dec. 10, 1860.

Dresden! the beautiful. Lucky stars beckoned the wanderer that way in those last days of October—those sad, golden days. It was a deviation from the programme, and a new postponement of long needed rest. The week in Leipzig was a passive opportunity availed of on the way to Berlin, whither one looked forward to some sort of settled life and centre for the winter, whence long excursions could be made from time to time to Leipzig, Dresden, and the other spots where music has her choice temples. But rest is neither found by seeking nor by shunning. Nor is it always well to cleave to any plan or purpose as if our own will were destiny. There are times when a higher power, mysterious, doubtless all-wise, assumes the whole control of all our movements, and we can but be passive, aspiring to no greater virtue than a childlike trust, a patient faith that all is ordered for the best. Drifting, drifting, under a cloud apparently, and without compass; but sometimes into some little haven, where, as I was the traveller's experience this time, there is yet peace and sunshine to be felt, with zest of companionship, yea friendship—besides solid furtherance to one's main purpose in a European journey. For those four months of roving had been only incidental; the real motive of the journey was to pass a musical winter in Germany, that, enriched by its experiences, he might be fitter for his work. Did he not owe it to himself, to Art, to the position which he occupied as editor of this Journal of Music, to know music and the musical life, by direct observation, in the most musical country? And here now he reads one evening in the *Zeitung*, which he happens to take up while yet fresh from the Gewandhaus Concert, with the wild Schumann harmonies (the "Manfred" music) ringing in the brain, that on the morrow evening two of the noblest interpreters of the noblest in German Art, whom more than any two perhaps he wishes to hear and know, and to whose fame the readers of this Journal are not strangers, would commence a series of three musical soirées in the Hotel de Saxe at Dresden. Is it not enough to say that these were CLARA SCHUMANN AND JOACHIM?

It is but four hours by the railroad. So off we start in the cold, foggy morning, seeing nothing nor caring much to see, while whirled across those flat, uninteresting battle plains that stretch beyond Leipzig. A white, dry fog; there is a sense of promise in it; and by the middle of the forenoon the warm sun glows through, revealing through a hazy and poetic atmosphere, a picturesque succession of red-roofed towns, and little vine-clad hills (northernmost region of the grape this!), with pretty glimpses of the Elbe sparkling across green fields, and, beckoning in the distance, the domes and spires and palaces of Dresden. At noon we cross the stone bridge, over the swift, broad river that comes sweeping round through "Saxon Switzerland," whose hazy purple outline already tempts you on the far horizon,—the blue Elbe cradled in Bohemia—and enter the stately cheerful city, and are soon housed in the pleasant hotel in which the concert is to be. Seated at the table d'hôte, there is a vacant chair beside us. Presently a sense of somebody entering and asking for somebody; and

somebody introducing himself with cordial hand-grasp, and sorry to have been engaged in rehearsal when our letter was sent in, and "shall we talk German or English?" (of course we choose the latter), has taken the vacant seat, and we are in full tide of eager conversation, as clear to one another as old friends, and in instant rapport on most topics of most interest to both. We talk of the "Diarist," whom he knows and esteems; of music, from Bach to Wagner, of the first of whom he is one of the truest exponents, entering into the very spirit of him, while he can afford to admire much in the latter; of Art, mutually pleased to find that each has been thinking of Kaulbach as a sort of Meyerbeer in painting. We talk of Emerson, of whom he is a warm admirer, familiar with all his writings, and delighting in such free, quickening mountain air of thought; of America, whose generous idea and destiny he understand and has interest and faith, more than I have found before in Germany; of England, and the rival musical critics, Davison and Chorley, both of whom he esteems, and Macfarren more than either; of what music has to offer me in Leipzig and in Berlin, in Dresden and Vienna, and in his own Hanover; of Schumann and his noble artist widow; of Liszt at Weimar, and of his *partie* in Germany, and what not.

Our companion is a strong, broad-shouldered, manly looking fellow, of two or three years under thirty; with a massive, overhanging brow, Beethoven-like; a heavy mass of rich dark hair; large grey earnest eyes; pale face, full of intellect, of firm will and genial good feeling; a certain gleam of genius in those eyes; a somewhat knotted habit of the brows, as from intense concentrated brain-work, and a strongly marked, almost severe look when the face is in repose; but quickly lit up with glad recognition, or softened with tender sympathies; the sunshine of a cordial, generous, social nature breaks out in an instant from those eyes. Decidedly a strong, fresh, wholesome individuality; generous and sunshiny; full of friendliness; moody withal, and capable of feeling bored; high-toned, brave, and genial, both in our English sense of hearty, and in the German and artistic sense, implying imaginative, creative energy—the adjective of *genius*. A large and catholic view of men and things; and a strong character. You do not often find all these traits in a *virtuoso*; and this is no mere virtuoso; this young man is JOSEPH JOACHIM; who, though his chief medium has been the violin, has made himself more known and deeply felt by a certain magnetism of genius and of character that works behind all that.

And now—begging our friend's pardon for thus unceremoniously and bunglingly attempting his portrait—let us leave him to the drudgery of putting on strings, while we talk a walk on the Brühl terrace along the Elbe, over the bridge and back, and by the the royal palaces and church and theatre, coming unexpectedly upon the newly erected bronze statue of Weber by the way; and back to the hotel to find ourselves in the evening in the pretty concert-saal, where are assembled all the beauty and refinement of Dresden musical society, awaiting the beginning of the first concert. It is a small hall, holding perhaps from six to seven hundred persons, and is completely full. This is the only regular concert hall in Dresden, strange to say; and even the symphony concerts of the fine large orchestra, which Riets directs, have to be given here. Here is the programme:

1. Sonata (D minor, Op. 121) for piano and violin, played by the concert givers ..... Schumann
2. Cavatina, from the "Swiss Family," ..... Weigl
3. Ballade (G minor), piano, played by Clara Schumann ..... Chopin
4. Allegro brillante, 4 hands, by Frä. Marie Wieck and Mme. Schumann ..... Mendelssohn
5. Sonata for Violin, by Joachim ..... Tartini
6. 8 Lieder: a "Im Freien" ..... Schubert
7. "Schneeglöckchen" ..... Schumann
8. "Er ist's" ..... Schumann
7. Sonata (A minor, Op. 28), for piano and violin... Beethoven

Of the first piece, as a composition, I can hardly venture to speak after a single hearing and at this distance of time. It certainly interested me much, and impressed me with that sense of depth and power and passion, with passages of playful fancy of quite exquisite individuality, that Robert Schumann almost always gives me. But it was one of his latest and by no means clearest works. It is a high and worthy mission which Madame SCHUMANN takes upon her, of interpreting to the world, through her wonderfully perfect pianism, so genial and so classical, the, as yet but poorly understood and undervalued creations of her talented husband's genius. Of her I can speak, for the impression is distinct; how could it fail to be. She has the look, the air and manner of the true artist and the noble woman. Her face is full of sensibility and intellect; large dark eyes, full of rich light, and lips that always quiver with the exquisite sense of music. A large broad forehead, and head finely shaped, with rich black hair. The profile is just that of the twin medallion portrait which represents her with her husband; but the face and head are wider than that had suggested to me, and indicate a greater weight and breadth of character. The features are in constant play, lit with enthusiasm, as if the music never ceased. Her *technique* as a pianist is beautifully smooth, clean and perfect; she has mastered all that years ago under the severe but admirable teaching of the old Wieck, her father. There is an inexhaustible energy in her playing, when she deals with the strong tone-poets such as Beethoven; you miss none of their fire and grandeur. I never heard more sustained nobility of play, nor more facile, nor more finely finished. But such an artist does not play to exhibit her own skill; but to bring out and present in all their individuality, in just the right light, the beauties she discerns and feels in those creations of the masters which are worthy of such illustration and will live. She is a thorough musician; has a clear and true conception of all the classics, the inspired tone-poems of the piano; and an equal contempt for all trivial or weakly sentimental show-pieces; to the performance of mere operatic fantasias, and the like, she never condescends. Mere brilliancy is nothing; she knows the real gem from the bit of glass that also sparkles in the sun. Her thorough acquaintance with her memory of all the principal sonatas, trios, &c., of Beethoven and other masters is remarkable; in the rehearsals her memory often is the test to which the correctness of differing editions of the parts is referred. I have heard no more satisfactory rendering of Beethoven, Bach, Mozart or Haydn. Of Schumann's music she is of course the interpreter. The Ballade of Chopin, and all that I have heard her play of him, were most admirably executed by her, especially the brilliant side of Chopin; but I would not dare to say that I had never heard the peculiar individuality and fineness of that poet *par excellence* of the piano brought out with a more intimate and sympathetic truthfulness. Altogether CLARA SCHUMANN seems to me the noblest, truest type of the artistic woman that I have known, with the exception of Jenny Lind. Not that she has the same force of genius, or the same all-conquering magnetism. Without magnetism, of course, a great singer were inconceivable. But she has the same artistic feeling and entire devotion to the pure ideal. She is a living impersonation of the artist conscience, aided by rare native faculties and rare educational experiences. She is gifted alike with sharp, discriminating insight, and with unflagging enthusiasm. Some think she has not so much warmth as critical correctness. But she is a woman, large-hearted, loving, full of sensibility, as well as a skilled, clear-sighted, critical musician. Her art is religion to her; relates itself to the very ideal end of life. If she has not creative genius, if she does not compose, if she gives readings, no one can doubt the fervor with

which she loves her authors, nor the deep genuine joy with which she reproduces them.

It surely was a privilege, and not a shade of disappointment in it, to sit there and hear sonata-duos of Schumann and Beethoven rendered by those two large-brained artists. They have played much together, sympathise in tastes and principles, maintain the same uncompromising attitude of loyalty to truth in Art, agree in their conceptions of what they play together, are equally above all drawbacks of uncertain skill, and so are perfectly sure of one another in what they undertake. It is rarely that such artists meet in any work.

Of JOACHIM's playing one owns first of all its magnetic, searching, quickening quality. It is not a violin, but a man that speaks. There is a feeling of depth and breadth conveyed in what he does. He draws the largest and most marrowy tones out of his strings that we have ever heard. There is force of character in every sound; and yet the most subtle, fluid modulation through all shades of feeling, the tenderest as well as the strongest. And nothing seems dramatically got up for mere effect; it all comes so natural, so real that you yield yourself entirely to the music, and never think to analyze, to mark just what is done. It is alike full of passion and of self-possession; strong emotion and repose. We have heard that Sonata of Tartini, with the *trillo del diavolo*, finely played before; but never did it present itself in half so vivid colors as when he played it. In Joachim's playing I never thought to notice in what particular technical feats or qualities he shone, or how he compared in any of them with others. These were all forgotten in his music. Nor did he, the virtuoso, ever place himself between you and the music. Dignity, nobility of style, depth of feeling, and a certain intellectual vigor characterized his playing. But if we are asked, wherein above all he shows the master, it is in what may be called *contrapuntal* playing. This is much more than giving out full chords with the melody; it is the giving of a distinct individuality to each of the four parts in the harmony; it is the eliciting of a virtual quartet from a single violin. This makes him preëminently the player of the violin sonatas, preludes and fugues, toccatas, &c., of Sebastian Bach; and indeed this art he must have learned from his deep, close study of the violin works of Bach and from his earnest penetration into the very spirit of Bach, into the very soul of his method. Among all violinists, and all virtuosos Joachim is the greatest Bach-ist. That height won, all the rest is easily and of course his.

The only disappointment of this evening was that there was no Bach in the programme. But I was easily reconciled, knowing how soon that satisfaction was in store for me. The next morning we had more long talk together in the artist's room, and then he fulfilled his promise of playing to me Bach's *Chaconne*, the noblest of all violin solos that I had ever yet heard. It was without accompaniment, complete in itself as Bach wrote, and, as Joachim plays it, not to be improved by even Mendelssohn's piano part. How the inspired sounds filled the room like a great flood of tone, and filled the soul of listener and player, and how the former felt that those whom he will never see on earth again must hear (for what so bridges over the gulf between time and eternity, as music that is so true and great?), it were idle to attempt to tell. In that listening I incurred a great debt which only a renewed life can pay. Visitors came in; Kapellmeister Rietz, Concertmeister Schubert, Hans Christian Andersen, the Danish novelist, and an intelligent, enthusiastic, gentlemanly musician, the conductor of the Tonkünstler-verein, a social club mostly of accomplished musicians, who compose an orchestra, and meet once or twice a week to practice the less known works of Bach, Handel and other old writers; and he invited us to the club room in the evening to hear so rare a curiosity

as a couple of the famous Hautboy Concertos of Handel. From there I went to the Royal Gallery of Paintings, and was soon seated in wonder and transport before the incomparable "Dresden Madonna" of Raphael. Was it not a work of inspiration? The parallel between Raphael and Mozart has been often drawn. I could not but feel the force of it after seeing this picture. As Mozart said of his own music, here was a work which must have stood before its author's mind at once, whole and entire in all its parts, completely realized in one fusing instant of genius at its full heat. It is beauty, loveliness, holiness itself. Was not that a morning to thank God for? The *Chaconne* of Bach interpreted by Joachim, and the loveliest of all Madonnas, realized by Raphael! Nor was that all. D.

### Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

#### THIRD SATURDAY EVENING CONCERT.

These concerts are in a fair way of becoming an institution. They are always crowded and we think, the Club might feel warranted in taking a larger hall. It is just large enough for the Tuesday concerts but uncomfortably crowded on Saturdays. The pieces presented were very acceptable in the main; the same cannot be said of the rendering of some of them.

Miss PEARSON is a débutante and as such entitled to some leniency on the part of the critic. We will say for her that the two arias selected were good pieces enough. So was "Savourneen Deelish," in its way. When Miss P. shall have learned to sing with a pure intonation; when her *floriture* come somewhat nearer the mark in the way of finish and fluency; when she shall have learned to enter into the spirit of the compositions she is going to sing; then will be the time to give an opinion about her merits or demerits, as the case may be. For the present we will add merely, that *embellishments* are entirely out of place in a simple national air such as the Irish ballad she sang; that in rendering them the only admissible addition to the music is soul.

In the two movements from the Trio by Beethoven Mr. HAMANN proved that he entered into the spirit of the composition. It was evident, however, that his technical powers were not always entirely sufficient, to make his playing perfectly satisfactory, there being some unevenness in the left hand. In the septette the same gentleman played the horn-part with rare grace and ability. This piece was rendered finely; and without entering into the details of the performance we may say that Mr. STEIN this and the first time when the piece was played, handled his instrument with great taste and mastery. We were glad to notice an improvement as to the movement of the Adagio cantabile, which was misstated on the programme as Larghetto; the *cadenza* in the last movement, was also played better by Mr. SCHULTZE than formerly. The ensemble of the chords at the beginning and end of movements was perfect. The strong Allegro from Mozart's G minor Quartette was done very well. And in the same manner Mr. MEISEL acquitted himself in his solo, which was enthusiastically received. Saturday audiences have this merit over Tuesday ones, that they applaud with a will, which is a commendable practice in an audience, especially where applause is deserved.

#### SIXTH CHAMBER CONCERT.

TUESDAY, JAN. 29.

##### PART I.

1. Quartette, in G. No. 75. Haydn  
Allegro—Adagio—Minuetto—Finale, Allegro Vivace.
2. "Elegy of Tears," Schubert  
Mrs. Harwood.
3. Grand piano Trio, in E flat. F. Schubert  
Allegro—Andante con moto—Scherzo—Finale, Allegro.  
Messrs. Parker, Schultze and Fries.

##### PART II.

4. "Ye Faded Flowers," (Trock'ne Blumen) Schubert  
Mrs. Harwood.
5. Second Quintette, in C, op. 29. Beethoven  
Moderato—Adagio—Scherzo—Finale, Presto.

A gem of a programme finely set. Father Haydn, the giant Beethoven and the splendid Schubert are excellent company. Their poetry emanated from hearts that were suffused with the glow of broadest humanity and from heads on which the laurel of immortality sits well.

The artists did well to make their programme as chaste and select as it was. And they did still better in varying it out so well. Mrs. HARWOOD who seems to grow more youthful as the years pass on, sang her part to full satisfaction, and was deservedly called back after her second song. Her voice not less than the good use she makes of it, her fine expression and the evident feeling with which she sings, make it ever pleasant to listen to her. The accompaniment to the first song might have been softer and more delicate. The Quintette by Beethoven, is surprisingly strong and beautiful. It grows upon us, devolving new beauties at every hearing. The piece was played well throughout, especially so the last movement. The second part of Goethe's Faust was not out when this quintette was written. But one might suppose Beethoven had contemplated a musical transposition of the character of Euphorion in this last movement. So full of the flashes of genius, so wayward, so bold in the highest flights of fancy; it seems in listening as if Faust and Helena were standing and looking with delight not unmingled with secret apprehensions at their phantom son as he rises from crag to crag. The beautiful genial melody, *Andante con moto* which twice interrupts the Presto, finely sets in relief the striving and pressing Finale.

Schubert's Trio in E flat, with a ballad for its Andante, almost rising to the dramatic power of the Erlking its genial Scherzo, a canon nearly throughout, its strong Adagio and Finale was played finely. The technical difficulties in the Finale were felt as such however; and in the piano-part which was on the whole quite well played by Mr. PARKER, a few little technical things were observable, capable of improvement. But as a whole the piece was very satisfactory and was very well received.

The Quartette by Haydn, sparkling, amiable and graceful, was played with fine taste by the gentlemen. We were surprised not to find more applause bestowed on it. Is it because we hear so little of Haydn?

This was a concert, that is an honor to the club. The hall might have been fuller. But we are satisfied that those that went will not forget this evening for a long time.

To-night the fourth Saturday concert takes place, which we hope to see as well attended as the preceding ones were. \*†

### Stigelli's Concert.

The concert on Monday evening last, at the Music Hall, was attended by the largest audience we have seen this season. Every seat was filled in a few minutes after opening, and soon the ample stage was completely covered. Formés did not appear, being indisposed, so that the burden fell mainly upon Stigelli and Mlle. Patti. But the audience was good-humored, and the singers in capital spirits and voice, and the great basso, though for a moment regretted, was soon forgotten. Our readers do not need to be told anything about STIGELLI; his energy, enthusiasm and thorough artistic culture have been fully exhibited here before. And we have never heard him under more favorable circumstances than on this occasion; his voice was clear and ringing, and in the vast space it sounded mellow in spite of its force and volume. The pieces he sang have mostly been heard here before; but the ballad entitled "The Little Brother and Sister," composed for the occasion, was novel and striking. The music is not at all ballad-like, but rather descriptive, full of dramatic points, and capable of thrilling effects when rendered by such a master of passion as Stigelli.

Mlle. CARLOTTA PATTI gave the audience a most

agreeable surprise. She has a voice of great compass, — reaching to E in *alt.* — clear and full of melody though not powerful, much resembling that of her sister Adalina; and she has, what none of her sisters have, a brilliancy of execution that will not suffer by comparison with the best artists we have ever heard. She did not attempt any music that required much depth of feeling or sustained power; her choice seemed to fall upon compositions in which to display her facile grace and inborn taste for ornament. In the aria from the *Magic Flute* and in the *Venezian waltz* she showed herself perfect in all the nameless arts of floriture, and, in stereotyped phrase, brought down the house in a storm of applause. The public will be pleased to hear this charming vocalist again.

Mr. LANG played Liszt's transcription of "La Charité" and Thalberg's fantasia on themes from "L'Elisire d'amore," with his usual correctness and elegance. If this accomplished pianist fails to arouse enthusiasm by the exhibition of great power or feeling at least he always pleases by the beauty of his touch and the faultlessness of his style.

The ORPHEUS CLUB sang four pieces, with their usual perfection of light and shade, and in more absolutely good tune than we have ever heard in their performances. The harmonious blending of tone was exquisite, and the unanimous applause of the audience showed how heartily the singing was enjoyed. Altogether the concert, though not a great event, was highly agreeable and satisfactory. In the dearth of music this winter it was enjoyed with a zest we have rarely experienced.

Mlle. Patti, our readers will be glad to learn, announces a concert for this evening, which we suppose will be substantially a repetition of the one noticed above. Whether the same substantial reward will be reaped, remains to be proved.

### New Publications.

THE SHADOW IN THE HOUSE.—A Novel. By John Saunders. New York: M. Doolady. Boston: A. Williams & Co. 1861.

With some defects of construction, such as vagueness in the plot, and an amusing feminineness in the treatment of some matters of business that hardly seem characteristic of the manly name of John Saunders, the *Shadow in the House* is nevertheless a book which the intelligent reader will read through to the end with much pleasure. The characters are few in number but skillfully drawn and the story interesting and novel.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, for January. Contents: The political Year; the Purist Prayer-book; Uncivilized Man; English Embassies to China; Horror, a true tale; What's a Crime?; Norman Sinclair, Part 12; A Merry Christmas; The Indian Civil Service. Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

Cassell's Illustrated Family Bible.

Cassell's Popular Natural History.

Cassell's Illustrated History of England.

We have received from the publishers numbers 20 of the Bible and the Natural History, and No. XI. of the History of England, and can only repeat the commendations that we have before given both of the illustrations and the letter press of these publications.

THE TRIBUNE ALMANAC, for 1861. A. Williams & Co.

This has become an almost indispensable publication to every citizen, from its copious and minute statistics of the political state of the country, in which musicians too, have some interest.

LEE & WALKER'S MUSICAL ALMANAC, for 1861, edited by Charles Grobe op. 1800.

But more to the purpose of the musical reader is the Almanac whose title is given above. It is edited by Charles Grobe and contains much matter useful and interesting to musical persons. A catalogue of "Our musical contemporaries," giving the name, date and place of birth and residence of all the persons most concerned in musical art, literature or trade, is contained in it. Many well selected articles fill the rest of the work, with a catalogue of the publications of Messrs. Lee & Walker. It also includes the usual calendar pages of an almanac.

MR. J. C. D. PARKER'S CONCERT, advertised in another column, is an attractive one in its programme to the lovers of the best piano music, and we need not say to his many friends in this vicinity that there will be little danger of any disappointment in the performance. Mr. Parker's merits as a pianist have been so often set forth in our columns that we need not repeat our praises at this time. We can only wish him a crowded house on Tuesday evening.

THE BOSTON MOZART CLUB.—The amateur club mentioned in these pages some weeks ago, gave its first concert to its associate members and invited friends on Monday evening, at Messrs. Hallett & Cumston's pleasant little hall, which was filled, in spite of the attractions offered at the Music Hall.

#### PART I.

Symphony in D major.....Mozart  
Allegro—Andante—Minuetto and Trio Finale Allegro Vivace.

#### PART II.

1. Overture, "Prometheus".....Beethoven
2. Transcriptions for Orchestra.....Suck  
a Spanish Song: "La Naranjera."
3. Lied.
- 3 Solo for Violoncello with Quartette accompaniment. Kummer
4. Concert-March.....Suck
5. Overture "Nozze di Figaro".....Mozart

A good programme, everyone will admit, and very well was it performed by an orchestra of over thirty members, we should think, under the lead, (as they have been under the instruction) of Mr. SUCK. Quite strong in the string department, both in numbers (having six first and six second violins) and in excellence, it will be seen that it was well constituted to give an adequate rendering of a Mozart symphony and we can say that the performance was exceedingly enjoyed, the more so, as the symphony was one not very familiar to our concert goers; vigorous, lively, and truly Mozart-like in its character. We regretted that a conflict of duties drew us to the Music Hall, so that we did not hear the whole of the programme.

We congratulate the Club on its success, and look upon it as a good omen for the future success of public concerts of orchestral music, that so many gentlemen amateurs, from various walks of life, of such well known influence in the musical community, can be brought together often enough, and have skill enough, to give so creditably such a programme. Such a Club must do much to revive and create a desire for such music. In the next letter from our editor abroad, he alludes to this Club, in an account of a similar organization in Dresden.

We regret that a line in the letter of our correspondent "Trovator," (Jan. 12,) should have given pain to a distinguished New York organist, Mr. W. A. KING, who writes us that in *twenty-six* years he has never been absent from any festival of the church where he is engaged, until last Christmas day, when detained at home by sudden illness in his family.

One page of our last number failed to receive the usual editorial supervision. We beg our readers to substitute *wind* for "mind-instruments," in the concert notice. We also called the poets of the "Harvard Musical Association" *true*, and not "ten," as the types made it.

### Musical Chit-Chat.

ST. CECILIA.—A gentleman travelling through France, saw, in a collection of pictures, a portrait of St. Cecilia playing on an organ, surrounded by a number of little angels on wing. On asking of a Frenchman an explanation of the picture, he replied that the Saint, on one occasion, played and sang with such superlative effect, that the chapel became suddenly full of cherubim, who had been attracted from heaven by the divine strains. The fair Saint, feeling for the fatigue consequent upon their prolonged flutterings, requested them to be seated, in these words; "Asseyez-vous donc, mes enfans." "Merci, Madame, merci, — mais nous n'avons pas

*de quoi*," ("we have not wherewithal") replied the all-winged, no-bodied celestials.

C. M. VON WEBER was very jealous of what he conceived to be a leaning in his friend and fellow-pupil, M. Meyerbeer, towards the Rossinian style. He thus expresses himself on the subject in a letter to M. Godefroy Weber; "Meyerbeer is becoming Italianized (ist ganz Italien verfallen) — where are now all our brilliant expectations?" He afterwards says, "Meyerbeer is going to Trieste to bring out his *Crociato*; he will afterwards return to Berlin, where, perhaps, he may write a German opera. God grant he may! I have made several appeals to his conscience."

LITTLE PICCOLOMINI IN A NEW CHARACTER.—Piccolomini, the charming little opera singer, is now the Marchesa della Fargua. A correspondent of a London paper, who recently visited her, says: "I was during a fortnight at a charming villa, three miles from Sienna, the residence of the parents of our beloved and most celebrated artist, Maria Piccolomini, now Marchioness della Fargua, of the Dukes Cuetani, and it was by a miracle that this dear creature did not find herself in tumult and great peril on the return of the Swiss, headed by that assassin, the too infamous Schmidt, in the city of Pieve. When I arrived at the Villa Piccolomini I found all the family re-united. Her sister Laura had, on the 8th of October, married a young Siennese, 23 years old, very rich, who possesses divers villas and a beautiful palace in Sienna. An heir to the family of La Fargua is expected in April."

### Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JAN. 22, 1861.—Another operatic enterprise has been started here, by the Associated Artist's Troupe, consisting of BRIGNOLI, SUSINI, FERRI, COLETTI, Madame COLSON and Miss PHILLIPS. They opened the season last night with Mercadante's *Giuramento* which has not been played here for ages. It was very well done, except in the choral department, which was shocking. Colson sang superbly and Miss Phillips was equally good, this delightful contralto constantly showing signs of improvement. There are hordes of opera singers here, just now, who are busy in getting up concerts, and ANNA BISHOP had a concert last week, at which FREZZOLINI sang and threw into doleful contrast the long list of nobodies who also took part. Madame Bishop sang as well as I have ever heard. A *Grotius Agimus Tibi*, with flute and voice bravura passages was admirably done. Miss ROWCROFT, a new concert singer, sang last week at Dodworth's with fair success.

Ullmann prophesies — I fear his ominous prediction will be fulfilled — the speedy downfall of the present operatic dynasty. The attendance on the first night of *Il Giuramento* was not near as good as it ought to have been. Ullman thinks that it would be a good idea for all the operatic singers in the country to go back to Europe, and then opera might be tried here with a new batch — but not at present — Ullmann is content to manage "but oh! not now."

Horrible times for musicians. I don't see how they manage to live, but live they do, and live well — at least opera singers do under any circumstances.

#### TROVATOR.

NEW YORK, JAN. 28. — We have had a pleasant operatic excitement in the debut in *Lucia* of the Boston prima donna, Miss HINCKLEY, who sang Wednesday night, the 23d. She is young, pretty. In person she is of good height, excellent figure, brown hair, superb teeth and possesses an expressive and pleasing face. When on the stage is quite free from affectation, but tries to act well, and for a novice is quite successful. Her voice is a soprano, with capital low notes, and not piercing high ones. She sang very well, with fairly brilliant execution and made a decided success. She will do better in heavy parts for which her great power and compass of voice

well qualify her. Last Saturday she sang in Brooklyn, at the new Academy of Music, with even greater acceptance than in this city. The audience was immense. Indeed, Brooklyn is just now ahead of New York in operatic appreciation, the audiences there are large and enthusiastic and in this city small and sleepy. *Il Giuramento* was played for the second time to an audience which barely paid for the gas-light. So the managers intend giving for the present three performances a week in Brooklyn, and only two in New York. So we are playing second fiddle to our sister city.

ANNA BISHOP is organizing an English opera company, from the remains of the late deceased Cooper Opera Company. Brookhouse Bowler will be the tenor, Aynsley Cook the baritone, and Miss Kemp the contralto. Madame Bishop has sent out for the music of Macfarren's *Robin Hood*, but will cut her own throat by opening the season with an English version of some Italian opera, in which we have heard, in the original, far better singers than any in her new opera company. TROVATOR.

CHICAGO, JAN. 19, 1861.—The third Philharmonic Concert on Monday, Jan. 14, was a complete success. Every seat in the house was filled.

## PROGRAMME.

1. Overture, "Le Vampyr".....Lindpaintner
2. Quartette, from Second Act of "Martha".....Flotow
3. Funeral March.....Chopin  
Free transcription for Orchestra, by Hans Balatka.
4. Piano Solo, "Il Trovatore".....Prudent  
Performed by Miss Irma de Pelgrom.
5. Solo for Messo Soprano, O Mio Fernando, from "La Favorita".....Donizetti
6. Andante from the Fifth Symphony.....Beethoven
7. Quartette and Finale, from the first Act of "Gemma di Vergy".....Donizetti
8. Wedding March, from "Midsummer Night's Dream".....Mendelssohn

The orchestral parts of the programme were excellently performed, especially the Andante from Beethoven's fifth Symphony, and the Funeral March by Chopin, transcribed for the orchestra by Balatka. The quartets from Martha and Gemma di Vergy and the solo, O Mio Fernando, for amateur performances, were creditably rendered.

The great surprise of the evening was the announcement of the President of the Society, E. J. TINKHAM, Esq., that Mad. FASSETT, who had just arrived from St. Louis and attended the concert, would favor the audience with an aria from *La Traviata*. She made her appearance amidst great enthusiasm, and was often interrupted during her singing by the unrestrained applause of the audience. At the close she was called to the stage three times, and finally consented to an encore. The audience were fairly electrified with her magnificent singing, and the universal verdict ranked her as the very best cantatrice who has ever appeared upon the Chicago stage.

PHILADELPHIA, JAN. 19, 1861.—CARL GAERTNER'S Second Soirée was given at Chickering's Saloon last evening. It was well attended by an encouraging audience, who, as they had good reason to be, seemed delighted with every part of the following programme:

1. Quartette in G minor: Piano, Violin, Viola and Violoncello.....Mozart.
2. Solo for Violoncello: (by Mr. Engelke).....Kummer.
3. Concerto, op. 47: (by Mr. Gaertner).....Spohr.
4. Ballade, op. 82: (by Mr. Jarvis).....Chopin.
5. Quintette, in C major, op. 29.....Beethoven.

Mr. Gaertner did full justice to his parts in the Quartette and Quintette. His bold style and full round tone made the Spohr Concerto a most happy selection.

Mr. ENGELKE, formerly of the Jullien orchestra, and, since, conductor of the Drayton Parlor Operas, is a violoncellist of great execution and fine taste. He played the Kummer's fantasia on "Robert" in his usual style.

Mr. JARVIS, who can play everything else and "Chopin" into the bargain, gave us the Polonaise (op. 22) of Chopin, as an *encore*.

The op. 39 of Beethoven (agreeable remembrancer of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club) was, with the exception of the second movement, beautifully performed. In the Adagio one of the gentlemen dropped a measure and was obliged to travel over five or six to find his way into the quintette.

There was nothing else to mar one of the most agreeable musical entertainments ever enjoyed by Philadelphians—at home. MINOS.

WORCESTER, JAN. 23, 1861.—We have been favored with the first of a series of concerts by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. The programme embraced a fine selection and well rendered.

The Mozart Society gave a concert in Fitchburg last evening, which was a complete success. The spacious Town Hall was crowded by a highly appreciative audience, who testified their appreciation of the entertainment by continued applause and repeated encores. The programme was miscellaneous, embracing selections from the Messiah and Seasons, with Songs, Duets, &c. Miss Fiske sang "I know that my Redeemer liveth" with much taste and fervor; Miss Doane sang "Come unto him," with good taste, and has improved much since we heard her last. The song and chorus "Ye winged Winds," brought Miss Todd a second time before the audience.

The Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Burt, acquitted themselves admirably and are a great acquisition to the society. Messrs. Reidle and Fischer, gave a "Grand duo Concertante" for the flute and clarinet, which was well rendered, but quite too lengthy. Messrs. Heywood and Dorman gave "Oh! di qual," from Ernani, arranged as a cornet duo with fine effect.

The Mendelssohn Coral Club, of which I spoke in a former letter, is composed of about twenty members under the direction of Mr. B. D. Allen, and at present is rehearsing "Mendelssohn's four part songs." We also have a Trio Club among us.

Prof. Frost is doing a good work for us here, and creating an interest in the right direction. He has two large classes besides directing the the Mozart Society, and is decidedly popular with all.

The second of the series of Concerts by the Quintette Club is announced for Friday next. M.

FLUSHING, (LONG ISLAND), JAN. 21, 1861.—Musical matters in this place have been very quiet for a few months past; nothing in the way of concerts, since the Gearys sang here, having taken place.

The Episcopal church in this village has, within a month past secured the services of an excellent musician as organist and director of music, in the person of Mr. Frank Gilder, who has trained a fine choir of boys.

There are some eight or ten boys, who sing the treble and alto parts, besides several gentlemen to sing tenor and bass. The choir has been a very great success and there is not a choir in the village that can excel, if any can equal them. No choir that has before sung in the church ever gave such universal satisfaction. Some of the boys are the possessors of very fine voices. The leading soprano and alto have remarkably rich and powerful voices. They sing the chants very effectively, the "Gloria in Excelsis" particularly sung in a manner that produces a most splendid effect, and all the chants which have been selected with the greatest care, are rendered in a very effective manner.

I understand that Mr. Gilder intends soon to give a concert in Flushing, we hope such is the case as he is a very fine pianist, and is very popular here.

MUSICUS.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Call of the fairies. Trio for female voices.  
B. Richards. 50

A brilliant and highly pleasing trio, in the style of Glover's favorite compositions of the same class.

There are kind hearts everywhere. Ballad.  
J. R. Thomas. 25

A pretty, simple ballad, worthy of the pen that wrote the "Cottage by the sea," and "Bonny Eloise." The poetry is very fine and the song is no doubt destined to be popular.

The old farm gate. Song. R. S. Taylor. 25

A frolic song which has much in it to recommend it. It is easy.

Bury me in the sea. Handel Pond. 25

A thrilling ballad.

Call me pet names. Mrs. Mary Bloede. 25

A new and fair musical rendering of these words, which have been set to music by several composers before.

#### Instrumental Music.

Le Pre aux Clercs. (Bouquet of melodies. Beyer. 50

Extracts from Auber's celebrated opera, which is full of gay, lively airs, well known all over the world, while the opera itself has remained comparatively unknown outside of France.

Minnie Clyde. Varied. Chas. Grobe. 25

A new number of the well-known "Melodies of the day," a collection of familiar airs set for young pupils with the addition of a pretty variation or two.

Overture Nabucodonosor. Verdi. 75

This splendid overture is familiar to Boston from numerous performances by various bands during late years. The piano arrangement is full and effective.

Still in my dreams thou'rt near. Varied. Grobe. 50

This will be good news to the large class of piano players for whose fingers Grobe knows so well how to write. The beautiful melody—by Foley Hall, the composer of "Ever of thee"—is or ought to be a household air.

L'Etoile aimée. (Thou art so near and yet so far.) J. Ascher. 50

A brilliant transcription of Reichardt's beautiful melody.

#### Books.

ONE HUNDRED SONGS OF IRELAND. Words and Music. 50

A capital collection, including the best sentimental, patriotic, traditional and humorous Songs and Melodies of "the land of sweet Erin," and one that cannot fail to be heartily welcome to the tens of thousands who look over the waters to "that green Isle 'mid the ocean" as the home of their earliest recollections. It is, undoubtedly, the most complete compilation of Irish songs, published in connection with Music, obtainable in this country. Amongst the number will be found several of Moore's best songs.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 462.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 9, 1861.

VOL. XVIII. No. 19.

## Hofer.

From the German of Schenkendorf.

When the Landlord of Passeyer  
Insbruck town by storm had taken,  
All the students, full of fire,—  
Book and bench that day forsaken,—  
Thronging came, at noon, a greeting  
And a serenade to bring him,  
And his noble deeds repenting,  
Songs of praise and thanks to sing him.

But the hero silence beckons,  
Then he speaks, "lay down the viol,  
God's war-trumpet stern thought wakens,  
Meet we all the last sore trial.  
Not to hear my poor deeds chanted  
Left I wife and children weeping,  
Earthly foes I meet undaunted,  
Fixed on heaven my eye still keeping.

Kneel beside your rosaries rather,  
Them I count the fairest viols;  
Eyes upturned to God the Father  
Help shall find in mortal trials.  
One low prayer for me, poor servant,  
For your Emperor then pray loudly,  
'Give good rulers praises fervent!'  
That song makes my heart beat proudly.

"I have now no time for praying,  
Go and tell the Lord, your maker,  
How it stands; what seed decaying,  
Swells in many a blood-dyed acre;  
How we're fasting, watching, toiling,  
And how many a gallant ranger  
Shoots no more, has done with smiling—  
God alone is our avenger!"

C. T. B.

(Translated from W. H. Riehl's "Musikalische Charakter-  
köpfe," by Fanny Malone Raymond.)

## A Dramatic Ballad Singer and a Musical Aristocrat.

### I.

WENZEL MÜLLER.

Were you ever at a representation of "The Devil's Mill on the Wienerberg," the old Austrian "Magical comic-spectacle-opera," which once so much delighted our grandfathers, who liked more substantial sport than that of to day? The Devil's mill, with its iron-clad knights, its languishing Minne-singer, the wicked miller who ground up his wife for amusement, and the Falstaff-Caspar, who rides off through the air on the miller's ass? The Devil's Mill, with its abrupt music, where every aria is a country ballad, and every orchestral theme a carnival dance? The piece is some times given now-a-days, for the amusement of the gallery and the little children; but a cultivated, grown-up, and reasonable public gets out of the way of such mad drollery. As for myself, I have always remained uncultivated, childish, and unreasonable, and could not withstand the temptation of going to see the Devil's Mill, which, with its abrupt, carnivalesque ballad music, made a wonderful impression on me. Certainly there is some secret charm in these old tunes, patched together by Wenzel Müller; but they must be heard with child-like simplicity and faith, in or-

der to enter fully into the spirit of it. It is the charm of the people's song, but not the humorous or sentimental one which is so much fancied at present. Here we listen to songs overflowing with a rough abandonment to merriment, and also some of those half comic, half horrible people's songs, as they are still sometimes sung to the barrel-organ, before a painted canvass: in which the tendency of the people to the horrible, monstrous, and superstitious seeks an artistic satisfaction, and seems, at the same time, to be laughing at itself. Wenzel Müller's mastership lies in the fact that he reflects the true, unaltered people's song in his farce of enchantment, and that, too, in an inimitable manner. He is the greatest ballad singer of whom the entire history of German music can boast; a man who recognized the germ of the poetical, the strength of German nationality, even in the rhapsodical fair melodies (and the penetration of genius was necessary for this); who brought the people's song, in all its divine, rough force on the boards; and, besides that, a true Austrian, an unmistakable child of Vienna, full of fresh, harmless humor, and good-hearted gaiety; to whom a Ländler, even listened to from a blind, wandering fiddler, was dearer than all the Italian flourishes in the world, a really national tone-poet!

In the history of Wenzel Müller's life, but few original passages are to be found; but these characterize the man. In the people's theatre of the Viennese Leopoldstadt he had flourished the baton for many years; here his ballads and musical uncertainties had become celebrated. There the original master, who, according to Devrient's impression, nailed the Viennese drolleries to every ear, so that it was impossible to resist them,—was invited to Prague, to fill the post of opera director in a far more advantageous and brilliant manner. But he had not long given himself up to this wider circle of action, than he felt it unsuited to him; he could no longer bear his distinguished position as chapel-master; he was homesick for his national farces, and had no rest until he found himself once more comfortably settled within the narrow limits of his Leopoldstadt theatre. There is the true Wenzel Müller, as he lived in his harmless, hearty songs, taken from the mouths of the people; who, contented with ballad-singing, felt at home and happy in it alone.

This romantic opera, which a grown-up, cultivated public avoids, once delighted all Germany. The old popular tales, that, a generation before, had taken refuge in Vienna, as their last sanctuary, began, illustrated by Wenzel Müller's irresistible melodies, a truly triumphal progress to the northern ocean and the Baltic, and over the seas into England. And even the greatest and most ideal master of German composition, could not withstand the influence that, flowing from the great ballad-singer of the Leopoldstadt, inoculated the whole of Germany. The humor of the Austrian popular song, was the prototype of all the German musical humor.

Wenzel Müller, was only a "little master." I

do not know whether, in his whole life, he ever finished one thoroughly worked out musical creation. But the little master who sang such a song as "He who never was drunk" and a hundred as good, has done something that very many great masters could not imitate. With some of his songs, one is doubtful whether he stole from the people, or the people from him. One must not be led astray, because he composed to a piteous flat and unpoetical text, that does not sound at all like national poetry. I have tried to wed some of his most graceful and child-like melodies to those truly natural and spiritually related poems by Hoffmann von Fallersleben, and they went together as if from one mould. One fancies that the poet and the musician must have been one person, so admirably do words and music suit each other. This proves that the old Viennese composer and the modern poet drank from the self-same spring of national song; it proves that both struck the right tone, too, spite of the immense difference in aim and means, and the different view of the world which each man had.

Wenzel Müller, the father of the resuscitated Viennese farce, was taught by Dittersdorf, the great founder of German comic opera; but Dittersdorf, fluently, humorously as he carried out his ideas, was a thoughtful, learned musician, nay a pedant, beside the gay, sanguine Wenzel Müller; he is a refined coquettishly elegant cosmopolite, beside the frank, thoroughly Austrian man of the people. But often as Müller wrote for the theatre; none of his pieces deserve the name of operas; they are comic romantic-ballad-dramas! He is seldom humorous in the highest sense, but simply merry and low-comic; he often writes himself out, is tiresome at times, and flat to the borders of triviality; he has not the patience to carry out artistic forms in a rich manner; he is no sorcerer in the technical treatment of his subject. These weaknesses are also native to the actual popular song. The people's song is commonly only fine in part; just so with Müller; only on his ballad-singer side is he the true wizard. He is as national as Hauswurst, Nastel, or Casperl.

This dramatic ballad-singing, although really of mean origin, still can boast of an old name, a long art-historical row of ancestors, a proud pedigree. Its roots are firmly fixed in those old tunes of the middle ages, that were played in the streets between the sacred mysteries.

In Vienna burlesque had kept the field since the old days; longer here than elsewhere did Hauswurst lord it on the boards; and in the Viennese theatres, improvisation, the very nerve of the national drama, was long in vogue, after it had been done away with in other places. Hauswurst would not allow himself to be proscribed as in Northern Germany, and when North German pedantry had just hunted him from the boards, the merry Viennese, by means of Wenzel Müller's melodies, sang themselves in to a new Hauswurst, although he was called

Kasperl or something of the sort. What remains to us of the respectable firm, under the names of Frankfort Hampelmann, Berlin Bummel, &c., on the stage, has been spared through Wenzel Müller; but for his music, no one could have borne the ancestors of these characters in the Viennese farces. Since he has preserved to us the last remains of the historical Hanswurst, and fought, with his bold naturalness, against the pedants of the schools, he the ballad-singer, must be respected as a fellow-combatant of the literary "stormers and drivers," the Lessings, Schillers, and Goethes, unclassic as his apparition may seem in such classic company.

The Viennese popular opera, brought to its fullest bloom by Wenzel Müller, was not a base return to the old merry-Andrewisms,—a mere chain of intrigues for Hanswurst to hang his pranks upon; it mirrored, in grotesque caricature, all that the thin dramatic present could offer; and that, too, in the happiest manner. The flourishing chivalric spectacle of the day, with its grim; serious heroes, and loveable ladies, was united to the newly opened world of fairy and spectral enchantment. It is difficult to say, whether the thing is intended in jest or in earnest. The horrible is mixed up with the drollest ideas in such a manner, that even the later romantic school might learn something from it. The Shakespeare enthusiasm of the cultivated may here find its popular companion-piece. Is it not a charm resembling that which lurks in Kauer's "Donau-weibchen;" a tender, romantic breath of the spirit world, a piece out of the "Midsummer Night's Dream"—music and poetry both Germanized in the style of a Viennese suburb? Is it not the voluptuous, gloomy horror of an old ballad, which at times causes a cold thrill to run over one, that touches the listener, in certain parts of Wenzel Müller's "Devil's mill?"

In this great ballad-singer's time, the literary and critical enthusiasm for the German people's song, had just sprung into new life. From these literary tendencies the worthy Viennese chapel-master was certainly very far removed; in the simplicity of his heart he borrowed from the national melodies, because they pleased every one, and sounded so gay and intelligible; and he thought no more about it. And how do we know how much the charm and success of his songs helped to kindle the enthusiastic researches of certain admirers of national melody? And these investigators are held in honor; but no one thinks any more of old Wenzel Müller. Wenzel Müller lived long to prosecute his merry occupation. That is easily understood. He shook more than two hundred musical farces and fairy operas from his sleeves. That agrees with the species of production. He who cannot shake such things out of his sleeves, should let the business alone; and he whose conscience is not easy enough to take for granted the sins of a composition that one can shake out of one's sleeves, is no born ballad-singer. In his old days, Wenzel Müller often declared that he could not imagine why people made such a fuss about Mozart. Mozart wrote only seven operas; but he, Wenzel Müller, wrote over two hundred of them, besides a heap of music for the church. This valuation characterizes the old ballad-singer.

Müller died just before his seventieth year was completed. He had outlived his fame, but not

his works. This is a rare destiny. The grey beard heard his songs in the mouths of the people every day; heard his thoughts and forms imitated, added to, and worked out; but people no longer remembered that these thoughts and forms originated from him; and had the old man declared that it was so, he would have been less willingly believed than another. Such an incognito has a charm of its own, but it would be martyrdom to an ambitious soul. But Wenzel Müller could scarcely have been such an one.

Let no one despise Wenzel Müllerish farces, for they are a great historical proof of the triumphal strength of national song in Germany. For it is a prerogative of the Germans, not only to possess fine national melodies of their own, but also a talent for appropriating any fine national music. The history of the Dessauer March is an excellent proof of the assimilating power with which the German popular mouth stamps and almost re-creates a foreign melody. This march is altogether an Italian composition. When Leopold of Dessau besieged Turin in 1706, the vanquished Italians marched forth to meet him, playing this air. The pealing battle piece pleased the Germans, their own trumpeter began to blow it, the popular mouth took up the catching melody, Germanized its Italian turns, claimed the tune as German property; and thus the Turin march of homage has become a German battle-song, the material of which we won in Italy with the sword.

Wenzel Müller has had many pupils and imitators; none of them excelled him, but rather retrograded. He is the beginning and the end, the only competent dramatic ballad-singer. The Viennese farces still vegetate, and thrive fungus-fashion, but Germany is no longer enraptured with them. The right musician, the real ballad-singer is wanting. Raymond strove to ennoble the texts of these popular buffooneries. He finished some fine things; and yet, when he had completed his best effort, his admirable "Prodigal," he wanted to throw the manuscript in the fire; and after poetizing a little longer, he shot himself through the head.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Sketches of French Musical History.

#### SACRED MUSIC.

##### V.

#### THE 16TH CENTURY, 1500—1600.

We now come to the most interesting modern epoch; that in which the scholar turned back to antiquity and grafted the study of it upon the science of the middle ages. The combination somewhat hybrid in the result gave this century less of unity and another character than that which had distinguished which had preceded it. But it exhibits an intellectual movement with which, as it seems to me, that of none of the ages immediately preceding can be compared. This magnificent era, which is known as that of the Renaissance, or of the Revival of Letters, because Leo X. and Francis I. gave new birth to, or revived in it, the study of ancient art and literature, produced Michael Angelo, Raphael and Palestrina—that sublime trinity in art—embracing in its grasp architecture, sculpture, painting, poetry, and music. If, rending the bosom of the Roman church, the sixteenth century had the misfortune to produce Luther and Calvin,\* the old faith can offer as an offset to these pretended Reformers numerous illustrious

saints, such as St. Charles Borromeus, St. Theresa, and St. Francis de Sales. King Francis I. founded the College of France and the royal printing press. Jodelle, Marot, De Thou, Montaigne and Rabelais wrote their masterpieces. The Tuileries and the Pont Neuf were begun, and the popular Henry IV. put an end to the wars caused by differences in religion by the celebrated edict of (1598).

The council of Trent reformed many abuses and produced grand and previous results. In France, Clement Jannequin composed in the time of Francis I. the *cries of Paris*, a curious medley treated with much art, and the *Chant de la Bataille de Marignan*, which is also brilliant and well written. To the celebrated Josquin Deprés succeeded his pupil John Mouton, master of the grand chapel-music in 1520. This eminent composer had the glory of instructing Adrien Willaert, one of the chiefs of the Belgian school. Under Henry II., Catherine de Medicis called an Italian musician, Baltazarini, to Paris, creating for him the office of chamber musician.

Charles IX., a fine singer and violinist (his instrument is preserved in the Library of Cluny,) invites the famous Roland de Lattre (Orlando Lasso) to take direction of his music. In his time appeared the composer Goudimel, a Hugonot, born at Besancon. This son of Franche comté had the glory of forming the divine Palestrina, and perished miserably in the sad and fatal night of St. Bartholemew.

Eustache du Carroy, born at Beauvais, was chapel-master under Henry III. and Henry IV.; he contributed powerfully to the conversion of the latter and during the king's abjuration at the church of St. Denis caused a magnificent *Te Deum* to be executed.

We may mention as composers of the second rank, Jean de Milleville, Gilbert Colin, Arcadet, Maillart, Certon, Manchicourt, Phinot, Claude Lejeune, of Valenciennes; also Beaulieu and Salomon, masters of the chambermusic under Henry III. Of these composers we have a vast number of masses, motets, chansons, etc., published by Attaignant, the first music printer of Paris, 1527. This publisher, the earliest known in France left a precious collection in 5 volumes, now unhappily very rare. It would be well worthy the dignity of the Imperial press to publish a new edition.

But the French theatre had already ended its first phase, the exclusively religious; as that period is little known it may be well to enter upon some details which may prove interesting to our readers.

We would recommend the learned and curious work of Charles Magnin to such as wish to penetrate into the Origin of the Modern Theatre.\* For our part, we will speak only of the ordinance against players (789) by Charlemagne, and the mandate d'Endes of Sully, Bishop of Paris, published in 1198 against *La Fête de Fous*, which had gradually obtained footing in all the churches of France. The impure remains of Paganism gave way to the real Christian theatre, which had its origin actually at the tomb of Christ, after pilgrimages to the holy land, so frequent in those devout ages. On returning from the holy places, the pilgrims composed canticles upon their travels, introducing into them the story of the life and death of the Son of God, they chanted also the miracles of the saints, their martyrdom, and legends of the time, giving also in public places a sort of theatrical entertainment, fitted to instruct the people while amusing them. This exhibition pleased and excited the piety of the divers citizens of Paris, who furnished funds to erect a theatre for the representation of mysteries upon festival days. "The first essay was made at the borough of Saint Maur, two short leagues from Paris. They took for their subject the 'Passion of our Lord,'—which appeared very novel and gave the spectators great pleasure."

Some twenty or twenty-five years later, Charles

\* The reader must not forget that a devout Roman Catholic speaks

\* "Origines du Theatre moderne," 1 vol. 8vo. Paris, Hachette, 1858.

VI. by letters patent granted, Dec. 4, 1402, permitted the Brotherhood of the Passion to give public representations. The Brotherhood established in the Church of the Trinity, rue St. Denis, at Paris, was authorized "afin qu'un chacun par devotion se puisse et doibee adjoindre et mettre en leur compaignie à iceux maistres, gouverneurs et confrères de la Passion Nostre Seigneur, etc." This theatre had great success during the reigns of Charles VI., Charles VII. and Louis XI. Mysteries were also exhibited at Ronen, Angers, Le Mans, Metz, &c., and the Brotherhood obtained in 1518, a confirmation of their privilege by Francis I.

The performances were continued at the hospital of the Trinity until 1539, and then in the hotel de Flandres to 1543.

July 16th, 1548, the Brotherhood gave its Masters and Governors power to purchase part of the hotel de Bourgogne in the rue Mauconseil. A decree of the Court, Nov. 17, 1548, maintained the sole right of the Brotherhood to represent pieces upon that theatre; but it is ordained that they shall play none but secular, licensed and moral pieces, and they are forbidden to represent any sacred mysteries. It would seem that these pieces had degenerated into a monstrous medley of morality and buffoonery. The Brotherhood then leased their theatre to a troop of comedians reserving to themselves the "two boxes of the Masters." Besides this Brotherhood, two other lay associations gave dramatic representations.\*

I. The Clerks de la Bazoche, who were organized in the time of Philip the Fair; their arms were three inkhorns of gold upon a field azure; their orchestra consists of a kettle-drummer, four trumpets, three hautboys and a bassoon. In 1442, they played *moralties*, farces and buffoon pieces, which were first examined by the Parliament. But abuses very soon crept into the company, for in 1476 a decree suspended their performances, down to the accession of Charles VIII. (1497). Louis XII. re-established the liberties of the theatres, "thinking thus to learn many things, which it would be impossible for him otherwise to know." During the reign of this prince the Bazoche arranged their theatre upon a marble table in the grand hall of the palace, which was destroyed by fire March 6, 1618.

2. The Youths of Sans-Soucy, young people of rank, educated and fond of pleasure obtained patents from Charles VI. Their chief had the title of *Prince of Fools*. This association at first kept themselves within bounds. A sensible and inoffensive criticism was the basis of their pieces. Later, the Prince of Fools gave the Clerks of Bazoche permission to play his pieces, and in exchange was allowed to represent farces and *moralties*. Some time after, the Brotherhood of the Passion added also to their plays the Prince of Fools and his subjects. This company had the protection of Louis XII, who permitted them freely to exhibit the faults of all classes not even excepting himself from their criticism so long it was just. The principal dramatic authors of this curious period were:—

1440. The brothers Grebau, ecclesiastics, authors of the *Mystère des Actes de apôtres par personnages*.

1470. Jean Michel, d'Angers, author of the *Mystère de la Passion*, represented at Angers towards the end of August 1486, and at Paris in 1507. This remarkable man was appointed first Physician to Charles VIII. and afterwards counsellor of the Parliament at Paris.

1500. Eloy d'Amerval, priest and master of the boys in the choir of Bethune, where he was born. We owe to him *La Grande Deablerie*, printed in 1508.

1508. Simon Bouguin, valet de chambre of Louis XII. wrote the morality *L'Homme juste et l'Homme Mondain*. He published also a *Traité de l'Epinette* (Treatise on the Spinnet).

\* The company called "Les Confreres de la Passion"—the Brotherhood of the Passion.

1510. Pierre Gringore, called Vaudemont, author, actor, and undertaker of mysteries. This poet renounced the theatre to devote himself to works of piety. He was buried in Notre Dame.

1510. Jean du Pont Alais, contemporary and cousin of the preceding, was hunch-backed and a companion of Louis XII. and in the passage near the Church of St. Eustache at the time the pastor was delivering his sermon. The priest descended, went to Pont-Alais, and asked, "How dare you play the tamborine while I am preaching?" "And how dare you preach, while I am playing?" returned the other insolently. The priest complained to the magistrate, who imprisoned Pont-Alais. It was six months before he obtained permission to resume his tamborine.

1524. Barthélemy Aneau, born at Bourges, was professor of Rhetoric at Lyons and was stoned to death June 21, 1565. He was a Lutheran and had (it was affirmed), hurled a large stone at the consecrated wafer and the priest who carried it. We owe to him a *Mystere de la Nativité*, composed in *imitation verbale et musicale*.

1530. Jean Parmentier, born at Dieppe in 1494, composed loyal songs, ballads, rondos "good and excellent moralities," among which was one "very elegant," for ten actors in honor of the Virgin Mary. (Pub. Paris. 4to. 1531.)

1649. Louis Chocquet put into French rhymes with dramatic personæ the book of Revelations of St. John, which was represented at Paris in the hotel de Flandres in 1541 and was printed in folio.

1549. Margaret de Valois, sister of Francis I., wife of Charles, Duke of Alençon, afterwards of Henry d'Albret, King of Navarre. (This queen composed comedies and *moralties*, which were represented by the maids of her court. She died at the chateau of Odos in Bigorre and was buried at Pau. Her works were printed in 1547.

The most celebrated actors of this interesting period were Clement Marot, Jean de Serre, count de Salles and Jacques Mernable.

The most ancient and most celebrated of all the mysteries beyond contradiction, that of the Passion, of which the first edition appeared in 1490. A magnificent performance of this immense masterpiece was given by order of Conrad Bayer, the 75th Bishop of Metz. God was represented by Seigneur Nicolle de Neufchatel in Lorraine, who was pastor of the church of St. Victor of Metz, and another priest, Messire Jean de Nicey, had the part of Judas. On the day of the first performance at Angers, grand mass was celebrated in the place prepared for the mystery, and vespers were put off that the canons and singers might assist in the play.

The principal mysteries, which followed were *Griselidis*, or the *Miroir des dames Mariées* (of 2,000 verses, printed in black letter, in 4to.) *Mysteres de la Resurrection*; *Mysteres du Vieux Testament*; the *Sacrifice d'Abraham*, played at the hotel de Flandre in presence of Francis I.; *St. Catherine*; *St. Barbara*; *La Sainte Hostie*; *St. Denis*; *St. Christophe*, &c. These pieces were all divided into many *journees*, and interspersed with songs, dances and symphonies. This was the real Christian opera of the middle ages.

An organ, placed in the *paradise* of the stage, accompanied the voices of angels and of the numerous partakers of the action, who, as a rule, closed the performance by a grand and solemn *Te Deum*.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### The Diarist in Paris.

PARIS, Jan. 4, 1861.

My paper this morning contains the advertisements of the following theatres; Grand Opera, Theatre-Francais, Opera Comique, Odeon, Theatre Italien, Theatre Lyrique, Gymnase, Vaudeville, Varietés, Palais Royal, Bouffes Parisiennes, Porte St. Martin,

Gaité, Ambigu Comique, Theatre du Cirque, Theatre Dejazet, Folies Dramatiques, Delassement Comique, Theatre Beaumarchais, Luxembourg, Theatre San Marcel; beside which there are several smaller places of dramatic amusement, divers casinos, public balls attended by "public" characters, and the like. There are then some twenty theatres, of all classes, open of an evening; the two principal operas playing but four or five nights a week. The first impression is, what a theatre-going, amusement-seeking people these French! Twenty theatres a night for a population perhaps a half larger than New York, and four or five times that of Boston and suburbs! But, per contra, these theatres are nearly all small; I doubt if the Bouffes, for instance, can seat 500 people, and the grand opera, I think, must be crowded with an audience of 2000. Again theatricals are almost the only public amusement; concerts are very few and far between, and are attended by small heavily paying audiences; public lectures, public meetings of all kinds are unknown. I have had this matter in my thoughts during all my stay here, and conclude, upon the best information that I can get, that upon any given evening a much larger number of individuals will be found amusing themselves in public places in New York than in Paris.

Just look at it; estimate the number of people which are in the New York theatres alone, from the Academy of Music (How much there is in a name!) down to the German playhouse in the Bowery, and how much short of the number of auditors in the Paris playhouses would the aggregate be? Then the crowds attending that American product, negro minstrelsy; the concert goers; the audiences of the popular preacher and lecturer; the crowds enjoying the excitement of public political, charitable and other meetings; well, now, does it turn out that the Parisian population is more given to public amusement than our own?

There is one point worthy of note in relation to the theatres here and that is the large amount of music during the performances. Pieces semi-musical seem to be as much demanded as in Germany; and very nice little orchestras there are, and singers which answer all purposes. Great voices and great execution are not demanded, and moderate abilities somewhat cultivated please. Occasionally, one appears and exhibits both voice and talent, and such an one makes the small stage but the steppingstone to a larger sphere of action. So it is in Germany. For my part I can enjoy a neat little piece with pretty, not great singers, a hundred times more than some ambitious attempt at great things, where, with the exception of the two, or at most, three singers of world-wide reputation, all else, scenery, orchestra, chorus and minor parts are utterly inadequate to the representation of the composer's and librettist's ideas.

Oh for a Boston or New York Shikaneder! Not because of his love of wine and women, his gluttony his debts and his carelessness for the morrow—but because he gave, in his little booth of a theatre in the "Free house auf der Wiedon," piece after piece, in which, in the language of the people with all the extravagance and low drollery, which marked them, there was always an appropriate music at least, and which led his audience by degrees up to that appreciation of good music, which secured the marvellous success of the Magic Flute, so soon as the novelty of its glorious music was worn off!

The oldest operas now performed anywhere in the world are those of Gluck, Mozart, and Diittersdorf's "Doctor and Apothecary," Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*, and some other products of the German and French schools of comic opera. And these two schools grew up out of the popular pieces given in small theatres for popular audiences.

Oh, for an Emanuel Schikaneder in Boston! A man who has so much faith in public taste for music

as to venture to engage a respectable orchestra, and give, if not original works, at least translations of pieces, which without making great pretensions have real value both as plays and musical compositions. But where are the singers? The demand would soon find its supply. Better voices, as nature has made them, you will find nowhere than at home. We do not need Sontags and Albonis to give us pleasure—so long as we are contented with simple natural melodies. I grant that we do need them if we are to have nothing sung but grand airs expressly written for musical phenomenal men and women. (Is there anything more distressing than to hear a great scena made familiar to us by Lind and Sontag, sung by a pupil after two quarters with Signor Contrapanti?)

The average size of the theatres which I have seen in London, Germany and Paris is less than that in our large cities and, of course, only in very few are voices of uncommon power needed; yet ours are not too large to be filled by voices such as may be found in numbers among our singers—provided they were properly taught. (An immense amount of talent runs to waste with us.) I would not propose that a Shikaneder try to do anything in the Boston Theatre or Academy as you have now dubbed it, for that is worse constructed for sound than any other I was ever in—the deviser of it evidently forgetting that the audience wishes to hear as well as see. But such a place as the Museum would be excellently fitted for him. It is good for sound, and is larger than several stages upon which world renowned works were first brought out.

Not to pursue this point farther, let it be added that the real German and French opera grew up from small beginnings—from popular pieces written for popular audiences—and that the same cause, until human nature is changed, will produce the same effect; even among us.

Great epoch-making works are not an every-day product—neither in literature nor in any of the arts. In opera Gluck gave us the two Iphigenias, the Orpheus and the Armida; Mozart the Marriage of Figaro, Don Juan, and the Magic Flute; Beethoven, Fidelio; Cherubini, the Water Carrier (*Les deux Journées*) and Lodoiska; Weber, Der Freyschütz and Oberon; Rossini, the Barber and William Tell; Auber, Masaniello; Meyerbeer, three, and Halevy, one, &c. The number in proportion to the aggregate of new works is small. They stand out as do the few great books of the last hundred years, or the few great paintings, or the few great works in sculpture. But as thousands of books, thousands of paintings, thousands of statues, not great, have, during these years, given the world in the aggregate more pleasure and delight than the few, so it is with opera. No one can compare Rossini's Barber in the points which we consider as deserving the epithet great, with his Tell, and yet it has probably delighted a hundred fold more auditors than its more ambitious sister. Oh for a Shikaneder!

Experience has given us the truism,—the demand creates the supply. Look at our list of lectures in America, our troops of blacked minstrels, our political orators, our men who sell themselves soul (if they have any) and body for office. So here, there is never a want of new pieces for the stage—not "great" always, but in a large proportion of cases, having something in them which causes them to live their day, and pay their authors, an adequate compensation for time and labor. I notice that the list of new theatrical pieces in Paris for the quarter ending Dec. 31, gives the number as being twenty-nine—not including the catch-penny, blood and thunder comedies and laughable tragedies of the minor theatres, which do not attain to the dignity of a notice in the papers.

Of these, the following may be classed as belonging to the musical drama, although the part played

by music in the vaudeville is small—that species of plays being, as nearly as I can describe it, a farce with songs.

- Oct. 8. *Une Tasse de Thé*. Vaudeville in 1 act, at the Vaudeville Theatre. Music by Derley.  
 " 8. *La Famille d'Horloger*. Vaudeville 1 act, at the Palais Royal. Music by Deslandes.  
 " 8. *Un Gros Mot*. Vaudeville, 1 act, Palais Royal. Music by Dumonstain.  
 " 10. *Le Docteur Mirabolan*. Opera in 1 act, at the Opera Comique. Music by E. Gautier.  
 " 15. *Ce qui plaît aux Hommes*. Vaudeville, 1 act, at the Variétés.  
 " 29. *Un Trouper qui Sait les Dames*. Vaudeville, in 3 acts. Variétés. Music by Morand.  
 Nov. 8. *Le Guide de l'Etranger en Paris*. Vaudeville, 1 act, Variétés.  
 " 28. *M. Tyran en Sabots*. Vaudeville, 1 act, at the Gymnase. Music by Lafarge.  
 " 28. *Le Passage Ratinwill*. Vaudeville, 3 acts. Palais Royal. Music by Thillboust.  
 Dec. 8. *Le Papillon*, pantomime ballet at the Grand Opera, 2 acts. Music by Offenbach.  
 " 17. *Les Mutines de l'Ami Pontet*. Vaudeville, 2 acts. Variétés. Music Mehel Carré.  
 " 17. *La Maitresse du Mari*. Vaudeville. 1 act. Variétés.  
 " 17. *Le Paire de Nichette*. Vaudeville, 1 act. Palais Royal. Music by Thillboust.  
 " 29. *L'Eventail*, comie opera in 1 act. Opera Comique. Music by Boulanger.  
 " 29. *Les Pêcheurs de Catane*, operatic piece, 3 acts, at the Theatre Lyrique. Music by Aimé Maillard.  
 " 31. *Le Roi Barkouf*. Comic opera, 3 acts. Opera Comique. Music by Offenbach.  
 " 31. *Une heure avant l'Overture*. Vaudeville, 1 act. L'Etincelle, do. 1 act. Both at the Vaudeville Theatre.

Most of these you see, are slight pieces, with no great strivings after effect, and nearer in character to our farces, than any thing else upon our stage. Suppose we make a few notes upon some of them,—notes mainly stolen by the present writer.

*Le 'Eventail* (the Fan) is a pretty little piece in one act, teaching the great moral "it will not do to play with love." The scene opens with a serenade which Fabrice, a young poet, gives to a beautiful widow, of whom he is enamored. She is not in love with him and gives him a gentle hint of the fact by sending four bullies, armed with clubs, to attack him. Capt. Annibal, a fine looking, drinking, gambling, jolly fellow devoted to adventure, hearing the noise rushes from the inn where he is drinking to Fabrice's aid, and the ruffians are driven off. Hearing the young man's story, he determined to assist him to vengeance, and they devise a plot by which the captain shall pay his court to the widow, and when he has obtained permission for an interview with her, Fabrice is to go in his stead, and give the lady a piece of his mind. They have forgotten to withdraw to some private place before their conversation and the widow hears it all from her balcony.

Phoebe the widow's sister has fallen in love with Fabrice, and so deeply as to tell him of it directly. Lucky chance for him, he thinks—he will pretend to return it and thus find opportunity to get satisfaction upon the other.

Well, the captain lays siege to the widow, and finds her so agreeable, that he falls in love with her. She intending to mystify him loses her heart. Fabrice's pretended love for Phoebe becomes real—and so there are mystifications all round save for poor Phoebe. At length the fan comes in, of which the widow understands the use as well as if she had read the essay in the connoisseur. She drops it to give the captain an opportunity of paying her a visit to restore it. But Fabrice now demands it as the means of carrying out their little complot. But the captain is now in love and refuses. They get angry, draw swords,—but conclude to cast the dice for it. The poet obtains it, and Phoebe, the good angel in the piece prevents any bad use of it. The widow refuses the captain's heart and hand until he brings the fan. He is in trouble; but Phoebe persuades Fabrice to go in the night and give the fan to the captain who restored it to the widow, and all marry and have until this present writing so far as is known lived happily.

There is not much dialogue, the piece being full of songs, serenades, and what not. M. Boulanger's music is very much praised for its liveliness, appropriateness, melody and fine instrumental accompaniment. Of the particular pieces noted are the serenade and drinking song, a duet and an air "I am twenty-one."

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 9, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha," Piano Solo.

### Editorial Correspondence.

NEW SERIES.

NO. V.

A WEEK IN DRESDEN, CONTINUED.

BERLIN, Dec. 10, 1860.

My last letter was to have recorded a rich week in Dresden; but with the space given the two principal figures, I only succeeded in writing out the first twenty-four hours. The rest shall come straight from pocket notes, in diary fashion.

Oct. 27. After such a morning (the *Chaconne* of Bach played by Joachim, and the "Dresden Madonna,") one felt well in the open air; Nature in her October garb, rich, but without the brilliancy of our autumnal woods, seemed doubly lively and responsive. There was a warm glow of promise in the sadness. A long walk by the river's side, and through the fine parks outside of the beautiful city. The moon stood almost full, against the fading purple of the sunset; and from the chill of evening I took refuge for a short time in the large and elegant restaurant and concert-room on the Brühl terrace, that overhangs the river. Here are concerts every afternoon or evening; sometimes orchestral, sometimes vocal; commonly the former. This time it began at six, and as we sipped our coffee, men, women, children, around little tables, we listened as long as we liked to music by "the Kapelle of the Herrn Stadtmusik-director Hartung, under the direction of the Herrn Kapellmeister Puffholdt." Entrée two and a half neugroschen (between 6 and 7 cents); but expected to take coffee, beer, or something for the inner man. It was a decent little orchestra of about 24, and played quite well; one of three or four such *Kapellen*, which play almost every day, in rotation in places of this sort. Not so large, nor so good an orchestra as Liebig's in Berlin, nor so exclusively classical in its programmes. Yet once a week, at least, they play a Symphony, and always several solid pieces mixed with lighter. The programme this time was one of the richest, and also miscellaneous. A large card hung in front of the stage, always told the number of the piece up for performance. The pauses mean coffee and kellers *obligato*.

#### PART I.

1. Overture to "Hans Heiling,"..... Marschner
2. Aria and Duet from "Euryanthe"..... Weber
3. "The Adventurer's," Waltz..... Lanner
4. Finale from "Wasserträger,"..... Cherubini

#### PART II.

5. Overture: "In the Highlands,"..... Gade
6. "Night," from Symphony "The Desert,"..... F. David
7. Adagio, from "Moonlight Sonata,"..... Beethoven
8. Overtures, "Iphigenia in Aulis,"..... Gluck

#### PART III.

9. Symphony (B flat, No. 2)..... Haydn

#### PART IV.

10. Overture: "Schauspiel director"..... Mozart
11. Serenade (new)..... Kitzler
- 12 and 13. Waltz and Polka..... Strauss, sr.



The scene was what chiefly interests me:—the free and easy, cheerful, sociable, respectable looking company. In many instances it was the family circle transferred to the café-concert; the German substitute, if not equivalent, for our home tea-parties. And, all alive and sociable as everything was, what listening silence so soon as the orchestra commenced! A single "hush" from the humblest individual is instantly respected. I tell it to my young countrymen and countrywomen, that they may know there is such a thing recognized in the world as good manners in a concert-room.

But I must go without the symphony; for Herr R. is to call for Joachim and me, to take us round to the club-room of his Tonkünstler-Verein, to hear the Hautboy Concertos of Handel. We enter a long room, across one end of which are rows of music stands for an orchestra of 25 or 30. The gathering crowd through which we are led, of members and of guests, all real music-lovers, is very talkative and lively, and the reception right artist-like and cordial. J. of course is a popular hero in all such assemblies of the faithful, and every brother must seize his chance to grasp the strong hand and exchange some pleasant words with him; so that we are some time in reaching the seats assigned to us before the orchestra.

The bond of union is purely art and the society of artists; they meet to practice the music simply for the love of it (particularly the less known works of older masters), not to rehearse for any business purpose. It is something like the "Amateur Orchestra," that for many years existed, perhaps still exists, in Boston; only these are not amateurs, but mostly skilled musicians who hold places in the Royal Kapelle, &c. Herr R., their leader, an intelligent gentleman, learned in the history of music, and enthusiastic about the great old masters, plays, I was told, a trombone in the Kapelle. He prefaced the performance with a few remarks to the listeners on the history and peculiar structure of the two concertos about to be tried. We found them very interesting; full of the broad, jubilant, strong life of Handel, his unsentimental tenderness, his sweetness and nobility of melody, his thoroughly ingrained, spontaneous contrapuntal unity, his darling quaint conceits and mannerisms—which may fatigue, but cannot nauseate, like those of the modern operatic stage. They seemed not so much concertos for a solo instrument, in our present sense, as orchestral pieces (*concertstücke*) with oböe or both oböes, *obligato*—and that only in some movements. They come as near to the Symphony form, almost, as that one which I have since heard by Emanuel Bach. But perhaps the term "suites" for the orchestra would best describe them; each presenting a succession of different movements related in character and key. There were the strong, billowy figures, in which giant Handel delights, kept up in massive combinations of all the strings, and answered by flutes, oböes, bassoons and horns. And here one could see the sense of that construction of the orchestra in Handel's time, which strikes us as so odd when we read about it. Who does not always feel,—when the overture to the "Messiah" or "Samson" is given, for instance,—that there is something ridiculously pinched and feeble when the strong phrases of the whole body of strings with double-basses are answered by a pair of

starveling flutes and oböes? Handel had hautboys and bassoons by tens and twenties in his bands. Such points naturally were discussed in these reunions of musical inquiries. The oböes were beautifully played; and one of them had a most lovely melody to play, or rather sing, in an Adagio Cantabile of rare beauty, that would seem modern alongside of Schubert and Weber, both in its melody and its accompanying figure.

We had to leave this pleasant sphere of musical spirits, when the desks and seats were thrust aside for long tables with beer, cigars and regular evening *commerz*; not before inscribing our names in their books, and receiving pressing invitations to come again and often; particularly one, which we accepted, for an evening of the next week, to hear Handel's "Fire" and "Water" music; but which, to our regret, did not take place, owing to the absence of some essential instrument. Now that can really be called a musical city, in which the best musicians can be socially and musically at home one or two evenings in the week in this way. And could such societies exist in Boston, it would be one of the best means of making that a really musical city.

We go out into the moonlight, and, turning some dark corners—my companion leading—enter one of those smoke holes, swarming with beer-drinking life and laughter, distributed about in which, according to affinities, you may find the larger part of the intellectual, as well as the duller population, on any evening, in every city of Germany. The object is to find an old man, who is supposed to "*kneip*" here, and who, in his way, is quite a character. And presently there rose from the cigar smoke, in the further corner, the white head of a tall and rather courtly personage,—high intellectual forehead, strong profile—a face combining severity with companionable humor and a spice of drollery even—who greeted us very cordially, and entered eagerly into talk about America, and about the musical signs of the times, the old school and the new, &c., Plainly an oracle amongst his younger *con-sodales* in that corner, most of whom appeared to be musical. This was father WIECK, fond of having his own way evidently, but genial, witty, and proud (as he might be) of his daughters, Clara Schumann and the *fräulein* Marie. He knows well what is good in music; is a sharp, true critic, and is still as he long has been, one of the very best teachers of the piano living. Princes seek his tuition for their daughters, and pay him princely prices; and that his method is a good one, he has at least two notable examples in his own family to show. He is a thinker and not a mere man of routine; and he carries himself not only with dignity, but with freshness of youth still; good for conviviality and good for work. The old man and our strong young violinist were evidently on the best of terms together. It was pleasant to see them; and so it was to see with what a mixture of admiring affection and respect the young men would address their questions and remarks to the "Herr Concertmeister," as Joachim is styled at the court of Hanover, where he controls the music upon terms worthy of the independent spirit of an artist, and does not have to drudge in royal church and theatre like the Kapellmeisters of Dresden and most German courts. But, reader, it is time to take you out of this smoky, although genial, atmosphere, which we have only entered because

it seems to bring one more into the heart of German, and particularly musical German life. Out in the crystal cold October night air again, we breathe new life, and, with the great shadowy dome of the Frauen-Kirche looming before us grandly against the chaste stars, and the world dreaming in moonlight around us, we walk back to our hotel, to a sweet sleep (mingled with whatever sadness) after so beautiful a day.

Oct. 28.—Sunday. Attended morning service in the Court Church or Cathedral—Catholic Court of a Protestant people! But then some old Elector of Saxony, successor of Luther's foremost political friend and champion, was glad enough to get the crown of Poland at the easy price of turning Catholic; and so it has stood ever since, his family piously adhering to his example. Princes have convenient consciences in these matters. Crowns make creeds convertible; you can change all so long as the first and central article, "the divine right of kings," remains untouched. The church is an elaborately decorated structure in the Italian style, in somewhat oval shape, with a crowd of tall statues, more imposing by their size and the great shadows that they cast than beautiful, keeping watch and ward around the roof. It is of a blackened stone color, and connected by a bridge with the still more black and shabby looking royal palace. Opposite to it is the theatre, more elegant, eclipsing both. And the royal orchestra, or *kapelle*, from the theatre is transferred to the church choir on Sundays. Inside, the church has some splendor, several large paintings, fine, but not first-rate, and some frescoes on the ceiling which seem to emulate the style of Michael Angelo. A line divides the whole length of the church, and the women sit or stand on one side, the men on the other, less in the royal box, on one side of the altar, sat the old King John, looking rather sleepy and blasé; he should have more sympathy with free and noble spirits than to have consented to the delivering up the Count Teleki to Austria, for he himself translated Dante. There was a fine Silbermann organ; a fine orchestra, and a fine choir of boys, as well as of mixed voices; and the music is commended to strangers by the guide-books. This time a new mass was performed, the composition of one of the kapellmeisters, KRENS, who conducted in person. It was smooth enough, sweet sounding, commonplace production, rather sentimental than expressive, quite as much Italian as German, and not deeply expressive even in the *crucifixus*. The short choral and liturgical strains sung by the boys spoke to me more.

The rest of this day does not belong to you, O reader—until the evening, when from the solitary walk I hasten back across the bridge,—the perfect beauty of the full harvest moon reflected on the Elbe—to be in season for the opera, Mozart's *Zauberflöte*. With all the excellent drollery and extravaganza that is mixed up in it, the prevailing impression of that opera on my mind has always been religious and sublime; few things come nearer to the character of great sacred music, than does those portions assigned to Sarastro and the priests, and the music of the trials in the last act. It was written in the same period and in the same state of mind with the *Requiem*. (This suggestion is not made here for the first time in this Journal.) And the plot itself, what is it, with all its fantasticalities, but the initiation,

through the trial and sacrifice of two young souls into the mysteries of the higher life, of a pure, immortal love? Who will say the music is not equal to the theme? The theatre is indeed a beautiful one, but had a somewhat old and dingy look inside; and those who sit in the parquet are more crowded than in our Boston Theatre; nor is it quite so large as either of our "Academies of Music." But the arrangements, decorations, &c., are most tasteful; and the stage effects, and scenery far beyond what we have.

The piece was very finely performed; the great excellence being in, what we had been led to expect of German theatres, the perfection of the *ensemble*. It was good enough as a whole to reconcile one to considerable inadequacy in two or three leading parts. The maiden part of Pamina, for instance, was hard and soulless in the rendering of Fräulein Bahlamus; and I felt this the more after the beautiful and touching manner in which I had heard the same part sung, and seen it acted, in Munich, by a young debutante of remarkably fresh, soulful quality of voice, (Fräulein Stehle), who entered admirably into the pure and innocent feeling of the music. The Sarastro had a ponderous voice enough, but no priestly dignity and air of wisdom; round-faced and beardless like a lazy tavern-keeper. The tenor, Herr Rudolph, as Tamino, was fair, and sang at least in good taste. The Queen of Night, Fran Janner-Krall, had a good degree of brilliant vocalism for those high bravura passages, and made one feel too that there is character and passion in that music. Papageno (Herr Dettmer) was delightfully droll and clever, making the grotesqueness of the part poetical and true to the music. Then certain parts, which have some of the finest and heavenliest music, the Three Ladies and the Three Genii, always abridged and murdered on our stage, were here entrusted to really good singers, and nothing was left out. The choruses of priests were given with sublime effect; so admirable in a male chorus I had never heard. Nor in any opera, so admirable an orchestra, unless perhaps in the Grand Opera, in Paris. It seemed to me even more perfect than the Gewandhaus orchestra; the wind band certainly was so. And Herr RIETZ was the model of a conductor, all alive and life-inspiring. It was a perfect luxury, apart from the singing, to hear the Mozart music brought out by that orchestra. The scenic displays and transformations too, were marvellous; everything artistic, leading up to the intention of the music, coöperated with it; instead of making burlesque of the whole thing, as we so often see in the hurried, bungling, pompously heralded attempts to get up some grand opera in the short "seasons" of our speculator impresarios in Boston and New York. I went away, although it was a theatre, with thoughts solemnized and at the same time exalted; far more so than from the church mass in the morning. We talked late and long that night.

Oct. 29. A bright, cold day. The morning goes off rapidly in the gallery of paintings. First—there is no resisting it—another look at Raphael's heavenly Madonna. She seems to glow with a yet heavenlier loveliness, to have soared to a yet higher sphere, since the first visit. I never saw a picture that was so full of soul. Its influence is like music. From the good copies you can imagine that; but you must come to the

original to realize it. Next, we slip into the small side cabinets and traverse the whole twenty of them till we find ourselves in the corresponding hall at the other extremity of the long building, before the also admirable, but by no means equally inspired, Madonna and child of the younger Holbein, with the old Burgermeister and his family of Basel kneeling before them. This is the great treasure of the gallery in German art. Before many other curious, often beautiful German works we stop; one or two only by Dürer—you must go to Munich for him; many by Cranach; a few by Van Eyck, Hemlin, &c. There are fine Rubenses; particularly fine Rembrandts and Van Dycks. The Spanish school, too, is rich: Murillo, Velasquez, Herrera, Spagnoletto (his St Maria of Egypt kneeling before her grave, an angel throwing her grave-cloth over her—dismal situation, but wonderful picture). And there is no end of exquisite little pictures by the Dutch masters:—Ostade, Teniers, Netscher, Wouvermann, Metsu, &c., &c.,—and Mieris, whose minutely finished, charming little character pieces seem to contain the germ, if not almost the model, of this new modern French school of Frères, &c., so much imitated by our young American artists. But, next to the Madonna of Raphael, the picture before which I lingered longest was a small one by Titian, called the "Zinsgroschen," i. e. "the tribute money." Two heads only, that of Christ and of the Pharisee holding up the coin. The former is the most beautiful, spiritual, reverence and love inspiring face which I have yet seen in any painter's imagination of the subject; for they are of course all failures. The color seems actually *breathed* upon the canvas—or rather, wood—it does not seem like paint or anything mechanical. Next in point of interest was Correggio's Adoration of the Shepherds, commonly called Correggio's "Night," and half a dozen other of that master's more important works.

I hurry back, belated, to the rehearsal of our two artists; too late to hear much, but not for the beginning of a pleasant acquaintance with the Frau Clara Schumann.

After dinner a walk alone into the yellow woods of the royal *Grossgarten*, or Great Garden, the finest and most extensive of the beautiful parks about Dresden. Tastefully laid out roads and walks, elegant palaces and groups of statuary surprising you at various turns, and cafés as big as palaces, &c. It was one of these last that the wanderer sought, a long time bewildered in the pleasing labyrinth; for he had seen a concert announced there. Luckily belated! for he entered just in time to hear only the two middle pieces of the programme, which were all he wanted. Such was the profound, attentive silence of the groups around the coffee-tables at that moment, that he almost feared to enter; but he must creep to a seat, or lose what the orchestra had just commenced, a symphony (No. 1, in C) by Weber. That romantic composer he had never met before in this form. It was interesting, not poor in Weberish ideas and warmth of instrumentation; in the andante and the Finale (Presto) beautiful; but not a great symphony. The other piece was the *Coriolan* overture of Beethoven, in point of fiery, concise, concentrated, complete utterance his best. And during both these pieces the beer mugs and coffee cups refrained from rattling, as did thoughtless tongues, and women plied their

knitting-needles all so quietly and listened, as if that was what they had come for. Is not this a musical people? It was a nice orchestra, directed by one Mannfeldt.

The evening brings the second Soirée of CLARA SCHUMANN and JOACHIM, and we are seated in another brilliant audience, more numerous and enthusiastic than before. Programme:

1. Sonata (A major), piano..... J. S. Bach
2. Leider: "Waldegespräch" (Eichendorff) } Schumann
3. "Der Angelernte" (Heine).....
4. Sonata (B minor), piano..... Clementi
5. Rondo brillant (op. 70), piano and violin..... Schubert
6. Adagio, and Scherzo, violin..... Spohr
7. Lieder: "Gastindnen (Geibel)" } Schumann
8. "Der Hildalgo" (Do.).....
9. Sonata (op. 47, A major), piano and violin..... Beethoven

You may imagine that the "Kreutzer Sonata" was played on this occasion about as grandly and inspiringly as it could be played. No violin, no strings, that I have ever heard, vibrate so strongly out of the soul of Beethoven, as Joachim's; and Mme. Schumann so far, take it all in all, impresses me as the best interpreter of Beethoven on the piano. Joachim, too, gave us the best side of Spohr that evening. Could Spohr himself have presented himself to better advantage? The Sonata by old Bach was of course one of the *newest*, freshest things, which one can hear in these barren days of virtuoso-dom and "Zukunft's" music. A most charming and really edifying variety in this programme was furnished by the songs of Robert Schumann, four of his most felicitous and beautiful. And they had the advantage of a singer, a young tenor from the Royal Opera, Herr SCHNORR VON CARLSFELD (a son, I think, of the distinguished painter, who designed the Niebelungen frescoes at Munich), who in warmth and sweetness of voice, purity and style, and delicate truth of expression and feeling excels any German tenor I have heard, and can sing such German songs as satisfactorily as one can ever hope to hear them.

Another long letter already, and yet not done with Dresden! D.

#### Mr. J. C. D. Parker's Musical Soirée.

##### PART I.

1. Quartette..... Haydn
2. Variations Concertantes, for Piano and Violoncello..... Mendelssohn
3. Aria: "Quando miro"..... Mozart
4. Piano Sonata, op. 7..... Beethoven
- Allegro con brio, Largo, Allegro, Rondo Grazioso.

##### PART II.

5. Grand Duo. Two Pianos. "Hommage à Händel"..... Moscheles
6. Songs: { "Sun of the sleepless," (from Byron's "Hebrew Melodies"),..... Mendelssohn
- { "Love's Messenger"..... Fresca
7. { Presto Scherzando..... Mendelssohn
- { Valse, op. 18..... Chopin
- Miss Fay.
8. Trio for Piano, Violin and Violoncello..... Schubert
- Allegro, Andante con moto, Scherzo, Finale, Allegro.

As will be seen from the programme, the selection of pieces by Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Chopin and Schubert was a very good one. In fact there was too much of a good thing, the programme was too long. Mr. PARKER had the assistance of Mrs. HARWOOD, Miss MARY FAY and the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. He appeared in four pieces, one solo and the other concerted. Best of all we liked his playing in the Variations by Mendelssohn with Violoncello and in the Trio by Schubert. In the latter we found great improvement since the last hearing at the Mendelssohn Quintette Club Concert. It was played with energy and taste, smoothly and effectively. It was a pity, however, that we had to go without the Scherzo, certainly the most pleasing movement to the public. We understand, of course, that the lateness of the hour was the reason for the omission. Yet we would gladly have staid the four minutes longer, to hear it. The variations gave real pleasure, being played finely by Messrs. Parker and WULF FRIES. The Duo by Moscheles, "Hommage à Händel" likewise went very well with the exception of the Introduction which was taken somewhat too slow. It is a beautiful, strong and noble composition

and pleased much. We should have liked less *rubato* playing in the Beethoven Sonata. The earlier sonatas of Beethoven, in fact all but the very last, require strict movement, and lose of their chaste character by a different treatment. With Beethoven all is on a large scale. Expression in his works depends principally on contrasting period against period, one large mass against another. Much less than in Chopin's or Schumann's works is it to be left to the arbitrary feeling of the player. It is only in his latest works that he employs a frequent change of tempo in the same movement of the sonata and there he always states it. So for instance in the A flat Sonata, op. 110, where in the last three movements the tempo frequently changes. The Allegro (Scherzo) would have been improved, we think, by a little more ease and abandon. The first two parts are full of roguish grace, which an easier, more lively style would have brought out. The trio, minore, was played somewhat louder in the first part than seems admissible. There the faint melody is to be surrounded by a halo of tones, shrouded in an atmosphere of sombre hues by means of the arpeggios which are to be as delicate as possible. The Rondo was less finished as to the mechanical part than the other movements.

Mrs. Harwood sang the aria in the first part in the right manner and with much feeling and expression. Her voice was not as clear as usual in the second part. The song by Mendelssohn, though it was sung so as to produce the sad melancholy mood in which it is written, would have been improved by a trifle more of feeling; it sounded slightly monotonous. The song by Fesca was the only piece that did not merit a place on the programme. It is taking, and was encored; but it is not of sterling merit. It bears the strong family-likeness of a number of boleros, without excelling in original ideas. Mrs. Harwood acted in good taste not to repeat it, but to substitute the beautiful song by Schubert, "Faded flowers," which she sang beautifully.

Miss Fay acquitted herself finely in the Duo by Moscheles, where she played with marked taste and precision. Commendable is her touch. She brought out finely the nicest shadings, and in the piano passages exhibited a warmth and sweetness of tone that was truly pleasing. She also played very well the Presto scherzando by Mendelssohn. Less good was her version of Chopin's Valse in E flat. It lacked tenderness and nice shading and was hurried in many places, especially so at the close.

Members of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club assisted in the first and the last piece on the programme. They played well in both, especially so in the E flat Trio by Schubert.

In the place of the first piece, however, we had two movements from Mozart's D major quartette (No. 10), the first and third. The practice of playing parts only of a quartette or any piece in the sonata form is a bad one. We had occasion to make the same remark some time ago. It is especially so in a chamber concert like this, where we expect choice pieces entire. The same applies to repetitions of parts; in the Beethoven Sonata, as well as in the Trio by Schubert, a repetition of parts was omitted. Now we have no doubt, that Mr. Parker is as convinced as we are of the necessity of carrying out the intentions of the composers in this particular as in every other, and, as remarked before, ascribe these omissions to the length of the programme. But then it would have been better to curtail the programme and let us have entire pieces as the composers intended them. The Adagio in the Mozart Quartette lost much by not being preceded by that naive and graceful Minuetto and followed by the lively, sparkling Allegro Finale. It sounded dead, tedious.

We applaud Mr. Parker for his good intentions in presenting so rich a programme to the public. In these days, when so many persons think it best to come down to the taste of the public, it is refreshing to see a faithful devotion to what is best and noblest in art. We wish the public had shown themselves as interested in the classical music offered by filling the hall better. \*

### Popular Concerts.

"It is ill wind that blows nae body gude," says the Scotch proverb. In the dearth of our concert season the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB conceived and carried out the good idea of giving Saturday evening concerts, which were to be of a "quasi popular" character, as a contemporary happily styles it. They have given three thus far, in each of which they presented pieces of sterling merit. And an especial gain it was for us, to have converted pieces for wind and string instruments such as the septette by Beethoven, which was repeated. The Octette by

Schubert was first played at a concert of the regular series, but was repeated at the second Saturday concert and Mademoiselle Patti's concert, which took the place of the fourth Saturday concert. The aria from Orpheus by Glück, the Allegro from Lachner's Quintette, the Canzonetta from Mendelssohn's Quartette and the Songs without words, though arrangements, all belong to what may be called strictly classical music. This selection is highly commendable and we do not find fault with the other pieces presented at those evenings.

There is a large class of persons, who either from a natural defect, or want of practice in listening to the best, or from a habit of listening to bad music, are unable to find enjoyment in what some people sneeringly term "classical" or "scientific" music. We almost wish those terms had never been employed. They are so often used as an excuse for disliking good music, that it would have been better had such people been left in ignorance of the distinction between compositions conveyed in those words. There are naturally those, who find anything tedious that is written by Bach or Handel; musical critics (save the mark!) who find the Messiah antiquated, who call the Octette by Schubert "broken-crockery music," going into ecstasies over the Haymakers and La Traviata. Now such people are to be pitied; for surely they would wish to admire the best, if only they could. And from their individual point of view they admire the best, in La Traviata or the Haymakers. There are such people in literature and every art. What would the New York Ledger, to name the prominent representative of a large class of papers, do without patrons in literature? How would the dabblers, who make those pictures that we receive periodically by the ship load from across the Atlantic, be able to earn a living, if it were not for just such persons, who admire the fearful specimens of the art of "the first European artists," as the advertisements of the auctioneer invariably read? We cannot expect that every one should stay away from the theatre, when "sensation pieces" are on the stage for weeks in succession. We cannot expect people suddenly to fall in love with Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser and Chaucer, and leave off reading stories "that are not continued." In short, we cannot expect people as a mass to like what is best, to have a tendency for the ideal. The mass of people, on the contrary, have a tendency to what is mediocre or commonplace, and so we have flourishing "opera houses," nightly thronged by "appreciative audiences," places that derive a principal attraction from the fact, that the natural color of the face and hands is changed to a more sable hue. And therefore we have no orchestral concerts, no "Philharmonic Society" this winter, because there is not interest enough in the mass of the people to pay \$2.50 for six concerts.

There is demand for music of a low or at least common place character, and therefore that demand must be satisfied. And it will be satisfied. But this is a fact so well understood that it were hardly worth the ink shed in writing these paragraphs, if there were not people who conceive it to be their especial duty, to put in a plea for such music. It is scarcely a twelve month since a musical paper, not far from the town where we are writing, was inaugurated by a leader setting forth, that the concerts in Boston had been of too elevated a character; that they needed to be popularized; the public desired another class of music; and that therefore the programmes in future ought to be of a mixed character so as to attract large (mixed?) audiences. This reminds me of the preface to an instruction-book, in which the author alleges, that the majority of persons that learn music, do not desire or comprehend good music, and that in view of this fact (undeniable, to be sure,) pleasing music ought to be put in instruction books. Which the good man did, and thus supplied the "longfelt want." There is no danger, therefore, of that want for music of a lighter character ("Dixie," &c., &c.) being unsupplied. It is taken care of in the places proper for it. But where it ought not to be supplied, is just in the Music Hall or any other place where good concerts are given. We know there is music of a lighter kind, which is not as bad as Dixie; quite good in fact, of its kind, such as good waltzes and polkas and other dances, a number of operatic songs, without much lasting value, but as useful as candy or checkerberry lozenges. That too, is furnished generally in its proper place by bands, in afternoon concerts, &c. We have not the least objection to its being performed at its proper time and place. But to advocate the introduction of lighter music in "Philharmonic concerts" proves the incapacity of such persons or papers to take an intelligent part in the discussion of musical matters.

The mass of the people remain children, intellectually and morally. And therefore they ought to be treated as such. Generally speaking we have the idea that in the case of children a progressive course of instruction is best, proceeding from the rudiments up to the higher branches. Well then, if the public be like children, let them be musically instructed, proceeding from the A B C among musical compositions to the nobler effusions of the human heart, from simplest national air or waltz and polka up to "classical or scientific" music.

The M. Q. Club have undertaken to give "quasi-popular" concerts. They have shown by their programmes, what was to be expected, that they have the due regard for what is best, by introducing such excellent pieces at those Saturday concerts, as they have. We will conclude this article by repeating a suggestion made in the Journal before, and adding another. Among Haydn's 37 Symphonies there are six for eight, two for nine, seven for ten, five for eleven performers and one for twelve. Fifteen only of the thirty-seven require an orchestra of from thirteen to nineteen performers. As the Club have already brought out a Septette and an Octette, some of these symphonies might be put on their programmes; so introducing Boston audiences to much that they would hardly have heard, if we had orchestral concerts. "It is an ill wind that blows nae body gude."

Another suggestion would be, to place the pieces of sterling value in one and those of less importance in another part of the programme, so that one might not be obliged to hear pieces of little interest, while waiting for those held in higher esteem. This would work both ways. Persons who wish to hear lighter music need not sit out a classical piece and vice versa.

We wish to say more on this subject in a future article. \*

MIDDLE PATTI'S CONCERT attracted a large audience last Saturday evening. The Mendelssohn Club contributed the Schubert Octette, divided into two parts, which was more effective in the great hall than we should have supposed it could be.

Middle Patti abundantly confirmed the good impression she made at the concert of Stigelli, and was enthusiastically applauded in all she did. And of STIGELLI what can we say that we have not already said. Mr. EICHBERG played a violin solo in his usual faultless manner, and Mr. S. B. MILLS, the pianist of the evening, showed himself an artist of remarkable skill, and made upon the audience the marked impression that we anticipated in hearing him some months ago, in private. The audience, we think, would have been better pleased with a Chickering piano, as the Steinway grand used at this concert was certainly no better an instrument than we are accustomed to hear in concerts here, and the New York *chef d'œuvre* failed to excite the admiration anticipated, or to bear the comparison with the Chickering's *Erard* piano.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB are going to present at their next Tuesday's concert for the first time in Boston a Quintette in F minor for Piano and strings by Dussek, also to play the grand quartette in E flat, op. 127, by Beethoven, which so took with the public last year, truly a splendid project.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY. — Our readers will be glad to see the announcement of a concert tomorrow evening by this Society, in connection with Stigelli and Middle Patti. The programme embraces sterling selections of choruses from St. Paul, Elijah, Solomon and the Messiah, and Stigelli will sing the *Cujus Animam* of Rossini which he is so well adapted to give in the best way.

### Musical Correspondence.

ST. LOUIS — FABBRI, has been here, and gave three concerts, assisted by Abelli Baritone, and Herr Müller, Pianist. Do you expect to be bored with a criticism? If you do, you won't. It is the fault of our geographical position that we do not hear any body till you get all the information you wish. The merits of all the artists are fully discussed before we get our chance. So we can only say that Fabbri has been here, through the liberality of Mr. Boernstein. You know *how* she sang, and how we were delighted.

But something remains for us to speak of. The state of the music in our city amongst ourselves, or in other words, the welfare of our Philharmonic Society. The spirit is still kept up and it is making rapid progress. Mr. Sobolewski, conducting orchestra and vocal both with the same facility.

## PART I.

1. Overture, "Le Nozze di Figaro,".....Mozart
2. {a) Chorus, "Arie up, arie." } from Orato- ( Mendelssohn
- {b) Chorus, "Sleepers awake," } rio St. Paul. } Bartholdy
3. Bravura Song "Happy Birdling," with flute accom-  
   paniment.....W. V. Wallace
4. Piano Solo, "Concert Stueck,".....C. M. Von Weber
5. Duett, "While thus around joy," from La Favor-  
   ite.....Donizetti

## PART II.

1. Overture, "Fingal's Cave," .....Mendelssohn Bartholdy
2. Chorus, "Happy and blessed are they, from St.  
   Paul.....Mendelssohn Bartholdy
3. Violin Solo, "Je suis le petit tambour,".....F. David
4. Scherzo from 7th Symphony.....Beethoven
5. Solo and Chorus, "Conjunction et Benediction," from  
   "Les Huguenots,".....Meyerbeer

The very elements conspired to make this a success. The weather was settled, and the full moon shone with a softer and mellower light than ever is seen in your colder latitudes—and to crown all it was—think of it, it was in *St. Louis, splendid sleighing.*

It is three years since I have seen a sleigh, and as I listened to the sweet music of the soft bells, and the crisping snow, and watched the sleighs, driving up and depositing their precious burdens until 2400 were anxiously waiting for the overture, I again fancied myself in your city. Never did concert prove a more perfect success. Miss McGunnele sang the Happy Birdling, Mr. Carr of course playing the Flauto obligato, Mr. Chas. Balmer presiding at the piano. Mr. Bodie played the Concert Stück, and suffice it to say that nothing more could have been desired in its performance. The duett from La Favorita was sung by Mr. Crowell and Miss Walker, and the Violin Solo by Prof. Anton.

The overtures and choruses were well received. I know not how now many there were in the chorus, I counted 165 from where I sat.

In the "Benediction" Miss Annie Dean Mr. Cath-erwood and Mr. Lahatski took the prominent parts and many times have we heard worse singing, even in the great metropolitan troupes. Does not the Soci-ety deserve credit for bringing it out and doing it well, and all the rest of that programme besides? The influence of such a society as ours, can hardly be over-estimated. people are beginning to think of other music than "Dixie." The society is now firmly established and has over \$7000. The Director is a man of the highest ability, the members are talent-ed and hard-working and the community are being more and more interested every day, and we wish you to take notice that New York and Boston will have their most formidable rival in our great West-ern Metropolis. A. C.

CINCINNATI, JAN. 28, 1861.—The third concert of the Cecilia Society was given on Friday, 25th inst., with the following excellent programme:

## PART I.

- Vintager's Chorus from the "Seasons,".....Haydn
- Duo for Violin and Piano.....Holler and Ernst
- Aria from "The Marriage of Figaro,".....Mozart
- Adagio and Finale from "Sonata," F Min.....Beethoven
- a "Passage Birds Farewell," } For Soprano and Alto,
- b "Flowing and Ebbing," } Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

Scene from "Tannhäuser,".....R. Wagner

## PART II.

- Hunting Chorus from the "Seasons,".....Haydn
- Concert Song.....Eckert
- Concerto for Violin.....De Beriot
- Three Songs.....Rob. Franz
- a Love in Spring.
- b Autumn Sorrow.
- c He has come in Rain and Storm.

Finale from the uncompleted Opera "Lorelei,"  
Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

The magnificent finale from Mendelssohn's unfin-ished opera, *Lorelei*, was the gem of the evening, and to *Mad. Rice* we are under especial obligations for the excellent manner in which she sustained the difficult Soprano Solo.

Owing to the illness of Mr. Howard Vaughan, who was to have made his first appearance in public here, the Duo for the Violin and Piano and the Concerto were omitted. The disappointment which the an-

nouncement created was relieved in a measure by the substitution of Beethoven's 6th minor Sonata, performed by Mr. Andrés. In the last movement of this Sonata we should have preferred a more strict adherence to the *tempo* in which it was begun; the Adagio and Allegretto however were faultless. The scene from *Tannhäuser* was given as well as could be expected from a feeble piano accompaniment. For a more thorough appreciation of the three songs by Robert Franz we could suggest a repetition of the same in the next concert. J. A. D.

THE GREAT ENGLISH TENOR.—There is a great *tenor* singer in London, who has not yet been heard in this country. His voice combines the power of Braham, the pathos of Incedon, and the sweetness of Sinclair, all names of renown in the English ballad line. This famous *tenor* receives fifty pounds—two hundred and fifty dollars—every time he sings, whether it be in opera, oratorio, concert, or isolated entertainment. People go many miles to hear this vocalist, and people are often disappointed, for no Italian *prima donna assoluta*, no dainty and idolized *prima tenore* from the Scala or the San Carlo, ever had such a talent for "sudden indisposition." For some time the impression was strong that the gentle-man was given to potations of inordinate strength; but this notion wore away when it was discovered that the great *tenor* labored under such nervous and neuralgic affections that he was obliged to resort to resort to the electric baths, and smaller nostrums, every day in his life. He really was ill, and no mis-take. We observe, by the London papers, that it is now the fashion to turn the famous *tenor's* sickness to account. He is, for example, announced to play "Robin Hood," or to sing at a *matinée*, Morris's "Star of Love," or "Woodman, spare that tree." He is taken ill; but the audience have paid their money, and they go away, after hearing an indiffer-ent substitute performance, hoping for "better fortune next time." A few days elapse, and then comes the announcement, "Fra Diavolo," by our hero, "his first appearance since his hoarseness." There is a rush. For three consecutive nights he sings. Again a stoppage and then a new excitement: "'Elvira,' Mr. ———'s first appearance since he was upset in the buggy." We see, by the Times, that the uncle of the distinguished vocalist has just died. A decent pause, and then we may expect to read, "Come into the garden, Maud," will be sung by the popular fa-vorite, his first appearance since he lost his uncle; really the liberties which vocalists and their "mana-gers" take with an enlightened public, in trying to make capital of disasters and domestic affairs, would be intolerably offensive if they were not insufferably ridiculous.—*Home Journal*.

THE MYSTERY OF MUSIC.—What a mystery is music—invisible, yet making the eye shine; intangi-ble, but making all the nerves to vibrate; floating between earth and heaven; falling upon this world as if a strain from that above, ascending to that as a thank-offering from ours. It is God's gift, and it is too lofty for anything but his praise; too near to the immaterial to be made the minister of sordid pleas-ure; too clearly destined to mount upwards to be used for inclining hearts to earth. O, that the churches knew how to sing; making music a joy, a triumph, a sunshine, a song of larks, as well as a midnight song of the nightingale!—*Arthur's Italy in Transition*.

REV. DR. GUTHRIE, the distinguished Scotch di-vine of Edinburgh, says the correspondent of the *Banner*, recently made a statement in regard to pos-tures of public worship, which has created a sensation. He expressed from the pulpit, a few Sabbaths ago, a wish to "disburden the conscience" on a matter which had long pressed upon it:

"He said that the proper attitude for singing was standing—proper because it was an act of worship, and proper because it was the better fitted for the act of singing. He said that he believed that there were a prejudice in favor of sitting during the sing-ing of the psalms on the ground that it was a good old Scotch custom. This was an entire mistake. The good old Scotch custom was to stand, and sit-ting was first introduced in Scotland by the recom-mendation of the Westminster Commissioners, who wished that there should be an *uniformity* in worship in both parts of the island. It was introduced in Scotland in compliance with English prejudices.

"In like manner," said Dr. G. "kneeling at prayer, and not standing, is the proper attitude. He could himself testify that standing is a constrained attitude, in a narrow pew, distracted the attention and render-ed it very difficult to follow the clergyman."

## Special Notices.

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LATEST MUSIC.

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## Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Gold rules the world. From "Bianca, the Bra-vo's bride." 25

My childhood's days. " " " 25

Two Songs from Balfe's new Opera. As Balfe did not bring out a new opera last year and is said to have taken more than usual pains with this latest work of his, there will be considerable curiosity to see the gems. The opera has been eminently successful in London. Other songs, duets, &c., will follow imme-diate.

The Balm of Gilead. H. T. Bryant. 25

A very funny song, which has often been executed at Excursions, Picnics, Camp-meetings, &c., during the last few years, and is now printed for the first time.

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The well-known beautiful poem of Longfellow's, very finely set to music.

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Easy arrangement for pupils in the second quarter.

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A standard overture, and one of the very prettiest. It will soon become as familiar as the overtures to Zampa, Martha, &c.

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A potpourri of melodies peculiar to Austria, con-sisting chiefly of Tyrolean airs.

## Books.

DINORAH (Le Pardon de Ploërmel). A Roman-tic Opera in Three Acts, with Italian and Eng-lish Words. The latter by Henry T. Chorley. The Music by G. Meyerbeer. 3,00

An elegant volume is here presented as the seven-teenth of the *Feries* which, under the general title of "Standard Operas," has been issued during the past five years by Ditson & Co. This new opera of *Meyer-beer* contains many attractive features and has already attained a marked popularity with the admirers of the class of music it so ably represents.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 463.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 16, 1861.

VOL. XVIII. No. 20.

(Translated from W. H. Riehl's "Musikalische Charaktere künste," by Fanny Malone Raymond.)

## A Dramatic Ballad Singer and a Musical Aristocrat. II.

ASTORGA.

Emanuel von Astorga, ordinarily entitled "the Baron," was an Italian singer and composer, who lived in the first half of the eighteenth century.

I picture Astorga to my self as a proud, tall, noble form, a little bent by the weight of secret sorrow; a bold, yet finely cut profile; a dark, burning eye; a pale, spiritual face, formed by locks of long, raven-black hair. Don't tell me that he wore, in all probability, a long peruke, or at least powdered his dark hair; his thoroughly romantic character, gives the lie to peruke and powder. His manners were those of a man of the world; but under this thin mask of custom and education looks out the Poet, who, forced to live amid the splendor of courts, would more willingly have lived alone. Not merely his compositions, glowing with southern fire, stamp him as the musical romanticist of those "pig tail" days, but also his very personality, the destiny that wove the events of his life into a poem. In that life re-echoes the primeval story of a soul, repulsed from the world of action, and withdrawing into the cloistral sanctuary of art.

We first meet the youth of twenty—on the Rabenstein, held fast by the executioner's assistants, lest he should turn his eyes from the yet palpitating corpse of his father. It was the weak mind of Philip the Fifth of Spain, who, by such means kept down the spirit of revolt in his island of Sicily; Astorga's father had been one of the heads of the party that drew the sword to further the independence of this island. His mother's heart broke. It is said of the son, that he remained some weeks, in dull unconsciousness, on the place of execution, and that the fearful picture of his youthful anguish had more effect on the susceptible Sicilians than the fear of punishment. Then it was that the countess Ursini, the celebrated "governess to the queen" (rather to the king) had him removed to the convent of Astorga in Spain.

From this came the musician's pale face under its black locks; from this the breath of melancholy that floats over all his works. But this trait of melancholy in Astorga's creations is separated, from the root up, from the sentimentality of most modern artists with—pale faces. He really lived through a most tragical life; he might have truly said "Out of my great sorrows, I make my little songs." It was not the hospital air of the study, but the woe of a cruel, historical hour, that laid such pallor on his cheek.

The deepest obscurity hangs over the beginning and the end of his life. His own name is not known. King Philip had his escutcheon broken up, his family estate confiscated; and the family name of the outlaw has disappeared, and is entirely forgotten. From the silent cloister,

where Emanuel drew new interest in life from art, he took the name of Astorga. It can scarcely have soothed the anger of the King, when he found that the son of the condemned man won for his new name, a letter-patent of artistic nobility, that probably softened his grief for the extirpation of the old one. A cloud rests upon the master's end. He retired to a Bohemian cloister, no one knows where. And between this mysterious entrance and end, lies a romance.

From the Spanish convent Astorga went to the court of the Duke of Parma. Here the poetic youth became enamored of the Prince's daughter, in much such a manner as Goethe has pictured in "Tasso." Astorga was at once more and less happy than Tasso. The duke, who saw through the affair, sent him to Vienna, the most musical court of those days; and thus the artist was ushered, against the will of the lover, into the great musical world, and a disappointed passion was the price he paid for his entrance into an admirable school of art. Good musicians were then sure of a welcome at the Vienna court. The chapel-music of Leopold the first, employed about one hundred of them. The emperor himself tried all who wished to become members of his court as artists; he often deserted the study of political counterpoint for that of music, and was more at home among musicians than ministers. When he felt his last hour approaching, he sent for his musicians, and expired in the midst of a concert.

The unhappy Sicilian nobleman found a friendly asylum in Leopold's court, and the emperor favored him with his friendship. On the death of the latter, Astorga travelled through half of Europe, on an artistic tour. It was a very aristocratic pilgrimage. The composer most commonly rested in the palaces of princes. He left the fame of his genius behind him everywhere, but only once did he appear publicly, at the representation of an operetta.

Although he saw many towns and countries, he veiled his face from his fatherland, and never saw it again. But although the singer probably wished to forget his fatherland, it was impossible for him to disown it. In the tender melodious flow of the rondos in his chamber-cantatas, the national Sicilian melodies pierce through.

It seems as though the "Siciliano," the original of the graceful rhythm of the softly gliding six quaver bar, was ringing in the composer's ear continually. Often, while listening to one of Astorga's love songs, we have heard in fancy the "O Sanctissima" of the Sicilian sailor, lightly striking out his oars to the measure, while a soft evening wind bore the trembling, re-echoing sound over the boundless plain of a peaceful sea.

Critics have doubted some of the peculiar features in Astorga's life romance. They have found too little prose, too little of the philister in it, to give it the stamp of probability. But the scanty remains of Astorga's works prove the truth of these peculiar features, as much as their

harmony and melodious form witness common facts of his outward life.

It is probably by something more than accident, that Astorga composed the "fac ut animæ donetur, Paradisi gloria" of his glorious Stabat Mater, in such a wonderful manner. Is not that the soul, that has swam through seas of sorrow, and that even in the sight of the glories of Paradise, cannot express an echo of melancholy? And then the spot where the sword pierces the heart of the mother of God! Pertransivit gladius! The basses cry out the words demoniacally, in chromatic passages, against the swelling upper voices, and cut, with the sharpness of a sword, through the woof of the melody. Few composers, in this repeatedly composed passages, thrill the listener, through marrow and bone like the usually gentle Astorga. It is the sword, that on the place of execution, cut through the father's life, and pierced even to the soul of the son, he has probably here written down in notes, the history of his own sufferings, unconsciously.

Another great church composition of the master's, his Requiem, has been but lately discovered, in fragments. Obscurity closes about this man; but the little of his that we know and possess, is so precious, that it only makes one hunger after what is probably lost altogether.

Let us take the chamber cantatas by Astorga. A cantata "for solo voices" taken from those pig-tail lays, is usually a dry, rattling, sheepish love song, an endless quavering sigh of trills and passages. Always the same litany of betrayal, inconstancy, and all the woes of love, in minor, or else the undescribable delights of love in major. Such cantatas are tedium embodied in notes. They generally strike us as not merely old fashioned, but unnaturally wrinkled and hoary. It is as if Methuselah were making a declaration of love to some maiden of seventeen, in bag-pipe trills. In Astorga's cantatas we find the verses trite, and the form the outward one of the day. But we forget these defects for the sake of the deep, warm, soulful glow, that gushes from the tones that overflow the meagre text. Astorga's chamber music takes the same place beside the compositions of his musical contemporaries of the Neapolitan school, as the pictures of Murillo beside the latter fruits of Italian painting in the seventeenth century. It is the musical Tasso, languishing for his Leonora at the court of Parma, who steps before us in these hymns of love, and not the stiff schoolmaster Nicolo Porpora, who wrote solfeggi over oaths of love. It is the romantic glow, the warm coloring of a southerner, that separates Astorga so sharply from the generality of his contemporaries, and that brings him so near to the present day. And yet, amid all the glow of passion, he never entirely forgets his musical aristocracy, never throws aside his dignified, refined reserve in all artistic forms.

In the whole history of music, it is probable that no two characters can be found, so completely opposed to each other, as Wenzel Müller and

Astorga. It seems even a grotesque conceit to group them together at all.

But both were characters in the fullest sense of the word; both original, genial, only moving apart as regards object and means. Müller wrote for the people, Astorga for the small number of poetical devotees; one was a lonely spirit, the other lived with the mass. Müller is little esteemed, because he was too popular; Astorga little known, since he was too aristocratic. Both were ignored by the pedants of the school; Astorga, because he had too much poetry, Müller, because he had too much nature for them. Astorga's influence was insulated; Müller was surrounded by scholars. One led a jolly citizens' life, the other was driven from adventure to adventure. Of Müller's circumstances we know very little, while his works are pretty well circulated; Astorga's history is comparatively well known, but few of his compositions have reached us. Here we know the artist through his life—there the artist's life in his creations.

The silent joy, the scarcely to be restrained delight, the Columbus-like consciousness of the amateur, who discovers, under a heap of paltry pictures, some masterwork, veiled in the dust of centuries, has often been described, in just and earnest terms. The enthusiast becomes a child once more, the pleasure of long past Christmas eves, lives again for him. All this I myself experienced, when, among some musical manuscripts, which I had obtained from an old collection in Holland, I found two "new" cantatas by Astorga, those very love-songs by the Parmesan Tasso which I have mentioned above. When one discovers such buried treasures in poetic literature, one's first thought is to publish them. With musical discoveries it is generally the last thought. There are few paying people, who will interest themselves for an Astorga. Then the thought of being the only one to possess and enjoy a masterpiece, has a great, though probably a selfish charm. Only on the hundredth anniversary of the death of Sebastian Bach, the glory of the German nation, was a Bach-foundation established, in such a manner, as to give every one, at length, the opportunity of procuring, by subscription, a correct and complete copy of our most national composers' works! No other art can offer a counterpart to their shameful example.

It has appeared to us a mere mockery, when we have observed how much a certain church aria of Stradella's has been lately sung in concerts, solely because it has pleased a libretto-poet to take an anecdote from the old musicians, life, and travesty it in opera form. On a sudden, the long-forgotten Stradella has become interesting, and every one is curious to know how the man really sang, who cut such a sentimental figure on this board as tenor amoroso.

Some admirers of Astorga had his finest work, the *Stabat Mater*, engraved (a few years ago); it was not done for the sake of gain, but to give their enthusiasm the satisfaction of exciting a sympathetic feeling in others. The name of a publishing firm does not appear on the title-page of the score; it is simply decorated with a cross. It is the cross, on which the ideal tone-poetry of the past has been crucified, by some of our modern musicians.\*

\* A poetic writer on the same subject, asks, "Has this cross reference to the unknown and forgotten grave of the dead, or the heavy burden that the living bore?"

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### The Diarist in Paris.

PARIS, Jan. 4, 1861.

Les Pêcheurs de Catane (the fishermen of Catania) at the theatre Lyrique is having quite a success, and yet as a play it is severely criticized, apparently with reason. In act I, the fisherman Cecco is in love with Nella, but without return, on the excellent grounds that she loves Fernand, a Spanish Lamartine, a great lord, nephew of the Governor of the island. It follows that she is not only in trouble herself but the cause of it to others. This must not be, and so, to make all right—she does that which makes all wrong—enters a convent. A heroic and decisive act enough, and we expect now that she will be heroic and decided all through the play. Being in a nunnery unluckily does not make her happy, and she groans behind, as Cecco does before, the grates, while the old folks make up a match between Fernand and his cousin Carmen, daughter of the governor. But the young man being in fact in love with Nella continues to put off the marriage for the present and hopes to get her from the cloister forever, when she comes to spend the usual three days at home before taking the vows. When she leaves the convent to this end, Cecco in his delight sings unutterable joys—if the expression be not too Irish—but Fernand does no more than give her a bouquet in which are concealed the magic words "I love you!"

In act II. we see the fishermen engaged at their occupation by torchlight, protected by an image of the Virgin, lighted by a red lantern. Cecco meeting Nella sings her a touching song expressive of his love and jealousy, at which she is so moved as to shed a flood of tears and the auditor expects her at last to give way and comfort the poor fellow with her hand. But after Cecco departs and before she dried her eyes, Fernand appears. At the sight of him she forgets everything; Cecco, the nunnery, her tears her vows, even the madonna illuminated by the red lantern and exclaims to her beloved "Ask of me whatever you will!" Hereupon the writer, from whom I am stealing, engages in somewhat severe criticism upon M. M. Cormon and Michel Carré the authors of the text for making their heroine guilty of such an untheatrical proceeding and one so unnatural, as this throwing herself into the arms of Fernand under the circumstances, without a word of reflection, regret, shame, clearly is. The music might save the situation—but does not. Sure of Nella Fernand determines to carry her off, and sends her a note appointing her rendezvous and requesting her to sing that his boat may follow hers. The person to whom the note is confided gives it to Cecco—a grand burst of jealousy—who causes Nella to sing—Fernand follows and is seized by some insurgent fishermen, who are overtaxed by the governor, and who intend to keep him as a hostage until their demands are satisfied. In spite of a tempest Nella, accompanied by Cecco, goes in her boat to the castle and obtain the means of releasing the prisoner.

In the third act, Carmen who is waiting her intended, has obtained mercy for the revolted fishermen and an amelioration of the laws affecting them. But she is so full of marriage thoughts that the papers are lying forgotten among the trifles upon her dressing-table; but the appear-

ance of Nella praying for aid for Fernand brings them to light again. Nella is enchanted to have saved her lover, but finds marriage with him out of the question, and as she cannot and will not love and marry Cecco, she has no resource but the convent—into which she does not enter for the very good reason that she goes mad and dies—like the Lucia and Traviata business.

M. Maillart's music finds a considerable degree of favor. The introductory chorus; the religious and feeling song of Nella on leaving the convent, her air, half Sicilienne, half tarantelle; the orchestration in the fishing scene by torchlight; the swallow song, and the touching romance, "I am jealous," are noted as fine. The third act is the feeblest but, why did the writers of the text go over ground which has been treated before and upon which Donizetti and others have exerted their talents?

The burlesque Orpheus with Offenbach's music ran on to about 350 representations—of course this great number being partially due to the smallness of the place—but that the music had much to do with it, is shown by this fact, that before it was withdrawn two other works of his were acting, one, the ballet *Le Papillon* at the French opera, the other *le Roi Barkouf*, a comic opera at the Opera Comique.

King Barkouf is sadly treated by the critics—that is the text—and the music too, for that matter, as being too much of the burlesque order. The man of the Presse begins, "M. Offenbach must complain of the absurd poem to which he has been condemned, and M. Scribe has also cause of complaint, if indeed Barkouf, be his last work, as it is said. This would be closing his career with the song of a goose. What a strong faith a writer must have in the patience of the public to produce before it such nonsense. What a contempt of justly acquired reputation and for the literary Mr. Grundy (*qu'en dira-t-on*), is shown in the signing of a celebrated if not illustrious name, to such a farce, unworthy of the booth at a fair!" and so on. "Barkouf is a monster without head or tail, an indigested potpourri of silly situations and insipid jests," and so on. The other critics, whom I have read, talk in a similar manner.

But who is "King Barkouf?"

The people of Lahore were much given to sedition, and their kings, appointed by that old Public Functionary, the Grand Mogul, however an easy life they may have led of it, came in divers cases to uneasy ends; for instance, King Barkouf's illustrious predecessor, they had thrown out of the window, a process so bad for his health, that he then and there gave up the ghost. The Grand Mogul was justly incensed at this treatment of his vice, and appointed Barkouf king in his stead. Barkouf is a dog, that once owed Maïma as his mistress. He reigns, as do many Public Functionaries, by the advice and consent of his ministers, or cabinet, he having only to sign papers, that is put the stamp of his paw upon them. To Maïma he is a lamb, but to Vizier Balababeck he is a veritable tiger. On the whole the new king, to whom are shown all the honors, and who has his court and all sorts of sovereign powers, under the Mogul, does pretty well signs papers, and lives in clover,—but occasionally he gets his temper up and plays the very what-is-it? with his inferior understrappers. In one of these transports of fury, the tiptop

cupbearer of his majesty brings a paper for his sign-footual. This act is one commanding officer Saib to espouse the rather over-ripe daughter of the said cupbearer. Barkouf, it would seem, understands all the horror of condemning that fiery young man to the withered charms of that particular dame, and utterly refuses his signature. Now Mariam and the said Saeb are—keep it dark—lovers, and pretty far gone in the disease. She comes, and seeing at a glance that Barkouf is her old companion offers to do the needful and bring him into subjection. They will not admit her at first expecting to see her torn in pieces, but she perseveres and to their astonishment, is received by the dog with every mark of affection. She has heard of the project of marrying Saeb to her withered rival and determines to prevent its execution. From this time Maima is “interpreting secretary” to his majesty, and Labore under her wise government becomes the land of Cockayne. The imprisoned insurgents are pardoned, and Saeb is not forced to marry against his will. The courtiers and members of the cabinet find their projects defeated, and prefer rather than lose their offices, which have become almost hereditary, to secede from the Grand Mogul’s empire, and call in to their aid England and Louis Napoleon—pshaw, I mean, the Tartars, poison King Barkouf, and have everything their own way again. It is the cupbearers business to do the poisoning, and he mingles the drug with the dog’s drink. But Maima finding out the plot commands in the name of Barkouf, the conspirators to drink of it. Of course they will not; of course, this unmasks them; of course this is very original and effective! Well, the Tartars approach the city, Barkouf, Saeb and the army attack and route them, the dog falling fighting valiantly. The great Mogul is in high good spirits at the result. He commands Maima to select a new king. She chooses Saeb, they marry on the spot, and, it is to be hoped if they are not dead that they are alive still.

The *Presse* is severe upon the music; so is the *Opinion*. But the latter finds much sweet melody in it. It says, “melody reigns in the work as as Barkouf did at Lahore. So long as Maima is interpreter all goes well. But when the great public functionaries mingle in all goes badly. In fact it is not melody which they sing but a sort of rhythmic harmony, or still better, a harmonic hash of which here is the recipe for the use of such persons as desire to find an easy amusement in composition of this sort:

Take the principal note of a chord, or a some aggregation of a sound; lay it upon a chopping block; cut it into quarters, eighths or sixteenths, according to the necessities of the syllables; press the hash to give it form, between two sham pauses, then sauce it with orchestration and serve promptly. This is precisely the way in which cooks make meat-balls.”

The grand fault, which the critics find is that Offenbach, in writing for another stage and another audience than those at the Bouffes, has not written in another manner, that he still remains the maker of burlesque music, in placethere, but not here.

In farther commendation I will add some passages from the *Patrie* upon Offenbach, for if he is destined to become a great composer, it is well to know how his early efforts are received, and if not, we shall see how nearly French newspaper criticism hits the truth.

After speaking of the many difficulties, which beset the path of young composers—another proof that Paris is not quite an Elysium for musical students—he adds that now and then a lucky individual appears and to the number of these favored existences, these happy destinies, must be added the name of M. Offenbach.

“Very young when he began his career which was a virtuoso, he drew attention immediately and everywhere. His instrument was the violoncello; he was one of the most distinguished performers whom we have heard, and rapidly acquired a sort of reputation; in his case it was legitimate, but with what pains and efforts have so many others alone been able to gain it? But this was not enough for M. Offenbach. He dreamed of theatrical success and the more enduring glory of the composer. So he wrote and in his first essays made his mark as he had done as a virtuoso.

Then the direction of a theatre was entrusted to him. Master of himself, judge of his own works, and able to appreciate his own merits at their proper value, his ambition now encountered fewer obstacles than ever. Eulogiums almost unanimous, an unusual kindness on the part of the public, the press encouraging him with a benevolence almost amounting to partiality, roused his ambition too high and misled the young author as to the real grasp of his talents, the true measure of his powers. Hence the first check, which the constant good fortune of M. Offenbach has received. From this first error proceed his first disappointments. It is an easy thing for a man to give way to the suggestions of vanity, which will creep into the most diffident and modest heart. Can we blame Offenbach, then, for having given way? At all events it must be admitted that his genius was restricted upon the narrow stage, where it alone had play; that it wanted a larger field, a broader horizon. The author of the new *Orpheus* thought so and resolved to strike a decisive blow for fame.

“Eminent composers regard it as a distinguish-honor, as an unheard-of happiness to have their works brought out at the Grand Opera or the Opera Comique. M. Offenbach has boarded both at the same time. The idea of appearing upon both stages at once, and of obtaining on the same day a double triumph, was a beautiful dream; but one which only a genius could make real. Such extreme satisfaction of an honorable pride is to be purchased only by men, who can pay for it with masterpieces. Now whatever idea we may have of Offenbach’s talents, it cannot be admitted that they are of a nature to authorize such pretensions and to justify such rashness. For when the power is less than the wish, courage degenerates into temerity. M. Offenbach shines at the Bouffes Parisiennes, but is eclipsed on stages of greater pretensions. We have proved this in case of the ballet *Le Papillon*, we see it again in the opera *Barkouf*. In the first of these there are qualities incontestably good in the midst of numerous weaknesses; in the second we find much less to praise. *Barkouf* is a check—but let us add in justice, that the authors of the text are in great measure responsible.

“We insisted in our last article upon the necessity of a composer having a good subject; but we did not expect that so striking a demonstration of the principle would so soon be afforded.”

Then the writer proceeds to say that reduced

to one act and brought out at the Bouffes it might do, but that at the Opera Comique it is utterly out of place and ought never to have been admitted there. Scribe, too, is by no means complimented for having his name added to that of M. Boissaux as one of its authors. I will only add one sentence of the many upon the music. “There is not a salient melody, nor an original one in *Barkouf*; all is sought; the ideas are elaborated by efforts, labor takes the place of inspiration, the will that of creative energy.”

Plain speaking this—now just suppose, the man was an American and had produced his work in Boston or New York, and that any one had ventured to talk in this strain?

This evening (Jan. 9), at the Bouffes are to be given *La chanson de Fortunio* and *Le Savetier et le Financier*, music of both by Offenbach; and the *Popillon* at the Grand Opera.

Translated for Dwight’s Journal of Music.

### Sketches of French Musical History.

#### SACRED MUSIC.

#### VI.

1600—1800.

Before continuing the history of the theatre in France and showing how by degrees the various dramatic forms assumed their social character, let us cast a rapid glance at the condition of sacred music during the two centuries which have preceded our own.

The liturgic unity of the Roman church, established with so much care in the 16th century, was soon broken, so to remain with no attempt to renew it, until our own days. The Council of Trent was opened in 1545, under Pope Paul III., but was adjourned from time to time. Paul III. and Paul IV. had passed away, and Pius IV. came into the papal chair.

A project of reforming the liturgy was formed at Augsburg, by Charles V., Emperor, in which he demanded that the prayers of the church should be conformed to the institutions of the ancient Fathers. In 1562 a representation was made to Cardinal Lorraine of the necessity of purifying divine service. Pius V., who had now succeeded Pius IV., took in hand the manuscripts of Paul IV. and all the papers of the Grand Council. He put in force again the canon of Gregory VII., upon the selections from the Scriptures in the morning lessons; the homilies of the holy fathers were selected with remarkable discernment and the legends of the saints were rigorously purged of all that was apocryphal. [?] When this work was ended Pius V. promulgated the new edition of the *Roman Breviary* at St. Peter’s on the 7th of the Ides of July, 1568. In 1570 he made a special purpose of promulgating the new missal.

At this epoch the French churches had a liturgy formed upon the Roman one introduced by Charlemagne, and of customs, which they had the right to maintain by the express provisions of the Bull. The University of Paris had always exhibited a vigorous orthodoxy in regard to the liturgy, and the council of Rouen, held in 1581, recommended conformity to the constitutions of Pius V. In 1583 the councils of Rheims, Bordeaux and Tours made the same recommendation. In the following years Bourges, Aix, Toulouse and Narbonne received the bull of Pius V. and other provinces adopted similar measures for liturgic reform. The reformed Roman service books were also introduced into the chapel of the King by order of Henry III. but the parliament exhibited an opposition of evil augury to the old principles of the liturgy.

The Gregorian chant had so degenerated that Pope Marcellus thought seriously of banishing music en-

tirely from the churches. Palestrina saved the art by his masterpiece, — the mass known by that pope's name — and disarmed the enemies of sacred music. The council of Trent prohibited all lascivious and secular airs, both upon the organ and in the vocal music of the service, but recommended the study of ecclesiastical singing in the seminaries of theological learning. Gregory XIII. reformed the calendar, and promulgated the Roman martyrology. Pope Sixtus V. established the congregation of Rites, and published an edition of the Vulgate; Clement VIII. published the Pontifical and the Roman ceremonial.

Why need this universal liturgy, so dear to the hearts of all true Catholics and again adopted by the general assembly of the French clergy in 1605, have been invaded and caused to degenerate during the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV.? Why that individualism, which separates, rather than that heartfelt sympathy, which unites?

Meantime, in the 17th century, a few champions of the old order of things ardently opposed the "pretended reform" of the liturgy; among the more noted names we may mention Cardinal Bonæ (in his *Rerum liturgicarum*, and his *De Divina Psalmodia*; the Benedictine monk, Benoit de Jumilhac, Nivers, Mahillon and Mariéne. In the 18th century, when faith was so feeble and tottering, it is pleasant to be able to recall the names Bergier, Lebeuf, Poisson and Gerbert. But let us return to our special domain, that of music. Formé and Picot, sub-master of the music of Louis XIII.; that king himself composed motets, an office for Ash-Wednesday and a *de profundis* upon occasion of sickness. The Bournonvilles and Auxcousteaux were fine organists for that period, Gautex and Gobert famous chapel-masters.

In the time of Louis XIV. the orchestra joined the voices in the performance of sacred music.

Dumont, born at Liege in 1610, author of the celebrated mass in plain song, which still remains popular in the French churches, refused, as did his colleague Robert — both being sub-masters of the royal chapel — to submit to the orders of Louis XIV. The two artists, holding to the decisions of the council of Trent, resigned their places. Harlay, Archbishop of Paris, decided that the council did not forbid instrumental symphonic music in the church. Dumont persisted, withdrew and died the next year, (1684).

Lulli then proposed to divide the duties among four masters, and obtained one of the places for his pupil, Colasse. Abbé Robert, who had also retired, recommended his protégé, Goupillet, to the king. The archbishop of Reims besought his Majesty to receive Minoret, and, for the fourth, Louis chose Mche, Richard de Lalande, born at Paris, Dec. 15, 1657. Twenty candidates having presented themselves, the king had selected from them eight composers of similar merit, and caused them to be shut up, each by himself, to compose music for the psalm *Beati quorum*. Lalande bore the prize away.

The four organists, who divided the service in the chapel, were J. Tomelin, Nivers, Buterne and Lebegue. The Archbishop of Reims, grand almoner master of the chapel royal, gave orders to grant all the French musicians liberty of offering their services to the king.

They sent to Italy for singers and instrumental performers; the royal music-corps was increased to the number of twenty four. Madame Lalande and her two daughters sang at chapel pieces expressly composed for their beautiful voices. Lalande himself who rose to be superintendent of the royal music and chevalier of the order of St. Michael, was the fifteenth child of a merchant tailor. In childhood he was one of the boys in the choir at St. Germain d'Auxerrois and a pupil of Chaperon, and in manhood distinguished himself both as organist and composer. He wrote sixty motets for grand chorus during the forty-five years of his service under the king.

Having lost his wife, Anne Rebel, in 1722, he petitioned for liberty to divide three-quarters of the duties of the chapel-mastership without reserve among other musicians. This being granted he selected Campra, Bernier and Gervais, a choice which gained him as much honor as did his disinterestedness. The king gave him a pension of 3000 livres during his life, which closed June 18, 1726. Lalande reached the age of 67 years. We owe to him the music of *Melicerte*, the ballet *Les Elements*, and grandly effective choruses. His most celebrated motets are the *Dixit dominus*, *Exsurgat Deus* and *Te Deum*. He had shared with the younger Lulli the superintendence of the royal music.

A curious general remark is suggested by the foregoing facts; it is this, — sacred music declined in France in proportion as dramatic music improved. In the 17th century, Louis XIV., who, spite of his faults knew how to encourage both literature and art, determined to have Lalande to superintend his sacred as he already had Lulli to take charge of his theatrical music. The great king encouraged carefully the nascent merit of the young artist, and hastened his progress as much by his commendations as by his liberality. Lalande having broken his violin, upon Lulli's refusal to admit him into his orchestra, studied the organ and harpsichord and finally became, at the same time, organist to four churches in Paris; these privileged parishes were St. Gervais, St. John, the great Jesuits, and Petit St. Antoine. He had also excellent pupils, whom he taught with great assiduity.

His two daughters died within twelve days of each other, of small pox, at the ages of 24 and 25 years. The king, who had just lost his son, had the kindness to call the artist, and speaking sorrowfully of their analogous misfortunes, added, pointing upward, to the broken-hearted father, "Lalande, it must be submitted to!" In 1723 Lalande married his second wife, Mlle. de Cury, daughter of the physician of the princess de Conti. Three years afterward he was attacked by an inflammation of the lungs, which carried him off; he died a Christian, leaving one child, a daughter of 21 years, the recipient of the royal favor even in the cradle. Lalande's love of labor was extreme. He felt the life of man too short for reaching perfection, and continually retouched his works yet never fully satisfied himself with them. Toward the end of his life his only occupation was the revision of the productions of his youth.

The long and scrupulous criticism to which he subjected his works prevented him from publishing them himself. His widow, devotedly attached to the memory of her illustrious husband, made it her only study to render that memory immortal, by her care in bringing out his remarkable compositions. Lalande took great delight in reading the Psalms, which excited in him strong emotion. He was a rare accompanist and the least praise made him blush. Difficult as to his own compositions, he gladly played what was fine in the works of others.

Like all great men he suffered from the envy of others. He was unjustly accused of plagiarism. He had no doubt studied profoundly the music of preceding ages, surpassing in erudition all the musicians of his time [in France] — but so have the most celebrated authors, Molière, Despreaux, Racine, &c imitated the ancients; but it is the work of genius to transform the ideas of others, and however much originality one may possess there is always apparent something of tradition. De Blamont, disciple of Lalande, borrowed in his compositions from his master, — his marvellous treatment of the voice; his exquisite harmonies; his exquisite adaptation of his music to the sentiment of the words. A lover of grand and sublime ideas, Lalande was at the same time learned and profound, simple and natural. His constant aim was to touch the soul by his richness of expression and the vivacity of his pictures; he calms our emotions by the grace of his

themes and by the lovely episodes, which he so tastefully introduces into his most labored choruses.

Philidor the elder, librarian to Louis XV. brought together a most precious manuscript collection of all sorts of popular airs, fugitive pieces, Christmas carols and French ballets, which is now preserved in the Library of the Conservatory at Paris. After the death of Louis, the Regent made desperate reforms in the chapel and dismissed half of the executive musicians. Destouches succeeded Lalande as chapel master, and, later, Mondonville, Blanchard and Madien took the places of Gervais, Campra and Bernier. The organists of that period were Calvière, Daquin, Landin and d'Agincourt.

Under Louis XV. Rebel, Blanchard, Burg, Ganzargues and Mathieu were the masters of music, and Rebel and Francoeur had the superintendence. In 1768 a prize was offered for the best motet upon the psalm *Super flumina*. Twenty-five compositions were sent in and François Giroult gained the gold medal.

The king named him, in 1775, master of the music in his chapel, and later, superintendent of his music. He wrote an oratorio on the subject of the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea and a *Regina celi* after a picture of the Resurrection. He was born at Paris, April 9, 1730 and died at Versailles, correspondent of the Institute, April 28, 1799.

From the 10th of August, 1791 until July 20, 1802, occurs an interval of eleven years, during which sacred music, already in deep decay, totally disappeared in France, borne away by the turbulence of the Revolution.

### Ludwig Rellstab.\*

The place occupied by Rellstab's efforts in the more extended sphere of polite literature will be properly appreciated by the biographer, who enters into all the details of the case. We propose merely to throw a light over the influence exercised by his writings and opinions on matters connected with art-culture in Berlin. With him there has been extinguished a prominent mental element in society here. In him we possessed, for many years, the promotor of all movements whence art-culture was developed, or by which it was purified — the representative of public opinion on it. The man who was able to guide the views of the masses, and fascinate them by his words must have possessed a peculiar power, most unmistakably conscious of its effect, and imbued with all the more authority from the fact, that it cannot capriciously talk people over, but demands an independent judgment.

Next to his talent, and talent under all circumstances pursues its own path, the peculiar course of culture distinguishing Ludwig Rellstab's life, will aid materially in explaining his importance. The years of his childhood and youth date back to the time of fertile ideas and imposing deeds in the German fatherland. Classic literature had just penetrated, body and bone, into the educated world, and romanticism was putting forth its most luxurious blossoms. Between the two, among the people, were the rough contrasts of debasement and elevation, all exciting circumstances, which necessarily assisted a boy of a peculiar and strongly marked disposition. The family relations and domestic matters by which the boy's first notions were suggested, were likewise of a favorable description.

At the period when Ludwig Rellstab was born in Berlin (April 12th, 1799), his father, a man of liberal education, especially on the subject of music, possessed a considerable establishment as a bookseller music publisher, and printer. Regular concerts, with a full band, used to be given in his house, so that the artistic feeling of his son was awakened by hearing the works of Sebastian, Emanuel, and Friedemann Bach, Mozart, and other masters. During the summer, the family resided at a small villa in the Thiergarten,† which, being then in its natural uncultivated state, afforded the boy plenty of places to play in, while it also excited the most delicious feelings in his poetical mind. His mother was a model of the most noble womanly qualities. On the occasion of his making a journey, in the year 1821, to Weimar, Zelter recommended him to Göthe, "for the sake of his excellent mother, of whom he had been very fond.

\* Translated for *London Musical World* from the *Vossische Zeitung*.

† Zoological Gardens, now a favorite resort of the people of Berlin.



The incitement, also, to action which he derived from his playfellows, especially from his cousin, Wilhelm Häring (Willibald Alexis) may not have been without influence upon his growing capabilities.

For the nonce, however, as we learn from Rellstab's own confession, these capabilities were principally displayed in the manufacture of pasteboard articles and fireworks, and in executing conjuring tricks, it being an interesting and curious fact, that the first notice Rellstab wrote for the *Vossische Zeitung* was a criticism on a conjuror, who gave his performances near the house of Rellstab's father, in the Thiergarten. Rellstab was then twelve years of age. His father, who used, as a musical critic, to furnish articles for the paper, from time to time—prevailed on the boy, who was rather advanced in his German school studies, to write the report, which was kindly accepted by the then editor, Professor Catel. In other branches of learning, it is said that the performances of the young author were not particularly conspicuous, although at the Joachimsthal and Werdergymnasiums, which he attended, he enjoyed the good fortune of being under such celebrated teachers as Bernhardt, Zumpt, Twisten, Lange, and Spillecke. It is true that the period in question was that of the most lively and enthusiastic sympathy for the welfare of the Prussian and German fatherland. When the pupils of the third class, who were old enough to bear arms, although tolerably ill acquainted with their Latin dictionary, advanced in brilliant uniform to meet their younger schoolfellows; when the masters, who had previously bestowed only blame on them, shook hands at parting, and pressed them to their heart, we do not think they were adopting the best plan to keep up the taste for Curtius or Julius Cæsar in the youngsters left behind. "Tears of the tenderest emotion," so Rellstab himself tells us, "fill my eyes even now, as with hair grown grey, and my life drawing to its close, I write down these lines recalling the sad and yet never-to-be-forgotten delicious hours of my youth and boyhood." That the great events of the time did not produce a merely transient impression upon him, was proved by his most determined resolution to embrace the career of arms. His father used frequently to have violent disputes with him on this subject.

Meanwhile the second campaign had begun, and his father had died suddenly of apoplexy while out walking. The youth, now in his sixteenth year, could no longer resist the impulse of his heart; Körner's songs of freedom, set to Weber's vigorous melodies, were whirling around on his brain. He offered himself as a recruit to the Colomaches regiment of hussars, and was accepted. He was, however, dismissed after his first period of service, because one of his eyes, which was weak, became entirely useless. His determination was extraordinary, possessing a touch of obstinacy. He succeeded in prevailing on his guardian to allow him to enter the Military School, and it was not long before he was promoted to be mathematical master and officer. The assiduous youth had thus gained a starting-point for independent exertion, and, with his restless love of work, a sentiment shooting out in the most opposite directions, he was enabled to concentrate his strength and fix his eye steadily on certain objects.

The peaceful state of affairs in Germany—a state of affairs continually affording fresh foundations for artistic activity—awakened or collected in Berlin all kinds of intellect, and introduced Rellstab into the midst of the busy throng. Ludwig Berger and Bernhard Klein constituted the centre of a new musical epoch. The youthful Rellstab joined them. Ludwig Devrient shone as a star of the first magnitude in the theatrical world; Zelter occupied the place of honor among the representatives of serious, respectable old men; E. T. A. Hoffman was an original on the domains of music, painting, poetry, and even jurisprudence; old Körner and Streckfus furnished, in their way, considerable incitement to literary efforts; while Rungenhagen, W. Bach, and C. Reichardt joined the narrower circle of musical activity. It was said that men so universally gifted ought to light and maintain the fire of intellectual and artistic life at one common point of reunion. At such a point, the younger Liedertafel was founded by Rellstab, Klein and Berger. Zelter did not hesitate becoming an honorary member. Rellstab was the poet of the association, and that which was called into existence by the free intercourse of the members re-echoed far and wide, exercising a decided influence on the taste for art evinced by the educated classes.

Rellstab's musical studies, which, during this time, had been neglected, but for which his strict father had laid a solid foundation, were again resumed. Berger and Klein, who not unfrequently used to take a delight in listening to the young officer's extemporizing on the pianoforte, took him as their pupil, guiding him to correctness of composition, reading scores

with him, and initiating him into the depths of Mozart's and Beethoven's compositions.

On a course of such irregular, although serious work, his duties as teacher at the brigade school exerted, besides many other disagreeable results, a paralyzing effect. Rellstab always spoke of the military profession with the highest respect, and among his most intimate friends he numbered officers of high rank; the sympathies of his life, however, had their roots in a very different soil. He resigned his commission, and as, after the decease of his mother, he had inherited a competency, he was easily enabled to discover the paths which conducted his talent to maturity.

His friends had long perceived and appreciated his poetical powers. It was partly owing to their influence, and partly to a plan which he had formed in his own mind, that he resolved on attempting to divert German opera into new channels, so that the literary foundation for the music might be included in the domain of independent art, properly so called. He wrote the words of *Dido*, and Klein composed the music. Berger was enraptured with the subject and its treatment, of which he had been informed by Rellstab; C. M. von Weber, in Dresden, Tieck, and Jean Paul valued the work highly (Rellstab's correspondence contains proofs of this), and formed their estimate of the author's talent accordingly, although a considerable number of lyrical poems had already laid the earlier foundations of his reputation. The first representation of *Dido* took place on the 13th of October, 1823, the birthday of the present king. The opera was revived in the year 1827, and once more performed in 1854, but it never achieved a decided success. We will return to Rellstab's theatrical labors presently.

(To be continued.)

## Twight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 16, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS WEEK'S JOURNAL.—The May-Bells and the Flowers, a Vocal Duet by Mendelssohn.

### Editorial Correspondence.

NEW SERIES.

NO. VI.

A WEEK IN DRESDEN, CONCLUDED.

BERLIN, Dec. 20, 1860.

Oct. 30. That Tuesday shall be memorable for a long day's excursion, in company with Clara Schumann, and the daughter, (a blooming maiden with musical voice and the father's features), and the sister Marie, and our strong-toned hero Joachim—in a great open carriage—only think of it, with real horses—and a driver that would lose the way, so as to prolong the pleasure—and the finest of October days, though far from warm—out to one of the most characteristic and romantic points of the so-called "Saxon Switzerland," the *Bastei*. When such artists have holiday, it is a good thing to be of the party;—that is, if they want you. And was it not a charming way to take, to make the stranger acquainted—a stroke of hospitable genius on the part of the warm-hearted artist women, ever occupied with earnest cares and duties, mother of seven children, thrown upon her Art for their support, busy with the concerts, busy with a thousand artistic relations, and with the laborious practice necessary to maintain, as she fully does, her pre-eminent position among genial classical pianists? A few hours' drive brings us to the path down in the famous *Utevalde Grund*, through which wonderful ravine we thread our way afoot, winding upwards find ourselves upon a narrow gallery of rock, perched high in air, some six or seven hundred feet above the Elbe that sweeps right round its base, and this is the *Bastei*, and you look off over a vast plain, broken by low mound-like mountains, round and flat like huge Titanic mill-stones, each entirely by itself, with miles of deadest level between it and the others. The sun is just dropping down in the West, purpling the water and the skies (how short the days!), and the great round moon is already taking color and serenely throned above the whole magnificent, cold scene. Art has contrived curious towers, and bridges, sacred

niches and inscriptions all about our rocky perch; and feudal legends, of robber knights who used to swoop down upon their prey on that quiet river, are not wanting; while close around us, springing from the plain, and rising to an equal height with us, are strange fantastic shafts of rock, a sort of Giants' Causeway, only all set apart, as if the whole sand-stone mass had been cleft this way and that way to the very bottom, as we see a block of wood cleft into a bunch of matches. But I am not going to describe the *Bastei*; you will find it very well done in Murray. Suffice it to say the only title of this region to be called a "Switzerland" lies in the fact that it is as unlike Switzerland as possible. That is the very charm of it. It has no snowy mountains, no glaciers, no blue peaks and needles, no *cols*, no mountain chains, nor valleys, nor nature Alps and *matten*—nothing that is Swiss, and nothing that is grand. But it is a wild kind of beauty on a smaller scale, entirely *sui generis* and unlike anything else; a weird, romantic beauty; some strange old poetry and magic seems to haunt there; the tones of the wind seemed fraught with mystical suggestion as they swelled and died away around the *gashaus*, in which our merry company were sitting after yielding to the fascination of the scene outdoors as long as cold and hunger would permit. I wonder if their secret did not pass into the strings of that matchless violin, whose soul and master we had with us!

What a cold drive we had home under that harvest moon! The fields and hills spread white as snow around us, blanched it the pale moon gleam. And when we reached the broad part of the river where we had to cross, behold, the ferry boat was on the other side, and Charon snug asleep, insensible to our repeated shouts, or hearing in his dreams the halloos and shrill whistles of our driver mellowed into the wild hunter's waldhorn or the Wunderhorn of Oheron. Happy boatman. What cruel delusions wait thee! Still we shiver. A whole half hour we stand there at the water's edge and freeze; the glistening air itself is frozen white and solid. At last a light begins to wave reluctantly and sleepily about the cottage; and there are sounds of chains and paddles, and a boat steadily approaching through the small eternity it takes to cross a rapid stream in such an hour, and brisk exchange of tongue artillery between our charioteer and Charon,—and we are underway again—or underweigh—chilled into society of silence, like a Quaker meeting—musing on the rich day we had had, and owning the majestic beauty of the night, grateful for all this to Nature, although her handgrasp just now is none of the gentlest. But we were soon thawed, we two, after we bid good night to our fair entertainers, and were snuggled over a good fire and other good things in our hotel, just in the mood of talk, and quite agreed that such a day was worth the freezing.

Oct. 31. A sharp, clear air, fit to be breathed upon this day of the *Reformations Fest*—proudest anniversary of Protestant Germany. And where should it be celebrated if not here in Saxony, in spite of the anomaly of a king one of whose Elector ancestors slid back to Rome and then picked up a crown? The shops are closed, and the streets have an almost New England Fast or Thanksgiving aspect. All the large churches—the court church excepted—are thronged two or three times during the day for solemn, cheerful service; and the old Lutheran hymns ring out with a will from thousands of united voices, and the debt of Germany, of civilization to Luther, with the duties thence arising, is the theme of many a glowing preacher. I go in the morning to the most curious and interesting, perhaps, as well as one of the largest of these old churches, the *Seipien-Kirche*. There we may hear perhaps some organ-playing by the most famous of the German organists now living, the old Johann Schneider. His post of duty is here, at the old Silbermann organ, stuck up in the gallery

in a corner of the vast and unsymmetrical interior. Such was the crowd, standing in every aisle, that there was no penetrating beyond a place directly underneath the organ gallery. If there had been any fugue or voluntary before service, I had lost it. But it did edify and thrill one somewhat to stand there part and parcel of that crowd, when there went up from young and old the mighty intonations of *Ein feste Burg*, sustained by the great flood of organ harmony. Many stanzas were sung; and between them were short interludes, often of a very brilliant character, which showed a master hand indeed, but not a very sober taste. One could not help thinking that the old man had taken a strange time to figure in the character of virtuoso and indulge in such fantastical surprises.

Then came an hour of chamber music of Bach and violin, all by ourselves. A beautiful Andante of the old master was played to an audience of one—and it is probable that not so much as one was thought of when the thing was written. That full brook flowed just as steadily and sweetly in the unbroken solitude, as when the world looked on. And so it would have kept on running (for it was the right master hand that smote the rock, that is the strings) that morning, but that a visitor, a poet, dropped in full of talk, Hans Christien Andersen, the Dane, a homely, tall, good-natured, lively, gaily dressed, enthusiastic individual, pleased with his own echo in the world. And should he not feel pleasantly? Had he not just been hidden into the presence, to read before his Saxon Majesty, the royal *Ubersetzer* of the more than royal Dante, his last drama, romance, or what not in *ms.*? But now adieu! auf Wiedersehn! because my lady waits. We step across the hall, into the concert room, where the two artists must rehearse for their last Soirée. So, after cordial inquiries and assurance on all sides that all are safely thawed out after the last night's cold adventure (for surely Charon, the real mythological old fellow, never had a colder, stiller set of ghosts to ferry over—though "we were no ghosts, nor that stream a Lathe, (as these presents show), the audience of one is enconcealed in a corner, and the morning's business preceeds. Sonatas for piano and violin, one by Mozart and one by Haydn, are the subject. Fine specimens of their authors' finest art and genius, and not dismissed until the rendering was so faultless, that one saw the genial masters in a fresh light and conceived a new love for both of them. It is a good thing, after long preoccupation with such deeper spirits as Bach or Beethoven, to be reminded, in such a way as a pianist like Clara Schumann can remind one, of a Clementi, a Haydn, &c. Such interpreters as these two, know how to place them all in the right light, relatively before you.

Now. 1. Another morning rehearsal. Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven (glorious Sonata), Bach. After dinner a long walk, over the bridge, through the Neustadt, and round towards the right bank of the river, to the place of entertainment called the Linksche Bad, where there is another large and sumptuous café-concert hall. The programme was rich; containing, besides lighter things, the "Pastoral Symphony," Gade's "Ossian" overture, Duet from "Jes-sonda," Overture to "Egmont," Andante and variation's from Haydn's 12th Symphony, Overture to "Nozze di Figaro," and to the "Swiss Family," *Lieder ohne Worte* by Mendelssohn, and an arrangement from a very striking song by Schubert, the *Greisengesang* (Song of the Old Man), which impressed me as one of the best things for this kind of treatment, if we must have such things served up by an orchestra. The frigid chords (so Schubert like) which describe the wintry snows of age upon the head ("the roof"), contrasted with the warmer harmonies of the summer that abides within, are quite effective. It would be a good change in our Music Hall "Rehearsals" from the "Serenade" and *Lob der Thränen*, now so staled by repetition.

In the evening came the third and last Soirée of Clara Schumann and Joachim, with the assistance of Frau Garrigues-Schnorr von Carolsfeld as singer. The illness of Herr Schnorr, the husband, caused a real disappointment, and some change of programme, making it as follows:

1. Sonata (F major), piano and violin: Allegro, Variations. Tempo di Minuetto. . . . .Mozart  
a "Thränenregen," (Wir trauern so traulich beisammen.)  
b "Meln," (Nichteln, lass dein Rauschen sein)
2. Sonata (op. 101) for piano. . . . .Beethoven
3. Three Duettinos, piano and violin. . . . .R. Schumann
5. a Romanza, for violin. . . . .Beethoven  
b Bourrée and Double, do. . . . .J. S. Bach
6. a Ballad: "Heinrich der Vogler" . . . . .Lizwe  
b "Lituanisches Lied" . . . . .Chopin
7. Sonata (G major), piano and violin: Andante—Adagio.—Cantab.—Finale all' Ogaroso. . . . .Haydn

The piece by Haydn is found as a Trio; but the violoncello, which scarcely more than doubles the bass in the piano, could be left out without loss—by such players. It is one of the happiest strokes of Haydn's genius; the best movement exquisitely sunshiny, like Jack o' lantern on the wall. It was played *con amore*, with the most accurate and nimble fingers, and such nice and vital accent as the best player only can command when all the nerves are rightly strung. These variations by Mozart could not have been more generally perfect and Mozartish in the rendering. It certainly was a notable achievement for a woman to bring out clearly, finely, warmly, grandly, as Mme. Schumann did, the beauty, force and meaning of a Sonata which is one of the most difficult alike to comprehend and execute, of those remarkable works of the last period of Beethoven—and one of the most richly imaginative and original. If there is any part of it into the sense of which perhaps a man might enter more completely, it is that singular quick march, the like of which no other hero mood of genius ever marched by; for that treads airy heights for which methinks, only a man's brain can be at once enough intoxicated and enough self-possessed. Talking the thing over together, afterwards, we did not find the lady fully sympathise with our admiration of that particular movement. (Among the "Davidabündler"—Ensbibus, Mester Raro, and the rest—there would have been none to say us nay). As Joachim dealt with it, there seemed a great deal more in that often played Romanza of Beethoven, than there ever had before. It held the audience in ecstasy. The *Bourrée* (old dance rhythm) and *Double* (or Variation), was given with masterly vividness and truth of outline, and afforded still new evidence that old Bach is the youngest man alive in music, as well as the ripest. The vocal selections were choice; each with a characteristic charm: the singer could not be charged with neglect of expression; there was only too much of it; a certain extra dramatic infusion of energy, which let the melodies have no peace to "flow at their own sweet will." The three little instrumental Duets by Schumann were a nice substitute for some Duets of his which were to have been sung. More rare or charming song selections one can scarcely hear, than graced these concerts. Robert Schumann is never more genial, more felicitous than in his songs; and where should one expect to make their acquaintance in the right way, if not in just these concerts, which are pious tributes to his memory and genius, by one who has the best right to interpret him?

The concert over, now imagine a very pleasant, sociable symposium in an upper room of this same nice Hotel de Saxe. It is a genuine German sit-down, where everybody is expected to be just as free and happy as he can. And everybody can be just as happy as he has a right to be; and no more, *nicht wahr?* It is at once an artist and a family *Gesellschaft*. All of the Wieck and Schumann representations are there, who chance to be at hand. But the Amphytrion is our hero of the victim, who would insist upon the mountain's coming to Mahomet.

There's magnetism in the man, as we have said; and where do you ever find power, that is not tyrannically used? So, not content with "ascending me into the brain" in the form of Beethoven and Bach, he must needs start other subtle effervescing spirits on the same track. We are a dozen all told. Three generations of that musical family of Dresden represented. A right German party! But it is not complete, the younger branches are not happy, nothing can go on, until the grandpapa is found, dragged from his *Kneip*, led in triumph and installed with all due honor and uproarious rejoicing at the head of the table. Then all are very happy; the middle-aged and youngest very talkative and jokeative, and the dear old lady looks a deal of silent happiness; and Altmeister Wieck is very wise and fatherly and witty in his chair of state, and jokes about the *Wunderkindervater*, as the father and the teacher of two such artists as Clara and Marie, with such a son-in-law as Robert Schumann, may well call himself. Not a few sharp criticisms he drops, too, on the new school music—all in fun of course! And very comical and to the point are some of his illustrations of prevailing tricks in fashionable false schools of singing. For this old man possesses the true art of disciplining the voice as well as the fingers. The daughter Marie, who is full of generous good nature and good sense, as well as musical talent, is a fine singer, has a rich mezzo-soprano admirably developed, and sang one evening in my hearing Mendelssohn's *Auf Flügeln des Gesanges*, and that impassioned song of Beethoven, to Goethe's verses, *Herz, mein Herz*, in a way to make them felt. I think I forgot, in speaking of the first Soirée to mention the artistic touch and finished tasteful execution with which this young lady played the upper part in the "Allegro Brillante" of Mendelssohn with her sister. I have heard her also play Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith" variations, and some of those bewitching little quicksilver clavier movements of Bach, with a spirit and a nicety not to be surpassed. Good for the Wunderkindervater! Health!

### Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

#### SEVENTH CONCERT OF THE SERIES OF EIGHT.

The programme presented some excellent pieces. The beautiful Quintette in D by Mozart, the Capriccio in B minor by Mendelssohn and last and best of all the gigantic Quartette in E flat by Beethoven, which we heard for the first time in Boston last year, were in themselves enough to make a most satisfactory programme. The other pieces, the Piano Quartette by Dussek and the Clarinette solo were pleasant additions. The club deserve a good deal of credit for the large amount of good music given on one evening.

#### PART I.

1. Quintette in D. No. 4. . . . .Mozart  
Introduction and Allegro—Andante—Minuetto—Finale, Vivace.
2. Quartette, for Piano and string Instruments, in F minor, Op. 41. . . . .Dussek  
Moderato ma con fuoco—Adagio espressivo—Finale, Allegretto. (First time in Boston.)
3. Andante Pastorale, from the Clarinette Concerto in E flat. . . . .Czerny  
Thomas Ryan.
4. Capriccio, in B minor for Piano, with Quartette Accompaniment. . . . .Mendelssohn  
B. J. Lang.
5. Twelfth Quartette, in E flat, Op. 127. . . . .Beethoven  
Maestoso and Allegro—Adagio—Scherzo—Finale, Allegro.

The Mozart Quintette went very well, and we take pleasure in noticing the smoothness and brilliancy with which each performer carried out his part. The Quartette by Dussek is a pleasing composition and was rendered well by Messrs. LANG, SCHULZ and WULF FRIES. For a variety it is well to hear such a piece, though Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Weber, Schumann and Schubert have superceded the style of Dussek by a more vigorous, inspired and brilliant one. Of the composers who wrote concerted pieces for the piano in the style of Mozart, Hummel alone besides Mozart produced some works that will be

handed down as classical to posterity. But here, where we hear so little music, where in chamber-concerts some of the best composers thus far have been represented almost exclusively, every addition of good or even respectable music is a gain in the knowledge of musical literature. Dussek's work is good. It was very well received. Mr. Lang played the Capriccio with fine execution and correct taste. He gave genuine pleasure, and we compliment him for his performance.

The Quartette of Beethoven came upon us with new magnificence and force, lifting up the mind high into the regions of beauty, of the ideal. Sublime, tender, with a tinge of sadness and almost playful; most loving and warm, impetuous and good-humored, with hidden strength; satisfied, triumphant and cheerful, the melodies run on through the four movements, borne up and permeated by most unexpected harmonies and an original vigorous rhythm. A work full of the perfection of ripe age, the result of a strong individuality, written in the happy mood of a man above his fate and his time, it stands a monument of beautiful life for all time. We might not be quite satisfied with some of the tempi; might wish for more tenderness in the first movement; in some places for a more marked pianissimo in others for a stronger fortissimo. But we are grateful for the opportunity of hearing so grand a work and shall be very happy if a repetition can be granted us at some future concert.

Mr. RYAN's clarinette solo pleased the audience that it was enthusiastically encored, and played again. Simple melodies are easiest comprehended.

The house was quite full, which in consideration of the bad walking and travelling generally is a pleasing evidence of the popularity of the club.

We are unavoidably prevented from attending last Saturday's concert. We put the programme on record, which it deserves for the Clarinette—Quintette in A major by Mozart and some of the pieces by Beethoven, and Mendelssohn. We are glad to notice that the best piece is placed in the middle of the programme, thus accommodating such persons as would only care for this one. We hope that this plan of placing the best pieces in the middle will be kept up.

#### PART I.

1. Moderato, from the Quintette in C. 29. . . . . Beethoven
2. Cavatina, "Or la Sull'onda," Il Giuramento. Mercadante  
Mrs. Kempton.
3. Adagio und Scherzo, from the Piano Trio in D minor. . . . . Mendelssohn  
Messrs. Lang, Schultze and Fries.
4. Fantasia for Flute, on favorite themes. . . . . Braccioli  
Fred'k Zohler.
5. Quintette in A. op. 108, Clarinette principale. . . . . Mozart  
Moderato—Larghetto—Minuetto—Finale, Tema con  
Variazioni.
6. "Song Without Words," for Piano. . . . . Mendelssohn  
Mr. B. J. Lang.
7. English ballad.—"The breeze that wafts my sigh to  
Thee." . . . . Wallace  
Mrs. Kempton.
8. "Les Rivaux," grand Duo Concertante, for Violins.  
Kalliwoda  
Messrs. Schultze and Meisel.

This evening a Nonette by Onslow, for Violin, Viola, Violoncello, Bass, Flute, Oboe, Clarinette and Bassoon is promised, which will be played for the first time in Boston. The club show a commendable zeal in presenting concerted pieces, new to Boston audiences, for which they deserve reward in the shape of crowded houses. \*†

#### Handel and Haydn Society.

The concert given on Sunday evening by this Society with Mlle. PATTI and STIGELLI, drew a good house but opened with a bad omen, an apology for the latter, who was indisposed. The programme of the concert was therefore little aid to the hearer, as regards the solo pieces, as it was little adhered to. Except to occasional concert goers, the performance was not an attractive one, made up as it was of choruses selected from various works by various composers, which, though all of the very best, inevitably lose their power and effect thus taken out of their connection. How even the Hallelujah chorus of Handel, perhaps the grandest of all choruses, fails to stir one as it does when the mind is led up to this grandest of climaxes, as it does in its place. The choruses on this occasion, it seemed to us, lacked life and the orchestra was frequently not to be heard.

Mlle. PATTI, who sang the sacred aria of the Queen of the Night, from the Magic Flute, soaring

up to the transcendental tones, impossible to most mortals, and who deemed it advisable to improve Schubert's Ave Maria, by another one of these feats of vocal high and lofty tumbling, was about the only person that was applauded vigorously. STIGELLI did better than the audience, after the apology, had any reason to expect, although evidently not in good voice. As to floriture, melody and expression his Preghiera, which he sang with Mlle. Patti, might have been some aria di bravura; that by Verdi from Joan d'Arc, sung by Mlle. Patti, might have been a march. The composer probably wished to mark as it the prayer of a military person. Now in view of the fact, that before Him to whom prayers are addressed, there is no respect of person, the idea of introducing a march-movement into a prayer seems slightly ridiculous. However, as Verdi has to answer for so many violations of good taste, this may as well go with the rest.

**THE ORPHEUS CLUB.—The Bards.** Our readers will not forget to attend the performance of *Die Barden*, by this Society this evening at the Boston Theatre. They will find the libretto in the columns of the *Boston Musical Times*, a useful guide to the performance. We cut from a letter in the *Evening Transcript*, some statements in regard to the Club, which may be perhaps new to some of our readers:

"What I observed particularly in it, was, that it brought forward quite prominently the fact that the Club are amateurs and do not sing for compensation, except so far as to pay the expenses of their hall, tender, sheet music, &c. I was not aware before that there was any doubt about the object of the Club in meeting regularly to rehearse, and occasionally giving a Concert or offering their services to others, but find upon inquiry that many persons in Boston suppose them to be professional singers. Of course such a supposition is entirely erroneous and objectionable to several members of the Club, who would never think of singing with them as professional singers. The Club meet regularly twice a week to rehearse, and pay a regular monthly assessment. All the proceeds of the Concerts go to the treasury, or are voted to other persons, as in the case mentioned in the article in the *New Bedford Mercury*. The Club voted to send the proceeds of the Concert in that city to the family of Zilmer, a German composer, lately deceased."

The new Catholic church at the South end, one of the largest edifices in the country, will be inaugurated on next Sunday evening by a sacred concert, in which eminent soloists and a large chorus take part. The programme is quite good, comprising selections from the best masters. The whole is under the direction of the Organist of the Church, Mr. J. H. WILLCOX.

## Musical Correspondence.

CHICAGO, JAN. 31, 1861.—The concert of the Philharmonic Society, given on Monday night, Jan. 28, was a decided success, pecuniarily and otherwise. The musical constellations were in their glory, and FABBRI was the planet, around which they all revolved. Never before has any musical artiste won such a triumph, and never before, in this city, did so vast a concourse of people turn out to hear one. Long before eight o'clock every nook and corner where a chair could possibly be placed, was occupied and hundreds were turned away, unable to gain admission. Whenever Fabbri appeared, the audience were in raptures, and we do not remember a time, when applause came so heartily, so enthusiastically as on this occasion.

#### PART I.

1. Overture, The Merry Wives of Windsor. . . . . Nicolai
2. Attila, Grand Aria. . . . . Verdi  
Sung by Madame Fabbri.
3. Grand Concerto, in A minor. . . . . Hummel  
For Piano and Orchestra, performed by Mr. R. Mulder.
4. Maria di Rohan, Andante and Aria. . . . . Donizetti  
Sung by Signor Abelli.
5. Der Auswanderer, The Emigrant. . . . . Mulder  
With accompaniment of Violoncello, Madame Fabbri  
and Mr. Meims.

#### PART II.

1. Andante from the Fifth Symphony. . . . . Beethoven
2. La Rosa di Firenze, Grand Rondo. . . . . Perugini  
Sung by Madame Fabbri.
3. By general request, Grand Duo Concertant. . . . . Mulder  
For 2 Pianos, Performed by Messrs. Pecker and Mulder.
4. La Naranjera, The Orange Girl, Popular Brazilian Characteristic Song. In full national costume.  
Sung by Madame Fabbri.
5. Rakoczy March, Ancient Hungarian Melodies.

Of the concert we can only say that it was everything that the most sanguine could have wished.

Fabbri added new laurels to her crown, and Chicago will long remember her, always ready to give her a generous welcome, whenever she returns. The Philharmonic Society may safely assert, that they got up the best and largest concert that has ever been given in our city. The orchestra, under BALATKA's judicious baton, is fast approximating completion, and will perform Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony at the next regular concert, which occurs on Saturday, Feb. 9th.

NEW YORK, FEB. 4.—There has rarely been such a dearth of musical matter in our good city, as there is this winter. The opera—our share of it, at least—is not worth speaking about; in Brooklyn the novelty of the thing puts more spirit into it, but, not yet having been able to accept Mr. Jem Baggs' kind invitation, (for which I am much obliged to him), I cannot inform you whether the performances there are really so much better than here. There have been a few straggling concerts, fine ones, too, such as one by Mr. Satter, another by the Arion Singing Society, &c., but as they were hardly advertised, and the givers thereof were very chary with their favors to the press, few persons knew of them. So the Philharmonic, last Saturday, stirred us up considerably, not only by giving us some music once more, but some very good music. By way of a striking contrast, we had a Symphony by Schumann and one by Haydn—certainly the two extremes of symphonic writing. The first, in E flat, has never been produced here before; it is in five movements, of which the first three are decidedly the finest. The second, particularly, a little Intermezzo, is a gem, so quaint and thoroughly original. The fourth, Largo Solenne, would probably appear to much greater advantage, did it not follow immediately upon the Adagio, but so much slowness becomes wearisome. The Symphony by Haydn, No. 2, in B flat, is one that we have frequently heard from the Philharmonic orchestra; it is very pretty and graceful, but by no means as fine as several others of Haydn's, and it is surprising that the Society prefer constantly repeating this particular one, to making their public acquainted with others by the same master. One of the most charming of them all, in E flat, we never hear; nor has the Military Symphony ever been produced here. The overture to Tannhäuser, ever welcome, was the third orchestral piece, and sent home glowing with excitement even those to whom it was most familiar. It is certainly one of the most stirring, effective compositions I know of, whatever other objections it may be liable to. Mr. SCHREIBER played a couple of solos for his instrument, the cornet-a-piston, with his usual, almost faultless excellence, and the remainder of the programme was taken up by the noble chorus of the Liederkrantz, who made a decided sensation, which they undoubtedly deserved, for they sang very beautifully. Their rendering of the first piece, "Frühling-Nahen" (Approach of Spring), by Krentzer, showed a wonderful skill in shading and expression. They were encored, and after taking all the trouble of marching off the stage, the whole body filed back again, and sang Mendelssohn's "Froher Wandersmann" (the happy wanderer). In the second part they sang a beautiful composition by Schubert, "Nachtlied," which was likewise encored and repeated. Altogether, the concert was one of the most satisfactory we have ever heard. —t—

FEB. 12. A larger audience than usual assembled at Mason and Thomas's Soirées last Tuesday, but it proved none the less appreciative. Mr. Bergmann's place at the violoncello was supplied by Mr. Bergner, and the latter filled his post in a manner which made it impossible for any one to regret the change. The programme was a most artistic one, the usual solos were omitted, and it consisted of only three members—two Quartetts and a Trio. All the greater, therefore the enjoyment of it, and it is to be wished that other concert-givers might take a lesson from this arrangement; at least in point of brevity. A Quartette in E flat, by Cherubini, was a novelty which was more interesting than attractive. If I am not mistaken this is the first time that any of this composers quartets has been performed here. He wrote but three, and, though scientifically worked out, they can hardly, as a whole, be called pleasing. In the one in question, the Scherzo was an exception; it has the rhythm of a Bolero, and is spirited, and very striking. Schubert's Trio in E flat, Op. 100, and the A minor Quartet of Schumann, were old beloved friends, ever fresh in their beauty and originality, and always welcome. The performance of all these compositions was admirable; it could hardly be otherwise where the artists feel how devoutly they are listened to. The mood of the audience has, of course the greatest influence on that of the players. —t—

**THE GREAT LABLACHE.**—Among other distinguished artists with whom I became intimate during my association with theatrical affairs, was Lablache—old Lablache, the incomparable basso, the inimitable buffo—whose voice and presence moved us to tears in "Norma," or made our sides ache with laughter in "Barbiere." Dear old Lablache! with your fund of anecdote and *bon mots* you have left us, and your pretended successors do but prove the irreparable loss we have sustained. I was constantly in company with the great basso, and often had my pity excited by the inconvenience he suffered from his colossal proportions. No ordinary made chair was safe beneath his enormous weight; a servant, where it was practicable, carried one about for his especial use. It was difficult to get a carriage whose door was wide enough for him; in London he had, of course, his own brougham in attendance. On one occasion the rehearsal at the theatre terminated sooner than was expected, and Lablache, anxious to reach home, ordered a street cab to be called. The driver looked alarmed when his fare issued from the stage door. "He'll never get in, sir," said the man despairingly to me, as I was shaking hands with Lablache, who also seemed to have his doubts upon the subject. We approach the vehicle—the door was opened wide. Sideways, headways, frontways, backwards, the prize basso tried in vain to effect an entry. Without assistance it was impossible. Two men went to the opposite side and dragged with all their force, while two others did their utmost to lift him in. "Its no go," cried the cabman; "he'll ruin my cab." One more effort. A long pull, a strong push, a pull and push together—the point was gained—Lablache inside, puffing and blowing from the exertion. But the difficulties had not yet terminated—he had inadvertently sat down on the wrong seat, with his back to the driver. Wishing to change the position, he rose, in turning round the whole of his prodigious weight was upon the few slender boards forming the bottom of the cab. Imagine the horror of the cabman, the astonishment of Lablache, and the surprise of a large crowd which had been attracted by the terrible struggle we had when the boards gave way and his two feet were seen standing in the road. The cabman swore, Lablache grinned, and the crowd roared. No scene in a pantomime could have been more ludicrous. Fortunately Lablache received no injury; had the cab been in motion, the consequences of the accident might have been serious. The same process of shoving and pulling, but reversed, was necessary to get him out again. Whether greater violence was used than at first, or not, the door in this instance was torn from its hinges, and the cab (previously a good looking vehicle) now presented the most melancholy appearance of a perfect wreck. The driver uttered curses both loud and deep, but was pacified by the assurance that the damage should be repaired and his loss of time remunerated. I am not aware that the portly basso ever attempted to ride in a hack cab.

**FROST MUSIC.**—I was once belated in Canada on a fine winter day, and was riding over the hard snow on the margin of a wide lake when the most faint and mournful wail that could break a solemn silence seemed to pass through me like a dream. I stopped my horse and listened. For some time I could not satisfy myself whether the music was in the air or in my own brain. I thought of the pine forest which was not far off; but the tone was not harp-like, and there was not a breath of wind. Then it swelled and approached; and then it seemed to be miles away in a moment; and again it moaned as if under my very feet. It was, in fact, almost under my very feet. It was the voice of the winds imprisoned under the pall of ice suddenly cast over them by the peremptory power of the frost. Nobody there made air holes, for the place was a wilderness; and there was no escape for the winds, which must moan on till the spring warmth should release them. They were fastened down in silence; but they would come out with an explosion when, in some still night, after a warm spring day, the ice would blow up, and make a crash and racket from shore to shore. So I was told at my host's that evening, where I arrived with something of the sensation of a haunted man. It had been some time before the true idea struck me, and meanwhile the rising and falling moan made my heart thrill again.—*Once a Week.*

**PARIS.**—On his side, the Count de Morny, under the name of Mr. de St. Rémy brings himself out as a musical composer at the minor theatre of the Bouffes Parisiens. His operetta, "Le Mari Sans le Savoir," is agreeable enough; the piece and the little airs in it are heard with pleasure. This however, did not prevent a malicious wag finding that the trifle itself was badly named. According to him, the true name that

it should have borne is "Le Musicien sans le Savoir." But Mr. de Morny may have fellow-laborers; it is probable, nay it is certain. Still he has shown that he knows how to select them well. Only I ask myself what is to become of authors by profession, if it pleases great lords thus to invade their domain. Let the rich and influential cultivate literature and Art—nothing could be better; but, for mercy's sake, don't let them monopolise the theatres and the literary periodicals, already so difficult of access to poets, and to men of conscientious talent. Since I have been studying Parisian society, I have been struck with the slender encouragement awarded to genuine artists. Poetry is disdained; nobody reads it; and the *Revue des Deux Mondes* has the good habit of not paying a sou for the most charming bit of verse. As for musicians, they have the resource of giving lessons and concerts. Poor musician! Be possessed of genius! Be incomparably virtuosio! So shall you be condemned to listen to the false notes all the blessed day; and then, the evening having come, to hurry from drawing-room to drawing-room, to play, to sing your latest productions, to lay yourself out to please with unwearying complaisance—in the hope that, after several months of these cruel exercises, your admirers may be disposed to patronize your annual Concert! I understand now the expression of the greatest composer and virtuosio of the day, Henri Vieuxtemps. He said to me once: "If ever I have a son, he may perhaps make shoes; but he shall certainly never play the violin!"

There are nevertheless in Paris several Professors who have acquired wealth and standing. There are some even who receive company, and do the honors well, and whose drawing-rooms are by no means the least attractive of those so which a stranger here craves entrance. I will not speak to you to day of the reception of Rossini, where excellent music is heard every Saturday. This sovereign of the monarchs of melody charms the evening of his life by composing scraps for piano or voice, which he refuses to publish, but which some of his favorites are permitted to read in his presence. The soirées of Rossini cannot but be very interesting, whether he himself deigns to accompany Badiali, or whether he contents himself with encouraging by a kindly word, with stimulating by a piquant remark, the zeal of his fervent admirers and disciples.

Yet certain assemblages more modest, and presided over by divinities less exalted, deserve mention none the less. In the first rank of those inestimable and much esteemed Professors, to whom I alluded just now, I must place Mademoiselle Josephine Martin, who also is "at home" every Saturday evening. This pianist, whose fingers are rapid and light and charming, has the merit of playing with exquisite distinction, and of composing pieces at once brilliant and original. One must hear her interpret her own *Fontarella*, her delicious *Menuet*, her *Ouvertures des Chasses*, and her Spanish *Fantasia*, to appreciate fully her double merit as an accomplished musician—a merit which she enhances by a modesty and a gentle grace, that many artists might take as models. Mlle. Josephine Martin occupies an enviable and envied position in the Parisian world; her drawing-room is the rendezvous of the best company, and of the best and the best-liked among artists.

Henceforward the amateurs of music will only have the embarrassment of choosing. The Conservatoire opens its doors on Sunday next; and the and the Quartette parties, the Matinées, and the Soirées Musicales, are announced as numberless as the locusts of Egypt, of ill-omened memory. But I will not drown you in this deluge of harmony, though I will endeavor to hear what is worth listening to, so as to be able to trace in a few lines the portraits of those select artists who are to be fêted this winter in Paris, and to point out to the lady readers of the *Albion* such novelties as may be worthy their attention and their favor.—*Corr. of N. Y. Albion.*

**ADVICE TO BEGINNERS.**—Never learn a piece of music without bearing in mind the title, and particularly the composer's name.—Never learn a piece without counting.—When learning a piece, never hurry the time. Practice it slowly, at first, until you become able to play it in the proper tempo with a clear and firm touch.—Always mind the fingering which is printed, or marked by your teacher.—Never bungle a piece; always learn to play it.—It is better to play simple pieces well, than difficult music wretchedly.—Don't let your exercise-book become dust-covered from neglect.—Practice your scales daily.—Never miss an opportunity of hearing good music.—Read good musical papers. (We recommend *Dwight's Journal of Music*.—*Easton Times.*

## Special Notices.

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# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 464.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 23, 1861.

VOL. XVIII. No. 21.

## A Lost Chord.

By Adelaide Anne Proctor.

Seated one day at the organ,  
I was weary and ill at ease,  
And my fingers wandered idly  
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,  
Or what I was dreaming then;  
But I struck one chord of music,  
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,  
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,  
And it lay on my fevered spirit  
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,  
Like love overcoming strife;  
It seemed the harmonious echo  
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings  
Into one perfect peace,  
And trembled away into silence  
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,  
That one lost chord divine,  
That came from the soul of the organ,  
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel  
Will speak in that chord again,  
It may be that only in heaven  
I shall hear that grand Amen.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Sketches of French Musical History.

### SACRED MUSIC.

#### VII.

1800—1860.

In 1791 of the 130 dioceses in France, 80 had abandoned the Roman Liturgy; but the church at Aby, Aix, Amli, Arles, Bordeaux, Bourges, Cambrai, Embrun, Narbonne, Tours, Vienne, Strasbourg, Avignon and some others remained faithful. In 1797 came the constitutional schism and the pretended liturgic unity of Gregory. At length after ten years of persecution the churches were opened again. That of the Carmelites, where the pontiffs had received the martyrs' crown, became the rendezvous of the pastors, decimated by the scaffold. At Lyons from 1801 the procession of the Fête-Dieu again passed through the streets, and the Concordat, ratified by Pius VII., was finally promulgated April 18th, 1802 by Cardinal Caprara. At the same period appeared the *Genius of Christianity* by the immortal Chateaubriand, who again placed literature and art upon their true basis.

Napoleon I. was consecrated Emperor in Notre Dame by Pope Pius VII., but the imperial chapel employed the Parisian liturgy, instead of the Roman rites. Later, Louis XVIII. re-established the Roman liturgy in the Royal chapels, and, in 1831, Louis Philippe caused the name of the king to be added to the prayer *Domine Salvum*. Finally, July 1st, 1840, the Roman liturgy was

officially re-established at Langres by Bishop Parisi, which gave one of the earliest impulses to a return to unity.

The Archbishop of Paris revived liturgic science by his admirable pastoral letter upon ecclesiastical studies. We may then believe that soon and throughout our beautiful land, we may again repeat the old axiom, *Legem credendi statuat lex supplicandi*.

In 1811, Choron published a pamphlet upon the necessity of re-establishing the chant of the Roman church in all the churches of France. His school was suppressed after the revolution of 1830. He had meantime produced singers of great merit—Nourrit, Duprez, Wartel, &c., &c. Choron rendered great services to the music of France; besides his *Dictionnaire des Musiciens*, in two volumes, he published in connection with his pupil and friend Adrien de la Fage, an *Encyclopédie complète de la Musique*, both vocal and instrumental.

In December 1853, a new school of sacred music was established at Paris, under the patronage of the Minister of public instruction and church affairs, M. Louis Niedermeyer is the acting director. He was born at Nyons, a small place in the canton of Vaud, of a family originally French and Protestant, but has since claimed and obtained the right of French citizenship. Quitting Switzerland at the age of 16 years, he studied for two years at Vienna, the pianoforte with Moscheles and harmony with Forster. He spent the next two years at Rome and Naples, studying composition with Fioravanti, chapelmaster at St. Peter's and Zingarelli, director of the conservatory at Naples, and at the age of 19 produced an opera entitled *Il Reo per amore*. He settled at Paris at the age of 21 where he has published a large number of melodies, upon texts by Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Casimir Delavigne, Emile Deschamps, Millevoye, Manzoni, &c. His *Lac* obtained a European reputation. In 1827 he produced upon the Italian Theatre a work in two acts *La Casa nel bosco*; then successively at the Grand Opera, *Stradella*, *Marie Stuart* and *La Fronde*. With the valuable assistance of M. Dietrich, the skillful chapelmaster of the Madeleine, and recently appointed chief of the orchestra, at the opera as successor to Girard, deceased and of M. d'Ortigue, author of the great *Dictionnaire Liturgique* published in 1854 by Abbe Migne, there is no doubt that Niedermeyer will produce pupils worthy of his pure and classic taste. Familiar with the music of the great old masters through his participation in the concerts of the Prince of Moskwa, he will be able to give a healthy impulse to contemporary sacred and effectually oppose the fall of the art.

The Abbot of Solesmes, Prosper Gueranger, has also rendered eminent services to the liturgy by his important publication. (*Institutions Liturgiques, Année liturgique, and Histoire de Sainte Cecile*.) But let us return to the history of the chapel music.

The imperial chapel at the Tuileries was solemnly dedicated, Feb. 2, 1806. Lesueur was appointed director; Rey, Master of music, Rigel and Piccini organists and accompanists. Before this Paisiello, director of the chapel of the First Consul, had had a salary of 12,000 francs per annum, with a dwelling and carriage free. He composed 16 complete services, a grand mass for double chorus, a *Te Deum* and prayers for the imperial coronation.

Jan. 1. 1812, an order was sent to Zingarelli, then chapelmaster of St. Peter's at Rome, for him to compose a solemn mass for choir and orchestra for the imperial chapel. For this work, which was composed in 8 days, and was executed Jan. 12th, 500 francs were paid. In 1814 and 1815, great changes occurred in the chapel, Lesueur became joint superintendent of the music to Louis XVIII., with the illustrious Cherubini. Later, Plantade joined these eminent artists in the capacity of master of the music.

March 14, 1820, a *Requiem* by Cherubini was sung at St. Denis, at the funeral services for the Duc de Berry.

May 29, 1825, were executed at the coronation of Charles X. at Reims, a mass by Cherubini, anthems and a *Te Deum* by Lesueur. July 25, 1830 the last mass by the Chapel Royal, was sung at St. Cloud. King Louis Philippe having suppressed the chapel this old institution was not revived until our own day by the present Emperor, Napoleon III., who who has given its direction to Auber, the illustrious pupil of Cherubini.

In closing this paper let us rapidly review the main facts in the history of (Roman Catholic) sacred music, as exhibited in the excellent *cours complet de plain-chant* published by M. Adrien de la Fage. He divides *plain-chant* into four sections: 1. Recitation, 2. Psalmody; 3. Plainchant properly so called, 4. Hymnody. In the remarkable appendix to his works, he makes these four divisions correspond to the four historic epochs of sacred music. His first epoch extends from the Christian era to the time of Constantine, A. D. 300; the second, from Constantine to Gregory the Great, 300—600; the third from Gregory to Guido of Arezzo, 600—1000; the fourth from Guido to the time of figurative music, 1000—1400. La Fage adds to them the epoch of decay—that is from the 15th century to our era. In fact, dramatic music has soared so high in our time, as to far outstrip its mother; but we are of opinion that the latter may yet be renewed and elevated if composers of talent in general would occupy themselves seriously with it and could be properly rewarded for their labors.

The most ancient hymn of christianity is doubtless that sung at the Last Supper by Jesus and his disciples, after the example of their master James and Paul recommended the singing of hymns and spiritual songs. Justin and Origen mention hymns sung by the early Christians; Eusebius, John Chrysostom, and Clement of Alexandria recommended song without instru-

mental accompaniment. At first the psalms of the Jews were used, then the septuagint Bible, then the old Latin version, which is still in use in the Basilica of St. Peter at the Vatican. Hymns in verse date from the third century.

Recitation with a sustained pitch and musical accent, was performed in the synagogue by a principal singer, called the *Khasan*; by the Greeks *Protopsalte*; by the later's *Cantor*.

The canonical *Hours*, or seven daily prayers, and the divisions of the year into determinate periods, were introduced in the second epoch.

"The usages of the East and Greece were introduced into the West by Pope Damasus and through the exertions of St. Ambrose, bishop of Milan, to whom is attributed the music of the *Prefaces*.

There was a regular ceremony of investiture, accompanied with a benediction, when one entered the ranks of the singers; and the candidate was exhorted to sing with his mouth, what he believed in this heart and to prove his faith by his works. (*Vide ut quod ore cantas, corde credas; et quod corde credis operibus comprobas.*)

A singing school was established under Pope Sylvester and St. Hilare; the *Graduale* an important part of the ritual, the execution of which was given to the most skillful artists, was named from the *Ambon*, the slight elevation or step, where they recited the Gospels, epistles and canons. In 450, in the time of Theodoric, appeared the fine books *de Musica* by the learned Boethius. The school of St. Gregory, directed by a *primicier*, was continued until 1377, in time of Gregory XI.

Charlemagne introduced the Roman ritual into his chapel in France and the organ gave great vigor to the progress of musical composition.

The first missal dated at Paris saw the light in 1507 and the *Graduel des Chartreux* was printed in the same city in 1578.

Palestrina was charged with the revision of the offices by Gregory XIII.; before his death he had reached the end of the *Graduale*, *De tempore*; after that event his son caused the work to be finished by an unknown musician and sold the whole as the work of his father. The fraud was discovered, the contract was annulled, but unfortunately the original manuscript disappeared.

Guidetti, a pupil of Palestrina, published the *Directoire du Choeur*, the *Office of the Holy Week*, the *Passions* and the *Prefaces*; all of which had been revised and appeared by Palestrina.

In 1614 and 1615 an edition appeared at Rome containing the reformed chant, by order of Paul V., this work was probably directed by Giovanelli, the successor of Palestrina, and chapelmaster at the Vatican. Similar editions appeared at Paris after the year 1636, published by Vitray and Cramoisy.

We refer to the above mentioned work of La Fage for the bibliography of works upon the plain-chant. He gives a learned and detailed list of all the principal works to be consulted upon this subject; we note in it:—

1. Flores Musicæ omnes Cantūs Gregoriani, published at Strasburg in 1458;
2. Antiphonarium et Graduale, Paris, 1649, 1655;
3. The Editiones at Nevers, 1658, 1696 and 1734;
4. Methods of plain-chant by Jumilhac, Poisson, Lebeuf, Gerbert, Abbé Roze, Fetis, Clement, Nisard;

5. Gerbert's Collection in 3 vols. 4to;

6. Antiphonary of St. Gregory, edited by Lambillotte;

7. Ortiue's *Dictionnaire liturgique*.

We add to this list the *Traité d'accompagnement du plain-chant* by our learned friend, Stephen Morelot, and we have all the necessary works.

The revive the ancient liturgic traditions in all their purity, it is desirable to establish in the Holy Chapel at Paris, a model ritual, which may serve as a type for other churches and which would be marvellously suited to the beautiful architecture of the edifice.

A word in closing upon choral singing in France, which it would seem must be improved and extended by the multiplication of the *Orphons*. Choron, Wilhem, Hubert, Gounod, Chené and other professors less known have developed in the laboring classes a taste for such music which may well be considered a preservative against bad passions.

Here we have precious elements for a glorious future of the art; we have but to learn to direct them and we shall soon obtain grand resources for all the festivals and solemnities both civil and religious.

NOTE.—M. M. Bazin and Padeloup have just succeeded M. Gounod in the direction of the *Orphons*. M. Delaporte devotes himself to this matter with indefatigable activity.

### On Rudimental Instruction on the Piano.

BY F. PETERSILEA.

#### No. III.

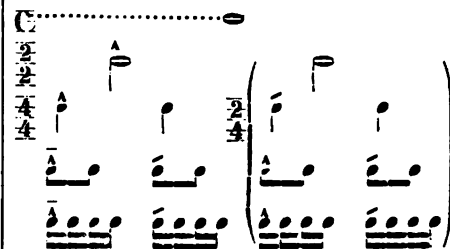
Finger, Wrist, and Elbow Action; Mechanical and Melodious Touch—have been spoken of in the former letter; it has also been stated, that mechanical and melodious touch stand to the pianist in the same relation as pencil and brush to the painter, that the beginner has nothing to do with the latter. Even as nature employs the elements of matter in endless variety and combination without showing classification, so does the artist in his limited sphere; but the beginner needs the most systematical arrangement, division and subdivision, whether he studies Chemistry, Natural history or Music.

To secure a correct mechanical touch, it is of the most importance, that each action (Finger, Wrist, and Elbow), should be separately taught in a suitable course of exercises and studies; that Wrist action must not be employed, until Finger action is thoroughly learned. It is therefore self-evident, that five finger exercises claim our first attention; but before I can move another step, I must speak of Accentuation, the first element of a correct mechanical touch.

In looking at the first little lesson an intelligent pupil may naturally inquire. What is the object of these numbers 2-4, these barlines and measures, as you call them? I will tell you. Music is somewhat like the language you speak and read. Words are arranged in the sentences, phrases and periods, without which arrangement language would be unintelligible; a right application of Accent or Emphasis is also needed, to prevent confusion. When you read a poem, you may notice particularly an accented syllable regularly followed by one or two unaccented ones; this arrangement is called *Rhythm*. It is even so in music. These numbers 2-4 show, that in every measure are two notes—quarter—of which the first is the *good note* (nota buona) the second the *bad note* (nota cattiva) or call them the accented and unaccented note; if you like it better. But as your lessons will soon become more difficult, and have a greater number and variety of notes in every measure, I will show you a little table, by which you can learn at once a correct accentuation for all future occasions; It is the ingenious work of Gottfried Weber.

A measure or bar contains either two or three beats; in the first case it is *Even time* (common), in the second *Uneven time* (triple).

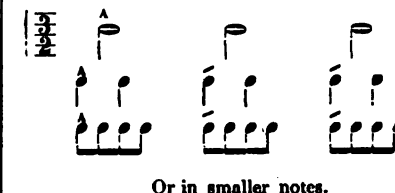
A. *Even time with even divisions.*



*Even time with uneven divisions.*



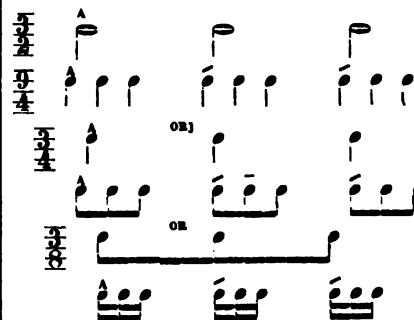
B. *Uneven time with even divisions.*



Or in smaller notes.



*Uneven time with uneven divisions.*



The figure ^ indicates the greater, / the smaller accent.

In the group accents fall on the 1, 3, 5, and 7 note; the fifth is twice as strong as the third and seventh, the first twice as strong as fifth; there is consequently but one heaviest note in every bar. These accented notes are beats to be counted; accustom yourself, while doing so to indicate their relative force by a corresponding tone of voice, don't say: o-o-one, two-o-o, drawing out each word as if you were measuring tape. Speak each word short, brisk; but one with particular energy. Notice further, that it is better to count one, and two and, if four beats must be counted, instead of one, two, three, four; speak the word and in the lightest manner, and drop it, as soon as the counting of two beats only becomes advisable.

I return now to the *Five Finger exercises* or lessons.

It is a strange mistake, to occupy the scholar for the first few months with the useful but uninteresting, unharmonious, unmelodious five-finger exercises of Aloise Schmidt, Hummel, Herz and others of the same description, for they have in the first place no musical interest, attraction, and secondly furnish no opportunity for reading bass notes or playing an independent part with the left hand; but the eye must at the very start be made accustomed to overlook to parts, and to read the lower before the upper, or no future period will ever entirely repair the mischief of merely reading the melody and giving only occasionally attention to the accompaniment.

If the first lessons are to be of any service, they must possess the following qualities:

1. Compass of five keys.
2. All the attraction of Melody and Rhythm, which any good tune ought to have.
3. A suitable bass, by which the left hand is trained equal to, and independent of the right.
4. Last but not least: *The same note must not occur twice or more times in succession*; for the same key cannot be repeated correctly, except by a motion of the second finger-joint (as in the Tremolo) or by wrist-action, neither of which the scholar has learned yet. The unavoidable consequence would be a stiff movement of finger and wrist action combined. The lesson must be so constructed, that the notes can be played in an uninterrupted *legato*, until a correct finger action is thoroughly secured.

The easy little tunes, recreations and amusements, (not possessing this quality) which are usually intermixed with the dry, repulsive finger exercise like sweetmeats with bitter pills will not only neutralize all the good of the latter, but force even on the best scholar a stiff, entirely unmechanical touch, in spite of all the teacher may say.

(To be continued.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Ludwig van Beethoven's Life and Works.

BY ADOLF BERNHARD MARX.

Translated from Dr. F. Brendel's Review, by G. A. Schmitt.

(Concluded from page 365.)

#### II.

It is not granted to the artist of the nineteenth century to stand in the frigid elevation of clouds and let the nations and their fate pass beneath him, as if wrapped in mist. From the eighteenth century Goethe carried over into the nineteenth the spirit of an age complete in itself, the spirit of plastic quiet. "Nothing of politics," said Stein \* to Arndt,† as the latter saw him walk with Goethe, through a cathedral at Cologne, "the man is too great to take a part in our struggles." Let us rather say, Goethe's soul was gifted by nature with a double vision. He looked back on the still, peaceful world of the eighteenth century and then again an endless perspective full of future generations opened before him. The time of strife he had passed through in his youth. Finished, self-sufficient, he could not but be cold and unsympathising with the ideas of the times. A different case it was with Beethoven. He first came upon the stage in the time of struggle, as a son of the epoch beginning in 1789. He saw the world without in endless strife, all the forces unchained; and just so fate had ordained it for him, to pass within his own heart through one of the hardest struggles that ever fell to the lot of mortals. It is well-known that he was hard of hearing already in the time of the 2d symphony. Afterwards he became deaf. Weak-minded critics, as an excuse, as it were, for his grandest works, pretended that he was crazy too. Others attempt to deduce his "errors" from this deafness. Marx, however, clearly proves — if there be need of proof at this day — that his deafness did not affect

his musical creative genius; that it merely entered the "outer halls" of his art, merely injured his (piano)-playing.

The result of his struggles and this lively sympathy with the world without him, is his third symphony, the Eroica. It was first dedicated to Napoleon Beethoven, full of the grand ideas of the republic of Plato, saw in him the hero, who endeavored as a tyrant, as a dictator, in the sense in which the Greeks understood the word, to restore a disjointed commonwealth. To celebrate this hero, Beethoven wrote the symphony, "Bonaparte." When the news reached him that this hero had "soiled himself by a grease-spot," as Heine expresses it, Beethoven changed the title and the work appeared, entitled, "*Sinfonia eroica composta per festeggiare il sovvenire d'un grand'uomo.*" It is ascertained, beyond doubt, that "the Eroica" was finished before Beethoven received the news of Napoleon having declared himself emperor. This refutes all the nonsense concerning changes which Beethoven was said to have made in the Eroica in consequence of the fall of the French republic. Marx took the trouble of thoroughly proving this untrue. His refutation of Oulibicheff is one of the most splendid passages of the book. The Russian holds, like Fétis, the opinion, that the second movement of the Eroica was really nothing but the Finale of the symphony in C minor. The difference in key, the absolute absence of all connection between the two movements, then the historical facts, and last of all the C minor symphony itself, as we shall see, are sufficient proofs that this view is superficial and arbitrary.

It is a different thing with Wagner's view. Wagner does not take the historical facts into account. His explanation of the Eroica is based on the inner life, on motives simply taken from the nature of man. He sees in the hero the full, the whole man. In accordance with this, Wagner states the artistic contents of the work as the manifold, powerfully mingled emotions of a strong, perfect individuality to which nothing human is alien, but which contains within itself all that is truly humane, and sets them forth in such a way, as to arrive, after most openheartedly showing all the noblest passions, at a most satisfactory perfect statement of its nature, combining most sympathetic tenderness with most energetic strength, &c. (Marx I. 283.) This view is not in opposition with the work. It merely generalizes, as Marx correctly observes, the idea, which prompted Beethoven to write the work. This "music of the idea" was the momentous progress on the path of which Beethoven entered in the Eroica. While music until then had only expressed emotions, it now began to represent life, that is to say, complete situations of life, with its own means, according to the idea, to the idealized image, which had formed itself in the artist (Marx I. 281). Music proceeded in the opposite direction with poetry. The latter began with the epos and ended with lyrics; the epic element was introduced into music at the beginning of our century by Beethoven. We have to deny ourselves the pleasure of following Marx in the excellent analysis, which he gives of this instrumental epic. We merely mention, what real pleasure his exposition of the Finale gave us. To us likewise it always appeared like the image of peace, the object of war.

We need not be astonished that the Eroica pleased less than a symphony by Eberl, according to a statement in the "*Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung.*" The thinking-apparatus of the public is ponderous, and the critic is as a rule but the obliging tribune of this unorganic mass of people, called public. That need not surprise us. Oulibicheff, after all a man of esprit, hears in one place of the first movement, the death-rattle, expressed with that "truth too faithful," which becomes an untruth in the domain of art. Marx (I. 303) reminds him of the man possessed by

an evil spirit in Raphael's Transfiguration, of Lear, Othello, Æschylus, Dante, &c. Useless labor! Why trouble such persons, that find to this day, Lear too awful, Richard III too fearful.

(To be continued.)

### Ludwig Rellstab.

(Continued from page 373.)

Meanwhile, he transferred his place of residence to Frankfort-on-the-Oder, in order to be able to undertake, free from interruption, greater works. He here drew up the plot for his tragedy of *Karl der Kühne*, which he afterwards completed at Weimar. He now commenced his travels, continuing them almost every year to his death, for the purpose of obtaining on the one hand, by intercourse with eminent persons or suggestive characters in the social and artistic world, matter for his productions, and, on the other, in order to elevate himself by the charms and magnificence of nature, which he loved like a child.

We accompany him with interest to Dresden, where, during 1821, he passed a pleasant time—associating, as he did, with C. M. von Weber and Ludwig Tieck—and, especially, took a great interest in the celebrated evening readings of Tieck; to Baireuth, where Jean Paul most cordially welcomed him in the bosom of his family, and where in the "Fantaisie" and "Eremitage," now so well known through the "Siebenkäs," and more especially in the little hostelry of the wonderful "Frau Rollwenzel," he enjoyed many hours of the most interesting conversation, and conceived the highest respect for the great poet; to Weimar, where he made a lengthened sojourn; where he was a constant visitor of Goethe's daughter-in-law, Ottilie von Goethe, and where on, several evenings, he was present, with Zelter, at the parties in Goethe's house, often deeply moved by the great poet, but, as a general rule, not feeling captivated by his aristocratic and reserved demeanor, particularly when he remembered Jean Paul. We here find him making the acquaintance of Johanna Schopenhauer—the mother of the celebrated philosopher—Hummel, Riemer and Eberwein. We likewise are informed of an interesting evening at Goethe's, when Zelter introduced his pupil, Felix Mendelssohn, then twelve years old, to the prince of poetry, filling the latter with surprise and admiration at the boy's great musical talent.

In Heidelberg, Rellstab formed the acquaintance of Kreuzer, and that original, Thibaut, so esteemed for his old Italian Gesangverein, and whose work, on the Purity of Music, created a sensation in its time. Welcker, Moriz Arndt, A. W. von Schlegel, F. Hebel, and Caroline Pichler pass before our gaze, and we possess from Rellstab's pen characteristic sketches, which, with as much penetration as love, exhibit to us the sayings and doings of these various individuals. What captivates us most, however, is Rellstab's intercourse, in 1825, with Beethoven, the sick genius, nearly crushed by his mournful fate. What we glean from this residence of Rellstab in Vienna is not important in an artistic light; he often visited Beethoven, and conversed with him by means of a writing-tablet; but, as far as Rellstab is concerned, the Beethoven conversations are worthy of attention, because the touching tenderness with which the young poet was treated called forth, in his *Reise Mittheilungen*, one of those admirable sketches, where overflowing sensibility and respect for the object described go hand in hand with the most artistic form of style.

If we cast a glance over the career of our friend up to this time, and also recollect the condition of political newspapers at that period, as well as the limited interest possessed by the articles for the general reading public, it cannot be denied that a man of Rellstab's talent, thus cultivated and precisely in its prime, would, if gained over for a journal, invest with preponderating importance any paper for which his services might be secured. In addition to this is the fact, that on returning from his interesting travels in Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, to Berlin, Rellstab found that capital in a state of art-enthusiasm produced by Henrietta Sontag, and which formed a glaring contrast to his travelling impressions. A reflex of his opinions on this head is to be found in the saucily satirical sketch of character, published under the title of *Die schöne Henrietta*, a sketch, in which so delicately clear a light, speaking in a literary sense, was cast upon sundry individuals in Berlin, besides the fair idol of the day, that the author's reputation in the capital was firmly established from that moment. For a *feuilleton* writer the ground was sufficiently prepared; the only thing needed was the seed from which not only the varied pictures of Berlin society, but also the serious truths of scientific and artistic life shut up.

The then editor of the *Vossische Zeitung* was Herr Lessing, a commissary of justice, and descended from

\* Prussian minister.

† Professor at Bonn and famous champion of the German cause against Napoleon.

a branch of the family of the celebrated poet and critic of the same name. This gentleman secured the young author's services. On the 31st October, 1826, Kellstab's first criticism appeared in the *Vossische Zeitung*. His talent for communicating art impressions, and conveying in his writings the innermost thoughts of the public, went on increasing year by year, and attained its culminating point in 1847, after which date the political life of Germany, nay, more, of Europe, entered a completely new phase. Pecuniary losses, occasioned by the year of the revolution, and many other dispiriting causes, crippled, in some degree, his mental energy. His opinions and feelings would not accommodate themselves to the new development of political life, and he abandoned a considerable portion of his usual labors. We must, therefore, bear in mind the period we have mentioned if we would properly appreciate the services he rendered to newspaper literature.

With the greatest possible impartiality—for the love of truth shall have as great a share as friendship in our sketch—we will go through Kellstab's musical criticisms belonging to this part of our subject. We are presented with a picture gallery of the artistic individualities who shone, during a period of more than twenty years, in the art-firmament of the educated world. We first read notices of Mad. Sontag, Catalani, Schechner, Sessi, Heinefetter, and Milder. Subsequent years make us acquainted with Hummel, Fräulein von Schätzel, Paganini, and Schröder-Devrient. To these we must add the names of Mendelssohn, Kalkbrenner, Wild, the brothers Müller, and Mad. Schechner-Wagen. After 1835, there appear in the foreground artists better known, and more popular at the present day. Among these we make the acquaintance in their most brilliant impersonations of the more or less important members of the Theatre Royal, who belonged for some time to that establishment. Herren Bader, Mantius, Krause, the ladies Von Fassmann, Louise Schlegel (Mad. Kröster), and Tucsek, excite our lively interest, while the concert-room, as well as the stage, is from time to time transiently illuminated by stars of the greatest splendor. Clara Novello and Pauline Garcia, the Sisters Milanollo and Jenny Lind, Vieuxtemps, Thalberg, De Bériot, Liszt, and other great artists come under this category. There is no scarcity either of elaborate judgments on eminent art productions, both novelties and revivals. We read with lively interest minutely critical notices of Bach's *Passionsmusik*, of *Fidelio*, of Bernhard Klein's *David*, of Löwe's *Sieben Schläfer*, of Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and of other works

(To be continued).

### Church Music in New York.

Trinity Church Corporation is the richest religious institution in the country, and has under its management one church (Trinity) and three chapels, viz; Trinity Chapel, St. John's and St. Paul's.

Trinity Church stands on Broadway, at the head of Wall street, and is widely known for the beauty and purity of its architecture, and the height of its steeple, which is the tallest on Manhattan Island. It is in the lower, or business part of the city, and its congregation is composed mainly of the floating population—hence it has been designated the Metropolitan Church.

The music of Trinity, which is of the ancient ecclesiastical style, has always been quite celebrated for its excellence, and a large sum of money is appropriated annually to its maintenance. Dr. Hodges, who officiated as organist here for many years, and had many admirers in all parts of the Union, was afflicted with paralysis some two years since, from which he has never fully recovered. He is now residing at West Point, and has been succeeded by Mr. H. S. Cutler; formerly of the Church of the Advent, Boston, who fully sustains for the music of this church the high reputation which it has always borne.

The organ is the largest, as well as the most extensive, ever constructed in this country, with one exception—that built for St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church at Albany, by Simmons & Willcox, of Boston. It cost about twelve thousand dollars, and was built in the year 1846, by Henry Erben, of this city, under the supervision and after the designs of Dr. Edward Hodges. It has three manuals, the keys of each giving a distinct foot tone, and contains 44 stops, which is not an unusual number, but each one of these represents a much greater number of pipes than in most organs: there is one *thirty-two foot* stop in the organ.

The base is a beautiful piece of workmanship of the Gothic order, in harmony with the architecture of the church, 40 feet in height, of solid oak, richly carved, and was designed by Richard Upjohn, Esq., architect of the church.

The music of this church is what is technically termed the choral, or cathedral service, which consists

in introduction by the Priest or Minister on a given monotone, with responses by the choir in full harmony, and it is the only church in this country where it is carried out in its integrity. The choir is composed of boys, sixteen in number, who sing the soprano and alto parts, with six men to balance them in tenor and bass. All are placed in the chancel after the English style, which is said by the highest authority in such matters to be the only proper place. They are robed in white surplices, and ranged on the *Decani* and *Cantoris* sides, facing each other; the chants, psalms, etc., are chanted antiphonally, the full choir coming in with excellent effect on the *Gloria*. In connection with the church a Chorister's School has been established for the education of the chorists, who belong mostly to the middle and wealthy classes. Two hours each day are devoted to their musical instruction, which is directed most efficiently and thoroughly by Mr. Cutler, organist of the church. None are admitted to this school except those who can pass a critical examination, both as regards natural musical capacity and quality of voice. Their ages range from ten to sixteen years. Mr. Cutler has discovered that one of these boys, Walter Fernandez, of Spanish birth, and now about 12 years of age, possesses a soprano voice most remarkable for its upward compass, which extends to C in *alt.*—almost the highest note ever attempted by the most noted female soprano singers. Mr. Cutler's voluntaries are short, and always extemporized.

Trinity Chapel is located on 25th street, near Broadway, and was built in 1855 at a cost, including ground, of \$225,000. It is a remarkably substantial structure in the Gothic style, and measures 180 feet in its extreme length inside. The walls are built of free stone and lined with the French Caen stone. The internal decorations and ornamental details are of the polychromatic style, finished in the highest style of art, and are in perfect keeping with the architecture throughout. It is located in one of the most fashionable quarters of the city, and its congregation is made up of the *déite* of New York society. The organ, when completed, will be one of the first class, with 44 stops, but at present not more than half that number are in use; it is placed to the left of the chancel, entirely concealed from the view of the congregation. The design and peculiarities of arrangements are those of Doct. Hodges of Trinity Church, and the builders are Messrs. Hall & Lorbagh of this city.

The organist, Mr. William H. Walter, is a gentleman of much experience, having served in this parish fifteen years, and played in all of its churches; he is the author, or rather compiler, of a very superior collection of music, and his style of playing shows that he is possessed of a most thorough and cultivated taste. He is fortunately not at all hampered by the caprices of clergy or congregation in his selections, which occupy a position midway between the ancient English, and modern secular *quasi* operatic schools, and embrace within their scope the compositions of such as Purcell, Boyce, Doct. Nares, Clarke Whitfield, Jackson, and Doct. Hodges, together with many of his own; his voluntaries are selected mainly from the *chefs d'œuvre* of Mozart and Haydn. The choir is a double quartette, comprising six professional singers and two amateurs; we can safely say that, as a whole, it is second to none in New York; in fact the congregation—being a very appreciative one—would only tolerate the best of music. The sum of \$2500 is appropriated annually for music in this Chapel.

Many of our church choirs contain amateurs who become eminent in the course of time as musicians, and these are great incentives to their joining in this capacity, for, in the absence of *Conseillers de Musique* in this country, many persons, finding themselves possessed of musical abilities, enter the service of the church, in order to enjoy the facilities here extended for practice; and, at last, the finest voices and most skillful performers, grow into notoriety through this means. Such has been the case with not a few of our public singers.

At St. John's Chapel, in Varick street, there is an organ built by Thomas Rohjohn, in 1841, which, though over twenty years old, is a very good one, and celebrated for its diapasons. It is enclosed in a rich black-walnut case, of the Grecian style, very highly ornamented. Mr. George F. Bristow, formerly of St. George's Church, is the organist, and, as his merits are well known, we will not speak of them in detail on the present occasion. The choir is a quartette, made up of the following: soprano, Mrs. Holder, alto, Mme. Stoppel; tenor, Mr. J. W. Good; and basso, Mr. Henry Tucker. Their execution of the music displays much beauty and grace.

St. Paul's Chapel, on Broadway, adjoining the Astor House, is one of the most ancient of our city churches, and contains an organ built in England by one England of London, some sixty years ago. It was a good one in its day, but has been very materially altered, and the character of it entirely changed

It is presided over by Mr. Michael Erben, a brother of Henry Erben, the celebrated organ builder, and son of Peter Erben, formerly organist of Old Trinity Church. He is a most able performer, and one thoroughly qualified in every way to direct the music of this church. The choir is a double quartette, and the music is finished and thorough in every particular.—*Evening Transcript*.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 28, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha," Piano Solo.

### Editorial Correspondence.

NEW SERIES.

No. VII.

A WEEK IN DRESDEN, CONCLUDED.

BERLIN, Dec. 27, 1860.

Much more might be told of that week; but I must make an end of it, simply recalling of the next day's experiences (Nov. 2). First a morning delightfully spent, with an artist for a guide, and with a musician, full of fresh enthusiasm for all things beautiful, for companion, among the famous paintings. We went first to the atelier of Professor Hübner, who has so admirably catalogued the Dresden gallery, and spent a pleasant half hour in examining his poetic designs for the *Treppenhause*, or entrance hall or stairway, of the royal gallery, in which the rise and progress of Art and Civilization are presented in a series of exquisite allegorical frescoes—for he too is one of those industrious geniuses, who,—like Cornelius, like Kaulbach (in the *Treppenhause* of the Berlin Museum), Schnorr (in the *Nibelungen* frescoes at Munich), Schwind (in his legend of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, and of the minstrel contest at the Wartburg—the best of them all, to my mind)—keeps perpetually weaving, over all the walls of German palaces, the rainbow web of classic and Teutonic fable, and heroic memories, and moral meanings. With this obliging, informed Virgil for a guide and an interpreter, we ascended into the Paradise of the Royal Gallery. (Pardon the inaccuracy—Virgil, I believe, never got beyond the Inferno;—much that you find in these galleries, however, would justify the use of the latter term; for it is surprising how few of the old painters could resist the fascination of such subjects as the Last Judgment and the agonies of sinners.) And so we saw the Raphael Madonna, and the Correggio, and the Titians, and the Holbein, and the other immortals; saw much in each that we should not have seen with our mere dilettanti laymen's eyes; among the rest a little picture from the earliest period of Da Vinci, of which the authorship was first discovered by internal evidence by the Professor, and afterwards conclusively confirmed by documents. The exposition of the evidence, in the painting itself, was such a lesson in Art as one seldom gets in wandering through famous galleries, who is not himself a painter. Our guide is; so we must let him return to his rainbow weaving; while we, left like two children in a field of flowers, roam about awhile longer, from picture to picture, wherever anything attracts, without aim or method, without haste or rest, until the sense is weary and one sees more with the eyes shut than open. Everybody knows that no occupation fatigues brain and body so soon, as looking about in a picture gallery. The reason



is, because it is neither the one thing nor the other, neither occupation nor release from it, neither study nor amusement, neither work nor rest; but a sort of uncertain, contradictory distracting *limbo* between both states; it has neither the active repose of concentrated and creative thought, nor the passive repose of pure *abandon*, flinging all thought away; a hundred things half occupy you, but none occupies entirely; a hundred lovelinesses seem to fascinate and to seize hold of you, but not one has possession of you. Such is the fatality of "doing" picture galleries; while he who goes to study or to copy, in right earnest, may stay there all the hours of daylight and come away no more fatigued than mother Earth by spinning on her axis. Yet do not suppose that it is not good to look and see all one can. The lesson of all this is, simply, do not try to see more than you can, at once; leave off when the brain grows weary; look as long as looking is a real delight, and not a fancied one painfully pressed upon you by an avaricious sense of duty. In such fresh hours some things, the best things, at any rate the best things for you, will certainly commit themselves to your memory, without much trouble or anxiety on your part. To be sure, there is much to be said for one who is in a hurry, who, like all travellers, finds himself continually in the tantalizing dilemma of splendid opportunities and short time. But we are continually reminded that opportunity is twofold; there is both outward and inward opportunity, or, in the technical phrase of metaphysics, objective and subjective opportunity; and either without the other profiteth a man little. Food is good, but not without appetite, and appetite is fever without food.

Secondly, a play of Shakespeare in a German theatre. One could strain a point, and even go out of time and out of mood, to seize such an opportunity. (How inconsistent we, like most preachers, are!). For have we not often heard it said, that nowhere can one see a play of Shakespeare so well done, so conscientiously and so artistically in all its parts, as in the Royal theatre in Dresden? And that there are few Shakespearean actors in our day superior or equal to Herr Dawson. So we went to see him enact King Richard III. He certainly has many of the qualities of a great actor, though I should not (at least from this experience) think of comparing him to the elder, or even to the younger Booth. He has thoroughly studied and conceived his part, and gives you a consistent individuality. There is subtlety and magnetism in him. You are impressed with power, and of the masculine imaginative sort. But we in America have certainly seen greater. In his utterance he is not free from a certain French nasal tone, which seems to be a common trick of German actors. In Berlin one might take this for a tradition from the times of Frederic the Great. The acting and scenic presentation of the piece, too, as a whole, was good, better than one sees on an American stage—so far as it went. But the expectation of completeness was not met. There were large and most extraordinary omissions and curtailments. Here, to be sure, were no bad actors; several were excellent:—refreshing contrast to our cheap, demoralizing system of trusting to the attraction of one great actor, while all the secondary parts are caricatured. In Germany you see artistic conscience even in a theatre.

There was one thing, however, that could but annoy a lover of Shakespeare, and all the more if he chanced also to be musical. The tent scene of Richard, the vision, was accompanied by fits and starts of miserable melo-dramatic music in the orchestra (Rietz did not conduct that night);—not such music as Beethoven put to "Egmont," or Mendelssohn to the Fairies, but a poor, sulphurous, blue light kind of instrumental *spukerei* by some obscure composer, no doubt manufactured for the occasion, which seemed entirely untrue to the character and dignity of German Art. I must believe it to be exceptional. For an overture, too, was played that by Cherubini to *Elisa*, a thing of an entirely different character from Richard.

Nov. 3. The golden harvest moon episode is over. A cold Novemberish day, colorless and black, for my last in Dresden. But if the morning frown without there is summer within. The violin is willing; preludes and fugues of Bach, toccatas, passacailles, what not, pass off the forenoon very satisfactorily, interspersed with chat with artists.

In the evening Weber's *Preciosa* at the Opera—or rather, somebody's four-act Gipsy drama of *Preciosa*, with dance and music by Weber. This was an experience to give one a new faith in the stage. It was the pure ideal of romance; a thing so free from any taint of coarseness, commonness, flat sentimentality or dullness, that it seemed rather to enact itself immediately in the visionary chambers of the brain, than in an artificial theatre. It was altogether beautiful, in music, scenery and action. The impression, it produced was fresh and sweet as spring. Mere light and pretty fancy as the little play is in itself, it becomes so ethereal and transparent in von Weber's music, and somehow music, stage-machinery and actors all conspired so happily to make an exquisite poetic whole of it, that its effect on the mind was far more edifying than that of many things which contain more matter and aim higher. One only wished that there were more of the music; for what there is of it is of the very finest, most imaginative that ever came from Weber's brain. The overture, the song of *Preciosa*, the Gipsy dances and marches, are perfect in their way; and rendered that time by an orchestra and chorus, under Rietz's direction, not to be surpassed. That scene of the Gipsy encampment in the woods by moonlight, with the well known chorus: *Im Walde*, was the most ideal whole of music, scenery and grouping that I ever witnessed. The moonlight was real. The perfection to which the arts of scenery and stage effect are carried in the best theatres in Germany would astonish some of our friends, who rest so happily in the belief that the Boston Theatre and the New York Academy of Music beat the world in these ingenious contrivances. Let them see *Preciosa* as I saw it in Dresden, or *Oberon* as in Munich, or "Midsummer Night's Dream" as in the Berlin Schauspielhaus, or *Lohengrin* as in the Berlin Royal Opera house, and they will think Boston and New York a century behind the age in these things. The way that one scene melts into another sometimes is magical; more like "dissolving views" than like any mechanical result of wheels and arms and pulleys. The part of the Gipsy maiden, *Preciosa*,—of course a stolen child of noble parentage—who exercises a supreme sway among the swarthy lawless tribe

through the pure spell of her beauty and her goodness, and who like a clear star therefore radiates a steady, holy lustre through the clouds and wild woods of the story, found a quite poetic presentation in the person, voice and action of Fräulein Ulrich. Dawson, as the Gypsy chief, seemed perfectly at home. It was a delightful thing to see and hear for once; and I should fear to see it a second time, lest the complete charm could not be repeated. The music, every bit of it, was choice and healthy. Having to leave Dresden very early in the morning, one could not carry away a more charming last impression of it. And that journey was to take me to the *Weihnachts Cantata*, or "Christmas Oratorio" of Bach the next afternoon, in Leipzig! D.

FLORENCE, JAN. 17, 1861. — A crowded audience—among whom was a large deputation of Americans—assembled at the Pergola last night to witness the first performance of Anna Bolena; it being also the occasion of Miss CHAPMAN's debut in opera. It was a judicious act on the part of this young lady not to assume the task of carrying the opera through upon her own merits; a mistake into which most novices, both upon the Dramatic and the Lyric stage are apt to fall; wisely enough the part of the heroine was sustained by Mlle. Masson, of Parisian fame, while our young countrywomen were cast in the less assuming, but somewhat arduous part of Lady Jane Seymour. It was surely no small thing for a young American girl to appear for the first time before an audience which has the reputation of being the most critical and the least merciful in Europe. Miss Chapman must have summoned to her aid her whole stock of self control to avoid being utterly overwhelmed with that most deplorable of catastrophes, a *stage fright*. She succeeded, however, in preserving a perfectly calm, dignified and yet thoroughly modest demeanor throughout the evening, which, together with her really imposing presence and an unusual share of beauty, seemed to impress the Florentine public favorably; upon whom personal attractions are never thrown away.

Miss Chapman's first cavatina, which has in itself not much to recommend it, and which neither displays the singer's voice nor excretion, was well delivered, and met with a complimentary reception. Her voice is a little too much for her yet and she does not quite get it under her control when she first begins to sing. It sounds a little bit hard as if needed oiling; but this oiling or mellowing comes as she goes on, and after the first two or three phrases it came out rich, full and pure, showing her hearers that this first requisite of a singer she possesses in an eminent degree, and of a rare and fine quality.

An unfortunate part of the performance for singers, audience, and certainly for the poor man himself was the terrible fiasco which the basso made in Henry the Eighth, from the moment he sang the first note, and which he increased and completed with every note he sang. As most of his part was sung with Miss Chapman it is wonderful that she was not involved in his ruin; but she had been instructed to go straight through with her part, and trust the keen ears of her audience to detect the culprit in the duo and trio both of which were utterly ruined by the false notes of the incompetent basso. His name is of no consequence and the sooner a kind oblivion covers it the better. "Non ragionam' di lui ma guarda e passa," at the close of the first scena between Lady Jane and the King there was a good deal of hearty applause and the king appeared leading the favorite by the hand. They bowed and retired, but this would not do; the applause continued louder than before. Again they appeared, and this time the applause was mingled with hisses and groans. The two retired once more, and then there were loud cries

of *Sola! Sola!* and the young debutante came out alone amid most hearty cheers and vivas, testifying that these severe critics were as anxious to encourage her for doing well, as these were determined to mortify and disgrace the other for doing badly.

The long scene in the second act between the Queen and Lady Jane was the gem of the evening and one of the bright spots in a dragging and uninteresting opera, despite a great deal of lovely music that is in it.

I may congratulate our young countrywoman upon having made a most favorable impression upon a public, willing to express approval if pleased, but who are most cold blooded, — not to say brutal — in their condemnation of mediocrity. Here there is no such thing as "damning with faint praise, as with our good natured audiences; but a smart shower of hisses, and even sometimes loud shouts of "*Bestia*" and "*Animale*" are the sure punishment of perhaps, such a trifle as a false note.

Miss Chapman, of course, is yet ignorant of *stage business*; that can be obtained only by practice and familiarity. Her best friends must desire to see her continue as at present in parts of second importance, till she has accomplished all that well-directed industry has in store for her.

At present the voice of Miss Chapman is a pure soprano, remarkably fine in the upper notes, but most pleasing in the middle register. It has a clear penetrating quality which will render it effective in the largest theatres. It has not much of the warmth or sympathetic quality of the best voices that I have heard. Neither is it a willing voice like Alboni's; but yet it is a voice that will make her fortune anywhere after it is thoroughly broken in. To the zeal as well as skill of her accomplished teacher, Signor Luigi Vannuccini belongs a great deal of praise for the excellent method he has observed in his course of instruction, as well as for the thorough manner in which he prepared Miss Chapman to go before so critical a public in this past.

In conclusion let me say that all of Miss Chapman's defects are memorable blemishes on a field of fair promise; her future is in her own hands. She has every thing to *hope* for, if she will let *hope* be the word and back it with effort.

J. L.

### The Bards.

The Orpheus Club attracted a great audience on last Saturday evening that quite filled the Boston Museum, to hear the operatic travesty, "the Bards." We can give no better notion of the plot than by copying the abstract which was distributed to the audience. The performance was in *German*, but no one who did not understand the language could fail to understand the main points, so admirably was it acted.

"The Bards" are a set of Drinking Druids, who, while vowed to abstinence from spirits, exhibit in their persons and manner a frequent departure from their vows. The opera opens with a chorus in which they relate their laws and duties. One Bard accuses Stiefel of having drunk beer, and his instant punishment is demanded. He is accordingly led away to await his doom. The Chief being left alone indulges in a private eulogium upon his favorite beverage, gin. While thus employed, the Grand Priest enters and detects him in the forbidden enjoyment. But instead of being angry, he is induced to pay his own respects to the bottle and they conclude with a mock heroic duet. Freia and Piefke then enter. She was once a servant maid named Julia in a Berlin tavern, where she was met and won by Piefke, a cockney tailor. He leaves her, and after being turned away, she strays among the Bards and becomes one of them. There she attracts the notice of the High Priest who makes love to her, but unsuccessfully. Piefke finds her out, and while she is telling her story, they are discovered by the jealous Priest. They beg his forgiveness with burlesque pithos and fire; but, on learning that they are married and have a son, he calls in the Bards, denounces them, and they are led away to prepare for death.

The second act opens with Piefke bemoaning his fate alone. The Chief enters and informs Piefke that he is his uncle, and was once a cobbler. He promises Piefke, that if he will aid him in exposing the Grand Priest, who has also broken his vow, and whose place the Chief is desirous of obtaining, his own life and that of Freia may be saved. The Bards then enter leading Freia, and Piefke is struck with terror. But, gaining courage, he accuses the Grand Priest of having broken his vow. The latter is searched and a gin-bottle is found in his pocket. The Grand Priest, in his turn, accuses the Chief, and both are led away to execution. Piefke then implores Freia to fly with him to Berlin; but she upbraids him

with cowardice. While thus debating, the Bards without proclaim Piefke their Chief. At first he refuses to accept, but Freia says, that if he does not, she will kill herself and Fritzen, their son: he finally consents. Fritzen, a tall, blonde, gawky youth, is brought forward. The old men are pardoned, and the opera ends with a grand hurrah over the new Chief.

Of course, the whole thing is a broad burlesque, the music as much so as the words, although such burlesque music as only a real artist could write. The trills, roulades, cadenzas, were of the ultra Italian operatic style, while the dramatic situations, *posers* and points, reminded you of all the operas you had ever heard up to this time.

The music we should have stated is by Julius Freudenthal, director at the Court of the Duke of Brunswick.

The whole force of the "Orpheus" made up such a male chorus, as no opera company ever vouchsafed us, of musical voices, and perfect training it is superfluous to say. In the costume, of the priests in Norma, their action was spirited and funny, most refreshing to behold, after the conventional gestures and movements of the opera choruses, to which we have been so long accustomed.

The principal solo parts were taken by Messrs. Langerfeldt, Schraubstädtler and Jansen, and very admirably were they given. Beside being as our readers very well know, perfectly at home in the music, with voices of the best, they were perfectly at home in all the stage business, as few amateurs are whom we have ever seen upon the boards. The first named gentleman as Freia, the priestess (dressed à la Norma) was inimitable; his gentle movements and feminine graces would have put to shame some Normas of the stage, and only the tall stature and flowing manly beard betrayed the sex. If there were a fault it would be that the Freia, half servant girl half priestess, was made too lady like. A funny contrast was the lover Piefke (Mr W. Schraubstädtler) in blue swallow tailed coat, white hat and all the airs of the Berlin tailor so ludicrously in contrast with the priestly robes of the others. The grand duo of the chief priests, after the manner of the Puritani duet, was rapturously applauded and repeated, the aged priests waving little star spangled banners (of thirty-four stars, we trust) after the fashion of Bndiali & Co. Nor should we forget the blonde four old Fritzen, whose infantile tricks added much to the effect of the denouement.

The piano accompaniments were finely given by Mr. Leonhard, the orchestra parts not having arrived. A crowded house would attend to witness a repetition of the Bards.

*Vivat hoch!* Long live the Bards! — at least such jolly bards as our old friends of the Orpheus represented. Little music we have had in these troublous times, whilst listening for the first gun from Fort Sumter; little music of a grand, or even grandiose style; all the more welcome, therefore, this delightful mess of nonsense, this musical farce, fit to be done on Twelfth Night, before the Abbot of Unreason, with Don Quixote on one side of his chair and Bombastes Furioso on the other.

The libretto has been spiritedly rendered by our townsman, Mr. C. J. Sprague, but no translation can give a full idea of the mock-heroic doggerel, the homibastic commonplaces, the verbal infelicities of the original. The music, though intended as a burlesque upon the Italian school is, for the most part, really excellent, with flowing melodies, strongly marked rhythm, and finely wrought cadences; and much of the fun of the opera depends upon the linking together of the absurd nonsense or prosaic sentiments with music of a stirring character. Throughout the first act we have a travesty of the style of Bellini and Verdi; in the second act the composer has paid his compliments to Meyerbeer with laughable effect. Unfortunately the orchestral parts could not be obtained in season, and the performance was accompa-

nied only by a grand piano; but it was easy to see that the tricks of the operatic composers are most cleverly taken off here, as well as in the vocal score.

The Bards are dressed in imitation of the Druids in "Norma," and many of the situations are suggested by that opera. They are bound to abstinence from alcoholic drinks and yet are obliged each to carry a bottle; from which, of course, they drink in secret, and as was said of Old Simon the Cellarer;

— "ho! ho! ho! his nose doth show  
How oft the black jack to his lips doth go."

Piefke, a tailor turned poet, is the hero, most artistically represented by Mr. Wilhelm Schraubstädtler, the well known tenor and teacher of music. In Germany a tailor is known by the slang name of *huck*; so that when in a duet with his mistress the syllable *ma* is repeated in the tone of a bleating kid, the allusion brings roars of laughter from those familiar with the language. The goddess of his idolatry, *Freia*, (the name of a Scandinavian divinity) was formerly a bar-maid, and had been secretly wedded to the aspiring tailor. Being surprised in their interview by the Chief of the Druids, they are condemned to death; notwithstanding which they fall on their knees and beg for his blessing. "Nein," he sternly answers. "Your blessing!" they cry. "Nein!" "Just a little blessing!" "Nein!" "The least bit of a blessing!" "Nein!" "Then let it alone; we'll do without it." Piefke is the personification of a coward and his tremors are as amusing as the fright of Bob Acres; but in the end, for no reason whatever, he is made chief, after stipulating that he shall have a thousand dollars salary; and the first act of his reign is to allow an unlimited drinking of schnapps.

*Freia* we had supposed would be either a tame failure, or a broad bit of impropriety; but nothing could be better than Mr. Langerfeldt's performance of this part. His costume was so absurdly like Norma's, and the feminine walk, air, management of long skirts, and mode of holding a handkerchief were delightfully hit off. Indeed, we should have supposed that this gentleman, as well as Mr. Schraubstädtler, had been old stagers, familiar with the boards, and instructed in all the by-play that fills out the ensemble of the scene.

The chief, a solemn personage, was Mr. Jansen, a basso of considerable power and sterling merit. *Oroldes* (*quasi Oroveso*) was represented by Mr. Carl Schraubstädtler with admirable spirit. At one point he and the Chief sing a very heroic duet, and being recalled they rush down to the footlights, as we have seen our Italian baritones in *I Puritani*, bearing little flags, and roaring out the refrain with ridiculous emphasis and over-gesticulation.

Some of the changes are very sudden and mirth-provoking. Thus in a chorus *Schlaet ihn—Kill him &c.*, conceived in a truly tragic vein, the music shifts imperceptibly into a polka movement, and all the rage ends in froth. And in the last act when *Freia* sings a ballad (of which Meyerbeer himself might have written the music) and the chorus join in a lugubrious strain, leaning on each others shoulders, the ternary rhythm becomes at once a waltz, and all go spinning round like tops.

Perhaps the finest portion of the music is in a martial quartette near the close, a magnificent four-part song; but this, as usual, is set to the most nonsensical words.

*Fritzen* should not be forgotten. Although supposed to be four years old, he comes on the stage a man in size but wearing nanikin jacket and trousers, and greatly addicted to molasses candy.

Throughout there is a mixture of languages, German, French and Italian; the hackneyed phrases of the opera appearing in every burst of passion; e. g. *O cruel Piefke mio. O Piefke mai*, and the like.

The choruses were admirably sung; full, sonorous, well balanced and vigorous. It would be a treat to

hear a serious opera with half as good a chorus. We must give our thanks to Mr. Kreissman and his associates for a series of hearty laughs, a pleasure not often enjoyed in these serious days. And so *Vivat hoch!*

We understand that the performance will be repeated within three weeks.

CONCERT BY MR. J. EICHBERG.—Mr. Julius Eichberg is going to give a concert at the hall of Messrs. Chickering a week from this day (2d of March). As the former concerts of this artist presented music to please the most fastidious, so this promises to be one of pure excellence. Mr. E. is going to play among other things a Sonata with piano by Bach, the piano part being taken by Mr. O. Dresel; the Chaconne by Bach and a Violin Concerto by himself. The Orpheus Quartette Club will sing three songs, Mrs. Kempton two and the Mendelssohn Quintette Club will play Mozart's Quintette in C. This programme together with the excellence of the performers ought to attract a full house. The Sonata by Bach alone would be worth going for, being played by two artists like Messrs. Dresel and Eichberg.

#### Concert at the New Catholic Church.

A new Catholic church has been erected on Harrison Avenue in this city, called the Church of the Immaculate Conception. It is a very large edifice of white granite, in the renaissance style; and whatever may be its faults to critical eyes, it has by far the most imposing interior of any place of worship in our city. It was opened to the public for the first time last Sunday evening for a sacred concert given under the direction of Mr. J. H. Willcox the accomplished organist of the church. The choir consisted of twenty persons, among the most cultivated of our singers. The programme embraced some of the well known masterpieces of church music; the *Benedictus* from Mozart's Requiem Mass, the *Kyrie*, from his Mass No. 7, Hummel's *Alma Virgo*, a magnificent *Ave Maria* by Donizetti, and Handel's *I know that my Redeemer liveth*. The music was admirably performed and its effects were greatly heightened by the grand acoustic properties of the building.

It might be invidious to speak of individual excellences, but we must mention Mrs. Harwood's splendid success in the great air from the "Messiah," Mrs. Fowle's fine performance of Hummel's great solo, and Mrs. Kempton's feeling and graceful singing of Franz's *Ave Maria*. Mr. Powers, whose sonorous voice and finished style are well known, was unfortunately under a cloud, being quite ill and hoarse, and therefore unable to do justice to *Pro peccatis*.

As a whole the concert was truly delightful and was enjoyed by the audience, we are sure, more than any similar performance for a long time. The vast church was densely thronged, every seat being taken, and the ample aisles, as well as the enclosure of the altar and the singer's gallery being completely filled. Indeed, some people, who ought to have known better, appropriated the seats of the choir, so that not only the gentlemen but the ladies, fatigued with the day's duties in church, were forced to stand during the whole evening.

The concert will be repeated to-morrow evening, and we have no need to bespeak a full house as it is sure to be crowded.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The novel attraction of the Bards, drew us away from the Mendelssohn Concert on Saturday evening, but we learn that the concert was well attended; and the programme is worth putting on record.

1. Introduction to the Bohemian Girl.....Balf
2. Adagio, from Quintette No. 8, op. 100.....Reicha  
For Flute, Oboe, Clarinette, Horn and Bassoon. (First time.)
3. "Souvenir de Haydn." Solo for violin.....Leonard  
William Schultze.

4. Aria, "Possenti numi,"—Magic Flute.....Mozart  
Mr. J. W. Emerson.
5. Nonette, in D minor, op. 77, (First time).—G. Onslow  
For Violin, Viola, Cello, Bass, Flute, Oboe, Clarinette,  
Horn and Bassoon.

Allegro—Scherzo—Tema con variazioni—Finale, Introduction and Allegretto.

6. "Souvenir de Spa,"—Fantaisie for Violoncello. Servais  
Wulf Fries.

7. Finale. 2d act of "Robert le Diable.".....Meyerbeer  
Arranged by T. Ryan.

At their concert this evening the Nonette of Onslow is to be repeated.

THE ORCHESTRAL UNION.—All will be glad to see announced in another column, a series of afternoon concerts at the Music Hall, to commence on Wednesday next, Feb. 27th.

The mere announcement of orchestral music should be enough to fill the hall to overflowing, after so long a fast from everything of the sort in this city.

Their programme embraces the Fifth Symphony, the Tannhäuser Overture and many other good things.

THE DIARIST IN ENGLAND.—The Athenæum gives the following notice of our "Diary," Alexander W. Thayer, Esq., from which we learn that he is in England. The columns of this Journal ever since its first number, bear witness to the industry and zeal with which he has pursued his labors and we hope that the suggestion of Mr. Chorley will meet with a cordial response from those who can aid him in the prosecution of his researches.

Mr. Thayer, the American gentleman who has been for some years collecting materials for a life of Beethoven in all parts of the Continent, is now in England, with a view of making researches here. His gatherings, we believe, have been extensive, and made with a scrupulous desire for accuracy. It would be only courteous in any real admirer of music and of Beethoven, belonging to this country, who may have contributions in store, to afford this gentleman the opportunity of examining them. We shall be happy, in default of better means, to be the medium of communication with him.

MISS HENSLEY.—At a concert recently given at the royal palace, Lisbon, Gazzaniga, Miss Hensley and the father of the young King of Portugal took part. Gazzaniga, says *L'Eco d'Italia*, after the concert was presented by the King with a diamond brooch. This *prima donna* is not the only musical character of that name. There was a Signor Gazzaniga (born at Cremona in 1743, and died in 1817), who was a voluminous composer, and who wrote an opera on the old plot of "Don Giovanni."

CLASSICAL MUSIC.—In a notice of Mr. Carl Gärtner's concert in the *Phil. Bulletin*, we find the following:

There are many who fancy that because music is *Classical*, it is too dark and hidden to be understood by ordinary hearers. All we would ask of such, is, have you an intelligent, educated mind? Then go and listen, not once, but two or three times, and we think you will decide there is some interest for you in the highest field of musical art. We look at and enjoy the finest paintings and statuary, not because we understand how the artist selected and arranged his palette; how he directed his lights and shades; how he shaped and rounded the bust so full of life's breath; how he moulded the head, telling of the strong intellect; but because his mind speaks to ours through the great work his Maker has given him the talent to create. And so it is with the musical art. We feel a great spirit is speaking to us in his language which appeals to our sense of hearing, just as the other spoke to us in his language through the sense of seeing.

We scarcely hope these matinees will become popular. A purely intellectual entertainment, perhaps, never can be so. But we trust they will be patronized by those who feel life has higher aims than the rapid making and frivolous spending of money, and who believe an hour so spent must be more profitable to themselves and children, than in the idle walking of our fashionable thoroughfares, or the reading of much of the literature of our present times, the enervating effects of which we must daily lament.

SILENCE IN NATURE.—It is a remarkable and very instructive fact that many of the most important operations of nature are carried on in unbroken silence. There is no rushing sound when the broad tide of sunlight breaks on a dark world and floods it with light, as one bright wave over another falls from the fountain, millions of millions of miles away. There is no creaking of axles or groaning of cumbersome machinery as the solid earth wheels on its way, and every planet and system performs its revolutions. The great trees bring forth their boughs and shadow the earth beneath them—the plants cover themselves with buds, and the buds burst into flowers: but the whole transaction is unheard. The change from snow and winter winds to blossoms and fruits and the sunshine of summer is seen in its slow development, but there is scarcely a sound to tell of the mighty transformation. The solemn chant of the ocean, as it raises its unchanged and its unceasing voices, the roar of the hurricane, and the mighty river, and the thunder of the black browed storm: all this is the music of nature—a great and swelling anthem of praise, breaking in on the universal calm. There is a lesson for us here. The mightiest worker in the Universe is the unobtrusive.

### Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, FEB. 12, 1860.—Last night Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera* was produced according to the announcements. The house was crowded, and the illuminations used at the Prince of Wales Ball were again brought into service and with admirable effect. It was, indeed, a brilliant sight, the ladies were superbly dressed in the full opera costume, which of late had been abandoned. There was one lady in a left hand proscenium box, who attracted great attention from her resemblance to the Empress Eugenie. She was tall and slender, had a queenly bearing, an arching neck and wore her hair brushed back, while her head was adorned with a magnificent gold crown—head-dress it could not be called—on which were clusters and flowers of emeralds and rubies, spangled with dew-drops of diamonds. An elderly lady in the same box, dressed in deep black, and wearing a white cap served as a contrast to the gorgeoussness of the Crowned Lady. The entire party were strangers, and during the intermissions between the acts attracted the attention of thousands of curious admirers.

There was also that delightful rustle of satisfaction about the house which a full and well-dressed audience always induces. Everybody saw acquaintances on the opposite side of the house, and the bobbing and nodding gave quite an animated appearance to the scene. The artists of the opera were themselves amazed at the superb *coup d'œil*, and afterwards declared that never, even in Europe, had they beheld such a magnificent sight as that which met their eyes from before the footlights.

But what about the opera. A good deal about it. I suppose you will clip from the New York papers a description of it. I enclose the *critique* of the *Times* of this city which I fully endorse and you can use it if you please, and save yours to command, a vast amount of trouble. You can print it or not as you please. (Next week, Signor Trovator.)

I wish I were a person of huge importance, for then my opinion would be worth having, and I would write to Mr. Verdi a letter something like this:

Dear Sir: I believe I am acquainted with all your best operas, and I don't think that, all things considered, you have produced anything yet superior to your *Lombardi* and *Ernani*. Your *Ballo in Maschera* exhibits a great deal more scientific research than either, and is the most dramatically consistent of all your operas, notwithstanding its ridiculous plot. The finale of the second act is the most effective thing of the kind you have ever written, and I say this with a full recollection of the Miserere scene, of the quartet in Rigoletto, and of the finale to the second act of the Vespers. You have done for opera writing something akin to what Thalberg did for pianoforte composition. He, taking a melody, added to it an accompaniment, thus enabling one performer to play simultaneously the two parts—something scarcely ever thought of before. You have managed to delineate simultaneously on the stage, by the most appropriate and characteristic music the most diverse passions, so that, unlike other Italian composers of concerted pieces, the strain which serves for one

character will not serve for another, but sung together they produce the most admirable harmony, like the different colors in a great painting. A celebrated composer wrote a waltz in two parts, either of which played separately was a perfect waltz in itself, is much boasted of by his admirers; but you, Mr. Verdi, have carried this art to perfection, and his waltz is a mere toy that one can pull into grotesque shapes by a string, while your great concerted pieces are like earnest, living humanity.

Why then when you can do things so well, do you stick in the *Ballo* those soft commonplace airs, as I suppose they must be called, which have no melody but which are mere sequences of notes without anything to recommend them? You know you can write real melodies, and if you had thrown some more of them into your latest opera, it would have been better for its popularity.

Come over to America. You would be received with delight by all excepting a few American Dutchman. By these I mean a class of Americans who have embraced more Teutonic ideas about music than the Teutons themselves and who view Italy as a musical Nazareth, whence no good can come. Fortunately these people though they talk a great deal are quite harmless.

You are the greatest living composer, excepting, perhaps, Meyerbeer and Rossini, and just now are more popular than either of these two; the Americans like your bold, vigorous style, and it would be a great card for you to write an opera for an American house, and to come over and get it up yourself with Muzio. I don't suppose people would go wild about you as a general thing or get up noisy ovations; but you would receive a welcome from the great body of our music lovers such as no other living man could as spontaneously call forth; and Verdi, with all his European popularity, might consider such an ovation from the New World as the most royal and gratifying he has ever received.

So, Mr. Verdi, I close with thanks for the great enjoyment your music has afforded to many of my countrymen and countrywomen; and gratitude that I did not live and die before the composer of the *Ballo in Maschera* is one of the strongest emotions experienced by  
TROTATOR.

CHICAGO, FEB. 14, 1861.—The fourth Philharmonic Concert, last Saturday evening, Feb. 9th, was another decided success for the managers of these excellent entertainments. Nothing else of the kind has ever gathered so much of the culture, the refinement, the wealth and fashion of the city as these occasions. FABBRI seems to be greatly pleased with the cheerful patronage and warm appreciation extended to her in our city, and she continues to draw long after the novelty of a first impression is worn off. The more the public hears, the more it wants to. Her resources are inexhaustible. On the stage, she is ever amiable, complaisant and self-possessed, while she never disappoints the expectant public by negligent attire, or careless and indifferent singing. This, superadded to her matchless powers, is one great secret of her popularity here. She tries to please and always does please.

1. Sixth Symphony—Pastoral—, Op. 68, in F major. Beethoven.
2. Aria, from "Bellario".....Donizetti.  
Mr. C. R. Adams.
3. Grand Scene and Aria from "Nabucco".....Verdi.  
Madame Fabbri.
4. Piano Solo.....Mulder.  
Mr. Richard Mulder.
5. The brightest eyes, (By request).....Stigelli.  
Mr. C. R. Adams.
6. Das Schwabenmadel.....Proch.  
Madame Fabbri.
7. Carnival de Rome, Burlesque, arranged by....Balatka.

The performance of the Symphony was most creditable to Mr. Balatka and to the orchestra, and its effect upon a large and appreciative audience, which,

for nearly an hour, gave unremitting attention, was a reward indeed. Mr. ADAMS, of Boston, kindly assisted at the concert. He has a sweet tenor voice and a very correct intonation. In the Aria from *Bellario* the large orchestra was almost too heavy for his powers. His style suits the oratorio and simple song. In the latter he gave us the "Brightest Eyes" most admirably.

#### New Publications.

OLIVER COLLECTION OF HYMN AND PSALM TUNES, SONGS AND CHANTS. A National Lyre for use in the Church, Family or Singing School. By Henry K. Oliver. Boston: Oliver Ditson.

No book of sacred music (by which in this connection we mean *psalm tunes*), has more commended itself by its intrinsic excellence than the "National Lyre," edited some years ago, by the compiler of the work under notice. In connection with Messrs. Tuckerman and Bancroft. Especially to quartette choirs has it proved a most acceptable and useful book, by the care with which the music has been arranged for the use of such choirs by the pleasing character given to the individual parts and its agreeable harmonies, quite remote from the commonplace run-of-mill of most books of this character.

"Oliver's Collection" has the same characteristics as the National Lyre and we see that many of the best tunes of the latter collection are transplanted bodily into the new one. A longer experience has suggested to the editor, (who is an amateur well known in the community as the late Mayor of the City of Lawrence, and former head of one of the great manufacturing corporations there) a large number of tunes which he has added: some of them quite new to this generation, although by the best English composers of this kind of music. Of the contributions of the editor himself, we need only say that the beautiful and familiar tune *Federal Street*, is one of his compositions, to prove that they are not the lowest in the order of merit in the book. The original tunes contributed by Dr. J. F. Tuckerman (also an amateur) are likewise worthy of note, as among the most pleasing and useful in the collection. The usual elementary instructions commonly prefixed to such collections are omitted so that the whole book is devoted to music, embracing beside the tunes, anthems, motettes, chants, &c. We know that some are a little disposed to sneer at a new book of *psalm tunes*, and would look upon the space and time as wasted that is devoted to nothing such a collection. But this book is not one manufactured to sell, but is the result of a long and loving service in the music of the church, and a selection guided by such an experience of what is best adapted to the ordinary service of our Protestant churches in this country, is likely to commend itself at once to our church choirs.

DINORAH.—LE PARDON DE PLOERHEL. Our publishers have added this new and to us unknown work of Meyerbeer's to their series of operas. We observe by an exchange that it was to be performed in New Orleans Feb. 4th, and in the course of time we shall doubtless hear it in Boston. Meanwhile it will be pleasant for our opera loving readers to become familiar with its melodies and prepared to listen to its performance with intelligence. This edition is printed from English plates, uniform with the vocal score of *Don Giovanni*, published some time ago. The type is clear, both of the music and the words which are given in English and Italian, (the translation by H. F. Chorley, Esq.)

MARTHA.—The piano solo arrangement of Flotow's *Martha*, now in course of publication in these pages, has just been issued complete by the publishers. No opera perhaps is better adapted for transcription for the piano than the bright and sparkling *Martha*, and it will be a pleasure to many to revive by this outline the pleasant memories of the admirable performances of this charming opera which we have heard in Boston.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, for January, (Republished by L. Scott & Co., New York, received from Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co. Contents: Ancient Ballads; Alcohol; What becomes of it in the Living body; Canada; Bible Infallibility; "Evangelical Defenders of the Faith;" The Neapolitan and Roman Questions; American Slavery: the Impending Crisis; Cavour and Garibaldi; Dante and his English Translators; Contemporary Literature.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW, for January. Contents: Canada and the Northwest; The Welsh and their Literature; The United Netherlands; The Iron Manufacture; Italy; The dogs of History and Romance; The Income Tax and its Rivals; Essays and Reviews.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW for January (L. Scott & Co's edition) has been received by Nichols, Lee & Co. Contents: Church Expansion and Liturgical Revision, Japan and the Japanese, The Victoria Bridge, Political Ballads of England and Scotland, Ocean Telegraphy, Autobiography of Dr. A. Carlyle, Motley's History of the United Netherlands, Forbes and Eyndall on the Alps and their Glaciers, The Kingdom of Italy, and Naval Organization.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

From my childhood. Duet.

From "*Bianco, the Bravo's Bride*." 25

Another favorite number in the string of gems from this opera which has just been published.

Child of my heart. Song. C. E. Kimball. 25

A very attractive parlor song of medium difficulty.

New England left out in the cold.

C. E. Kimball. 25

Received with great applause at the concerts of the author in the Eastern States.

Allie May. Song and Chorus. G. A. Cargill. 25

A new minstrel song with a taking air, easy to sing.

Yes, I dreamt I was Queen of Air. S. Glover. 25

One of those pretty lively airs in strongly marked rhythm, of which Glover's facile pen has furnished so many, most of which please young singers immensely.

#### Instrumental Music.

Fra Diavolo. Ferd. Beyer. 50

From the Boquet of Melodies set, containing the familiar gems of the Opera, of medium difficulty.

Reward of love. T. Oesten. 35

A new number of the "Bygone hours," a collection of highly interesting piano-pieces in the style of the "Sounds of Love" and not less beautiful than these.

Ecume de perles. (Champagne.) Grand Etude de Concert. C. Voss. 75

A sparkling "Brindisi" which well deserves the fine sounding name the author has chosen for it. It is not more difficult than Voss' popular operatic arrangements. Taken altogether it is perhaps the most pleasing piece of this class which has been issued for many a day.

Governor Grey's Schottisch. Maria J. Jones. 50

A pleasing Schottisch with a handsomely illustrated title-page.

Danish Polka. (Lotte is dead.) Jul. Weel. 25

A new contra-dance which is becoming very popular. A description of the figure is added to the music.

#### Books.

ZUNDEL'S MELODEON INSTRUCTOR.—The complete Melodeon Instructor, in seven parts. Designed as a thorough Instruction Book for the Melodeon, Seraphine, Eolian, Melopean, Organ, or any similar instrument. By John Zundel. 2,00

This work is not only an "Instructor" but in every sense a "complete" instructor for the melodeon and instruments of like nature. Its contents embrace all that can possibly be looked for in the form of instructions, examples and exercises. It is universally pronounced the most thorough instruction book of the kind, and is recommended by Lowell Mason, Emilius Giese, Wm. B. Bradbury, and every one who has examined it.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 465.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1861.

VOL. XVIII. No. 22.

## The Union.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Still sail thou on, O Ship of State!  
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!  
Humanity with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!  
We know what Master laid thy keel,  
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,  
Who made each mast, and sail and rope,  
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,  
In what a forge and what a heat  
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!  
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,  
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;  
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,  
And not a rent made by the gale!  
In spite of rock and tempests' roar,  
In spite of false lights on the shore,  
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Sketches of French Musical History.

### VIII.

#### OPERA.

1548—1700.

We spoke in a former paper of the introduction by the Brotherhood of the Passion of the theatre into France through the performance of mysteries—grand show pieces in which music played an important part. From 1528, the period in which the Parliament put a stop to the representation of religious subjects, plays of *profane*\* character, but always lawful and decent, were given in the theatre of the hotel de Bourgogne. Jodelle imitated the ancients and was followed by Grevin, Garnier, Hardy, Saint-Gelais, Theophile, Racan, Mayret, Gombauld, Rotrou, Scudery, du Ryer, and finally by the immortal Peter Corneille.

We refer those of our readers, who are curious to study thoroughly that interesting epoch to the history of the French Theatre; we will only remark that Jodelle, in 1630, filled the entr'actes of his tragedies by the singing of verses of a moral character, and that at a later date an orchestra took the place of these singers.

To show farther that the theatre was originally held to be a proper place of amusement, and that if immoral pieces have occasionally crept upon the boards, it was only through abuse and corruption, we cite an extract from the *Declaration* of the King, Louis XIII., upon the subject of the Comedians, given at Saint Germain, April 16, 1641.

"Fearing that the comedies represented with such good effect for the amusement of the people are sometimes accompanied with improper performances, which leave bad impressions upon their minds, we have formed the resolution to give the orders necessary to put a stop to such

\* As we say "profane history."

improprieties. To this end, we forbid, by these presents, signed, with our own hand, all comedians to represent any improper acts, to use any words of lascivious or double meaning, which can offend the modesty of the spectators, and this under the penalty of being declared infamous.

"In case the comedians aforesaid contravene our present declaration, it is our will that our judges interdict the theatre, without however empowering them to inflict heavier penalties than fine and banishment. In case the said comedians so regulate the performances of the theatre as to free them from all impurity, it is our will that their profession, which is one to divert the people from divers bad occupations, shall not be imputed to them for blame, nor shall prejudice their reputations in the public opinion. And this we do, to the end that the desire of escaping the reproaches to which they have subjected themselves hitherto may be as strong a motive for restraint within the limits of their duty in the public performances which they give, as the fear of the penalties which will be inevitable in case they contravene the present declaration."

The opera is an Italian creation; the first essays are generally considered as the work of Peri, Caccini, Emilio del Cavaliere and Monteverde, who flourished in the 16th century.

In 1570, Charles IX granted letters patent to Antoine de Baif for the foundation of an Academy of Music. In February, 1577, the first Italian troupe, *gli Gelosi*, gave a performance to the Estates of Blois, under Henry III., then in session at Paris; and on Sunday, May 19, in the theatre du Petit Bourbon, rue des Poullies.

In the same year Baltazarini was called from Piedmont to Catharine de Medicis by Marshal de Brissac. This composer assumed the name, Beaujoyeux, and wrote in 1581 for the nuptials of the Duc de Joyeus the *Ballet Comique de la Royné*. The libretto text by d'Aubigne turned upon the adventures of Circe; Salmon and Beaulieu, chapelmasters to Henry III., wrote a part of the airs and recitations. The lyric part was by Lachesnaye, almoner to the king. We find in this work pieces for cornets and flutes; also airs for dancing, recitatives, chansons, &c., of pleasing melody. How companies of Italians came to France in 1584, 1588, 1608, and 1623. From the beginning of the 17th century, the lyric drama triumphed in Italy. Pope Clement IX. rhymed texts for operas, and Urban VIII. sent the Nuncio, Cardinal Alessandro Bichi to Louis XIII. who demonstrated to the king the possibility of giving operas in French.

In 1645, Cardinal Mazarin brought a new Italian Troupe to Paris, which opened at the Petit Bourbon, Dec. 24, with the *Festa teatrale della finta Pazzo*, a melodrama in five acts, by Balbi and Torelli, and according to Castil-Blaze the first French opera was given the following year at the Episcopal palace de Carpentras, under the title of *Akebar, roi du Mogol*.

In 1652, a seventh Italian opera troupe became

stationary, and played with success *Orfeo e Euridice*, and an opera ballet in three acts, entitled *Nozze di Teti e di Peleo* (Jan. 26, 1654). Innocent X. sent Cardinal de la Rovère to Paris; this Nuncio counselled Louis XIV. to cause French operas to be performed and gave the subject of a lyric drama to Abbé Perrin, who called in Cambert, organist of the church of St. Honoré, to compose the music.

Cambert, the first French dramatic composer, was born at Paris, about 1628, and became pupil of Chambournières upon the harpsichord. His first work was the celebrated *Pastorale en musique*, performed for the first time in April, 1659, in the chateau of M. de la Haye, at Issy. Its success was immense. There were seven characters represented, a bass, a barytone, a tenor, a contralto and three soprani. The principal parts were performed by the Milles de Sercamman, and the Count and Chevalier Fiesque. The king and Mazarin were so well pleased, that the work was again represented at Vincennes and Cambert was appointed superintendent of music to Anne of Austria. At length, June 28, 1669, the first operatic patent was granted to the Poet, Abbé Perrin, the composer, Cambert, the Marquis de Sourdeac, principal machinist, and Champeron, financier.

In 1661, Cambert wrote *Ariane*, which was rehearsed at Issy, but not represented owing to the death of Mazarin. In 1662 he composed *Adonis*, an opera which has been lost; but it was not until March 19, 1671, that the first performance of *Pomone* took place, but which ran eight months in succession.

There were in the first regular French opera five solo men's parts, four of women, fifteen chorus singers and thirteen instrumental players. The dances were directed by Beauchamps. Perrin's share of the profits, about a quarter, was some 30,000 livres.

*Les Amours de Diane et Endymion*, by Sablières (text) and Guichard (music) was performed at Versailles, Nov. 3, 1671; and *Les Peines et les Plaisirs de l'Amour*, a Pastoral, in five acts, by Gilbert, Cambert and Sourdeac saw the light at Paris, April 8, 1672. Lulli could not bear this series of triumphs; the cunning Florentine obtained the privilege of Perrin and put an end to the performance of the *Ariane* of Cambert.

Cambert went to London, produced his opera in presence of Charles II., and was appointed by that king superintendent of his music. But the blow was fatal. Cambert, who loved his country could not bear the success of an odious rival, who had driven him into exile. He died of regret and despair at London, in 1677, at the age of only 49 years.

In this manner France has too often sacrificed her national artists to strangers. It would be worthy of our opera to avenge the memory of the illustrious and unhappy Cambert by reproducing a work of this first French composer, whose glory it was to lay the foundation of our still existing imperial academy of music.

Jean Baptiste de Lulli was born at Florence, in 1633. Having studied the works of Roucetta, Cavalli, &c. he left Italy at the age of thirteen year and became scullion to Mademoiselle de Montpensier. His talents, as a violinist were greatly admired by that princess; but her favor was very soon lost. He was dismissed from her house on account of a satyric song. The author of the famous air *au clair de la Lune* studied the harpsichord and composition under the organists Metree, Roberdet and Gigault. He was naturalized in 1662 with the title of Esquire, and, after invading the places of Lazarin, Cambeport, Michael Lambert, he usurped in June, 1672, the letters patent of Perrin and Cambert, and erected a theatre in the tennis court of Bel-Air, rue de Vauvignard. His associates were the architect Guichard and the machinist Vigarani, of Modena. On the 15th of November, 1672, the house was opened with *Les Fêtes de l'Amour et de Bacchus*, in five acts, with a prologue.

*Cadmus, Alceste-Thesée* followed in order. A contract was made with Quimault, the poet, who received the 4,000 Livres for each book, and 2,000 Livres as a "gratification" sent by Louis XIV.

After the death of Moliere, Feb. 17, 1673, Lulli obtained the hall in the Palais Royal, where the operas was established from June 15th, 1673 to 1781.

*Le Triomphe de l'Amour*, opera-ballet by Ben-serade. Quimault and Lulli, was represented for the first time May 16, 1681. Mad'le de la Fontaine was the proclaimed queen of the dance.

Fifteen operas were composed by Lulli, from 1672, to his death, which occurred March 22, 1687. Among them we note *Psyche*, *Bellerophon*, *Proserpine*, *Amadis*, *Roland*. The other most successful ones were *Atys*, called the opera of the King; *Iris* called the opera of the musicians; in which was the beautiful Trio of the Fates; *Phaeton*, the opera of the people; and *Armida*, opera of the women. *Acis and Galatee*, the last work of Lulli, was first performed six months after his death. He was himself a very fine dancer and had composed twenty-five ballets.

In 1677, Dumenil, a cook, made his first appearance as a tenor singer in *Isis*, and therefore divided such parts with Clediere. After Rossignol and Beaumavielle, Gaye, Hardouin and Lafret distinguished themselves as bass singers. Thevenard, barytone, appeared first in 1675 in the *Grotte de Versailles* (in the part of Tircis) and continued upon the stage until 1730, when retired with a pension of 1500 livres. Mlle. Castilly created the part of Pomone; Mlle. Verdier gave Flore in *Atys* and later Mlle. Saint-Christophe distinguished herself as first songstress.

In 1680 Marthe Le Rochois, a pupil of Lulli, created the part of Arethuse in *Proserpine*, and afterward the beautiful one of Armida. This actress was not beautiful, but was admirable in recitative; she held the place of prima donna down to the year 1698. Her pension, upon retiring from the stage was but 1000 livres, but the chronicler adds that the Duc de Sully gave her an annuity of 500 livres.

The most remarkable dancers of that period were Beauchamps, Saint André, Pécourt, Dolivet, Bouteville and Balon.

Lulli gained a fortune of 800,000 livres\* in fifteen years. In his character this illustrious composer was extremely violent; we are assured,

that during his rehearsals he at times conducted himself towards the actors and even the actresses with a harshness amounting to brutality. His death is said also to have been occasioned by a movement of passion, viz., striking the cane with which he conducted with great force downward, instead of the floor he hit his foot. The wound became gangrenous and caused his death.

After Lulli, his son-in-law Francine obtained the privilege of the opera, of which the profits amounted to 60,000 livres per annum; and on the 30th December, 1698, Dumont was joined with him by the king. A period of decay in the opera followed which continued to the time of Ramcan, (1733).

Not to break our chronology let us say here a few words upon this period of transition.

Louis and Jean Louis Lulli, brother-in-law of Francine, played without success *Orphee* in 1690 and *Aleide* in 1693. Calasse, pupil of Lulli, who directed the orchestra, as well as Lauloutte (its chief to 1677), and who instrumented his master's works from the hints given him, brought out in 1687, *Achille et Polyxène*, and followed it up with eight other operas among which we may note *Thetis*, *Pe'ée*, and *Jason*. Colasse became an alchymist. He afterwards obtained the patent of the theatre at Lille, was ruined by a fire, and died finally poisoned by the vapors of his laboratory.

Teobaldo di Gatti, a Florentine, and for fifty-two years first violoncellist at the Academie composed for the theatre *Coronis* and *Scylla*. Marin-Maraïs, a celebrated viola performer produced *Ariane*, *Alcyone* and *Semele*. Desmarests, superintendent of the music of Philip V., gave to the opera *Dido*, *Circe*, and *Theagene et Chariclee*. Carpentier, pupil of Carissimi, produced his first work, *Medee*; Gervais gave *Meluse* in 1697; Mlle. de Laguerre composed *Cephale et Procris*; Lacoste brought out seven operas well forgotten in our times.

All these secondary works soon disappeared to make way for the *Europe galante* of Campra, which had a great success in 1697. The libretto was by La Motte. Its charming choruses are worthy of remark. Marthe le Rochois created the parts of Cephise and Roxane in the Ballet opera; and Mlle. Maupin aroused the enthusiasm of the public in the part of Clorinde in *Tancrede*, and Minerva in *Cadmus*, operas by the same author.

Campra was born at Aix en Provence, Dec. 3, 1660. We are indebted to him for the celebrated air, *Furtemberg*, and twenty operas, of which the most distinguished are, *Le Carnaval de Venise*, the *Ballet des Ages*, *Hesione*, *Camille*, *Tancrede*, *Iphigenie en Tauride*, etc.

Gualtier de la Ciotat, director of the theatres at Marseilles, Toulouse and Montpelier, produced a work, both the text and music, *le Triomphe de la Paix*.

The *Phaeton* of Lulli had great success at Lyons during the carnival, but the instrumental performers were not brilliant. The director was obliged to cry *gare tut!* (look out for the seventh!) when the note occurred upon the higher strings, and the player recoiled from the difficulties of the *Medee* and *Philomele* of Carpentier. (The air *Songes d'Atys* was the great stock piece

\*Supposing the old *livre* to equal the present franc, we have here about \$150,000. Money was then more valuable than now—would purchase twice or thrice the quantity of necessities.

in these times for violinists; *La Tempête d'Alcyone* took its place as such in 1706. Corelli's sonatas did not appear until 1715.)

The origin of the word *bricche*, synonymous with the mistake or oversight in music, may naturally find place here. The members of the orchestra being loudly blamed evening after evening by the Parterre for their faults of execution, resolved to be more careful in future and laid a fine of six sous upon every mistake or error made in public. With the proceeds of these fines, an immense *bricche* was purchased and eaten at the month's end—good care being taken to "wet" it properly. The guilty ones figured at the supper with a small *bricche* of pasteboard at the button hole.

The last work of any interest represented at the opera during the 17th century was *Isse* of Destouches, which brought its author a present from the king of a purse containing a 100 Louis d'or. Louis XIV. by the letters patent dated Feb. 25, 1699, granted to the general hospital at Paris a sixteenth of the receipts at the academy. Such was the origin of the *droit des pauvres* (rights of the poor) ever since deducted from the receipts of the theatres.

### Zelia Trebelli.

Signor Zelia Trebelli is of French descent, born in Paris, where her father holds a high government office. Her real name is *Gilbert*. Her musical talents manifested itself early; she therefore received instruction in piano-playing when she was only six years old, her first teacher being a German, which circumstance has greatly influenced the direction of her musical taste. These instructions on the piano were continued for ten years and made her an excellent pianist. The young girl was most fond of the study of Beethoven's sonatas and the well-tempered clavier by Bach. The parents, not thinking to make an artist of their daughter, brought her up for the elevated social circle in which they moved. When Zelia was sixteen years old she took a fancy to have singing lessons and her father desiring she should become able to sing ballads acceptably, secured a teacher for her in one *Fr. Wartel*, a German, who had formerly earned a fine reputation as an interpreter of Franz Schubert's musical poems, and of late has been connected with the Grand Opera in Paris. Wartel at once discovered the talent of the young girl, and persuaded the parents, by no means easily, to have her educated for the lyric stage. When their consent was obtained, Wartel devoted all his time, energy and knowledge to the instruction of his promising pupil. Zelia seeing that the Italian language would be of great service to her in the development of her voice studied it and subsequently resolved to go over the Italian lyric stage altogether.

In the fall of 1859, Signora Trebelli left her teacher and made her debut in Madrid with an Italian troupe. During the whole winter season she had such a success as beginners rarely attain. She first appeared as Rosina in the "Barbic," with *Mario* for the count. Her second essay was the Page in the "Huguenots." Her engagement in Madrid terminating in April, 1860, she returned to Paris and resumed her studies with Mr. Wartel, until July 1860, when *Merelli* engaged her for his Berlin troupe. She made her first appearance in Germany in the old city of Cologne, as Arsaces in "Semiramide" with the most decided success. She then went to Hamburg and finally to Berlin, where everybody went crazy about her. Her repertoire up to this day consists of Pierotto in "Linda," Orsini in "Lucrezia," Rosina in "Barbieri," Arsaces in "Semiramide," Fidalma in "Matrimonio Segreto," Urbano in "Ugonotti," Duchess

in "Luisa Miller," Countess in "Tre nozze," Azucena in "Travatore," Madalena in "Rigoletto," Cenerentola in the opera of the same name, Isabella in "Italiana in Algieri."—*Neu Zeitschrift*.

### Ludwig Rellstab.

(Concluded from page 380.)

Rellstab's musical education reposed upon undoubted talent. The latter was, however, not so highly developed, so far as technical matters and the syntax of the art were concerned, as to enable him to write a symphony or a quartet. That the power of doing so is necessary in a critic, will, however, be asserted only by an artist who may, perhaps, have learnt something, but who is deficient in the best and most requisite qualification. It is true that the technical and theoretical education of the critic must not be so far below the productions criticised, that he cannot see his way clearly everywhere, even in the score of a great work of art. But it must be remembered, that Rellstab wrote for a political paper, and for readers who desired to be informed from day to day, of what was going forward in the world. This object is satisfied by an innate taste for art, a general æsthetic education, the power of describing a thing popularly, and a warmth of sentiment which can excite sympathy and enthusiasm for art and artists. Critics like Fink, Gottfried Weber, and in some degree, Rochlitz, can give the musician many a suggestion worth remembering; but whether the divine spark larks within his work or production, they will not always be competent to say. In difficult cases, Rellstab could not do the first, but he was always able to do the last.

The task which he more particularly imposed on himself was to introduce the susceptible and educated men of the non-professional public and *dilettanti* into the magic realms of tone, and to foster in them a love for what is beautiful and grand in art. His decisions were, therefore, in most cases, of a positive nature, and seldom crushing; it was only when vanity and arrogance, qualities so frequently found in artists, came glaringly under his notice, that he cast into the scale the whole weight of his eloquent language and love for what is unconditionally beautiful. In all things, but more especially in his dealings with his opponents, he was frank and outspoken, accepting the combat even where he foresaw a defeat. All the worse for him! Openness and truth were fundamental traits in his character. Was he defeated in his contest with Spontini? The evidence is now tolerably complete. What share personal excitability had in the quarrel we will not inquire; both the persons concerned suffered and were punished.

With creative artists, Rellstab was mostly conscientiously severe. In this he was swayed by moral motives; art occupied so high a position in his eyes that he regarded an unsuccessful artist's career as the most unfortunate of all existences. Whoever starts with the notion that a critic must never be mistaken, and that it is a capital crime for him to contradict himself once in his life, may take as an answer many a beautiful confession of Rellstab's, such, for instance, as:—"With regard to my artistic errors and mistakes—how many have I committed, and how frequently, even now, am I doubtful whether I was right at first or afterwards. I do not spare myself, but give myself up with my contradictions and changing views. I stick to the French proverb, that 'he who never changed his opinion never had one.'" Rightly understood, this proverb contains a truth well worthy of our attention. When looking back over Rellstab's criticisms, we linger with heartfelt delight over the notices more especially dedicated to some particular impersonation or to the artist individually. This delineation of Leonore and Donna Anna, as performed by Mad. Schröder-Devrient in the year 1831; of the funeral service in honor of Klein, in 1832; of Fräulein Schechner in Iphigenia and Fidelio, in 1829; of Liszt's concerts, in 1841-43; but above all, his criticisms on the sisters Milanollo, the parts played by Jenny Lind from 1844 to 1846; and the artistic, loving memorial erected by him, in 1847, to that noble pair, Fanny Hensel and her brother Felix Mendelssohn, are specimens of characteristic musical criticism, in which fine critical perception plays quite as important a part as an ardent disposition entirely engrossed by its subject and held captive by the omnipotence of art.

Notwithstanding many an erroneous opinion with regard to details, Rellstab was always right in the long run. For the impressions of what is conditionally and what is unconditionally beautiful he possessed a degree of susceptibility which seized on anything certainly and quickly, and had the right word, the most intelligible and frequently most happy turns for what was to be described. This delicacy of perception on his part was not acknowledged by unprofessional men alone, but even by artists, and we recollect some

expressions of approval, nay, more, of astonishment, on the subject from Mendelssohn, who, as is well known, never hesitated to say freely what he thought. We are rendered acquainted with the humorous side of Rellstab's criticism—his gentle nature never turned to satire—in the twelve annual series of the little musical periodical, *Iris*, which was discontinued at the end of the year 1840. In this publication Rellstab discussed those musical matters of the day which came under his notice, and did not give him any particular trouble.

Rellstab's labors for the *Vossische Zeitung* extended, however, far beyond his duties as a musical critic. The editorship of the French article was for a long time in his hands, and he discharged his task with great prudence; occurrences in municipal and social circles, when described by him, always excited the interest of the reader; novelties in literature introduced by his pen scarcely needed any other advocate. He was, moreover, employed for a large number of periodicals published in other places; he educated singers, both male and female, for the stage, and wrote many volumed romances, tales, dramas, and poems. We possess his collected works, as published by Brockhaus, in Leipzig; but if we were to put all he has written into the shape of books, we might fill a whole library. Such restless activity required unusual natural gifts, quite as much as an iron will and unexampled industry. Among his works in the department of the *belles lettres*, besides some of his tales, the two romances "1812," and the one he wrote last, *Drei Jahre von dreissigen*, occupy the first place. There is no doubt that Rellstab's talent was most to be relied on in the description of occurrences and impressions. It happened, however, that he ignored this predominating faculty of his. In the project of recasting German opera, the noble end in view was worthy of praise; but Rellstab's strength was not sufficient for it; his dramatised *Eugene Aram* obtained a respectable success, because the original work came to his aid; his *Feldlager* was borne up, and that for a few years only, by Meyerbeer's music. For the course of the action arising from the most marked opposition of the various personages, for striking combination, by which the interest of the public is concentrated, for that shortness and sharpness of expression which dramatic composition requires, his pen was too lyrically soft, and his views of things too broad. Nature had created him to be a writer of epics, a narrator. He *willed*, however, and, even in this instance, his will achieved a certain success. Just as his partiality for acknowledged tendencies in art sometimes caused him to appear unjust towards ideas newly sprung up, in opposition to his many years' experience, he not unfrequently over-rated the measure of those artistic abilities which tallied with his own views. In such instances, his prejudices and his good heart ran away with him. This enables us to explain, on the one hand, his repugnance to Spontini, and, on the other, his exaggerated valuations of Bernhard Klein and Ludwig Berger, to whom he erected monuments of love and respect in his monographs.

Rellstab was very happily married as far back as 1834, and from period looked upon his existence at home, in the bosom of his family, as an oasis, which invited him from a whirlpool of exciting troubles to cheerful repose and recreation. It always afforded him the greatest pleasure to collect around him, in his own house, esteemed friends, whom he used to captivate by his humor, his happy talent of narration and his kindly disposition. This kindness in his family circle was not, however, confined merely to the surface, but extended to his most intimate relations.

He had long set all his worldly affairs in order. The recollection of the way in which his father died, and the warnings he received during the last two years of his existence, impressed him with the probability of his soon sinking to rest. When we take into consideration the fact that his mind could not remain quiet, and that, according to human experience, he must have fallen a victim to a more terrible weakness, we must despite all the grief of his family and friends, consider his lot a happy one. A higher will than that of man wished to show his kindness towards him. In the midst of cheerful prospects the evening hour of farewell was approaching, to be followed by a tearful morning-greeting. The night of the 27th to the 28th November was for him the day of eternal light. He achieved reputation, honor, and love; they will survive him!

### Un Ballo in Maschera.

Verdi's new opera bearing this title was produced at the New York Academy (Jan. 11th):

Many years ago, says the *N. Y. Times*, AUBER composed music to the plot of this opera, and succeeded in putting a very strong mark to a galop in the

last act, which became famous in consequence. The libretto, then newly from the hands of the young and ambitious SCRIBE, was regarded as a failure, and "Gustavus the third" owed all its success to the decorations and the particular splendor of the last hall scene. The ingenious Italian who has annexed the Verdi version, changed the *venue* from Stockholm to Naples. Instead of the unfortunate Swedish monarch, the hero became a Duke and a Governor. In this shape the work was prepared for the San Carlos Theatre, but the Government of the late lamented King BOMBA objected to its performance on the ground, possibly, that Naples being a despotism, the catastrophe might suggest the political wisdom of tempering it with assassination. Subsequently, the hero, thus originally transmogrified from a Swede into a Neapolitan, was subjected to another change, and came out as a red-coated British Governor domiciled officially in Boston, as Governor thereof, and surrounded by two worthies, named respectively *Samuel* and *Tom*—which a French paper injuriously asserts, are names of negroes baptised by the Methodists. BOMBA did not object to have a British Governor assassinated in his presence, and so the new version passed muster in Naples, but the French appetite was differently affected, owing, perhaps, to the new commercial treaty. To suit the Parisian taste, therefore, the hero was turned into a Spaniard, and as such is nightly being poniaried in the gayest metropolis of the world. It will be perceived by this brief history that the libretto is a very happily constituted production, and flourishes in one clime as well as another. It should be remembered, however, that the local coloring of some of the music has been damaged by the various changes to which it has been subjected. It is very proper (to illustrate,) for the hero to sing a barcarole, being a Neapolitan and in Naples, but as an Englishman in Boston—the character we have him in here—it would be better to give him a convivial song of the good old two-bottle stamp, or a square out psalm-tune in common metre.

We give the plot in the fewest words possible. *Ricardo*, Count of Warwick, and Governor of Boston, (Signor BRIGANDI) finds himself surrounded by an opposition party, who have resolved to effect his overthrow by assassination. The count, courageous and gallant to all the world, entertains privately a strong sentiment of attachment for the wife of his Secretary, *Reinhart*, (Signor FERRI,) but, like an honorable man, determines to conquer it. He meets the lady (Mme. COLSON) during the progress of the play, accidentally, under circumstances which excite the suspicions of the husband, who, imagining that his friend has been perfidious to him, becomes furious, and blindly joins a plot against his life. He it is who assassinates him at the grand masked ball of the last act. The Governor expires, after performing poetical justice (which means exoneration) on the heroine, exempting her wholly from participation in his guilty passion. The heroine, who as a matter of course loves the count, seeks the intervention of a sorceress, and by that lady's advice goes to a certain spot at midnight to gather a powerful herb by which her unholy desires may be governed. The part of this sorceress possesses but little weight or interest, and is an extremely ungrateful one for a singer of Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS's ability. Adding in this place that the opera is written in three acts, but for convenience is played in four, we proceed to a consideration of the salient *morceaux*, and a further elucidation of the points.

As to the music of the new opera, the critic continues:

The acknowledged admirers of the composer are divided about its merits, some classing it with the "Travatore" and others ranking it with the "Sicilian Vespers." Without trying to balance a nice question of comparative excellence, we will say that it is scarcely likely to obtain the popularity of the one, or merit the trifling consideration of the other. In the "Masked Ball" VERDI attempts more vehemently than heretofore, and as we think more successfully, the portrayal of dramatic passion. His concerted pieces are never merely exercises for the vocal display of so many voices; they are always well-devised contrivances for the exhibition and illustration of the varied emotions of the scene. The more detached *morceaux* are characterised frequently by rare originality, and by a certain rhythmic crispness which scarcely suggests the master's ordinary waltz-like mode. There are two characters which have received the strongest delineation—the Page and *Rheinhardt*—representatives of thoughtless gaiety and of intellectual sobriety. The melodies given to each are frequently superb, and never sink into insignificance. The soprano part is evidently written for the present generation of sopranos, and is good, but not *all* important. We need scarcely add that Mme. COLSON was more than equal to its requirements. The

orchestration is admirable throughout; thoroughly thoughtful and musician-like, yet not pedantic or labored. We are disposed to regard the work as one of the best dramatic productions of the modern Italian stage, and as a certain monument of the genius of the composer. If we may judge by the applause, last night, the public will soon be of the same opinion.

The *Tribune* gives the following criticism of the music:

The music is the chief thing, and merits notice. The composer has sought and succeeded in making his music dramatic—means adapted to ends, with the qualification that the melodies are inferior to his earlier works. The first act is, as a whole, uninteresting. As the action proceeds, the music is intensified; and some dramatic situations are capably set forth. The pieces may be briefly mentioned as follows: An orchestral introduction paints the first scene—the supposed repose of the Earl, and the dark mutterings of the conspirators. The first chorus is good—the contrasts between friends and enemies being clear, and the brevity due the situation being held to. In instrumental music the composer may be as long as he chooses—the dramatic composer must be guided and restrained by the scene. Hence the nonsense of comparisons between operas and symphonies, or parlor critiques on stage music. After some interludic work, a graceful andante, with an unmeaning doubling of the voice part throughout by certain wind instruments, follows, nicely delivered by Brignoli. An *andante* sung by Ferri, of no very striking merit, follows. A song—a washed-out sort of little melody—given by Miss Hinkley, is next in order. This young lady is capable of doing better things than page's parts. The concerted piece after this is not much. The *Witch* solo music is large and solemn, and was well rendered by Miss Phillips. The talk-like trio which follows has no independent musical interest, but is a stage requirement. A sailor-song in barcarole time is very pretty. The phrasing under the words *con lucere vele e l' alma in tempesta* indicates the genius of the composer. The concerted piece, *E scherzo od e follia*, is admirably written and the dramatic contrasts clean-cut. The chorus, *O figlio d' Inghilterra*, is excellent—resonant, vigorous and to the point. The air *Ma dall' arido stelo d'un' ulsa*, is a laudable effort in the direction of novel phrasing—agitated and broken—the orchestra filling the gaps. In vocal music the composer must follow syllables and lines and in intervals such as God and nature allow; in instrumental music he may make chaos come again, as we too often see in the things called original—written invariably by men who cannot compose for the voice, and therefore incapable of the highest, most expressive, and most concentrated form of musical thought. Madame Colson sings with the accuracy of the Parisian school, and always intelligibly. The duet, after some want of the love on the slow movement, settles into an allegro where the composer uses the *open notes*, 1st, 3d, and 5th, to express the easy currency of the way cleared up, and is very elegant and ideal. This was handsomely sung by Madame Colson and Signor Brignoli. The trio, *Odi tu come fremono*, would—less the hurried desperate character—be liable to the cheap criticism of dening in hard unisons, instead of harmonies due three distinct voices; but the situation and the common impulse of the characters, establishes the logic of the procedure. Brevity, too, here is another sign of intelligence. This trio was most effective, especially for those who, in dramatic music, look for means adapted to ends. The concerted piece *Ve se di notte qui colla sposa*, is beautifully written, and shows the author possessed of the comic element. All contributed to its effect; our friends Sam and Tom. Messrs. Colletti and Dubreal, doing the laughing part. The Minor Andante, sung by Madame Colson, *Morir mi prima in grazia*, is very good, but not sufficiently distinctive from haughty elegiacs in ordinary. The melody *Eri tu*, for Baritone, by Ferri, was nicely delivered—less the tremolo style. It is very artistic, and borders on an inspiration. The conspiracy music, *Io son vostro*, is admirable and effective. There is the economy of means manifested. Blaring instrumentation is avoided, up to the climax. A little bit, *Di che fulgor*, nicely sung by Miss Hinkley, lends to a well-arranged concerted piece. A tenor air, *Ma se m'è forza perderti*, is well adapted to the situation, and effectively presented by Brignoli. The ball music—the dancing music is inferior to Auber's masked ball—but is well managed as to instrumentation. The military band and orchestral disenguing is brilliant; and the three-four movement on strident instruments behind the scenes, with the tragic dialoguing on the stage, while the dark intentions are hinted in the orchestra, is thoroughly well managed.

A first hearing of an opera is more or less unsatisfactory. Until the themes become familiar, the au-

dience is not too well pleased. The best parts of *Un Ballo* will grow with additional hearings.

The critic of the *Albion* says: The briefest statement of the merits of the work may be thus made: There are about seven or eight numbers of positive excellence out of an aggregate of twenty-nine. In the balance, the musician will find much that is excellent, and the public a great deal that is readily memorable. The third act is equal to anything Verdi has ever written, and the same may be said of a good portion of the second and fourth acts. That we regard the work as unequal will be readily perceived by what we have said, but we do not look upon it as a "comparative" failure. It is unquestionably a more meritorious work than the "Sicilian Vespers," but does not approach the "Trovatore" or "Traviata" in sustained interest or in the general saliences of melodic invention. The freshness that is in it is of so singularly an original kind, that we shall be greatly mistaken if the work does not enjoy a long and prosperous "run."

PARIS, JANUARY 23.—There is nothing I have to tell you this week equal in importance to the production of the new opera by Merdi at the Theatre Italien last Sunday week. *Un Ballo in Maschera* is precisely identical in subject with the *Gustavus III* of Auber, but M. Somma, the young poet to whom the libretto is due, has not followed Scrib's example in writing a ballet-opera, but has simply composed a lyrical drama, to the perfection of which neither dance music, nor the legs, nor the arms of choreographers are required. This same M. Somma was once what is called *regis seur* at the Trieste theatre, but has given himself up since to the muses collectively, and has produced, it is said, many good things, among which is cited, *Parasina*, a tragedy composed for Madame Ristori. But to our opera. Originally it was to have been brought out at the San Carlo in Naples for the carnival of 1858; but the authorities then and there could no more abide conspirators than Dame Quickly could abide swaggers, and so teased and plagued the composer during the rehearsals, wanting this dramatic effect, and that burst of emotion to be sacrificed to police squeamishness, that one fine day he rolled up his score, put it in his pocket, and walked home, defying the threatened law proceedings of the manager, who modestly laid his damages at 10,000*l*. The proceedings in the suit of Garibaldi and others versus Francis Bomba having commenced in the meanwhile, and not being likely to terminate favorably to the defendant, the manager's action has been postponed *sine die*. After a year's interval the composer spied a chance for his work at the Apollo Theatre in Rome. Here too the censorship had to be reckoned with; and, to conciliate the papal government, the action of the piece was transferred to Boston in America, of all places in the world where since its first foundation by the Puritan forefathers of its present inhabitants, there never yet in all likelihood was seen even a single masquerader. The King of Sweden was changed into an English Governor, and in this shape the work was represented at the carnival of 1859 with the most complete success.

The critics here have a way of regarding everything produced on a Sunday to be as good as damned before it has seen the lights, the managers being supposed to reserve their most doubtful attempts for that day. But M. Calzando has reversed this state of things, and seems to have adopted the maxim, the better the day the better the deed; for he could not have entertained any doubt that Verdi's opera would turn out as it has done, a thorough success. The cast of the characters comprehends the names of Mads. Alboni and Penco, Mlle. Battu, and MM. Graziani and Mario all of whom, with the exception perhaps of the last named, who is laboring under illness, exerted themselves with marked effect. The latest work of the Italian composer is pronounced by those who are better entitled to be heard on the subject than your humble correspondent to rank with his best works, and in some respects to surpass them notably in the orchestration, which is more careful, and evinces more signs of thoughtful elaboration than is usual with Verdi. The general character of the opera is something between the *Trovatore* and the *Traviata*, having much of the vigor of the former blended with the lighter graces of the latter.

M. NABICH, the celebrated trombonist, is now in Paris, as his neighbors, wherever he is living, will pretty soon learn to their sorrow. When he was in London he lived in Newman Street, where his memory will be for ever embalmed in the curses of the inhabitants at his furious blasts when practising to retain his mastery over that dolorous implement of torture. The shaky mansions of that gloomy thoroughfare were imperilled as by an earthquake (a *trombonement de terre*) or a tornado, for the man blew a hurricane through his brazen tube. Some thought it was the

crack of doom, and an old applewoman at the corner fell down on her knees, and confessed her sins aloud. Nabich is in Paris.

### Bristow's Oratorio "Praise to God."

Timothy Trill, in the *N. Y. Dispatch*, has an article on our native composers and their works. After speaking at some length of Mr. W. H. Fry, he proceeds as follows:

Mr. George F. Bristow's name comes second on the short list of native composers, after which come Mr. J. M. Deems, G. H. Curtis, Charles Hommann, F. Benkert, Foster and others. Mr. Bristow is a younger man than Mr. Fry, and his works have been very differently characterized. A concert-overture, four orchestral Symphonies, an opera "*Rip Van Winkle*," and an oratorio are the works which have thus far been submitted to the public for their verdict. His concert overture and two of his Symphonies have been produced at the New York Philharmonic Society, and one of his Symphonies (No. 2) had a great success at Jullien's concert at the same time that Fry's *Santa Claus* was brought out. The latest of Mr. Bristow's works is his oratorio "*Praise to God*," produced for the first time in public last Tuesday evening.

I may be mistaken in my ideas, but it seems a pity that such a title should have been given to a work having the mere words of an ordinary Cathedral morning service for a libretto. Then again, I rather consider an Oratorio that which custom has led to being defined "a musical drama, in whose performance there is neither scenery, action, nor costume, and whose subject is generally scriptural." Now the "*Te Deum*" is certainly neither scriptural, nor is it dramatic. There is no variety in the *dramatis personæ*, nor is there any plot, consequently to my ideas a "*Cantata*" would much better suit the composition, which would also be better sustained by the character of the music I imagine, than the name of "*Oratorio*" is.

However, I merely advance the above as an individual opinion of a very unimportant person, and not as in any manner affecting the main characteristics of the work in a scientific point of view, since the music must hold its own, whatever be its title.

The "*Praise to God*" is founded upon the words of the "*Te Deum Laudamus*" and "*Benedictus*" of the Episcopal Liturgy, and is divided into nineteen numbers, analogous to the Oratorio form. Of these there are 9 choruses, 2 bass solos, 2 duets, 1 trio, 1 tenor solo, 2 quartets, 1 alto solo, 1 soprano solo, and a fine orchestral introduction, descriptive of the assembling together of the nations before they join in the glorious hymn, "*WE PRAISE THEE O GOD!*" This introduction is a great and noble feature of the work, and is a fine specimen of close and harmonically observant instrumentation, and the opening *motivo* strikingly enunciated by the *troubadour* is woven into the *finale* of the composition in a very happy manner.

In order to give a correct analysis of the work as calling into action the main requisites of a successful composer, a few words in general may not be esteemed misplaced.

Firstly, ideas would certainly seem to be necessary although so many persist in writing *without* them! Secondly, the proper form in which to present those ideas; and, thirdly, the manner of instrumentating those forms—and we will here treat the voice as a variety of instrument. Now, if I were to be asked to compare the three men, Berlioz, Fry, and Bristow, judging from my limited opportunities of studying their works, I should have my opinions upon their relative development of those three requisites. I should say that Berlioz had the last of the three; Fry, the first; and Bristow, the second, in disproportionate degrees. Be it understood that I desire not to be considered as expressing myself disrespectfully in relation to these gentlemen; on the contrary, I venture to draw this close comparison with that feeling of delicate reserve which I think always becomes a mere critic, who has selected so exalted and sacred a theme as his subject; and while I point out the especial and predominating characteristics in their common musical proclivities, I would be worse than a fool to intimate their *total* want of the other two requisites of successful composers.

With the exception of Charles Hommann, of Philadelphia, I think Bristow is the most complete master of the Symphonic form of any American candidate for the composer's laurels. This is observable not only in his strictly orchestral works, but gives an appearance of solidity, and invests with a classic odor—if I may use the term—even his freer compositions, which, to the indiscriminate hearer, seems like an indulgence in reminiscences of Mozart and



Haydn; while, at the same time, such objectors could not for their lives tell from what works of those masters such passages were taken! \* \* \*

The "Praise to God" has been published in most fascinating form by Ditson & Co., of Boston, and I should certainly think would be hailed with acclamations by all the choral societies in the country as a new, fresh, and easily comprehended work; at all events it certainly deserves to be.

Of its performance, it was the best I ever listened to from the time-honored honest old "Harmonic," and did great credit to all concerned. The single Alto solo was charmingly sung by Mrs. Jameson, who received a well merited encore, and Miss Brainerd was unexceptionable, as she generally is when she confines herself to sacred music or ballads. Mr. Thomas was also excellent.

The next thing this society should do is to attack Fry's *Stabat Mater*, and until they do so I shall give them no peace. It is a work which has been published for two years, and yet has never been heard in this city.

### Ferdinand Hiller on the Music of the Future.

#### FIRST LETTER.

"The Music of the Future; a Letter to a French Friend, as a Preface to a prose Translation (into French!) of his operatic Poems," is the title of a pamphlet, which has recently appeared by Richard Wagner. The subject of the pamphlet is, as the author himself declares, to enlighten the Parisian art-critics with regard to his point of view as a composer, and "dissipate a large amount of error and prejudice," in order, at the approaching representation of *Tannhäuser*, to divert the judgment of the public from "an apparently suspicious theory," wholly and solely to the work itself. As the pamphlet, which is tolerably short, contains the pith of Wagner's views, and as it is not very probable that the majority of the public has been enabled to become acquainted with them from his long-winded books, allow me to direct, on the one hand, the attention of your readers to these views, and, on the other, to subjoin a few observations to as concise an analysis as possible of them.

Wagner's *Letter*, to all intents and purposes, is divided into two parts, although these are somewhat jumbled up together in a not inartistic manner. In the first place, it contains the author's views on the development of music, as well as the opinion of some of the greatest masters and the principal school of national art, with, further, an explanation of his own development and present point of view. As it is not my intention to produce a new edition of the pamphlet with marginal notes, I will take the liberty of compressing as much as possible of Wagner's opinions concerning the historical portion of our art, and of then passing on to his individual point of view, although it is in the nature of things that the opinions which guide an artist in his productions are most intimately connected with those which he has adopted concerning the development of his art and the most striking specimens of it.

"Among the Greeks we know music only as the companion of dancing; the motion of the latter gave music, as well as the poem sung by the singer to a dance-tune, the law of rhythm, which laws determined so decisively the verse and the melody, that Greek music (under which term poetry was nearly always implied) can be regarded only as dancing expressing itself in tones with words."

I willingly leave persons more learned than myself to come to an understanding with Wagner concerning these assertions. As we are told, the choruses in Greek tragedies, as well as, moreover, most of the magnificent songs of the Hellenic poets, were sung in a certain manner, and even sung with instrumental accompaniment, though this singing may have been of only a declamatory description!—if the immortal poems of the Greeks were in reality only dances expressed in tune and words, the fact presupposes a kind of dance more wonderful than all the great things antiquity has bequeathed us.

But let us return to Wagner's development. These Greek dance-tunes, he proceeds to say, were employed by Christian congregations in

Divine service, after they had been stripped, on account of the solemnity of the ceremony, of their rhythmical ornamentation, and thus endowed with the character of our present choral. That such transformations were effected, at the period of the Reformation, with the popular national songs, is an undoubted fact; but it is, perhaps, less convincingly proved that the first Christians pursued the same course with the songs employed at heathen festivals. Be this, however, at it may, Wagner is guilty of a piece of injustice to the Greeks, in all other cases so honored by him, when he dwells on the "uncommonly small expression in antique melody, after it had been deprived of the ornamentation of rhythm;" for the rhythm is not the ornamentation of a melody, but a considerable part of its individuality. In the most concise manner possible (against which no objection can be made) Wagner comes to the employment of harmony and polyphony in the music of the Christian Church, and speaks in terms of enthusiastic laudation of the "highly-consecrated" (*hochgeveiheten*) masters of the old Italian school. The views to which he now gives utterance concerning the development of Italian music, are, however, so incomprehensible, that we must quote them textually, in order not to cause those versed in such matters to suppose we have misunderstood our author:—

"The decadence of this art in Italy, simultaneously with the development of the operatic melody on the part of the Italians, I cannot designate otherwise than as a relapse into paganism. When with the decay of the Church, the worldly desire for the employment of music gained the upper hand among the Italians, they gratified their wish most easily by restoring to melody its original rhythmical quality, and using it for singing just as it had formerly been used for dancing. I will not here stop to notice especially the striking instances of incongruity between modern verse—developed in accordance with Christian melody—and this dance melody imposed on it; I would merely direct your attention to the fact that this melody has nearly always been kept quite indifferent to this verse, and that, lastly, its variation-like movement has been solely dictated by the vocal virtuoso. But, what more than aught else, induces us to designate the development of this melody as a relapse, and not as a step in advance, is that most indisputably it could not turn to account the extraordinary important invention of Christian music: harmony, and polyphony, which embodied it. On an harmonic foundation of such scantiness, that it can conveniently dispense with all accompaniment, Italian operatic melody, even as regards the disposition and connection of its parts, has been contented with so poor a periodical structure, that the educated musician of our own time contemplates with sorrowful astonishment this meagre and almost childish form of art, whose narrow limits condemn even the most genial composer, when he has sought to do with it, to a complete formal stand-still."

In the face of this statement we read in the history of the music of the last two or three hundred years, as follows:—In the beginning of the 17th century, opera sprang up in Florence from a wish to resuscitate Greek tragedy. It was soon felt that polyphonic song, which alone prevailed at that period, as a *form of art*, and employed pretty well the same style for the Church and for poetry (in the madrigal), could not be retained, since the object in view was to exhibit, musically, events and persons, and allow them to express themselves. Hence the composer cultivated monophonic song accompanied by instruments both in the freest declamatory form (the recitative), and in the fixed, melodically-marked form of the aria and concerted pieces. It was thus that music began to enter on the task which one feels inclined to claim for it, nowadays, almost exclusively, namely: to be the interpreter of human passion—out of the style of the old church music, obeying the most restrictive laws of harmony and rhythm, however great results it may have effected in its way, nothing could have been produced bearing the remotest resemblance to modern music. Though from the important part assigned to the solo singer, vocal virtuosity has attained to the most objectionable abuse of its strength, and even though the Italian serious opera may have long been ossified, the comic opera of the Italians (the *opera buffa*), on the other hand, laid the

foundation for the entire rich development of modern music. The greatest composers, Handel, Gluck, Haydn, and Mozart have to thank the Italian school principally for the expansion of their powers. Not only would there have been no *Don Juan* without this "relapse into paganism," but we should have no sonatas by Bach, no symphony by Beethoven, and no *Tannhäuser* by Wagner. That which we nowadays term melody, and which constitutes the soul of music, could not by any means, have been obtained without the "original rhythmical quality;" and if we owe this also to heathendom (a fact, however, anything but proved), we have reason to be more grateful to it than we imagined, even after all the treasures it has lavished upon us. As matters stand, we cannot, without being altogether unjust, deny the extraordinary, and, in the main, happy influence which the Italians have exerted upon the development of music. Even the Oratorio, which, at the latter period, was raised by a certain Handel (whom Wagner passes over without naming) to importance in the history of civilisation, took its rise among the Italians; nay, even in the domain of instrumental music, the Italians have not only given great impulses to others, but have produced considerable works themselves.

(To be continued.)

### The President elect at the Opera.

While Mr. Lincoln was in New York he attended the performance of the *Ballo in Maschera* at the Academy. The *N. Y. Herald* gives this account of the ovation that he received:

Mr. Lincoln did not enter his box until some time after the conclusion of the overture to the opera, and after the singers had appeared on the stage. The place assigned him and his friends was the first private box from the stage, on the second tier, on the right side of the house. His entrance was made very quietly, and *à la cérémonie*, and it was not until he had been for a long time seated that any one in the body of the building knew of his arrival. But as he was expected, people naturally began to look about for him, and as those who knew the location of his box were perpetually pointing in that direction, there soon began to be a general movement of eyes to that point. At last the plain black cravat, the neat shirt collar turned over the neckcloth, the incipient whiskers and good humored face, that sat so demurely in the box, left no doubt on the public mind that Abraham Lincoln of Illinois was among them. All this time the opera singers were doing their best; the choral chaps were extending their unwearied lungs to the extent of their second class abilities; and the trumpeters and drummers were blowing and thumping their instruments in the most approved style. But it was no go at this particular moment. The President elect was the superior attraction for the time being, and the opera folks had to be content with little or no attention from their usually very attentive auditors. Presently the first act was brought to a close, and the scene descended amid a perfect storm of enthusiasm, half of which was no doubt intended for the players and the other biggest half for "Honest Old Abe."

The intelligence that Mr. Lincoln was in the house now began to spread from box to box, and from the lower auditorium to the gallery above, with something like electric speed. Shout after shout of applause arose from the lower boxes and seats, and were taken up and re-echoed from those above. The demonstration of respect and reverence to the chosen President of America at length became so general and enthusiastic that no person present could be said to be a non-participant in it. At first, the object of this genuine outburst of patriotic feeling sat as still as when he first entered, only occasionally bowing from his seat; but as this did not seem to satisfy the clamorous audience he presently arose to his feet and his tall sinewy form was then seen in its full proportion, towering above his friends in the box a full head and shoulders, like Saul among his brethren. With his rising the applause and enthusiasm seemed to have reached its apogee; gentlemen waved their hats and caps over their heads; the ladies did the same with their handkerchiefs, while the whole audience, without exception, joined warmly in the applause. The scene was most animated and exciting, and it may well be considered one of the most flattering ovations yet offered to Mr. Lincoln in the Empire State, and coming as it did from a class of citizens whom the President elect could not have had so excellent an opportunity of seeing assembled to-

gether under any other circumstances,—and in consideration of the wealth, intelligence and respectability of those who were so met together—the demonstration becomes doubly valuable, and will not, as it should not, be readily forgotten by Mr. Lincoln.

On resuming his seat the applause broke out again and again, from all parts of the house, though not so enthusiastically as in the first instance; and before the last echoes of the final burst had subsided, the scene went up and discovered the whole force of the opera troupe on the stage with their unrolled musical scrolls, preparing to enchant their audience with the deservedly beloved national hymn, "The Star Spangled Banner." With one of the artistic flourishes of Muzio's magic baton, the harmonious tones of the accompaniment trembled through the orchestral instruments and resounded through the house. The audience was inclined to applaud even this first faint foreshadowing of the anthem's stirring strains; but they were prevented by the advance of Miss Hinkley to the front, who, turning to Mr. Lincoln's box, and yet partially facing the audience, sang in her clear, sweet voice the first stanza of the popular hymn. The chorus was taken up in a most spirited manner by the whole troupe, and it seemed to want very little to induce every one in the audience to join. Just before the first verse was begun there were cries "All up," to which the audience unanimously responded, and all with common consent rose to their feet. Mr. Lincoln and his attendants were about the last to rise, and not long after he was on his feet the chorus was concluded amid rapturous applause, as the words were echoed:

The star spangled banner—Oh! long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

A splendid Union American banner blazing with the full glory of thirty-three stars, was dropped from the proscenium with an effect that words can scarcely convey. The enthusiasm and excitement of the people was unbounded, and there could be no doubt that he was greatly affected by the solemnity of the manifestation.

The second verse of the anthem was sung by Miss Phillips, and so on through the song alternately with Miss Hinkley. The last verse was sung with great pathos and feeling, and at the conclusion the applause that followed was indeed a flattering tribute to the talented *artistes* who so well did their part.

Before the applause subsided, Muzio started the other national song "Hail Columbia," from the orchestra. It was received with loud applause.

Cheers were then given for Lincoln from the upper boxes, followed by cheers for Muzio and the opera singers; after which the excitement gradually subsided, and the opera was allowed to proceed with its usual harmony.

Mr. Lincoln did not remain longer than to the close of the second act of the performance. He left immediately after, and did not return, though every one thought he would come back. His departure was effected as quietly as his entrance; and thus ends the operatic demonstration in honor of Abraham Lincoln.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 2, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Commencement of "The Hymn of Praise (Lobgesang) a Cantata by Mendelssohn.

### Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

#### EIGHTH AND LAST CONCERT.

This concert passed off excellently, the house being literally crammed, so much so that even ladies had to stand. The programme was an attractive one and was well carried out.

1. Quartette, in E minor No. 2, op. 44. . . . . Mendelssohn  
Allegro appassionato—Scherzo—Andante—Finale,  
Presto.
2. "Boquet D'Immortelles, solo for Violoncello. Bonkmühl  
Wulf Fries.
3. Andante, con Variazioni and Finale, from the D minor  
Posthumous Quartette. . . . . F. Schubert
4. Meditation, on Bach's first Prelude, for Violin Obliga-  
to. . . . . Gounod  
Carl Meisel.
5. Nonetto in F, op. 31. . . . . Spohr  
Allegro—Scherzo—Adagio—Finale. Vivace.

The principal piece was the NONETTE by SPOHR. With regard to this piece we confess to a pleasant surprise. We had not expected so sound and beautiful music from this composer,

who in his latter works had a tendency amounting almost to a morbid mannerism, to constant modulation. A feat that makes it actually painful to listen to them. But here we have simple, graceful melodies, worked up in a pleasing manner, splendid in instrumentation and a grateful abundance of most charming orchestral effects. The tenor of the whole piece is wholesome and its effect elevating. Of the four movements the first is the most satisfactory, worked up in the richest manner, with quaint, surprising imitations, especially of the first theme. The second theme is beautiful, has a subordinate share, however, in the treatment of the motives. The Scherzo has a good deal of humor in it. The Adagio requires more breadth of tone in the strings, suffering somewhat from the want of it at last night's rendering. It is, it seems to us, and we say it without meaning disparagement, as a composition the weakest movement of the four. The last movement having in its first theme a rhythm much like a dance, is beautiful in itself, but compared with the first it is not grand enough. Yet with all these shortcomings the piece is one, that has much intrinsic worth and is a valuable addition to the repertoire of the club. It was performed very well with the exception of the Adagio, of which we made mention above. Messrs. SCHULTZE, Violin, MEISEL, Viola, WULF FRIES, Violoncello, STEIN, Bass, F. ZÖHLER, Flute, RIBAS, Oboe, RYAN, Clarinette, HAMANN, Horn and HOHNSTOCK, Bassoon, gave us a pleasing combination of sounds, and performed their various parts finely, with much taste and precision. Especially well done was the point of culmination in the first movement, where the composition rises to dramatic effect, the whole movement, indeed, having much in it, that reminds one of a scene in a drama. Quaintly the oboe came in in the Finale with its sharp, clear tones, in a very original leading over passage. We hope to hear the piece before long again at one of the Saturday concerts. The well-known Quartette in E minor by Mendelssohn was played masterly, especially so the genial, sparkling Scherzo with just a tinge of weird, elfin enchantment about it. More of this weird, erl-king music is in Schubert's D minor Quartette of which two movements were played. We hope the "broken-crockery critic" was not present; they would have pained him, they were so beautiful.

In Gounod's Meditation, on the prelude to Bach's first fugue in C major (the *violino obbligato* played very well by Mr. Meisel), we wished more prominence had been given to the piano part, which is the principal one, and ought to come out with a clear ring to it. Mr. Wulf Fries did himself much credit by his Violoncello Solo on "immortal airs" by Mozart, playing very tastefully and with great mechanical excellence the composition which is in many places quite difficult.

Altogether it was a pleasant concert, a fine close to the series, which brought us many valuable novelties, for Boston audiences, at least. We are very glad to see the enterprise and tact of the club, shown in the production of concerted chamber-music exceeding the limits of the quintette, so well rewarded as they were this season. Doubtless one reason for their full houses was the absence of orchestral concerts and the general meagreness of our musical season thus far. They were almost the only persons that furnished music periodically this winter.

We are glad, however, that at the close of their regular series, the Orchestral Union under Mr. Zerrahu takes up the good work, promising regular Wednesday afternoon concerts. Of the first of them we shall have to speak presently.

We hope the Mendelssohn Quintette Club will add a few more Tuesday evening concerts, say half a series, so as to lead us musically through March and April. We have scarcely any doubt as to their success, should they conclude to do so.

The audience was very enthusiastic, applauding every thing, and demanding a repetition of Gounod's meditation. The best feeling evidently animated both audience and performers and we pronounce the concert a decided success. \*†

### Concert at the New Catholic Church.

On Sunday evening last another concert was given in this beautiful church, essentially a repetition of the one noticed in our last, with some variations in the programme. Mrs. Harwood being indisposed some of her parts were assumed by other ladies and some of them omitted. The most artist-like and perfect among the solos was Mrs. Kempton's singing of the *Ave Maria* by Robert Franz, which was in every respect admirable, in feeling, in execution, in beauty of voice, and in the marked effect produced upon the audience upon which no note was lost, in this immense church, seventy feet longer than the Music Hall. Certainly it is the finest building for sound, either for music, or (to judge by the effect of an announcement made from the choir concerning Mrs. Harwood's absence), for speaking. We know of no hall, large or small to compare with it in this respect. The old organ of the Franklin Street Cathedral, which is a mere pigmy to what should stand in the lofty and ample space of the choir gallery, sounded almost grand and noble, as heard from the chancel.

Next to Mrs. Kempton's solo, we should rank those of Mr. Powers, who gave very excellently the *Tuba mirum* and *Pro peccatis* with true feeling and full and admirable voice. Miss Pearson's facile voice gave the due effect to the florid intricacies of Guglielmi's *Grotius agimus tibi*; but we think such music as this, made up largely of echoes and imitations, utterly out of place in such a programme and such a place. Such imitative music would not be tolerated upon the lyric stage, we are sure, and seems strangely incongruous in the House of God. Florid and ornate as the music of the Catholic Church may well be, and yet accord well with the splendors of its service, it seems to us that such as this passes the bounds that properly limit the sphere of sacred music. Of the choruses, by far the most effectively sung was the beautiful *Kyrie* from Mozart's 7th Mass, it was even more impressive than the chorus. *The heavens are telling*, which was given by a larger number of voices.

Mrs. Fowle sang the *Inflammatus*, from the Stabat Mater and an *Alma Virgo* by Hummel with all the good qualities of voice and style that have become familiar to Boston audiences.

Mr. J. H. Willcox who directed the concert, and to whose good judgment is due the selection of an excellent programme and fine performance, played the accompaniments upon the organ assisted by Mr. B. J. Lang. With such skilful accompanists it will be seen that there was nothing wanting to please the immense audience that more than filled every seat in the church, though it was not so uncomfortably crowded as on the former occasion.

### Orchestral Union.

1. Overture, "Fra Diavolo" . . . . . Auber.
2. Two-Part Song . . . . . Mendelssohn.  
(For two Cornet-a-Pistons.) Messrs. Heinicke and Pieter.
3. Symphony, No. 5, (C minor). . . . . Beethoven.
4. Overture, "Tannhäuser" . . . . . Wagner.
5. New Waltz, "Forget me not" . . . . . Carl Zerrahu.
6. Miserere, from "Il Trovatore" . . . . . Verdi.
7. Galop, "Marsellaise" . . . . . Lumbye.

The first afternoon concert saw the Music Hall entirely filled—a good omen for the success of the undertaking. The programme was a very good one and so too was the performance, though we should have been glad to see a stronger force of violins in

the Symphony and the Tannhäuser overture. These were, however, well played and were indeed a rich treat after so long an abstinence from any orchestral music. The lighter part of the programme was also pleasing, and we cannot omit to notice the nice bit of violoncello playing by Mr. FRIES in the *Miserere* scene from *Il Trovatore*.

We trust that this full house will inaugurate a fashion of full houses for the season, and that many such fair and spring-like days will tempt all true music-lovers to come again.

## Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, FEB. 26. — To my great regret indisposition has again obliged me to postpone my report of last week's concerts till the last moment, when I have no time for any but a hasty notice. I had the pleasure of being present at two of several entertainments of the kind that were given. The first was the concert of Mr. SATTER, on Tuesday evening, when the programme was as follows:

1. (By request.) Illustration de la "Juive".....Satter.  
Gustav Satter.
2. Sonata, C sharp minor, Op. 27.....Beethoven.  
Gustav Satter.
3. "The Jewish Maiden".....Kuecken.  
G. C. Rexford.
4. { a Nocturne, (E flat).....Chopin.  
b Song without Words, (Duo, A flat).....Mendelssohn.  
c Minuetto, 6th Symphony, (E flat).....Mozart.  
Gustav Satter.
5. Concert Solo.....Aptommas.  
Aptommas.
6. "Fair Stars".....Proch.  
G. C. Rexford.
7. { a "Printemps d'Amour," Masurka.....Gottschalk.  
b "Lullaby," Cradle Song.....Wm. Mason.  
c Sextett of "Lucia".....F. List.
8. Concert Solo.....Aptommas.  
Aptommas.
9. (By request.) Improvisation.  
Gustav Satter.

Mr. Satter played as he always does, with most wondrous execution, and, for the most part, exquisite taste. His rendering of the Minuet in Beethoven's Sonata could not be surpassed; his interpretation of the other two movements did not satisfy one quite as well. The first was a little too pianissimo, so that several notes were lost; the last he took too rapidly, and did not put enough variety of character into it. Of the three pieces which he played, the "Duet" by Mendelssohn and Minuet by Mozart were deliciously rendered; while technically speaking, none of the others left anything to be wished for. Mr. REXFORD a debutant, hitherto unknown and unheard of, labored under the disadvantage of supplying the place of Sig. Stigelli, who had been announced to sing at this concert. The gentleman has a fine voice, but exhibited certain airs and habits in singing and gesture which savored strongly of the amateur.

On Thursday night Madame ABEL made her appearance once more, after a long pause. Her concert was well attended, and in every way a success, but I shall have to leave a mention of its details and merits for my next week's letter.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 23, 1861.—A large audience greeted Mr. Gärtner and his associates at his Soirée last evening, at Chickering's Saloon. I send you the Programme for the occasion.

1. Quartette, in C major.....Haydn
2. Romance for Violoncello.....Engelke
3. Concerto in D minor for Piano.....Mendelssohn
4. Introduction and variations.....David
5. Grand Duo, for two Pianos.....Schumann  
Andante and Variations.
6. Quintetto, in E flat.....Beethoven

All the items were satisfactorily rendered by those to whom their performance was respectively intrusted. In the Haydn Quartette with the magnificent Emperor's Hymn, Mr. Gärtner's great ability as a quartette player was conspicuously preëminent.

The Mendelssohn Concerto found a capable and faithful interpreter of its many beauties in Mr. Jarvis, whose rank as among the first of American pianists, is so generally recognized, that a commendatory comment here, upon his playing, would be superfluous. The Andante, with variations, of Schumann, for two pianos, was very smoothly performed by Messrs. Jarvis and Cross. Scientifically considered, this composition has undoubtedly great merit as a musical work; yet an impartial critic could not hesitate to pronounce it somewhat dull, and rather deficient

in point of melody, of which there must be a little in the most classical music. To our mind the air being an Andante might have been performed at a less accelerated tempo, without any injury to good taste.

Mr. Engelke's Romanza for violoncello, without reflecting a great deal of credit on his ability as a composer, is very pretty, and Mr. E's playing is all that could be desired in richness of tone and facility of execution.

We have decided objections against even as great a musician as Ferdinand David, transforming the immortal "Lob der Thränen" into a tarantelle, for the sake of manufacturing variations; and although Mr. Gärtner performed the solo better than we have ever heard him play anything before, yet we could not but wish that the "variator" had selected an air better suited to the purpose of turning and twisting it about so that its most intimate friends would not know it. There are some airs, you know, which are so remarkably deficient in beauty, that the more they are disguised the greater your delight; such are especially adapted to the wants of the getters up of variations,—of Ferdinand David, for instance.

The Quintetto in E flat, Beethoven,—with its peculiarly graceful Scherzo, closed a concert, which as regards the individual efforts of the performers, was the most successful that Mr. Gärtner has yet given.

The Germania,—our "peculiar institution" still holds its own in the affections of musical people,—and considering the quantity of "talk" that abounds of a Saturday afternoon in the Musical Fund Hall, one might say of the most unmusical people, as well. The Germania is fashionable, even if it is but a "shilling concert," after all. Practically, its influence in the formation of a popular taste for the best music, is, and has long been, very great.

People who pretend to know anything hereabouts, read the very entertaining and pleasantly written Editorial Correspondence in "Dwight," and express their great delight therein. R. D. C.

\* To coin a word. These men are not always composers, *pas du tout*.

WORCESTER, FEB. 25. — Washington's Birthday in Worcester. — Ten years ago, Dr. Lowell Mason and Prof. William Russell lectured upon music and elocution before a New Hampshire Teachers' Institute. The appreciative and graceful allusions made from time to time, by each of those accomplished instructors to the department of the other, called attention to the relation existing between elocutionary and musical expression, and the result was a classical and pleasing entertainment in which the two gentlemen united. Prof. Russell read brief selections from different authors in his own happy style, which owes its superiority no less to his thorough appreciation of all that is best in literature than to his eminent mastery of that most wonderful instrument, the human voice. After each reading, Dr. Mason, at the piano improvised a song without words upon the theme thus furnished. The repeated transitions from the interpretation of ideas by speech, to their interpretation by musical composition, produced a series of counterparts often spoken of since with the most delightful recollections.

A more elaborate effort of the same nature was made in Worcester, on the evening of the 22d instant. Prof. RUSSELL read to a large and attentive audience a few scenes from Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," in connection with the rendering of Mendelssohn's music for the play, by Mr. B. D. ALLEN, who was assisted at the piano by Mrs. E. B. DAME. The vocal parts were sustained by Miss ELLEN FISKE and the ladies of the Worcester Mendelssohn Choral Club. It was a privilege to listen to the Wedding March in its own place, preceded and followed by fairy music that must haunt the future of its hearers with sweet memories of Mendelssohn. The solos and choruses elicited the highest praise from those who could appreciate them. The great-

est charm of Prof. Russell's reading was that no exertion was apparent in it. Whatever the part, the sportive discourse of fairies or the conversation of mortal lovers, the poet's tribute to his maiden queen or the well-known passage in which the poet's office is itself so worthily magnified, the anger of Egeus or Oberon or the blunders of a low-bred Athenian stock-company, the reader did not "mouth it as some players do," but illustrated constantly the true office of elocution, to be a pure medium for the communication of thought and language; not a prism, transmitting only distorted and falsely-colored forms, but the vital air, itself invisible, through which we look without illusion at landscapes and planets and stars. The most beautiful feature of the entertainment was the mutual deference shown by the talented musician who arranged it and the venerable professor whose reputation added numbers to the audience. Mr. Allen offered only a musical accompaniment for the reading. Prof. Russell insisted, meanwhile, that the reading should only serve to introduce the different portions of the music. Other excellencies may be those of mere performers. This was an attribute of genius. So, we may imagine, would Shakespeare and Mendelssohn yield to each other the precedence and the palm. Both yielded on this occasion to a patriotic impulse: for, previous to the commencement of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," our national hymn, "My country! 'tis of thee" &c. was sung with thrilling power, as if in recognition both of the anniversary and the present crisis of the Union.

LINDA.

## Musical Chit-Chat.

THE "ORPHEUS" IN SALEM. — The Germans have a word, which is untranslatable as far as the sentiment of it goes. "Musikanten-Fahren" literally is musician's travels; but the two words have not any of the frolicking, jovial ring to it, that makes the German word so pleasant to German ears. We do not allude to the sound of the words but to the reminiscences called up by them. One needs to have seen a company of German "Liederfänger" (glee-singers) on a visit to a neighboring "Lieder-Tafel," marching gaily through meadow and wold, over hill and dale, making the air vocal with their merry "Wanderlieder;" or in the pleasant summer-garden sitting round their "Tafel" with things before them, containing a certain home beverage made of hops and barley, which the Maine liquor law forbids to use lawfully (except in the original packages), or, perhaps still better, some of nature's most genial gifts to man, grown on grape-vines, which said law likewise consigns to ignoble disdain; we say, one should have seen them to know the full meaning of the two words, "Musikanten-Fahren." Such a mirthful jolly trip was the one the Orpheus made to Salem on Friday evening last, Washington's birthday, to give a concert for the celebration of the Sixth Anniversary of the Young Men's Union of that city. The programme was a very rich one and, to judge from the rapturous applause bestowed on the songs, of which several had to be repeated, much pleased the audience. Being "one of them," we modestly refrain from a criticism.

The Club, accompanied by some of the passive members went and came in an extra train. And though the national beverage of the Germans was wanting, and a substitute to be had only in homoeopathic doses from the bounty of some of the more provident members, yet what with cigars, and singing and shouting and stories the time passed swiftly. We would gladly expatiate on this topic, would say a word, for instance, of the mock-heroic representation of the mock-heroic opera "DIE BARDE," which was acted, as far as the scenic accommodations of a railway car would permit, not even Fritschen refusing to obey the summons of the stout arms of the "call-boy" (ought to be "man," but in default of such a word the technical one is retained); or mention the march from the Eastern railroad depot, to some nameless place, (unmentionable because of said Maine liquor law), with "Sing und Sang" through the drowsy streets of Boston. But the character of this journal as a critico-musical organ forbids the discussion of outside matters, and so we forbear. \*†

**A MUSICAL COMMUNITY.**—An English magazine says: "In a Kentish village numbering hardly more than five hundred inhabitants, the children, the young men and women, even several of the old men who work on farms, have become singers. Every Christmas and Easter, for some years past, they have performed an oratorio of Handel or some other great master; they cherish their church music, and they live together with their minds awakened to such a sense of harmony that for years past not one of them has been punished for, or accused of, offense against the law."

**MUSIC OF A PINE GROVE.**—It was extremely hot, and we waited impatiently for the coming of the sea breeze, which blows regularly from off the ocean. As yet all was quiet as the grave, and not a pine tree stirred its tendrils. Did you ever hear the voice of a pine forest? There is nothing else in the world at all like it. I have heard music when the intonation of the organ ceased, and a single voice, almost angel-like in sweetness, seized the strain and carried it up to heaven; and again, when the full bands of wind and string instruments sounded in harmonious unison; but not these, nor the roar of artillery, nor yet the deep boom of the ocean on a sounding shore could ever awaken one half the emotion within my breast, as can the melancholy wail or unbroken thunder of a sea of mountain pines. On the present occasion, the silence was overpowering and we were almost gasping for relief, when there was a sound as faint as the last dying cadence of a vesper hymn, and instantly every tree became instinct with life.

The sound increased in volume until the dark aisles of the forest were pealing with a sullen roar, and soon it burst upon us in the full tide of its strength, and rejoicing in its power. It came like the clashing of hucklers, like the roll of thousand drums—music fit to usher in the morning of some mighty day in the history of mankind—giving the idea of countless armies, or the triumph of a Roman Emperor. Down the cañons and gorges of the mountains it surged, swept like a whirlwind over the surface of the lake, rushed up the rugged sides of Uncle Sam, till from his savage battle-front, he growled back response to our own mountain peak, which all the while kept thundering to him aloud.

**ANECDOTE OF BEETHOVEN.**—The following amusing anecdote is told in the "Autobiography of Louis Spohr," recently published in Germany. "Beethoven was accustomed, when conducting, to guide the orchestra by the most vehement and extraordinary gestures and motions. At the last concert he gave in Vienna, he was playing a new piano-forte piece of his own. He soon forgot that he was performing a solo, and began to direct in his usual fashion. At the first sforzando, he flung his arms so widely asunder, that he hurled both lights off the piano to the floor. The audience laughed; and Beethoven was so put out by the disturbance, that he began over again. A friend, fearing that, at the same passage, the same occurrence might be repeated, ordered two chorus boys to stand one at each side of Beethoven, holding candles in their hands. One came unexpectedly near the performer. When the eventful sforzando broke in, he received from Beethoven's right hand, suddenly flung out, so downright a box on the ear, that the poor lad, in affright, let his candle fall to the floor. The other boy, who had more prudently followed all Beethoven's movements with anxious looks, barely succeeded, by a rapid ducking of his head, in avoiding the blow just reaching him. If the audience laughed before, they now broke fairly out into a bacchanalian shout of mirth. Beethoven became so enraged that he snapped half-a-dozen strings together. All the attempts of the real lovers of music to restore quiet and attention proved for some time fruitless. The first allegro was wholly lost on the audience. Since this mishap, Beethoven never again could give a concert."

We find in the Berlin musical paper "The Echo" a few pertinent remarks by Dr. Zopff, well known to our readers by original contributions to our pages in past years. He says: "There is now a great confusion of ideas as to the meaning of good and bad, classic and light in music, and this confusion is fast getting worse and worse. Very soon nobody will know which is which. One striking example of the lack of character in our art at the present day is offered by the lax treatment of the great or perfect third. Probably no interval is so generally taken too low as the major third. This is most noticeable when it is played on low instruments or sung by bass-singers, as the lowest note of a chord. Then it is

sometimes impossible to tell whether the chord is major or minor. Yet this interval is the most decisive in the scale! How many of our professed music lovers would not be seriously embarrassed if they were asked to tell the mode of a piece, whether major or minor, after only hearing it? In a great measure responsible for this is the machine-like, lifeless scale practice on the piano-forte, where major thirds, for reasons of the temperment, are all tuned too low. Such music is the surest means to make the juvenile ear unsusceptible."

**AN IMPROVED PIANO ACTION.**—Mr. Irving I. Harwood, of this city, well known to all musical people through his long connection with Chickering & Son, has recently invented and patented an improvement on piano-forte actions, which is applicable to instruments of all styles. It is a valuable invention, and the results, which the pianist is able to accomplish by its means, will be hailed with great satisfaction by pianists. It allows of the reiteration of a note with the utmost rapidity and certainty, while the key is depressed to nearly its full extent, without any liability to that "catching" which troubles pianists in such passages, rendering them unequal. So we learn from the Post.

**LIGHTS IN THEATRES.**—At the first sitting of the French Academy of Sciences this year, the president sent in a paper on the foot-lights of theatres, and other matters relating to their construction. The competition opened by government, he observes, for a new opera-house, invests the subject with peculiar interest, and it is therefore essential to take the following circumstances into account:

1. That the foot-lights in their present position are extremely hurtful both to the eyes and voice of the actors, especially in the case of singers.

2. That the communication existing between the stage and the lower story by means of trap-doors, cause drafts of cold air which are highly prejudicial to the actors.

3. That it would be highly advantageous both to the actors and to the public, if the foot-lights were replaced by systems of illumination from above, invisible to the public, and exercising no noxious influence over the performers.

**VERDI IN POLITICS.**—We have already announced the fact that Verdi was a candidate for a seat in the Italian Parliament, meeting this month, and that his chances are good. This news will not surprise those acquainted with the sentiments of the illustrious composer. Before he became a great composer, Verdi was noted for his patriotism; and his music, in which that feeling is everywhere visible, is but the reflection of a generous nature devoted to the freedom of his country. The Italians, by sending him to Congress, will not only reward the greatest of their musicians, but also one of her staunchest patriots.—N. Y. Evening Post.

**AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME."**—How many eyes have been dimmed with tears—how many hearts have been stirred with sorrow—over the exquisite pathos of "Home, Sweet Home!" But how few of the thousands who have murmured its sweet words and drunk its divine melody, know that its author was a sad and weary exile, to whom the joys of home and kindred were unknown, and the tender influence of love denied! How few know that the last years of his life were spent in poverty and exile in strange lands and among alien people; that his last hours were soothed by no loving hand, and no weeping friends followed him to his grave. A few miles from Tunis, within sight of the ruins of Carthage, overlooking the blue sea, the poet sleeps his last sleep. A monument, erected by the United States government with the following inscription, says the Globe, marks his grave, says the "Globe":

In Memory  
of  
HONORABLE JOHN HOWARD PAYNE,  
Twice Consul of  
The United States of America,  
for  
The City and Kingdom of Tunis,  
This stone is here placed,  
By a grateful Country.  
He died at the American Consulate, in this City,  
After a tedious illness,  
April 1st, 1852.  
He was born at the city of Boston,  
State of Massachusetts.  
His fame as a Poet and Dramatist  
Is well known wherever the English language  
Is understood, through his celebrated  
Ballad of "Home, Sweet Home,"  
And his popular tragedy of "Brutus," and  
other similar productions.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal Beauties of Verdi's new Opera "Un Ballo in maschera."

La rivedra nell'estasi. (I shall never behold).  
Romanza. Tenor. 25

A short, melodious strain, full of delicate shadings  
and very effectively introduced in the opera.

Alla vita che t'arride. (To thy life with smiles  
abounding). Cantabile for Baritone. 25

A very pretty movement in Bolero time, which has  
made a decided hit in New York, and will find its way  
to the great singing public.

Volta la terra. (Lift up thine earthly gaze.)  
Rondo for Soprano. 25

A Bravura Song for a Soprano voice, in two-four  
time, with a melody at once pleasing and characteris-  
tic.

Di tu se fedel. (Declare if the waves). Barcar-  
rolle for Tenor. 35

A perfect gem both in and apart from the opera, in  
the form of a Gondola-Song in six-eighth time. When  
rendered by a skilful vocalist it must create a great  
sensation.

Morro, ma prima. (I die, but first in pity.) For  
Soprano. 25

This song will soon be familiarly known as the  
"Prayer from the Masked Ball." It is a beautiful  
movement.

E sei tu che macchiavi. (It is thou who hast  
blighted). 40

A capital Baritone Song.

Ma se m'è forza. (But if compelled to lose  
thee now). Romanza for Tenor. 30

A beautiful piece, in a minor key, but closing with  
a bright strain in major, coming in about as relieving  
as Manrico's Song from the dungeon dispelling the  
doleful minor of the Miserere music.

Saper vorreste. (You'd fain be hearing). Can-  
zonet for Soprano. 25

A lively Arietta in Waltz time, short and not at all  
difficult.

T'amo, si t'amo. (Fondly I love thee). Duet  
for Soprano and Tenor. 40

This is the great Duet in the Opera, into which the  
composer has infused the best of his talent. The  
melodic texture is dramatic. The Orchestra accom-  
panies with a Waltz which flows on gracefully and  
forms a charming contrast to the dramatic notes of  
the singers.

### Books.

THE PARLOR GLEE BOOK. Containing all the  
Principal Songs and Choruses, performed by  
"Ordway's Æolians." 1.00

One of the most attractive music books of the sea-  
son. It contains a large number of choice and popular  
pieces, most of which have been rapturously en-  
cored by large audiences in this and other cities. Its  
elegant appearance and its charming contents render  
it a very desirable acquisition to every young lady's  
collection of favorites—an ornamental and useful ac-  
companiment to the pianoforte.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being  
about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find  
the convenience a saving of time and expense in obtaining  
supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per  
ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand  
miles; beyond that it is double.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 466.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1861.

VOL. XVIII. No. 23.

## The American Flag.

BY DR. DRAKE.

When Freedom from her mountain height,  
Unfurled her standard to the air,  
She tore the azure robe of night,  
And set the stars of glory there.  
She mingled with the gorgeous dyes,  
The milky baldrick of the skies,  
And striped its pure, celestial white,  
With streakings of the morning light;  
Then from his mansion in the sun,  
She called her eagle-bearer down,  
And gave into his mighty hand  
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!  
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,  
To hear the tempest trumping loud,  
And see the lightning-lances driven,  
When strides the warrior of the storm,  
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven;  
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given  
To guard the banner of the free,  
To hover in the sulphur smoke,  
To ward away the battle stroke,  
And bid its blendings shine afar,  
Like rainbows in the cloud of war,  
The harbingers of victory.

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,  
The sign of hope and triumph, high.  
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,  
And the long line comes gleaming on,  
Ere yet the life-blood warm and wet,  
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,  
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn  
To where thy meteor glories burn,  
And as his springing steps advance,  
Catch war and vengeance from the glance;  
And when the cannon-mouthings loud,  
Heave, in wild wreaths, the battle shroud,  
And gory sabres rise and fall,  
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,  
There shall thy victor glances glow,  
And cowering foes shall sink beneath  
Each gallant arm that strikes the blow,  
That awful messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave  
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave,  
When death careering on the gale,  
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,  
And frightened waves rush wildly back,  
Before the broadside's reeling rack,  
The dying wanderer of the sea  
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,  
And smile to see thy splendor fly,  
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's only home,  
By noble hands to valor given,  
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,  
And all thy hues were born in heaven.  
Forever float that standard sheet!  
Where breathes the foe, but falls before us;  
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
With Freedom's banner waving o'er us!

Mme. Plessey, the comic actress, went recently to witness Offenbach's "Orphée aux Enfers," and being asked how she liked it said:—"I have been greatly amused. I fancied myself at Bedlam on the chief turnkey's birthday, which all the lunatics were celebrating.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Sketches of French Musical History.

IX.

OPERA.

1700—1800.

In our last paper we saw the establishment of the royal Academy of Music by Cambert and Lulli. The style of these masters was large and severe, although one feels still a little of the heaviness and monotony of the plain chant. This could not be otherwise at a time when the dramatic music of France was still in its infancy, and was still moving along, so to speak, in company with religious music properly so called.

In the grand 18th century, which is so variously but perhaps not decisively judged, we shall see the opera twice transformed under the powerful hands of Rameau and Gluck, without reckoning the intermediate periods of transition which are a sort of providential interposition, that the works of men of true genius may be more brilliant in their success. Lulli died in 1687, at the moment when the *Ariane* of the unfortunate Cambert was represented at Nantes.

Let us now note the more remarkable events in the history of the Opera during the thirty-three years which elapsed between A. D. 1700 and the appearance of Rameau. Campri, a native of Provence, was the only composer of superior merit who helped to fill out this period of transition. His first production, and a successful one, was the *Europe galante*, an opera-ballet by La Motte two years later followed the *Carnaval de Venise*, a work of the same character. In 1700 he gave the theatre *Hesione* a piece in which Mlle. Clairon, of the French Comedy, afterwards performed the part of Venus. *Tancrede*, *Iphigenie in Tauris*, *Téléphe*, *Camille* and many ballets are the principal productions of the facile pen of Campri. His last opera was *Achille and Detdamie*, first performed Feb. 24, 1735. His style was elegant and graceful, but wanting in force and grandeur.

Destouches, born at Paris in 1672, was superintendent of the royal music and inspector-general of the opera for the period of thirty-six years. After his *Issé* he produced the *Carnaval ella Folie*, an opera ballet, which was often revived between 1703 and 1755, and several other works which did not keep the stage. His last dramatic production was entitled *Les Stratagemes de l'Amour*. As a composer he was not above the second rank. He made a voyage to Siam with the Abbé de Choisy, and died at the age of seventy-seven.

Mouret, a native of Avignon, son of a silk merchant, is the last musician of that period whom it is worth while for posterity to remember. Appointed superintendent of the music of the Duchess of Maine in 1707, he produced many operas and ballets, among them *Les Fêtes de Thalie* and *Les Fêtes de Diane*. His opera, *Ariane*, attracted notice. The death of the Duc de Maine having deprived him of these offices which he held and an income of 5,000

francs, he became insane and died at Charenton, Dec. 22, 1738.

For the sake of completeness, we mention also, Bourgeois, a counter-tenor singer, author of two ballets; Roger, author of *Pyrrhus*; Montclair, to whom we owe the opera, *Jephthé*, and the introduction of the contra-bass into the French orchestra.

Meantime the Regent, who was a composer, had produced *Panthée*, *Jerusalem* and *Hypermetre*; Tribou had succeeded the tenor Muraire; Chassé, an excellent barytone, had gained great applause for his fine voice and dramatic talent; Mlle. Le Maure, Petitpas and Pelissier disputed the palm of vocal art, while Dupré and Mlle. de Camargo reigned in the dance; when at last the illustrious Rameau of Dijon appeared upon the scene. Like so many great men he had struggled many years before succeeding in proving to the world his great powers. Already celebrated as organist and for his profound knowledge of musical theory, he desired to add to this double crown the laurels of the theatre. At the age of forty-four years, having never yet had a text entrusted to him for composition, he applied to the Abbé Pellegrin, who imparted to him, not without much hesitation, the poem *Hippolyte et Aricie* taking his note for 500 livres tournois. The first act was very soon composed and copied, and it was determined to rehearse it at the house of the Farmer-General, La Pouplinière, a Mécenas of the time. Pellegrin was present. Struck with the originality of the music, he fell upon the neck of Rameau, lavished his praises, and tearing the note in pieces, exclaimed, "Such a musician needs give no security." Oct. 1, 1733, *Hippolyte et Aricie* was performed at the Académie Royale and a violent opposition arose against this masterpiece. Its complete success was nevertheless not long delayed; it became very soon astonishing. Campri being asked by the Prince de Conti as to the real value of the work, replied, "Monseigneur, there is enough in this score to make ten operas; this man will eclipse us all." It was not long before the Académie and its friends were divided into two hostile camps, the Lullists and the Rameauists, as at a later date we shall find the parties of the Gluckists and Piccinists. *Les Indes galantes* performed August 23, 1735, proved to the public that Rameau understood the ballet as well as the opera. At length *Castor and Pollux*, given for the first time in 1737, established the glory of the new composer and made him absolute master of the stage until his death in 1764.

*Les Fêtes d'Hébé*, *Dardanus*, *Les Fêtes de Polymnie*, *le Temple de la Gloire*, *Zata*, *Pygmalion*, *Les Fêtes d'Hymen et de l'Amour*, *Platée*, opera buffa, *Nata*, a ballet, and *Zoroastre*, a grand opera in 5 acts, text by Cabusac, showed successively the wonderful flexibility of the genius of Rameau. *La Guirlande* and *Acanthe et Céphise* were given in 1751, the same year in which the great composer celebrated at Versailles the birth of the Duc de Burgogne, *Lysis et Delie*, *Daphnis et Egle*, *Les*

*Surprises de l'Amour*, ballets of Marmontel, Callé and Bernard were followed by the *Paladins*, the last work of a composer, now almost an octogenarian.

Rameau had perceived, during a journey to Milan, that it is melody alone, which gives life to dramatic musical works. Grand harmonist as he was, and he may perhaps justly be called the founder in France of the important science of harmony, he did not neglect the vocal parts, which, let us repeat, form the first foundations of a good opera. Instrumentation owes also to Rameau great progress. The overture to *Hippolyte et Aricie*, somewhat in the style of Handel, is far superior to the meagre symphonies of Lulli. The chorus, "Dieux vengeurs lancez le tonnerre!" the tempest which follows and the enharmonic trio of the Fates are movements of an energetic and striking effect. What more beautiful than the chorus in *Castor and Pollux*, "Que tout gemisse!" what more pathetic than the famous air, "Tristes apprêts, pâles flambeaux!" what more fresh and graceful than the minuet, "Dans ce doux asile!" The rhythm of his airs, the free and daring movements of his choruses, and the comparative richness of his instrumentation secure to Rameau a place in the highest rank of the musical art; his contemporaries gave him full recognition; and we, in our day, should confirm their judgment could we have one of his masterpieces reproduced with due care. To crown Rameau's success Louis XV. appointed him chamber composer, gave him a patent of nobility and bestowed upon him the grand cordon of St. Michael. But Rameau, independent almost to brutality, was enraged to find that he must pay the expenses at the chancellor's court of his patent of nobility, and exclaimed in a passion, "I purchase letters of nobility! *Castor and Dardanus* gave me them long since; I can use this money to far better advantage." As his refusal might become a cause of scandal they gave him the decoration; the patent of nobility lapsing for want of registry. He died at the age of eighty-two. In his honor the magistrates of his native town released him and his family from taxation forever.

During the reign of Rameau few remarkable works by others saw the light [in France.] We ought, however, to record the success of *La serva Padrona* by Pergolesi, in which La Tonelli and Manelli appeared in all the splendor of their fame, and of *Daphnis et Alcimadura*, a Languedoc opera, both words and music by Mondonville.

The *Devin du Village*, of J. J. Rousseau, appeared on the stage March 1, 1753. Castil-Blaze affirms the music to have been by a citizen of Lyons, named Granet. We do not take the responsibility of this assertion.

By this time the troop was almost entirely changed. Mlle. Chevalier had succeeded Mlle. Petitpas, Mlle. de Fel Mlle. Pelissier. Jeliotte, tenor singer and composer, had given a marvelous representation of the fine part of Castor; the ravishing Sophie Arnold, who made her first appearance Dec. 15, 1757, clothed in a magnificent lilac robe embroidered with silver, had shown the great expression of her touching voice in the important parts of Thelaine and Iphise. La Guimard had appeared in the ballet of which she very soon became the ornament, when suddenly, April 6, 1763, was destroyed by fire, the hall in the Palais Royal, built in 1637, by Lemercier,

and which so often had resounded to the melodious strains of Lulli and Rameau. From Rameau to Gluck was a period of ten years, during which were produced *Aline reine de Golconde*, by Sedaine (text) and Monsigny (music); *Sylvie* by Lanjou, Berton and Trial; *Ernelinde* by Poinsinet and Philidor; *Ismène et Ismenias*, music by La Borde; *Endymion*, a ballet by the celebrated Gaëtan Vestris; and *Sabinus*, a work correct but cold of Chabanon and Gossee. All these works have but a secondary merit.

At length, April 19, 1774, *Iphigenie en Aulide* by the Chevalier Gluck made its first appearance in the new hall of the Palais Royal, which had been opened Jan. 26, 1770, with a beautiful revival of Rameau's *Zoroastre*.

At 5 1-2 P.M., the Dauphin and Dauphiness, the Count and Countess of Provence took their places in the royal box. The whole court, resplendent with pearls and diamonds, had preceded them. After the first recitative of Agamemnon (played by Larrinée an excellent barytone, formerly hairdresser of the opera, Marie Antoinette, the declared protectress of the new composer, gave the signal, and a thunder of applause interrupted both singer and orchestra, both equally astonished at the immense success. Eight operas written for theatres in Italy had placed Gluck at the head of the operatic composers of his day; two works written for London had not obtained the like success. The master had come to the conviction that all operatic music should be made to correspond to the situation which it was to express; the force of the rhythm and the accent of the words, was the basis of his new style.\*

M. le Bailli du Rollet, an attaché of the embassy at Vienna had, to this end, transformed the *Iphigenie* of Racine into an opera, at the second performance of which the enthusiasm of the audience manifested itself still more strikingly than at the first. Madame de Barry, favorite mistress of Louis XV., was determined to continue her system of opposition to the Dauphiness, Marie Antoinette. With the assistance of the Neapolitan ambassador, she negotiated an engagement with Piccini, with the promise of 2000 crowns per annum if he would establish himself at Paris. Some three months after the death of Louis XV., Gluck's *Orpheus* was introduced and enchanted the Parisians. The chorus of the demons, and the admirable pathos, which characterizes the entreaties of the Spouse of Eurydice make a masterpiece of the second act, which will always remain one of the finest productions of human genius. Legros, and in our own times Delsarte as well as Madame Viardot have given this scene in a manner truly sublime.

\* It may not be within the plan of M. Polset to give an account of Gluck's history at Vienna—or will he ignore it? See the article Gluck in the New American Encyclopedia.

### The Organ.\*

**TWELFTH STUDY. THE INFLUENCE OF FORM OR QUALITY OF TONE CONTINUED. THE FORM OF THE MOUTHS AND TONGUES OF THE PIPES.**

Since the vibrations, which produce the sound in an organ pipe, depend for their character on that of the vibrating apparatus, the dimensions of this apparatus in all its parts must necessarily influence the quality of the tone. In the case of pipes with mouths, as distinguished from reed

pipes, it is of the greatest importance, and most essential, to make the lips exactly parallel to one another, first, for their effect on the eye, then for their effect on the ear; for if the proportions of the mouth are destroyed, it is no longer possible so to train it as to get from it those effects which are proper to it, and which it is most desirable it should produce. A low mouth, one, that is, in which the lips are at no great distance from one another, will yield a feeble sound, but a cutting quality of tone. This is due to the quick rush of the wind, which, on first issuing from the throat † of the pipe, dashes headlong against the cutting edge of the upper lip, at the very outset of its flight, and at the top of its speed. In this case the upper lip has great hold upon the current of air on its first issuing from the throat of the pipe; but in proportion as the lips are removed to a greater distance from one another, the upper lip will have less hold upon this current, and the result will be a less cutting quality of tone. The higher, the more gaping a mouth is, the weaker also will be the sound emitted by it, and the quality of its tone will be then somewhat hollow and without much body, not wholly unlike the voice of a singer who opens his mouth too wide. From this defect his voice loses in vigor, and becomes dull. Perfection would seem to consist in a certain roundness of tone lying midway between the two extremes.

There is a measure for the length of the lips, which admits of no deviation, and this is, that they should be as long as the fourth part of the circumference of the pipe. But the height of the mouths, the distance—that is, from lip to lip—varies, as we have already seen, according to the nature of the stop; and the great variety of flue-pipes, open and stopped, especially in Germany, shows us how builders are able to make use of the greater or less distance of one lip from the other for the production of an almost infinite variety of qualities of tone, and even shades of the same. We also find in the scales or measures laid down by German and French builders, that the third or the fourth, and even two-sevenths of the length of the lips, is given for the height of the mouths of the open pipes, and that for stopped pipes, for the obvious reason that they are more dull in their sound, their mouths are opened almost to the half of the length of their lips. A difference, too, is made in determining the particular measures between the pipes of metal and those of wood, but this regards the builder only; all that it concerns us to notice is the influence that this or that particular kind of lip has upon the quality of the tone.

We have noticed the effect that follows from the lips being at a greater or less distance, when one is perpendicular to the other; we have next to consider the effect of their being at various distances in a diagonal direction. This diagonal distance has more effect, properly speaking, upon the speech of the pipe than upon the quality of its tone, though, as has been already shown, the quality of the tone does undoubtedly very closely depend upon the relative proportions of all the sound-producing parts of the pipe. We know very well that for the pipe to speak properly, or yield its true quality of tone, the air coming from the throat ought to be directed by the lower lip against the cutting edge of the upper lip. This upper lip is then made for this reason a little in arrear of the lower one, and it is the greater or less departure of the upper lip from the perpendicular line that falls between it and the lower lip which regulates the sound and quality of the tone. If the upper lip is either too much in front of the lower lip, or too much in arrear of it, the pipe will not speak at all, for the air in either case does not then get that sort of cut against the edge of the upper lip, which is absolutely necessary for it, in order that it may make the pipe speak. If this lip (the upper that is) is not far enough in arrear, within the pipe, the pipe will speak its octave; if, on the other hand, it is too far back, the pipe will be slow to speak, and in both these ways the quality of tone is very sensibly modified.

From what has been now said, it will be clear—

† This is perhaps more commonly called the wedge.

\* From *L'Orgue, sa Connaissance, son Administration, et son Jeu*, by Joseph Regnier.

ly seen that the wind may be said to find the centre of its action in the mouth of the pipe. The lips are subject to a perpetual and not inconsiderable tremulous emotion, which would very soon change their form unless they were made thicker than the rest of the pipe, and that more especially about the base of the mouth. Some builders even, for the sake of greater solidity, edge the mouths of their open metal pipes with a thin plate of metal fixed at right angles to each extremity of the mouth. This they are obliged to do in the case of their stopped metal pipes, because otherwise they would not be able to tune them, the tuning of these pipes being effected either by pressing these plates of metal, or ears, as they are called, closer together, or by separating them further apart. After the lips, we have to consider that part of the vibrating apparatus which is called the language. This is a small piece of metal which, according as it is set at a greater or less distance from the lower lip, and according to the angle which it makes with it, has a most material influence on the character of the sound. Its edge, by almost meeting the lower lip, forms, with it, the throat of the pipe, and the more cutting this edge is, the more cutting also will be the quality of the tone. Its thickness is a matter of considerable importance, for if it were too thin it would yield to the pressure of the wind, and though it might not lose its hold, it would at least get out of place and lose its proper position exactly opposite the lower lip. Hence it is better to make it of tin than lead, because tin is less flexible and less easily oxidised by the air than lead. In thickness it should be about the third of the height of the mouth, and it should be inclined to the lower lip at an angle of about sixty degrees. It is quite as important for the language to be parallel to the lower lip as it is for the lips to be parallel to the one to the other. Its office is to direct the current of air against the upper lip. If then the language is inclined at too great an angle to the lip, the air will be directed by it into the body of the pipe and not against the lip; if it is not inclined enough, the air will be directed by it wholly outside the pipe; if, again, the language is depressed on one side, and raised up on the other, it will no longer be of any use at all as a means for directing the current of air. Hence, the least movement in the language from its true position has great influence on the sound, and consequently on the quality of the tone, for if it is so inclined as to direct the air too much to the inside of the pipe, the quality of the tone will become dull and unmusical; if too much to the outside of the pipe, the quantity of the sound will not be so great in amount, and the quality of the tone will become hard and wanting in body. If the language is too near the lip, so as to form with it too narrow a throat, the pipe will not be supplied with a proper quantity of sound, and hence its quality of tone not being in proportion to its scale, will be wanting in sufficient body of sound; if the language, on the contrary, is too far removed from the lip, it will make the throat too large, and, in this case, the quantity of wind, which it will allow to escape, will be more than the vibrating apparatus requires for its proper action, and hence the quality of tone will again become not only unmusical, but also what is technically called windy. The same effect will be produced if there are too many of those teeth or notches, which it is necessary to make in the edge of the language in order that the pipe may speak with greater promptness. If these notches are only lightly marked it will not be difficult to obtain a biting quality of tone; if they are cut deep and near together, they will have a very considerable influence in diminishing the force of the air, because by their roughness they will put a hindrance in the way of its passing freely through the throat. In general, if the throat is too narrow, the pipe has great difficulty in speaking, but when it will speak well under such straitened circumstances, the quality of its tone will be much more clear and keen; when, on the contrary, this same aperture is only a little too wide, the sound and quality of tone will be somewhat more mellow, but the quality will lose something

of its keenness, and be deficient both in steadiness and vigor.

In the reed pipes, the vibrating apparatus, the reed, that is, and all that is necessary for the proper sounding of the tongue, have no less an influence on the quality of their tone than that which is necessary for their speech in the pipes, of which we have been just speaking. Shortness in the reed † is the cause of sweetness and thinness in the quality, length in the same enables builders to put strong tongues, the tone of which will be equal in brightness to its strength. "It is remarkable," says Dom Bédos, "that reeds varying in length find favor with all the most skillful builders. . . . So made, they must of necessity yield sounds differing from one another in power, and each sound good in its kind. Without pretending to decide which system is best; whether, that is, it is better to use long or short reeds, I certainly think that short reeds are better for organs intended for small churches, because in their case the builder is obliged to voice them soft. Large reeds require to be voiced loud, and therefore they would have a very good effect in large churches."

The hardness of the tongues, attained by cold beating, and their thickness, are also an important element towards forming the quality of the tone of reed pipes. If the tongue is harder than it ought to be the quality will be also hard, poor and feeble if the tongue is also feeble. "If they are much beaten," says our author, "they must be smaller than if they are only moderately beaten, or not beaten at all. As in the flue pipes, it is necessary for the lips to be exactly parallel to one another and to the language, so also in the case both of striking reeds and free reeds, regularity of movement in the tongues, and an exact proportion between their length and thickness, are most essential elements towards purity and brightness in the quality of their tone." This observation, taken together with what has been said about the reed and its parts, the vibrations of which perform the same office as those of the column of air in the open or stopped flue pipes, makes it quite evident that if the smaller pipe of such stops yields a fine and thin quality of tone, the small tongues of reed pipes will yield also a quality of tone every way analogous to this. In fact, the quality depends on the mass of air made to vibrate, and the mass of air made to vibrate depends on the size of the tongue; the greater, then, the surface of the tongue striking the air, the greater, also, the column of air made to vibrate under its blows. From this follows a singular phenomenon, which science finds it more easy to attest than to account for, and this is, that though the length and thickness of the tongues act very powerfully upon the pitch of reed pipes, so as even to make it vary a note higher or lower, their breadth acts upon nothing but the quality of their tone. And hence it is certain, that, however much the breadth of the tongue is either increased or diminished, as long as the length and thickness of it remain the same, the number of the vibrations will remain the same also, and, consequently, that the note or pitch of the pipe will not vary. All the difference that will arise from this variation in the breadth either way will be, that narrowness in the tongue will yield the quality of tone of all the finer kinds of scales, and that breadth will yield that of all those scales which allow to the wind a fuller and more ample range, while an exact proportion between the parts will assure to them both roundness and vigor. In all these respects there is so great a correspondence between reed pipes and open or stopped flue pipes, that which is said of the one class may with equal propriety be said of the other.

† This is called the break in German building manuals. A better term, as giving rise to less confusion.

### Ferdinand Hiller on the Music of the Future.

#### FIRST LETTER.

(Continued from page 389.)

When Wagner, with daring strides, comes to speak of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, the

three pillars of instrumental music, he again puts forward, with exaggerated one-sidedness, the influence of "dance-melody" upon the wonderful productions of this kind of composition. It is not to be denied that many dance-poems and rhythms are at the bottom of these productions (for the dance, to which belongs the *march*, is that pure music which is most intimately connected with our most primitive life-utterances); it was not, however, only the other forms of art, such as the fugues, &c., also mentioned by Wagner, but likewise the developed forms of vocal music, the employment of the orchestra in the lyric drama, and, finally, the free invention of the more considerable instrumental performers, which together constituted the base on which to raise a branch of art which is able, nowadays, to bring forth such an extraordinary effects.

These effects are appreciated by Wagner according to all their mysterious strength, and he expresses the opinion that the "conventional development of languages," which scarcely any longer furnish "purely human feeling" with the organ necessary for its expression, are, perhaps, the reason that this feeling in Beethoven's instrumental music opened itself, as it were, a new road by which it might uninterruptedly flow forth. We would pass over the question of languages—a very difficult one at the present day—did it not lead Wagner to a conclusion which cannot well be given otherwise than in his own words:—

"In the face of this irrefutable recognition," he exclaims, "there can henceforth be only two modes of development open to poetry: either an entire passing-over into the domain of the abstract, a pure combination of ideas and representation of the world by an explanation of the logical laws of the process of thinking—and this poetry does as philosophy—or intimate blending with music, but with that music whose endless power has been laid open to us by the Beethovenian symphony."

This is pretty nearly tantamount to a death sentence on poetry, for what poetry (?) does as philosophy is no longer poetry (or is not philosophy)—while if it is confined to the blending with music, it is altogether deprived of independence, and can no longer speak as a mental art, pure and free, to our mind. This assertion of Wagner's proceeds, however, so directly from the views which most peculiarly individualise him, that the present is the proper time to pass on to those passages of his *Letter* which he has dedicated to the inward, and although with very most brevity, to the outward course of his development.

I am acquainted with no great composer who did not feel, in his tenderest age, attracted, almost with the force of instinct, to music, and who did not, in his earliest youth, in one way or another, by singing, playing, or composing, manifest the musical capabilities with which he was gifted. It is a very important fact, if we would understand Wagner's individuality, that matters took a completely different course with him. Although he felt a certain taste for music, and was greatly fascinated by certain productions, especially by those of Weber, it was not till later, and then, too, through poetry, especially dramatic poetry, that he came to devote himself more carefully to the study of music. He had written a tragedy, for which he wished to compose music to be played between the acts, &c., and so he took lessons in harmony and thorough-bass. The taste for composing or playing music for its own sake alone had been denied his youth. He had never, with uncritical ingenuousness buried himself in the treasures of our instrumental compositions; purely musical thought, although, at first, seldom anything else than the reproduction of what has been learnt, played, or heard, never became a habit with him. From the very commencement, he beheld in music the companion, or, rather, perhaps, the higher interpreter of poetry, and moreover, of dramatic poetry, and as soon as he had learnt sufficient to achieve "technical independence," he set about composing the music for the librettos he had written.

When he had arrived thus far, he found much to annoy him in opera generally, as well as in the condition of the German operatic stage. It is a mournful truth, but we Germans possess no

German opera, although we have produced the greatest operatic composers. Whether it results from the still prevailing taste for what is foreign, or from the management, destitute of all national feeling, of our lyrical stage, such is the fact. A Mozart, a Beethoven, and a Weber produced half-a-dozen masterpieces; but an opera, built on a foundation of genuine patriotic thought and feeling, and developing itself full of life, such an opera as not Italy alone, but France also, possesses (in her *Opera Comique*), entirely fails us. Every author who writes an opera-book, and every composer who sets it to music, begins, if he does not borrow French or Italian forms, with the whole structure of the work, so to speak, from the very commencement. That, on this plan, a creation of great originality now and then is produced, is quite as undeniable as that such isolated creations do not suffice to form a decided taste, or, indeed, any taste at all, and that, in the confused medley offered them, the great mass of the public must be deprived of any point of support, and any opinion.

A man of passionately artistic nature, like Wagner, must have been affected by this state of things in a doubly disagreeable manner. As musical director at various theatres, he was placed in the very midst of all these miserable doings, and compelled to busy himself, down to the minutest details, with the flattest and most vapid trash. What he says on this head, will, as far as Germany is concerned, certainly meet with the most general assent. So many repulsive impressions did not, however, render him blind to isolated instances of what was beautiful; many of the works of Spontini and Weber, and especially, the performances of Mad. Schröder-Devrient, filled him with enthusiasm, and prevented him from losing sight of his ideal of a dramatic-musical work of art. Greek tragedy, in its religiously poetical magnificence, was present to his mind; but it is in vain that he seeks, at the present day, for an Athenian public. He has stated his views concerning the connection between politico-social and artistic matters, in a small work entitled *Art and Revolution*. We cannot well blame him for contenting himself, in the midst of imperial Paris, with this much, and not saying any more on this subject to his French friend.

To the attention paid by him to the Greek theatre, Wagner connects the ideas which led him to compose that one of his works which—by the title at least—is most generally known, namely, *Das Kunstwerk der Zukunft*. He sees the decadence of the Greek theatre principally in the endeavor of the various arts to be regarded as so many separate ones, instead of remaining united, and thus producing the greatest possible effect upon the stage. But was this union, to the extent Wagner attributes to it, ever found in Greek tragedy? Were the propylæa a theatre? Did Phidias work for Sophocles? Was not the magnificence of the Greek theatre merely one of the blossoms of the wonderful civilization of the Greeks? And did it not perish, because an eternal law ordains that even what is most beautiful springs into life but to die?

No matter! At all events, Wagner is indisputably right when he attributes to the connection of certain arts a most particular collective result; not only the past but the present is continually furnishing us with proofs that, from the earliest times, every one was of this opinion. We decorate profane and religious edifices with the works of painting and sculpture; we perform music in churches: and the most intimate connection of poetry with music has been, since the very commencement of civilization, felt to be requisite by man. Opera, too, although, according to Wagner's statement, bearing the same relation to his ideal, "as an ape to a human being"—opera, since its birth, has always kept in view this union of the arts in the connection of dramatic poetry with dancing, music, painting and architecture. Wherein, therefore, lies "the fundamental faultiness of operatic composition," in which Wagner does not find even "prepared" the ideal of such a dramatic work of art as the greatest minds have attempted to realize? It lies, in his opinion, in the magnificence of the

drama (libretto) offered by the poet to the musician. The poet, he tells us, found certain fixed musical forms, with which he thought he must not interfere, ready to his hand, and their restrictive power restrained him from anything in the shape of a really important creation, while not permitting, as a rule, "really great poets" to have any connection with opera. "The ideal perfection of opera is dependent on a total change of the character of the poet's participation in the work of art." The poet himself, we are furthermore informed, must be finely conducted, by his endeavor to work more and more purely and immediately on the feelings, to the limits of his "branch of art," and, therefore, that work must be considered by us as the poet's most successful one, which, in its last degree of completion, becomes wholly music." "The ideal subject," we are informed, "is to be found in the myth, and only the extraordinarily rich development, unknown to former centuries, to which music has attained in our day," can render possible the execution of the work of art. In this course of thought, which, however, is only implied, lie the strength and the weakness of Wagner's views.

FERDINAND HILLER.

### Church Music in New York.

In the former article on "Church Music in New York," the author asks us to make the following corrections. For *distinct* foot tone, read *sixteen*, for *introduction* read *intonation*, and for *base* read *case*.

Most of your readers are already aware that in the Roman Catholic Church, Music ranks even higher than symbolism as the primary attractive feature, around which all else is made to revolve; it is the pivot, the centre of attraction, and a large sum of money is annually expended by this church to secure in its service a high order of talent. But, in the Protestant Episcopal church, whilst it is more of a secondary consideration, it cannot be denied that the choral part of the service holds a very important place; and it is gratifying to all lovers of the good and beautiful in art to observe, that particular care has been bestowed upon this element of our worship, during the past few years, with a view to render it finished and artistic in its character.

One of the most noted churches of the latter denomination in New York, is Grace Church,—Rev. Dr. Taylor's—which is located on Broadway, near Tenth street. It is built of marble, in the Gothic style of architecture, and attracts universal attention from strangers visiting the city; externally, from the symmetry of its proportions and commanding position; internally from the eloquence of its distinguished Rector, and the attractive quality of its music, which is directed by the well-known organist, Mr. George Washburn Morgan—a native of Gloucester, England. The organ was built by Henry Erben; it formerly stood in Grace Church, Barclay street, and has occupied its present position about fourteen years. It is not an instrument of great power, but it is well proportioned to the size of the building, and is full, even toned and mellow in its diapasons. It is enclosed in a highly ornamental case, representing a model of the west front of Milan Cathedral. It has three ranks of keys and thirty-six stops. The pedals are arranged in a semi-circular, or rather *oyster shell* form, after a plan of Mr. Morgan's which has also been introduced into the organ of a church in Providence, R. I., and the Tabernacle in this city. It is a valuable invention, enabling the performer to sweep over the pedals with much greater ease than the method now in use.

The choir is a quartette, comprising the following talent: Soprano, Mrs. Bodstein, (formerly Miss Julia Northall); Contralto, Miss Demorest; tenor, Mr. George Simpson; and bass, Mr. J. Connor Smith. As these singers are well known to the musical public, we will not at this time enter into details of their characteristics, but content ourselves simply with saying that they are an ornament to the musical profession of the city. The style of music is less ecclesiastical, and more ornate than at the churches described in my last, and consists mainly of selections from the works of Beethoven, Mozart, *et alii*, interspersed with original compositions of Mosenthal, King, and Mr. Morgan. To convey an idea of the capabilities of the choir, I annex a programme of the music sung on Sunday morning last: Opening voluntary, from Beethoven's second Symphony in D; Gloria, from Hauptmann's mass; Jubilate, Morgan; Psalm 34th, King's collection; Hymn 96th, arranged by Edward Scherhorn, Esq.; closing voluntary,

Fugue in F, Hesse. A large number of listeners may be seen lingering in the aisles at the close of service each Sabbath, who remain until Mr. Morgan has finished the concluding voluntary; this is always very elaborate and in the morning consists of a fugue or some classical selection, whilst in the afternoon it usually partakes more of the light and popular style.

Mr. Morgan's playing was so admirably described by Willis, in the Home Journal, a few weeks since, that I have scarcely anything to add. A recent writer, speaking of his style, says it is founded on the teachings of the English school of sacred harmony, and he seldom indulges in the Italian *moresca* species. We are less reminded of the *Trovatore*, and more of the *Creation*, when hearing him play." Undoubtedly he has no superior in the world as a pedal performer, but few equal him manually.

The congregation of Calvary Church, Rev. Mr. Hawkes, corner of Fourth avenue and 22d street, is one of the most refined, intelligent and aristocratic in the city; the music, under the direction of Mr. J. Mosenthal, deserves particular notice. Mr. Mosenthal is known throughout the land as a most gifted artist and musician, besides being a composer of great ability. The music is rendered with as much taste and genuine artistic thoroughness of execution here, as at any other church in the city. The repertoire is extensive and varied, comprising adaptations from the masses, selections from the collections of Grootenex, King, etc., with original compositions of the organist. The choir is quartette; the soprano and alto parts are sustained by the two sisters, Misses Madeline and Mary Gellie, and the tenor and bass by Messrs. Cooke and Philip Mayer. The organ is a very good one, built by Stuart in 1847, containing 40 stops with three manuals. During the summer season, a *vesper* service is held at this church in lieu of the regular afternoon service, to which this merit, at least may be ascribed: that it is a great relief to both clergy and parishioners. We think that the example could be profitably followed by other churches, both in and out of New York. It consists simply of the reading and singing of the liturgy, without sermon, and with two or three additional pieces of music. The valuable musical resources and facilities of this choir give them every possible advantage for carrying such a service to a high state of perfection.

The music at St. Thomas's Church, Broadway, corner of Houston street, is worthy of a passing notice. Miss Hattie Andem is the leading soprano, whilst the other three singers composing the quartette choir of this church are amateurs. Mr. John F. Huntington, the organist, is a pupil of Dr. Hodges, of Trinity Church, and the music partakes largely of his style. Mr. Huntington is himself a composer of some repute, and occasionally introduces compositions of his own. On festival days, when the Church Committee leave everything to the judgment and management of the organist and director, the music is superior, and many are attracted thither for the express purpose of hearing it. The organ is a very good instrument, with 34 stops, built by Hall & Lorbach.

In times past the choir at the Church of the Holy Communion (Rev. W. A. Muhlenburg's in 6th Avenue, has been noted for its excellence; but, at present, does not rank so high as formerly. It is composed of sixteen boys, with six men, as at Trinity Church, divided into two equal portions, forming distinct choirs, who sing responsively; but, as many of those qualities which render famous the choir of Trinity, and give such grand effect to the music, are here entirely lacking, no comparison can be instituted to their relative merits. Mr. Fitzsimmons is organist, and Mr. Johnson leader and director of music.

There are other Episcopal churches in the city, of which the music deserves particular mention; they will furnish material for one more letter; after that, we propose to pass in review the choirs of leading churches of all other denominations.—*Transcript*.

### The Messiah at St. Paul's Cathedral.

For the first time since its erection by Sir Christopher Wren, an oratorio has been heard in our magnificent metropolitan cathedral. The occasion, as our readers need hardly be informed, was in aid of the funds for the purchase of the large, and equally fine organ, which formerly did duty at the Panopticon—or Alhambra, as it is styled by the present proprietor. In addition to this, money is also wanted for the completion of the decorations now in progress; and the caputular chest being (according to official statements) at remarkably low ebb, an appeal to the general public, in the shape of a grand musical performance, was deemed the most fitting method of replenishing it, and thereby aiding the "good work."



The intention may be, and undoubtedly is, excellent; but whether the means adopted were the best for the end, may be a question for future consideration. At present, we can do little more than chronicle the event of yesterday (Friday), and must reserve detail until our next.

On the whole, the performance of the *Messiah* agreeably disappointed us, as we had expected, from the enormous size of the building and the immense height of the cupola, a somewhat similar result to that of the "festivals" at the Crystal Palace.

This was, however, far from being the case. We heard every note as distinctly as if it had been at Exeter or St. James's Hall. In more remote parts of the cathedral it might have been different. Those, for instance, who were ranged along the nave might have lost much of the effect of the solos; but still the fact is proved beyond dispute (and we speak with some experience of cathedrals and music-halls) that stone is unquestionably a better medium for the concentration of sound than glass and iron. The new organ—respecting the placing of which some curious information is afforded in the official programme—is fixed at the back of the south transept, the chorus and band extending to its boundary and junction with the nave; the body of the church immediately beneath the cupola being absorbed by the reserved seats, the southern transept also occupied by the audience, seats in the nave, extending to the western entrance, also completely filled, and some few persons in the choir—from four to five thousand forming the total present.

Mr. Goss, the accomplished organist of the cathedral, wielded the *baton* over the six hundred who composed the band and chorus; and, taken altogether, a more solemn and impressive rendering of the master-piece of Handel, which assuredly was "not for an age, but for all time," has never been heard in the metropolis. True that in some places, critically speaking, there was a tendency to retard the times, but with the present vivid impression on our minds, we are not disposed to take exceptions, and must rather speak in laudatory terms of the performance in its entirety. Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, to whom was allotted the whole of the principal soprano music, sang charmingly, her particularly clear and distinct enunciation of the words being especially worthy of praise. The whole of the tenor part was given to Mr. Sims Reeves, who more than ever distinguished himself, being in remarkably fine voice, and infusing all the pathos, tenderness and energy of which he is so thorough a master, into his singing from first to last.—*Musical World*.

**THE DUKE AND THE "FRIENDLY SINGERS."**—The Duke of Saxe-Coburg has been honored by a distinction not often accorded to princes. In Vienna there is a singing club, which takes upon itself to reward the composers of good vocal music, by conferring upon them the greatest gift in the bestowal of the society. This consists of a letter of congratulation, accompanied by a ducat (a five florin gold piece), the club thinking too highly of the quality of its own applause to back it up by anything more than a mere symbol of approval. The Duke, who is a very active composer, has of late produced a new anthem for the German Fatherland, which the club in question has acknowledged in the usual manner. Letter, ducat, and all duly found their way to Coburg. To this extraordinary mark of merit, the brother of Prince Albert replied in an epistle too characteristic of its royal writer not to be given in *extenso*:

"Gentlemen,—My friendly singer's greeting in reply to yours. Permit me to express to you my agreeable surprise at the receipt of your letter and metallic accompaniment. If I ever entertained the depressing idea that it was the performance of a prince which caused general recognition of my national anthem, you have furnished me with a most conclusive and most gratifying proof to the contrary. By bestowing upon me the same mark of approval which you are in the habit of awarding to composers of every rank and degree, you have conferred upon me a greater distinction than by a pompous acknowledgment out of the usual course. Among all the memorials which I possess, or, with Divine assistance, hope to be able to deserve as a son of my country, your ducat will certainly not be the least prized. You, gentlemen, occupy an equally high place in my estimation by the genuine German confidence with which you have taken me for what I should like to be in reality—an equal among equals. As such I give you my hand with the sincerest respect, and ever remain yours truly.

BAHRETT.

"Coburg, Dec 4."

### Peeps Behind the Scenes.

#### MR. WISP AT THE OPERA.

He Goes upon the Stage—His Debut in the *Ballo in Maschera*—His Costume—Glimpses at Hincley—Colson, Brignoli, &c.—Mr. Wisp's Singular Courage and Hardihood—The Disastrous Fall of Brignoli—"End of the Op."

"Signor Musio will introduce a grand gallop, composed ex-

pressly for the occasion, which will be danced by the corps of ballet amateurs and those patrons of the opera who may wish to be on the stage during the masquerade scene."

These words the reader will find in the daily advertisements of the opera company at present performing at our Academy of Music, and he has probably felt more or less of an inclination to join those "patrons of the opera" who may trip it on the light fantastic on the stage of our metropolitan opera-house.

Mr. Wisp experienced such an inclination. Though he had for ages attended the opera with undeviating regularity, and boasted that he had heard every opera and every singer in New York, for the last ten years, he had never penetrated the sacred mysteries of the footlights and side wings, and had only worshipped the operatic stars from afar off. It is, generally, by the way, the best to do so, as admiration frequently decreases in exact proportion to the approximation of the admirer to the admired object.

Mr. Wisp, on purchasing his ticket, after having made heroic but vain endeavors to get in as a dead-head, secured a check entitling him to admission behind the scenes during the last act of the "*Ballo*." Twenty of these checks are issued each night, and are quite insufficient to meet the demand for them. The way to get them is to apply at the box-office when you purchase your ticket, or else to make direct application to Mr. Gran, the general manager of the minutiae of operatic affairs under the present regime.

Mr. Wisp waited with considerable impatience for the end of the third act, while the nervousness incidental to a *début* prevented him from fully appreciating the presence even of Mr. Lincoln and the Prince of Rails, who were in one of the proscenium boxes, accompanied by sundry and divers western people. He could, however, observe that Mr. Lincoln is by no means familiar with operatic performances; that he has no very clear understanding about them, and that he is more ready to pick out the ludicrous incidents of the plot and action, than the beauties of the music. Mr. Wisp was also vastly disappointed to notice that the President elect retired before the best portions of the opera were performed.

#### MR. WISP GOES BEHIND THE SCENES.

After the laughing chorus was over Mr. Wisp left his seat, and going around the north lobby presented himself at the stage door, in company with about a dozen other people bent on the same errand.

A Cerberus, apparently a member of the chorus, dressed in seely blue velvet and tinsel, stood at the door demanding checks of strangers, but admitting without hesitation everybody who either was or looked like an Italian singer—and as no American can ever assume the indescribable air of gentlemanly laziness peculiar to this select class of community, he had no difficulty in deciding at a glance.

Once past Cerberus, Mr. Wisp found himself one of a noisy, babbling crowd of persons of both sexes, dressed in the most diverse styles of costumes. There were lords and ladies, peasants, ballet dancers, *prime donne*, dominoes, devils, a bear, a harlequin and civilians. There were small boys and old men—military looking individuals with fierce moustaches, and by contrast a few meek looking women in flabby bonnets and shabby shawls. Through this motley crowd Mr. Wisp pushed his way, asking loudly for Bruschi.

#### THE OPERATIC COSTUME.

Bruschi, it must be known, is the costumer of the establishment, and a slender, active little Italian, with a little black moustache and little black eyes. His command of the English language does not recal the fluency of a Chapin or a Beecher, but he is very obliging, and Mr. Wisp is under eternal obligations to him for the privilege of examining his treasures of costumes and masks, and selecting therefrom.

The room where Bruschi presides is the green-room. It is furnished with a few tables, a number of settees around the wall, a piano-forte and a triolodeon. Here the members of the chorus assemble between the acts, or when not wanted on the stage, and here the ballet dancers rehearse their steps before bounding before the footlights.

Mr. Wisp was soon too deeply absorbed in his own personal troubles to pay much attention to these objects and persons. He was distracted between the rival attractions of a blue muslin domino with a pink hood, and a yellow one with a green hood. Neither was he by any means indifferent to the charms of a white species of shirt, with white overalls, and an immensely high peaked sugar-loaf hat, with which dazzling costume a number of individuals were attiring themselves. After mature deliberation he decided in favor of a black domino, which he donned with considerable difficulty and the kind assistance of Signor Bruschi. The black domino and the black kid gloves he wore imparted to Mr. Wisp a sombre, not to say funereal aspect which he felicitously relieved by perching on his head a little blue velvet hat with a red feather.

Thus accoutred, Mr. Wisp surveyed himself in the large mirror with evident self-satisfaction, the bear, Signora Elena, the *premiere danseuse*, three blue dominoes, five individuals in the white peaked hats, Signor Susini in citizen's dress, three chorus ladies and divers other persons, taking the same opportunity to catch a glimpse of their reflected forms.

Just then Mr. Wisp bethought himself of the masks, and rushing, frantically to Bruschi, demanded one. The obliging Signor presented such an array that the vacillating Wisp was again plunged into the profoundest perplexity. Here was a mask with a lopsided nose about six inches long; here one with huge bulging cheeks; here one with two noses; here one with a pug nose turned up as high as the forehead, and indeed in every instance the nasal organ was distorted in some very singular and incredible manner. Then there were black and brown masks and devil's faces. There were also those genteel little half-masks with lace depending therefrom. While Mr. Wisp was, however, giving the subject due reflection, and had for the moment turned his face from the collection of masks, the Philistines came and despoiled him; that is to say, a number of "patrons of the opera" presented themselves to the gentle Bruschi and quickly snapped up the false faces; so that when Mr. Wisp had decided in favor of a highly elevated pug nose, the masks were all gone.

The distress of Mr. Wisp at this discovery could be but feebly portrayed in words. He wandered disconsolate, like the old man in Rogers's "*Ginevra*," looking for something he knew not what. Nor was his anguish assuaged by the fact that his companion, Bister Borris, E-q., rejoiced in the possession of a mask with a nose that was trying to run around the left side of his cheek to his ear, and which certainly became him very well indeed, making him look more fascinating than ever he did before.

Pulling the hood of the domino over his head, Mr. Wisp set off on an exploring expedition. At the north side of the stage he found Brignoli's dressing room, neatly furnished, with a large mirror, on either side of which were two gas-burners, protected by wires, while a pair of lighted wax candles stood upon the dressing-table. Then there were scattered here and there ribbons, and trinkets and bits of finery which suggested the making of dolls for a fancy fair rather than the apartment of a respectable bachelor.

#### THE STARS.

In one place Mr. Wisp joined a group gathered around Miss Hincley, who is quite as beautiful away from the footlights as when before them. Her dress of the page in the *Ballo*, which becomes her so admirably, was the theme of admiration, and the luxuriant hair which she disposes of in such fascinating curls is, good reader, real, and not of Celestin Dibblee's manufacture, unless Mr. Wisp is very much deceived. Sprightly in conversation, as well as prepossessing in appearance, Miss Hincley will, it is to be feared, be spoiled by flattery before she has time to become a first-class *prima donna*.

Talking about first-class *prime donne*, there, by one of the wings, is that elegant creature Colson. She is so bewitchingly lady-like and fascinating as she stands there in the rich white watered silk robe, trimmed with down, which she wears in the last act of the *Ballo*, that Mr. Wisp feels as if he would give indefinite sums for the glove she is so gracefully drawing over her jewelled fingers. Pretty soon Susini heaves in sight and comes to anchor near Colson; other human harks shoot out from nooks and corners, and in a little while the *prima donna* is the centre of the admiring circle.

Adelaide Phillips, seated on a bench with a comfortable shawl drawn around her, is so amiable looking that Mr. Wisp is amazed to think that she was the *Ulrica*, the magical witch of the second act. Italian artists in swarms are attracted to her side, and the young men who are not (but whose rich fathers are) "patrons of the opera" hover around her, and are peacefully happy.

#### GETTING A MASK.

All this time they are singing on the stage; Ferri has finished his beautiful air with the harp accompaniment, and, with Coletti and Dubrenil, is engaged in that rather tedious trio. No one behind the scenes pays the slightest attention to them; and indeed it is curious that though so near in fact, the voices of the singers sent out into the vast auditorium can scarcely be heard here, and Mr. Wisp gnashed his teeth to think what large quantities of "glorious opera" he is losing. Suddenly he is addressed by a mysterious man who stands in the doorway of a little closet near the entrance to the stage:

"Wont a mask?"

Mr. Wisp does want a mask, and so the Mysterious Man gives him a bit of fragmentary evidence in the shape of a false face without any nose, with only one string, and with the left cheek gouged out.

Mr. Wisp mildly remonstrates. The Mysterious Man wants to know if nobody is to take the old masks. He thinks that perhaps Mr. Wisp would have them get new masks every night.

Mr. Wisp, rebuffed by this taunt, snatches up a characterless-looking mask, with a nose of only human dimensions, though certainly coming to a somewhat preternaturally sharp point. By the aid of pins and Bister Borritz's facile fingers the mask is adjusted, the blue hat with the red feather tipped jauntily on one side, the hood thrown over the back of the head, the muslin domino wrapped majestically around the form, and W. Peleg Wisp, Esq., stands prepared for his *début* in Italian opera.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### MR. WISP MAKES HIS DEBUT.

The eventful moment has at last arrived! Mr. Wisp makes his *début*.

The whistle is sounded and he hurries behind the central scene. It is rolled slowly up, disclosing first the nose of the prompter, then the head of Muzio, the heads of the people in the parquette, the balcony, the first tier, the second, the amphitheatre and the rich and elaborate frescoed ceiling. What a gorgeous sight! Heads, lights, heads, lights, faces, gas jets, bonnets, flowers, handkerchiefs. Parquet parti-colored; balcony whiter, dress-circle very white and gorgeous; family circle dark and clerical; amphitheatre very dark, with a perspective of illimitable gloom. Such was the effect produced by the garments of the occupants of the different portions of the house.

Muzio gives the signal for the ballet, and off dash the dancers, while the chorus and the "patrons of the opera" and Mr. Wisp stands in long groups at one side. The "Prince of Rails," the son of the President-elect, is near by, in a quiet-looking domino. Next him is a venerable lady of the chorus; then the dandyish young son of a prominent Broadway clergyman; then two or three "supes" of Irish extraction, in seedy moth-eaten tights, and very dirty hands; then a ballet dancer with low-necked short dress; then some more "patrons of the opera," and "supes" and chorus-singers in abundance.

Peeping out from behind the scenes are artists—Savini, Stigelli, Carlotta Patti, Madame Strakosch, Miss Kellogg.

#### MR. WISP'S SENSATIONS—THE SCENE CLOSES.

Soon following the stream, Mr. Wisp begins to promenade down the side of the stage and across by the footlights and in front of the prompter. Though outwardly calm, he is inwardly perturbed. Supposing his mask should drop off! Supposing his domino should be pulled away in the crowd! Horrible suppositions!

Peeping through the eyelets in his mask he discerns his own unoccupied seats, and almost wishes he was back in them. He sees people staring persistently towards him with opera glasses, and hears the tramp of the ballet dancers rushing upon him. So he skurries to the other side of the stage just in time to avoid a collision with the two principal dancers, and seeks refuge behind a lady connected with the chorus. This lady is not attenuated. Far from it. She is quietly dressed in scarlet and yellow, and so Mr. Wisp, in his black domino, is quite eclipsed by her. Reassured, in this hidden retreat, he ventures to loosen his mask, to take it off to pull his hood across his face, leaving space enough to look out, however. He then takes his opera-glass and coolly scans the audience. There is Snooks with a very pretty young lady. Who can she be? He recognizes Jenkins with his cousin. There is old Blokkins as sleepy as he can be, forced to go to the opera with his wife and daughters. There is Bunshy the historian, as solemn as a Sphinx. There is—ah! but here comes Colson, so perfectly queenly in that snowy white costume, and with the little black mask on her face. She is searching for her lover to warn him of the impending assassination. She looks for him among the chorus women; she searches for him vigorously in the vicinity of Mr. Wisp, and at last catches a sight of him on the opposite side of the stage. Then follows that remarkable duo in which the voice of the distracted woman is heard above, but does not interrupt the gay though not exuberant ball music. The conspirators approach, Ferri, Dubreuil and Colletti in their becoming blue dominoes. The duet continues. Mr. Wisp, who has been reading Mrs. Mowatt, is seized with a sudden dread lest some machinery will fall from the top somewhere and crush him when suddenly Ferri stabs Brignoli, who drops heavily on the sofa, breaking it, and making Miss Hinckley turn round to hide her laughter from the audience. But Colson, earnest and effective actress as she has become, maintains her identity with the part to the end, and does not betray if she feels any symptoms of mirth; and so the curtain falls, and in rapid succession the amphitheatre, and the family circle and dress circle, and the balcony and the par-

quette, and Muzio's head and the prompter's nose, disappear. The opera is over, and the dead Brignoli revives, and immense buzzing and gabbling suddenly springs up, while Mr. Wisp doffs his domino and goes home a happier and wiser man.—*New York Evening Post.*

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 9, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of "The Hymn of Praise," (Lobgesang), a Cantata by Mendelssohn.

#### Mr. Julius Eichberg's Soiree.

This concert, which took place Saturday, March 2nd, at the hall of Messrs. Chickering, was the musical event of the week for the lovers of classical chamber music. It was an unusual week for music-lovers, having ushered in the first of orchestral afternoon-concerts this year. And Mr. Eichberg's concert came in as an harmonious Finale. The attractions of the excellent programme, together with the well-known mastery of Mr. EICHBERG and the artists that assisted him, drew a crowded house, filling every seat and sending some persons into the ante-room.

1. Quintette, (No. 1, in C).....Mozart.  
Moderato—Adagio—Molto—Finale, Allegro.  
Messrs. Eichberg, C. Meisel, Th. Ryan, F. Zöhler and Wulf Fries.
2. Die Capelle.....C. Kreutzer.  
Messrs. W. and C. Schraubstaedter, Langerfeldt and Janzen.
3. Chaconne, for Violin.....S. Bach.  
(With the Piano accompaniment by Mendelssohn.)  
Messrs. J. Eichberg and Otto Dresel.
4. Aria: "Che faro senza Euridice," from the opera *Orpheus*.....Gluck.  
Mrs. J. Twichell Kempton.
5. Sonata, for Violin and Piano, in G, op. 80, No. 8.  
Beethoven.  
Messrs Otto Dresel and J. Eichberg.
6. { a Ich grüesse dich.....Haertel.  
b Abendständchen.....Kreutzer.  
Messrs. W. and C. Schraubstaedter, Langerfeldt and Janzen.
7. Ave Maria.....Schubert.  
Mrs. J. Twichell Kempton.
8. Concert-Allegro for Violin.....Eichberg.  
The Accompaniment by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, Messrs. C. Mayer and C. Friesse.

We regret that Mr. Eichberg did give us too little, and, paradox as it may seem, we at the same time regret that he gave us too much. He gave us too little of the Quintette of Mozart. In looking at the Venus of Milo or at the famous Torso, we never can suppress the disagreeable feeling, resulting from the symmetry and harmony of these wonderful works being destroyed; it mars our enjoyment, however often we resolve to enjoy what is left. The same feeling we have, when hearing fragments, torsos of works of musical art. It was regretted by many persons around us that the Quintette was broken off after the second movement, some of them expecting to see the gentlemen come back after they had tuned their instruments. This regret was felt the more keenly as Mr. Eichberg's masterly first violin lent fresh charms to the beautiful work. When an artist unites perfect mastery over the mechanical with deep feeling and poetical conception of musical works, then the listener may give himself up to the beauties of the composition with unalloyed pleasure. It was therefore to be regretted that Mr. Eichberg gave us too little of the Quintette. As by shortening the programme the whole of it might have been played, it is to be regretted that he gave us too much of other good things. He was worthily seconded by the members of the Quintette Club. The efforts of the gentleman playing the first viola, though they came not up to Mr. Eichberg's masterly playing, are worthy of praise. Mr. Eichberg's playing of the Chaconne and the Beethoven Sonata with Mr. DRESEL gave perfect delight. The great difficulties of the first piece he overcame without any effort and both pieces were played with artistic mastery by the two artists. The last movement of the Beethoven Sonata, a perfect torrent of most intense

enjoyment, was electrifying to the audience. It is hardly fair to be dissatisfied with the choice of this beautiful work, indeed we were very glad to hear it, and enjoyed it. Yet we have heard this sonata often while of Bach's violin sonatas one hardly hears any. But while we personally should have preferred a Bach Sonata, we doubt not that the Beethoven Sonata was more enjoyable to the audience. The Concert-Allegro, accompanied by Mr. CARL MAYER on the Piano, the CLUB, and Mr. FRIESE on the Double-bass, is a piece written in a noble style, with many happy touches, showing the thorough musician in every particular. The first motive is excellent, full of nerve and energy. As matters of taste we may say, that it seemed to us unnecessary for effect, to have laid the second melody in two octaves; and that the accelerando and Presto at the end as well as the entire treatment of the close of the piece seemed to us disproportionately grand. In general, however, the piece is very enjoyable, having a solid musical foundation, on which a skillful hand raised a structure satisfactory and pleasant to hear. Mr. Eichberg's playing in this and in the other pieces he performed was a new proof, if such were needed, of the gentleman being a thorough artist. There is so much soul in his tone, so much feeling that comes and goes to the heart, so nice a shading and phrasing in his performance, and so perfect a mastery over the mechanical difficulties of this most difficult of all instruments, except the human voice, that it is great pleasure to listen to his playing.

Mrs. JENNY TWICHELL KEMPTON gave great satisfaction to the audience by her two songs. She sang with much feeling and her sonorous voice made the wonted pleasant impression. A little less rubato in the Ave Maria, which she repeated in answer to the calls of the audience, would have improved it. But why change the close by going up to the Fifth instead of the Third before the last tone? The composer, who had good taste enough, knew what he intended to have when he wrote the piece. No one has a right to change his reading.

The singing of the ORPHEUS QUARTETTE CLUB was as well done as we are accustomed to hear these gentlemen, the flower of the Orpheus musical society. A slight deviation from perfect tune in the beginning was amply made up by the beauty of their singing. They did not escape an encore which they answered by the ever favorite "Walzer," by Vogl.

A very pleasant concert it was, and we wish we could hear Mr. Eichberg soon again. Such concerted pieces as the Beethoven Sonata, played by such artists as Messrs. Dresel and Eichberg, we hear much too little of in our concerts. This ought not to be. We have several artists that can play such works. It is a pity they do not oftener bring out such works of intrinsic value, in which the mechanical ability of the performer is not made the principal thing, as is the case in the majority of pieces for the violin, but where it is made use of as a means, more than which it is not, to give life and existence to the idea emanating from the mind of the composer.

We are under obligation to Mr. Eichberg and his assistants for the pleasure this concert gave us, and repeat the wish to hear him soon again. \*†

#### Italian Opera.

With spring come the singers, and however unfrequent their visits may be during the winter months, we are always quite sure of a flying visit from the opera troupes, as the days grow longer and the evenings shorter. Not a few of our readers will rejoice to see the announcement of the Company of the associated artists, of a short season, (which we hope, may as heretofore, turn out to be a long one) of Italian opera at the Boston Academy. The list of associated artists embraces well known names—Colson, Adelaide Phillippa, Brignoli, Stigelli, Susini,

to mention no others of those well known, and several new aspirants for the good opinions of the Boston public, who have never yet been heard here, among whom are Miss Hinckley and Miss Kellogg, of whom our readers have heard something from New York.

The season opens with an old favorite opera *Martha*, in which Colson, Adelaide Phillips, Brignoli and Susini appear. Then new operas are to follow. First *Il Giuramento*; not absolutely new to us, who can never forget the charming Truffi of past years, but to younger opera goers, quite unknown, and which will be a welcome addition to their operatic knowledge. Then comes new and famous operas, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, the last work of Verdi. *La Juive* of Halévy, and last but not least in interest, the immortal *Moses in Egypt* of Rossini, which will revive pleasant memories of the first season of Italian opera in this city, when the now famous Tedesco, by her youthful beauty and her almost incomparable voice, so took us all by storm.

The programme for the season then, is an exceedingly attractive one, and the scale of prices a reasonable one. We trust to see the theatre filled, and in spite of the season of Lent, which will prevent many from attending, we doubt not that crowded houses will reward the company, as it often has in past times, with a full treasury during the short season of opera promised us in this city.

*Martha* will be given on Monday evening next.

#### Orchestral Union.

The last afternoon concert was listened to by a crowded house, every seat of the Music Hall being occupied. The programme was an excellent one, the 5th Symphony of Beethoven being repeated by request, and very excellently played, as well perhaps as could be by the present force of the orchestra. We have said the concert was listened to by the audience, and are glad to say that this was literally true, as the audience was more quiet and attentive than afternoon audiences commonly are, and we are glad to be able to record improvement in this respect. We append the programme, and regret not to have heard the whole of it.

1. Overture, A Night before Granada..... Kreutzer.
2. Romance, From Don Sebastian..... Donizetti.  
Horn Obligato, by M. Hamann.)
3. Symphony, No. 5. (C minor). (by request). Beethoven.
4. Overture, Don Giovanni..... Mozart.
5. Concert Waltz..... Strauss.
6. Eulogy of Teas..... Schubert.
7. Grand National Potpourri.

**MOZART CLUB.**—We would call attention of the members and associate members of this club to the advertisement of the next entertainment of the Club which will take place at the Mercantile Hall Summer street.

The last Saturday Evening concert of the Mendelssohn Club takes place this evening. Spohr's Nocturno will be repeated. The programme will be found in another column.

On Saturday evening next the Orpheus, we understand, will repeat the "Bards," with orchestral accompaniment.

### Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MARCH 4.—My last letter ended with a mere notice of Madame Abel's Soirée and a promise to give you this week a more detailed account of it which it merited. It was a very fine concert, with the only drawback, as I have heard several persons say, "that there was not enough of it." Madame Abel proved that her long retirement from the public has been used to good advantage, in spite of illness and other obstacles to progress. She never played better than on this evening, and, I am happy to say, appeared entirely free from the nervousness which heretofore has so often prevented her from doing herself justice. She was assisted by

Messrs. Bergner and Centemeri. With the former she opened the concert by playing Chopin's Polonaise for the piano and cello, a brilliant and effective composition, but hardly characteristic of its author. In the second part these two also played Gounod's Meditation on Bach's first Prelude, which, however, is not as well adopted for the violoncello as for the violin. Madame Abel's Solo pieces were the magnificent first movement of Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 53, Chopin's Polonaise in C sharp minor, an Etude on the Barcarole of Weber, by Stamatz. The latter is the only one of these three which is not well known to most of your readers. It is a charming morceau, like the whole set of Etudes on Themes from Weber's Oberon, from which it is taken. I need not say that Mad. Abel did ample justice in every way to all the characteristics of these totally dissimilar pieces.

Mr. Bergner played a Pièce de Salon, by Strausky, exceedingly well; it consisted of variations on the Sounds from Home, or a similar theme, and was better than most arrangements of the kind.

Sig. Centemeri, who has been quietly working his way into the public favor for a few years past, has a fine baritone voice and an excellent school. He was rather hoarse on this occasion, but still sang a Romanza from Maria Padilla, and an Aria from Le Pardon de Ploërmel very acceptably. It is to be hoped that the success of this Soirée will tempt Madame Abel to give us another treat of the same kind before long.

Last Tuesday Mason and Thomas gave another Soirée, which was, however, not quite as interesting as a whole as some of its predecessors. It opened with a trio in G. minor by Schumann, a work very difficult to understand, and acknowledged to be one of his weakest compositions of the kind. This was followed by a solo from Mr. Bergner, the same which he played at Mad. Abel's Soirée, which however suitable it might have been for a miscellaneous concert, was entirely out of place in one of these Classical Soirées. Those who attend the latter, come with the expectation of hearing none but really classical music, or at least such as from its more elevated character and style can be brought under that head. Mr. Mason's Solos, for instance, though not laying claim to any great profundity, were totally different from from this mere show-piece. They were a couple of little Reveries, "*Au Matin*" and "*Au Soir*," of which the first was particularly pleasing and graceful, and a Valse-Caprice much after the manner of Chopin, although not enough so to lose its originality. Mr. Mason is very happy in his piano-compositions; they are always attractive, and of infinitely more sterling value than most works of our young composers, which, unfortunately, is not saying much after all. The last piece on the programme was Beethoven's Quartette in F, Op. 59, No. 7.

This stupendous work though a marvellous piece of instrumentation, is almost beyond the limits of a string quartette, and requires the most elevated mood and perfect mental and physical freshness in both players and listeners to be perfectly rendered and fully appreciated. These requisites were a little wanting on Tuesday night, and the impression was not quite what it might have been. Still, one received enough to carry home a sense of very deep enjoyment of the beauty and awe at the grandeur of the composition, together with a longing to hear it again before this impression should have died away entirely.

Mr. Satter made quite a successful move in giving a Matinée last Thursday. Dodworth's pretty room was crowded, mostly with ladies. There were hardly twenty gentlemen in the room. The pianist seemed in his element, and for the greater appreciation of his powers (by eye and by ear) had his instrument placed in the middle of the room, so that the play of his nimble fingers could be more generally watched. I subjoin the programme.

1. Overture, "William Tell,"..... Rossini
2. Sonata, A flat, Op. 26..... Beethoven
- a Andante con Variazioni..... b Minuetto.
- c Marcia funebre..... d Finale.
3. a Impromptu..... Chopin
- b "Toccata," (Mazurka),..... Gottschalk
- c "La Voix du Cœur," (Poesie)..... Satter
4. Overture, "Tannhäuser,"..... R. Wagner

The first and last numbers are well known, and who has not admired Mr. Satter's reproduction of these overtures? His rendering of the Sonata was perfect, technically so, of course, but also in the spirit of it. So too with Chopin's Impromptu, which I have never before heard played satisfactorily, and which seemed only too short. At the request of several ladies, the pianist interpreted an improvisation on Italian airs, which created new astonishment at his powers in this direction. He gives another Matinée next Friday, which is to be hoped will be as successful as the first.

ST. LOUIS, FEB. 1861.—We wish all those who are opposed to teaching music in our schools could have heard the thousand children in the Library Hall, Friday evening, the 22d. They would have been forced to admit that, at least, the children improve their opportunities and really sang very well. The audience loudly cheered and encored the Union.

We had two fine concerts given by the Swiss Bell Ringers, a band of this city. As good a concert on the bells as I ever heard.

Monday evening the 25th, our Philharmonic Society gave another concert.

#### PART I.

1. Overture, "Titus,"..... W. A. Mozart
2. Chorus, "How bright and fair," from "Guillaume Tell,"..... G. Rossini
3. Aria, (Tenor), "This image is enchanting fair," from "Zauberflöte,"..... W. A. Mozart
4. Concertante, (first part) four violins..... L. Maurer
5. Terzetto, "Ferma Crud-le," from "Ernani,"..... G. Verdi

#### PART II.

1. Overture, "Oberon,"..... C. M. von Weber
2. Recitative and Aria, (Soprano) "Ah! perfido!"..... L. van Beethoven
3. Andante, from "5th Symphony,"..... L. van Beethoven
4. Aria (Baritone), "Lonely in distant land" from "Nabucco,"..... G. Verdi
5. Grand March and Chorus, from "Tannhäuser,"..... R. Wagner

The Andante from the symphony in the second part and the Concertante for four violins pleased me most. The last chorus was very fine. I do not know what guided them in their selection of soloists, without it was the principle of "give each one his turn."

The orchestra now is very fine indeed—and the chorus members 170. The audience numbered 2,500, and everything seems marching along to success.

As my signature of A. C. leads many unjustly to blame my friend Catherwood, I will in future sign my real name.

A NEW CANTATA.—"Holyrood" is the title of a new work of Messrs. H. F. Chorley and Henry Leslie and was produced (Feb. 1) at St. James' Hall. The *Musical World* gives an abstract of the plot and sums up the matter thus:

*Holyrood* is, we think, his best lyric production. The four characters—the Queen, Mary Beatoun, Rizzio, and Knox (soprano, contralto, tenor, and bass)—are skilfully proportioned out, and happily contrasted with a view to musical treatment, and had the prophecy of Mary's crimes and fate, which is wholly repulsive to the unexciting (but by no means uninteresting) character of the rest; been omitted there would be little fault to find. In selecting the period of Mary's innocent life, Mr. Chorley would, we suggest, have done more wisely, and carried out the ends of poetry more legitimately, had he abstained from all hint of the terrible future, and confined the part of John Knox within the limits furnished by history. We should then have had an unsullied picture, and a far more agreeable one, while the composer would have been saddled with a task from which (with the context in view) Meyerbeer himself would have recoiled.

Mr. Henry Leslie, too, in the music of *Holyrood*, has written what, in our opinion, if not his most ambitious, is in a great measure decidedly his most genial and spontaneous. As a mere composition, there is very little in the work against which criticism could take exception; while in expression it is invariably unaffected and real, only falling short at that one incident which, as we have already said, had better be left out. He has treated the situation where the Queen's revels are interrupted by the Puritan singers admirably, adding both force and solemnity to the repetition of the psalm-tune (a very good one), enriching the accompaniment (so called "moving bass")—which at first (like the tune itself) is in unison—with harmony. His dance-music in both instances is excellent; the minuet (with its pretty vocal trio, "Fal, la, la") being as sober and stately as the quick step; appropriately ushered in by an imaginary bagpipe and introducing, as in duty bound, those "consecutive fifths" recognized as a traditional inheritance of Scottish dance-music, is bustling and lively. The whole of this scene, indeed, to make use of an old phrase, is "musick'd" with an

unflagging spirit. The three songs, too, have each their individual merit and marked character. The pretty ballad of Mary Beatoun, "There was once a maiden," would, however, be just as acceptable without the melodic jerk at the end of each verse, which does not render it a bit more Scotch, or a bit more engaging. Rizzio's canzonet, "Colla stagion novella" (words by L. Carrer), is on a larger plan, and naturally of a more refined character. It consists of a graceful slow movement and vigorous *allegro*, evidently modelled on the Italian manner, though (in the case of the first especially) rather modern Italian than what may be supposed to have been Italian in the time of Rizzio. But best of all is Mary's French ditty, "In my pleasant land of France," in which are most effectively alternated a plaintive minor theme, and a melody waltz time, ending in the major, the whole set off with a gay and brilliant peroration (*coda*). The duet for the Queen and Knox, "E'en if each should wholly fail me," a sequel to the incident of the prophecy, is vocal, melodious, and impressive, a grateful relief, moreover, to the gloomy matter that precedes it. The recitative, solo or in dialogue, are everywhere well composed, and show Mr. Leslie an adept in the art of putting vocal declamation to music. Equally worthy of praise are the choruses, whether the short and in some degree fragmentary ones, "Will she not listen?" and "Hark! 'tis her foot," the unison psalm-tune of the Puritans, already named, or the more extended pieces which commence and terminate the work—"The mavis carols in the shaw," and "Hence, with evil omen," the first (in three divisions, with solo for contralto, after the Scotch manner) tuneful and eminently pastoral at the outset, expanding in vigorous treatment and interest with the allusions to the Queen, the last appropriately jubilant and lively throughout, both (like all the rest of the *cantata*, by the way) instrumented for the orchestra with unvarying skill and proportionate effect.

**PRINCE GALITZIN'S CONCERTS.**—The Concert recently held by Prince George Galitzin in St. James's Hall, was one of remarkable and varied excellence. A first-rate band, led by that practised English violinist, Mr. Willy; a chorus, exclusively of amateurs, giving the music set down for them as perfectly as though they had been a body of expert professors; and solo singers, thoroughly up to their work, constituted the executive force. The programme had the double merit of being excellent in itself and almost entirely new; and this, combined with the unquestionable talent of Prince Galitzin, whether regarded in the light of composer or conductor, stamped the whole entertainment as one of genuine and uncommon interest.

A large part of the selection consisted of Russian music. Prince Galitzin had already afforded the English public an opportunity of estimating the pure national genius of Bortnianski at its proper value. No. 7 of the *Cherubim's Songs* was heard with unequivocal satisfaction in June, 1860; and on Wednesday night No. 6 ("Adoramus"), from the same original and striking series, justified all the praises lavished on its companion. The music of the Russian church more than three quarters of a century ago elicited the lively sympathy of foreigners. From Sarti, Cimarosa, Galuppi, and Paesielo—the four most renowned Italians who, by munificent offers, were persuaded to visit and compose for the Russian capital—to Boieldieu, "the French Mozart," as he has been not unfairly styled, and who wrote several operas for the Russian stage, we hear nothing but eulogistic allusions to its simplicity and grandeur. Of all the Russian composers for the church, Bortnianski was the most justly eminent. Although a serf in the Ukraine, he had a generous master, who, struck with his early aptitude, sent him to Rome to study under Galuppi; and not the least merit in Bortnianski was, that after his return from Italy, when appointed chorus-master to the Imperial Chapel, he rendered himself famous by the production of music as unlike that of Galuppi as possible. But this same Bortnianski possessed undoubted genius; and it is a fair question whether, if Galuppi had gone to Russia, to practice with Bortnianski, instead of Bortnianski going to Italy to practice with Galuppi, there would have been much difference in the end. The music of the Russian has an earnestness to which that of the somewhat trivial and (not quite undeservedly) forgotten Italian can lay no pretension. Another Russian composer was brought forward on Wednesday night by Prince Galitzin. We allude to Lamakin, whose works, though for the most part existing in manuscript, are highly esteemed, and, as the well-written and extremely interesting comments on the programme remind us, marked "by a simple and devotional character rarely obtained except by the greatest masters." The chorus of Lamakin presented on this occasion

illustrates one of the most solemn incidents of High Mass, and is a very favorable specimen of his manner. The most striking features of Prince Galitzin's concert, nevertheless, were the vocal and instrumental selections from Glinka, who, as a musical composer, is to Russia what Mozart is to Germany, Rossini to Italy, Auber to France, Gomes to Spain, and Bishop to England. Glinka is not only the greatest genius of Russia, but universally accepted as the national composer of that country. Of his opera, *Life of the Czar*, we have spoken more than once, and we were positively charmed with the air, "Wittern Warheit," introduced for the first time on the present occasion, and well suited to the magnificent bass voice and energetic delivery of Herr Joseph Hermann, whose impersonation of the Commandatore at her Majesty's Theatre made so great an impression in the summer. A "Persian chorus"—so called, the melody being pronounced of Persian origin—afforded some idea of Glinka's second opera, *Louslan and Loudmila*, which many connoisseurs even go so far as to prefer to his *Life for the Czar*. Into this question it is not necessary to enter, but if all the rest of *Rouslan and Loudmila* equals the "Persian chorus," it must be a work of a high and imaginative class. The chorus is for woman's voices, and the ladies of the choir may be fairly complimented for the unexceptionable style in which it was given. Not satisfied with presenting his favorite as an operatic composer, Prince Galitzin enriched his programme with a "page" from Glinka's instrumental works, in shape of a *scherso* for orchestra, entitled *Kamarinshala*. This, in its way, as genuine a masterpiece as could be heard, is founded on two national melodies, the one a popular air frequently sung at betrothals, the other an ancient Russian dance-tune. The orchestration is as fanciful as the themes are graceful, piquant, and suggestive, and the conduct of the entire movement just as ingenious. It was played by the band to absolute perfection, enthusiastically redemanded, and repeated. A brighter example of Glinka's skill and invention as a composer for the orchestra could hardly have been picked out, although, as doubtless, in forthcoming concerts, Prince Galitzin will make the English public aware, that some of the great Russian musician's so called "*fantasia-overtures*" are well worth an attentive hearing. A "selection" from the first act of *Life for the Czar*—in which (after the manner of the late M. Jullien's *pot-pourris*) several of the most striking themes and musical situations are interwoven—and a vocal trio, called "Les quatre soupers" (sung, and well sung, by Miss Susannah Cole, Miss Lascelles and Mr. Henry,) were the other specimens from Glinka. The "selection," arranged for the orchestra with mastery skill by Prince Galitzin, was splendidly executed, the solos (for flute, oboe, cornet and ophicleide) by Messrs. Pratten, Lavigne, Levy, and Hughes, being warmly and repeatedly applauded.

Some pieces of Prince Galitzin's own composition afforded unequivocal pleasure, and among these may especially be named the *Chanson Bohemienne*, with solos for contralto voice and oboe (Miss Lascelles and M. Lavigne), the melody of which strongly recalls the principal theme in the passionate last movement of Beethoven's quartette in A minor; a delicious polka entitled *Lelia*, as short and concise as it is sparkling; and the *Russian Quadrille*, founded on the national air, "*Santse na zakate*" ("The sun is setting") "*Mnie markatno molodienci*," &c.; the last and most vigorous of which Glinka's own Russian hymn, introduced at the end of his *Life for the Czar*, excited the utmost enthusiasm and was unanimously encored. A more effective and brilliant production of its class than this *Russian Quadrille* has not been heard for years, nor could a finer performance have been desired, even by the composer himself.

Last, not least (to end with the beginning), the concert opened with Beethoven's grand and truly superb overture in C major (Op. 124), prepared for the inauguration of the Josephstadt Theatre at Vienna, on the occasion of the Emperor of Austria's fete (1822). This overture was dedicated by Beethoven himself to Prince Nicholas Galitzin (Prince George Galitzin's father); to whom also were inscribed, and for whom were expressly composed, the three renowned quartets ("Posthumous," as they have been incorrectly styled) in E flat, B flat, and A minor, Op. 127, 130 and 132. The execution of the overture, under the Prince's direction, was quite worthy its transcendent merits, and inaugurated with appropriate "pomp and circumstance" an entertainment which must have interested and thoroughly satisfied every amateur present. Prince George Galitzin cannot be too highly praised for his manner of conducting, which is at once clear, emphatic, and thoroughly musician-like. He takes rank, in short, with the ablest orchestral directors of the day.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Santa Lucia. Concert-Rondo for a Mezzo Soprano voice. C. Braga. 40

The melody which forms the theme of this brilliant Aria is a charming Neapolitan chansonette, or street-song, as it were, somewhat resembling the well-known song of the Duke in "Rigoletto." Around this air the arranger has thrown a cluster of beautiful variations. Mad. Borghi-Mamo, of the Paris Italian opera, first introduced it in the "Barber of Seville," and it has now entirely superseded in Europe the Ricci and Venzano Waltz and similar Bravura pieces of the concert-room. A fine English version is added to the Italian text.

Market Chorus. (Acorrete giovinetta.) From "Martha." 25

Printed from the plates of Ditson & Co.'s edition of Standard Operas for the convenience of Singing Societies and Classes. The music embraces the whole of the celebrated market-scene to the appearance of Martha.

O Charlemagne. (O sommo Carlo.) From "Ernani." 25

The celebrated Finale of the third Act, one of the finest ensemble-pieces in the whole range of Italian Opera. This is exactly as sung in the Opera, got up in this cheap form for the benefit of Societies which use a large number of copies.

Hail to the Lord. Sacred Quintet. D. B. Worley. 25

Available for church-service. Quite pleasing and not difficult.

The Lark and the poet. Mrs. L. A. Denton. 25

A charming song, and must prove a great favorite. It is the production of a very talented lady, a much respected teacher and vocalist in Buffalo. Her compositions are all of high order and give evidence of the true artist.

I sing, I sing of a wondrous thing. S. Glover. 25

A little pleasing Song, quite delightful for singing people who are neither too young nor too old.

Father Molloy. As sung by Henri Drayton in his Parlor Operas. 25

All those who have visited the charming entertainments of Mr. and Mrs. Drayton during their sojourn in this country will recollect this gem of a comic Song, which was introduced in the operetta "Diamond cut diamond." It is capable of being made very effective, as Mr. Drayton has amply proved.

### Books.

THE PARLOR GLEE BOOK. Containing all the Principal Songs and Choruses, performed by "Ordway's Acolias." 1,00

One of the most attractive music books of the season. It contains a large number of choice and popular pieces, most of which have been rapturously encored by large audiences in this and other cities. Its elegant appearance and its charming contents render it a very desirable acquisition to every young lady's collection of favorites—an ornamental and useful accompaniment to the pianoforte.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 467.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1861.

VOL. XVIII. No. 24.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Sketches of French Musical History.

IX, (Continued.)

OPERA.

1700—1800.

At this epoch the harpsichord used in the orchestra for accompaniment gave place to the harp. Three personages only figure in Orpheus; Orpheus, Eurydice, and Amor (Cupid), Legros and Mlle. Arnould and Rosalie represented them. The dance (*pas de trois*) executed towards the end of the piece, by Vestris, Gardel and Mlle. Heinel, was regarded as a prodigy in its kind. "Now that I have enjoyed so much in two hours, I conceive that life may be good for something," said Rousseau as he left the theatre at the close of the first representation. Abbé Arnaud, after listening to the air of Agamemnon, "Au faite des grandeurs," in the first act of *Iphigénie*, said, "With that air one might found a religion!"

Louis XVI. abolished, as contrary to good morals, the article in the rules of the Académie, which destroyed at the doors of the Opera the authority of father, mother, and spouse. Until that time it had been sufficient for a wife or daughter to be inscribed upon the books of the theatre, even if no proof of talent had been exhibited, to make her perfectly free and independent in all her actions.

April 23, 1776, *Alceste*, by Gluck, played by Mlle. Levasseur, afterwards by Mlle. Laguerre, was produced upon our first lyric stage. The first two acts were generally applauded, the third appeared monotonous. Gluck made some changes in it, but said that his music would, by and by, find full recognition if not immediately. And in fact, before the end of the year, the *Alceste*, better understood, took its place beside the *Iphigénie* and *Orpheus*.

A mystery had been made of the engagement of Piccini. Le Bailli du Rollet made it known to Gluck in a letter dated Jan. 15, 1777. The composer was at the time in Vienna engaged upon the score of his *Armida*. He showed some temper upon learning that the *Roland* of Marmontel had been entrusted to his antagonist; for he had already begun another *Roland* upon the text by Quinaut. The engagement of Piccini led him to abandon the work. He said, however, "If the *Roland* of Piccini succeeds, I shall take it up again." From that time the contest raged; pamphlets inundated the green-room of the theatre; the newspapers were filled with epigrams, bonmots and even abuse. Suard, Arnaud, Coquean, du Rollet led the Gluckists; Marmontel, Laharpe, Ginguené and d'Alembert the other party.

The musical public was in the height of its excitement when *Armide* appeared upon the scene (Sept. 23, 1777) and gained but a doubtful success. The Lullists now demanded the reproduction of the music of that master, and organized the next day a powerful opposition to a second representation of the new work. Gluck

wished them to give Lulli's *Armide* immediately; but they would do nothing of the kind and the great master was forced to go to Versailles to petition the (now) queen, Marie Antoinette, to come again to his protection. She acceded to his wishes; the blow was warded off; the presence of the queen prevented the hissings intended.

Gluck was by nature intriguing, jealous and very self-interested [?]. He caused the performances of Sacchini's *Olympiade* to be suspended, and afterward arrested the performances of the same work upon the stage of the Italian Comedy. All Paris revolted at these manœuvres; they brought great disfavor upon the German musician, whom the French nation had loaded with honor and rewards. Gluck revenged himself by treating the music of Rameau with little favor. There was in fact much resemblance between the two masters. Both sought truth of declamation. Gluck, who was a great student of Homer, had perhaps penetrated more deeply into the spirit of the antique and attained to greater breadth in his recitative; but after all, he did but continue the development of the dramatic and lyric school of the great French master, whom he did not surpass in the qualities of grace and delicacy.\*

The *Roland* of Piccini came upon the stage Jan. 27, 1778. Notwithstanding many faults of execution, the public received the work with marked favor. The queen was present but did not applaud. Still Piccini was taken to his home in triumph. The charms of its melody made a lively impression, and although the opera offered but one really fine scene, that in which the wrath of Charlemagne's nephew is contrasted with the naïve and tranquil joy of the shepherds who witness the loves of Angelique and Medor—the success of the Italian *maestro* almost balanced that of the German *meister*. Gluck now dreamed only of crushing his rival, and this he effected by the representation of his *Iphigénie en Tauride*, which took victorious possession of the theatre, May 18, 1779. While the musical war was at its height, Berton, director of the opera, undertook to restore peace, by making friends of the two chiefs, whom he invited to meet each other at a grand supper. Gluck and Piccini embraced and took places at the table side by side. During the dessert, Gluck, exhilarated with wine, said to his neighbor, loud enough to be heard by the others; "My dear friend, the French are good people but they make me laugh; they wish us to give them song, and they do not know how to sing. You are a man celebrated through all Europe; and you think that to sustain your glory, you have but to write beautiful music, and to reach higher perfection in art. Believe me, one should think of making money here, and of nothing else."

\* That Gluck was deeply impressed by the strong character of Rameau's music and by its novelty, no student of universal history will deny. But oh, M. Polset, do you make Gluck a mere developer of his school? and if so, are you right?

Piccini replied that Gluck's example proved that one might labor at the same time both for glory and for time. They parted with demonstrations of friendship, which seemed sincere; but the war of which they were the subject continued none the less.

Devismes, the new director, who gave to the theatre an activity until then unknown (in Paris), brought out at the opera the best Italian works of Paisiello, Anfossi, Sacchini and Traetta;† he desired also to bring about a match between Gluck and Piccini by giving them the same subject. He therefore gave to each a different text, with the same title, *Iphigénie en Tauride*.

Gluck in the savage drama, which had fallen to him, found scenes analogous to his energy of style, to his vast power of expression. Piccini, on the contrary, found in his text, badly constructed as it was, an interest more tender, and one which inspired him with a music of a touching character. However, after the vigorous impression of his rival's opera, the softer emotions produced by the work of Piccini, following too the other, seemed feeble and trifling.

How was it possible, in fact, to struggle against the air of Thoas, *de noirs pressentiments*, or against the choruses and dances of the Scythians, preceding the sublime dream of Iphigénia! What could be opposed to the admirable parts of Orestes and Pylades, to the choruses so full of religious feeling, and to the instrumentation so vigorous, so full of fire and soul! At the last rehearsal of this masterpiece of Gluck, a young man stole into the back of a dark and empty box. Burning with the desire to witness the first public performance of a work, which had stifled him with admiration, he had decided to pass the night in the theatre and go without food or drink all the next day.

An inspector making his rounds found the intruder and took him to Pierre Gardel, the dancer. He proved to be a young musician, and his name was — Mehul. He confessed ingenuously that he had endeavored to conceal himself in the theatre, because his purse was too empty to allow him to purchase a ticket. Gardel, touched by the circumstance besought him to accept a ticket, and this was the foundation of a firm friendship between the two artists. The dancer afterwards presented Mehul to Gluck; the young man became a pupil of the great master and in process of time rose to be his worthy competitor and successor.

For the *Iphigénie en Tauride* Gluck received not only the 12,000 livres previously stipulated, but 4,000 as a "gratification."

Emboldened by this unexpected profit he demanded 20,000 livres for his score of *Echo et Narcisse*. After long discussion, 10,000 was accepted. But even at this price the speculation proved unfortunate for the manager. Four

† Some very fine descriptions and analyses of works by Traetta, well worth translating, may be found in Heinse's "Hildegard von Hohenstadel." The book is in the Boston Public Library.

months only after the recent triumph Gluck received a rude check. *Echo et Narcisse* could not keep the stage in spite of the aid of Noverre's ballets; still the hymn to love, the closing chorus is a remarkable piece. Strongly touched by its ill success, Gluck quitted Paris, never intending to return again. He departed to Vienna, notwithstanding the wishes of the Queen. He intended to close his career with *Les Danaïdes*, but an attack of paralysis forced him to give up the work, and he transferred the text to his pupil Salieri. Six years afterward, Nov. 25, 1787, a second attack of apoplexy took Gluck from his friends and the musical art at the age of seventy-nine years.

Piccini, to whom the retreat of his rival had left the field free, brought out successively *Atys* (1780) and *Iphégenie en Tauride*, Jan. 28, 1781. On the 11th of May of the same year Gluck wrote from Vienna; "Do not believe the current reports of my return to Paris. I will not see that city again until the French have made up their minds as to the kind of music one shall write for them. That fickle people, after having received in the most flattering manner seemed to become disgusted with all my operas; and now here is the *Seigneur bienfaisant* † taking all their attention; they are apparently wishing to return to their popular songs; well, let them go."

† In three acts, text by Chabannes, music Floquet, first given Dec. 14, 1780.

### On Rudimental Instruction on the Piano.

BY F. PETERSILEA.

(Continued from page 379.)

#### Wrist Action.

After the scholar has made a reasonable progress in such studies, in which only Finger action, uninterrupted legato, regular accentuation and strict time has been the object, it is well to admit pieces in which the members and phrases are to be separated, where the same note also may be repeated. But this demands first an explanation of *Wrist action*.

Once more I will request the scholar to draw the chair to the table. Rest your arm upon it; form the same position of the hand and fingers as formerly explained; viz., the hand fully expanded and level, the knuckles depressed, the thumb straight, fingers well curved, see that the extreme finger joints are not bent so much inwardly as to bring the nails in contact with the table, nor be turned outwards, but rest *perpendicular*. The nails must be kept short enough, never to project beyond the tip.

*Exercise 1.* Now throw your hand upwards and let it fall, striking the table with the four finger tips and the whole length of the thumb, but do not stir the arm; repeat the movement a number of times; not in quick succession, leave a little pause between every throw and fall in order to perceive whether the hand and fingers retain their position and remain motionless; for there must be no motion either in the arm or fingers, only in that joint by which the hand is attached to the fore arm.

*Exercise 2.* Repeat the same stroke, but let only *one* finger come in contact with the table. Commence with the thumb. Keep it straight and motionless, the hand level and extended as before, but the fingers only slightly bent and uplifted, so that each finger-tip is about half an inch above the table, while the thumb lays with its

whole length upon it. Try now the first finger. Set its first joint perpendicular, all other fingers uplifted, thumb straight, knuckles low. Don't stir a finger, particularly the one which strikes. In like manner proceed with the others.

N. B. This is the manner in which you have to strike the same key a second time with the same finger, also the first note of a group unconnected with the preceding one. This stroke from the wrist causes a separation and accentuation of groups and answers, therefore a two-fold purpose. But beware of withdrawing the hand with a jerk for the instant you do so, the wrist joint becomes stiff. I cannot avoid speaking here of a certain figure, — the slur, well understood by every violin player, but used in such an unlimited sense in piano music, that many writers and players consider it only a sort of fantastic flourish of the pen, answering the same purpose as similar dashes and scratches in common writing, *il est*; to show the bravura of a Don Quixote, making professional passados at a windmill. The true meaning of a slur is; to indicate closely united groups, distinctly separated one from another, and suspended accentuation. There can be but *one* heaviest note in a slurred group, at the commencement, if the tempo is Allegro and the execution mechanical; in the centre, if the passage occurs in an Adagio or Andante movement, requiring the melodious touch, the crescendo and diminuendo. The slur is always understood to have the latter meaning, if drawn over dotted notes. The greatest caution ought to be used by composers and music engravers to point the slurs correctly. It is almost impossible to find a single piece of piano music entirely free from mistakes of this description. This is a great evil in any case, but particularly so for the beginner; it causes either confusion, misunderstanding or utter neglect of this important mark.

*Exercise III.* Strike with two fingers, viz.: x and 2 — 1 and 3 — 2 and 4 — x and 3 — x and 4 — 1 and 4.

*Exercise IV.* Strike with three fingers: x, 2, 4 — x, 1, 3 — 1, 2, 4 — 1, 3, 4.

N. B. This is the manner in which you have to strike chords. Positively no other movement is admissible, until a correct mechanical wrist action is formed.

In the preceding letter I mentioned the fact, that a good touch could not be acquired without a knowledge of *Rhythm*, based upon strict time and *accentuation*; to this I will now add, that *Rhythm* may be considered yet in a more extended view or on a larger scale. There is not only perfect symmetry in every bar or measure, but each measure (taken as a unit) is but a fraction of a higher rhythm, according to which musical sentences or periods are formed. The systematic arrangement of a piece of music is similar to that of a poem. Popular tunes have generally periods of eight measures; the half period of four members is called a *Phrase*, this may again be divided in two parts of two measures each, called *Members*. This is the most simple rhythm, most easily understood, therefore popular. Now observe: The same law of rhythm, according to which the first note in the measure is better than the second, the third better than the fourth, the second and fourth equally light, the first the strongest, — is equally true in regard to four measures forming a phrase. The greatest accent falls on the first note of the first measure, &c.

(If the tempo is of a slow description requiring expression, the best note is generally placed in the centre of the group; of four quarters in a bar the *third* is the best; of four bars in a phrase the third requires the most tone. In the mode of accentuation lies the chief mark of distinction between the Allegro and Adagio. But in speaking thus, I allude to a more advanced stage of the pupil).

By means of correct accentuation and separation of the different Members and Phrases a musical sentence becomes intelligible; without it, feeble, clumsy, at any rate confused. If the attention of the scholar is fixed at the very beginning on this subject, there can be no difficulty in not only distinguishing the relative importance of the notes contained in each measure, but also that of the different measures forming the Phrase; for rhythm is natural to every human mind, is based on the love of order, regularity, symmetry; even people not at all gifted with an ear for music may have this quality developed in an eminent degree: the drums, tambourines, castanets produce rhythm without melody. No one but the deaf can fail to understand rhythm.

Any amount of force necessary for correct accentuation can and ought to be produced without pressing or straining by a judicious employment of Finger, Wrist, and Elbow action.

### Ferdinand Hiller on the Music of the Future.

#### SECOND LETTER.

(Continued from page 386.)

Is it possible for a poet, following quite freely and without any obstruction of his poetic fancy, to produce a dramatic work of art, which shall, in the highest sense of the words, *require the aid of music* (*musikbedürftig ist*)? This is plainly not possible; even if released from all consideration for so-called musical forms, he must restrict himself to those regions which, as a rule, still contain sensations expressible by music. Can a composer, when he sets about the composition of an opera, proceed with the same freedom, limited only by the nature of the laws of music, as if he were composing a symphony? Certainly not; he must satisfy the internal and external dramatic requirements of the subject, and lay aside the purely musical standard. As we see, it is an alliance between two powers, which, in order to co-operate, are compelled to make reciprocal concessions. The determination of the measure of these concessions is just the question which, since the time of Gluck, has so often thrown men's minds in commotion. When stripped of a mass of empty phrases and secondary details, it forms the pith of the noisy Wagner-question, which sets so many pens going. The real answer to it can be given only by works of art, and not by aesthetical conflicts of words. To conceive a drama in which the struggles represented are, in the main, confined to such as proceed from the world of sensations; whose action shall, with circumspect swiftness, so proceed as to keep the sympathies of the audience always alive, without, in consequence, preventing the music from being developed with the requisite breadth; whose poetical dialogue, finally shall not express so much as to render music superfluous, or so little as to render it impossible. And whose diction shall not, by its superabundant beauty—or platitude—reduce the composer to despair, is certainly no easy task, but, at the same time, it is not one which has never hitherto been accomplished. Nor is it an easy task for the composer—while striving in his expression to do justice to each situation, each character, and each word, as well as to the general tone of the drama—to avoid depriving his work of musical beauty, and, while doing so much for the poem, not to impinge upon the rights of his own art. Wag-

ner's complaint against opera hitherto (and, in far too many instances, he is certainly not wrong), is that the musician has demanded too great concessions, which the poet has but too willingly made; our complaint against Wagner is, that he has often, somewhat criminally, attacked music, and the deepest conditions of its existence, in favor of the stage. His followers may not allow this; we, however, cannot agree with the assertion that the most important operas hitherto produced, not with regard to the music alone, but to the poems as well, hold the same relative value to his works (for it is only by means of these that we get anything like an idea of his ideal), that "the ape does to a human being,"—and if there has been, in any quarters, so strong an opposition against him, one principal reason for this is to be found in the fanatical exuberance of many of his partisans, who endeavor to raise him to an eminence to which he had no claim.

The peculiar and genial feature in Wagner's character consists in the varied nature of his talent. When he produced his *Tannhäuser* in Dresden (people were then far from making a kind of poetically musical Messiah of him), every person who left the theatre must have said to himself, that, despite all objections that might be raised, the most sincere recognition of his ability was due to the man who had conceived the subject of such an opera, who had worked it out, both linguistically and musically, and who, lastly, had so admirably got up and produced the work upon the stage. From this, however, to a combination of the powers of a Shakespeare with those of a Beethoven, in a single head, was a great stride; and, while every educated person allowed that Wagner's poem rose, by its conception and execution, above the operatic writing prevalent in Germany, it could as little be considered a literary production of the first rank, as the music, despite much that was interesting and effective, placed by the side of what our great composers have done, while in those parts which many have praised as the most important in the opera, people saw deficiency rather than progress; in other words, a frequent immolation of the truly musical in favor of the declamatory element, a fact on which I must speak somewhat at length.

The theories of an artist have their first and deepest roots in the powers and inclinations with which he was born. We have seen that, from the very commencement, Wagner was filled with passionate impulse for the stage; but an impulse in which music did not find a place until afterwards. He is deficient in the primitive and instinctive delight in what is purely musical, however full he may be of the creations of Beethoven. The *Letter* we are now discussing points often enough to this fact. The so-called "opera melody" he always treats with sovereign contempt; while, on the other hand, he goes into raptures with the endless melody. There is not, however, any endless melody, any more than there are special opera melodies. There are musical thoughts which flow with a more rapid or broader stream, which are constructed after some model, or originally, and which are expressive or inexpressive, trivial or noble. But a recognisable form must possess some musical thoughts, if it would combine in itself character and sensual charm. Wagner may still continue to see an "idealised dance-form" in the wonderful structure in which a man like Beethoven connects and carries out his ideas, repeating them in the most animated turns. It is a fact, however, that the freest of all masters was so great in this, because he knew how to give his melodies a form as strong and firm as though they had been cast in bronze. But a Beethovenian composition is by no means "a single melody, accurately connected;" it is a chain of melodies, carried out into a work of art full of unity. That most primitive gifts of musical invention, which is granted to all men of great musical genius, which above all things, is manifested in the creation of such, so to speak, palpable motives, is the weaker side of Wagner's talent. It is, however, a piece of ingratitude in him to be so evilly-disposed towards the "opera melody," for in his operas, it is to those pieces in which he has managed to give us

melodies, and, consequently, "opera melodies," such, for instance, as the chorus of pilgrims and the festive march in *Tannhäuser*, that in spite of anything that can be said, he owes his greatest musical success.

In stating that Wagner had been denied the power of purely receiving good music, I was led to the assertion by some other passages in his *Letter*. For instance, after speaking of the symphony as "a revelation from another world," which forces itself upon us with such overpowering force, and determines our feelings with such certainty, that our logicising reason is totally confused (?) and disarmed (?) by it, he says, shortly afterwards, that the question about the "Wherefore" is not completely silenced, even at the hearing of a symphonic composition, but is actually productive of "a confusion in the casual conceptive power of the hearer, a confusion not only capable of disturbing him, but of becoming the ground of a false judgment." The mysterious element in the impression produced by the higher kind of instrumental music, may and should urge the philosopher to seek the "wherefore;" that the unmusical hearer, but one not destitute of fancy, may start the question, not as to the "wherefore," but as to "what does that mean?" may pass; but that the musical hearer, and much more the musician, should not receive a symphony by Beethoven as a creation perfect and complete in itself, and completely satisfying musical logic, the only logic with which we have here ought to do, is scarcely credible. Whoever, after the enjoyment of such a work, asks for any kind of explanation, may possess a highly educated mind, but decidedly no really musical nature.

"To answer this disturbing, and yet so indispensable, question, in such a manner that it may be eluded by the silencing of certain measures, can be only the work of the poet," Wagner goes on to say, adding that this must be done in the drama.

"The drama, at the moment of its being really scenically represented, immediately awakes in the spectator an intimate interest in an action so truly imitated, at least as far as is possible, from actual life. that in this interest man's sympathetic feelings of themselves are worked up to a state of ecstasy, in which he forgets the mysterious 'Wherefore,' and at once, in the greatest excitement, willingly delivers himself up to the guidance of those new laws, in conformity to which music makes itself so wonderfully intelligible, and, in a profound sense, immediately alone answers rightly the 'Wherefore!'"

Or, to express ourselves simply: When music is sung to words by certain individuals, and in clear situations, every one knows what it is meant to express. But little is gained by this; for if the music is not beautiful, no heart is warmed by the "wherefore" being answered; while if, in its beauty it exercises its power, the force of this power is as wonderful when the music has a substratum of words as when such is not the case. Nay, it becomes even more wonderful, for the power of words, the highest power on earth, vanishes before it.

Who has not experienced the truth of the very common fact, that the most magnificent poem is incapable of producing any effect in a bad composition, while a middling libretto not only does not injure fine music, but through it, is actually raised into a higher sphere? It is a truth which cannot by any means be disputed, that in the connection of poetry with music, the immediate and the stronger effect is produced by the latter. When we reproach Wagner with sacrificing far too frequently the really musical to the declamatory element, even in cases when this, in a certain degree, is not at all rendered necessary by the importance of the words, we find, at the same time, an excuse for him in his double capacity of author as well as composer of his dramas. But we must protest against the result of a totally individual endowment, which may be called simultaneously over-complete and incomplete, being elevated into a law—against deficiency being pronounced advancement. Grant that Wagner's example may tend to better lyrical dramas being offered by better authors to the composers, who did not previously know it, that it is not neces-

sary to work on a French or Italian model for the purpose of producing effect; there is certainly no objection to this; but the composers who have sworn allegiance to the banner may rest assured that they will sink into a bottomless abyss, if they do not present us, even on the stage, with what is independently musically beautiful; for besides, and above all the charm exerted by action, legends, figure, and rhyme, men require, if they do hear music, that it shall be genuine music.

But Wagner's successes speak in his favor; he says so himself. Yes and no. After a great many, mostly superfluous, wordy disputes, Wagner's operas have been received into the repertory, where they find a place among the works of the composers of all nations, without affecting the impressions produced by those works—a proof that, on the one hand, they do not differ so very much from the latter, and, on the other, that they are not sufficiently strong to act in a really reformatory manner on the public taste. This, by the way, Wagner himself confesses, at least as far as *Tannhäuser* is concerned; for he says, "If I should have the pleasure of seeing my *Tannhäuser* favorably received by the public of Paris also, I feel sure that I shall owe my success for the most part to the very evident connection of this opera with those of my predecessors, among whom I will particularly remind you of Weber." (The connection between *Lohengrin* and Weber is perhaps not much less evident.) He hints, however, that Weber made concessions to the "Gallery," while he himself (Wagner) has abstained from so doing. We cannot here enter into the consideration of these concessions, our only object being at present to state the most material views of our author; but if the refusal to make certain concessions is a proof of courage, it is not always a proof of wisdom.

Wagner will not, however, at any price, allow us to expect from his earlier works "the most stringent" of the conditions resulting from his theoretical maxims; he will permit us to do this only in the case of his newest work, *Tristan und Isolde*, which, although published has never been performed. "Not," he tells us, "because I formed it according to my system, because all theory was completely forgotten by me, but because, in this case, at last I proceeded with the greatest freedom, and the most entire disregard of all theoretical considerations, in such a way that, during its execution, I became aware that I soared far above my system." In this opera he has had recourse to the orchestra of the symphonist, and allowed the poet (himself) to call to him:—

"Stretch out your melody boldly, so that it may flow like an uninterrupted stream through the whole work. In it do you say what I pass over in silence, while you alone can say it, and silently will I say everything, because I lead you by the hand."

"In truth, the greatness of the poet is mostly to be measured by what he passes over in silence, in order to allow us, also silently, to say what is inexpressible; it is the musician who converts this silence into clear tones, and the infallible form of his loud-sounding silence is endless melody." (!)

The orchestra is here to assume towards the drama a relation somewhat similar to that taken by the tragic chorus of the Greeks towards the dramatic action; and yet again this is not so; for the relation of the chorus was of a reflective kind, and stood apart from the action, while the orchestra takes a most lively share in all the motives of the latter, and the great total of this symphonic opera (I am giving only a short but accurate outline of what Wagner says) will produce the impression, which nature, full of life, produces, in the forest for instance, with her thousand voices, on him who gives himself up to her.

The score of *Tristan und Isolde* has been published, and I have read it through as carefully as I could. I should not think, however, of giving an opinion on it now. What completely distinguishes the music of this opera from all that has hitherto been created in the domain of music, is that it contains only slight indications, not of no model-like "opera-melody," but of no vocal melody at all. The orchestra forms an unceasing and

very complicated web of tone, and gives us by the principal part of what the composer is attempting to express. If Wagner succeeds in effectively producing this work, we shall, with reason, be able to say of him, that he has done not only what never has been heard, but also what never has been heard of.

I must now notice several detached observations contained in the *Letter*. Wagner says he wrote his theoretical works in an "abnormal" state, which "oppressed in a strange manner" his brain; and he almost appears to regret what he has penned. It is possible that his operas (if I may be allowed so to designate his dramatic works) would have met with more impartial appreciation without the works in question, but the appreciation would then have been far less noisy. It is not to be disputed that the critics were partly very much opposed to Wagner, though again, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that his partisans filled the press with their laudation in a manner which had never been witnessed even in the case of the greatest productions. When Wagner says that his known operas were so scurvily treated by the musical critics, partly on account of his theories, although these compositions were written *before* the appearance of his literary works, he should not forget that these very works have been adduced, by his partisans, as proof of the excellence of his ethical views. What is right for the one set of men is just for the other.

As people are accustomed to hear Wagner and Liszt mentioned as obeying the same views, the following apothegm of Wagner's, in reference to Liszt's *Symphonische Dichtungen*, must appear worthy of remark:—"It is not a programme, which excites more than silences the obstructive question as to the 'wherefore,' which can therefore, express the importance of the symphony, but only dramatic action itself, scientifically carried out."

The ominous expression, "Music of the Future," which forms the title of the *Letter*, is treated, quite incidentally, as one erroneously derived from the idea of the *Kunstwerk der Zukunft*. Every one, who has really the interest of music at heart, will be heartily glad to see "the Spectre of the Music of the Future," as Wagner designates it, disappear, and return to the simple designations of good and bad, beautiful and trivial music.

Although I have given utterance to only the most inconsiderable portion of the thoughts that the perusal of Wagner's pamphlet have suggested to my mind, I will conclude my letter, which is already, perhaps, far too long. May these hasty lines in some degree help to "dissipate a large amount of error and prejudice," and to bring people back from extreme views, which are calculated to produce more mischief the longer they obtain.

FERDINAND HILLER.

### Music and Musical Criticism.

SCUDO ON VERDI—CIMAROSA'S MATRIMONIO SEGRETO—THE ITALIAN OPERA AT PARIS, &c.,

#### I.

Scudo, in a late number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, has one of his characteristic and clever articles on the influence of criticism. He says criticism is simply reason clothed with feeling; it does not create the principles on which it bases its judgments; it draws them from history, and from master pieces of the human mind.

In speaking of the arbitrary meanings attached to the words beautiful and ugly, false and true, just and unjust, the errors we are apt to make in forming our opinions, and the presentiments, as he calls them, existing in the conscience, of that which is really beautiful and true, he says finely, that time develops these premonitions; these presentiments of native conscience "become facts, and transform themselves into monuments, which monuments accumulating, stand as land marks of the different eras of civilization which have existed on earth."

As usual he takes occasion to protest against Verdi; a protestation he has been making religiously for a decade of years. He says Verdi is not a great composer. The musical language he creates is violent and often rough. He writes badly. He is almost ignorant of that art which is so important to

the creative artist,—the art of developing an idea and drawing from it the legitimate consequences. His effects are abrupt, and he violates the passions instead of evoking them with management. His characters are almost always in a fury, with a dagger in their hands. His monotonous and bloody melodramas have spoiled the taste of Italy, made her forget how to laugh—she who laughed so well; taken from her the fine traditions of the art of singing, and excited in this highly gifted, but idle and passably ignorant nation, a senseless pride.

Quite an array of charges against Verdi, who has, however, for his comfort, the possession of present popularity. The imitators of Verdi meet with no gentler words of course; they are as Dogberry says "tolerable and not to be endured," because, says M. Scudo sharply, the manner of this master is entirely individual and he himself is not able to modify it. It is only genius seconded by science that can renew and transform itself, and M. Verdi is a man of talent simply, who has practice without true knowledge. His music produces on the public the effect the red mantle does on the bull. Its confused sonorosity is intoxicating, over exciting the material sensibilities, and rendering them incapable of tasting the qualities of a superior art, which art speaks to the imagination, awakens the fancy, and gently penetrates to the depths of the soul.

"This is what we have written," he adds sturdily, "for ten years, and all the success of the author of *Ernani*, *Rigoletto*, and *Il Trovatore* has not been able to shake our convictions. We shall not contend with the public as to the pleasure that certain operas of M. Verdi gives it; but it must permit us to say that it deceives itself as to the equality and merit of the object which flatters its taste, as well also as to the nature of the æsthetic or mental pleasure which it fancies it is receiving."

In this same article is a *resumé* of the music given in Paris this last autumn at the Italian and Lyric Theatres and Opera. On the 30th October *Il Matrimonio Segreto* was sung at the Theatre Italien by Zucherini, our old favorite Badiali, Alboni, Penco and Battu.

This causes M. Scudo immense satisfaction of course. He ejaculates with orthodox zeal: *Voilà de la musique jeune, éternellement jeune!* The day when this ensemble of grace, sentiment and serene gaiety—that gaiety which arises like a day-dawn in a satisfied soul, and not that which spring from malice of the mind—the day when this simple history of an honest family, troubled momentarily by the little entanglements of a youthful and discreet love, shall no longer be understood and appreciated, except by a few tardy amateurs, a sad revolution shall have taken place in the musical art and the moral order. We shall be no longer here, God be praised!

Alboni, he tells us, was charming in the part of "Fidalma," the old merchant's rich sister, and she restored that delicious air,

"E vero che in casa  
Io son la padrona."

which she sang with a spirit and sweet irony which set well on her smiling and full blooming face. Madame Penco, who has studied hard in order to merit the favor of the Parisian dilettanti, was very good in the part of "Carolina," whose honest indignation and naive tenderness she brought out cleverly. She sang the fine recitative of the cantabile in the second act, with breadth and in an elevated style.

This account given by Scudo *so con amore*, has been read on a sweet spring-like morning, the soft west wind blowing, February though it may be, with a tenderness such as Scudo describes the love in the "Matrimonio Segreto," *printanier et discret*; it breathes in at the window over the pretty Madeira vine, whose tender twining branches are running up the wall, making picturesque frames for the lovely Mozart and Raphael heads hanging there.

What can be done that would be more in keeping, than to fill the west wind with Cimarosa's melodies? There is the opera score on the music shelf, and there the open piano and an hour or two of sweet leisure just the open window, "*printanier*," if not *discret*. The little hound terrier, tired of play, sleeps in her basket, giving low growls at the last peals of merry child laughter. The old poplar tree bole spreads out a summer-like shadow on the grass which is always green in our lowland country. The quiet is almost voluptuous, and Spring is very winning, peeping in on us in this pretty way, here when it might be mid-winter counting by dates.

The *Matrimonio Segreto* music sounds beautiful in these surroundings. Like the poor tenore at the Theatre Italien, M. Gardoni, we may *estropie* the incomparable airs, but we have no M. Scudo audience to shock; only our own indulgent easily pleased ears.

The original play, from which the libretto of this

Opera was taken, was written by Garrick; but the English story is very different from that of the playful Italian comedy, for it is horrible and tragical, while the Opera is as graceful in the plot and management as in the music.

It is the most popular Opera ever written, taking its immediate and marvellous success and long continued favor together; and it was composed by Cimarosa with the greatest ease. He wrote several of these lovely airs in an evening, with a party of friends around him. The celebrated "*Pria che spunti*" in the second Act, Paolino's great air, was written at Prague after he had spent a fortnight there in doing nothing but walking about the town and amusing himself.

Cimarosa was in the service of the Emperor Leopold, of Austria, at the time he wrote this Opera, 1792. The night of its first performance it had a droll success, such as no other opera ever had. After it was over, the Emperor invited composer, singers and orchestra to a fine feast, after which they all returned in a body to the theatre and repeated the Opera the very same night.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

(To be continued.)

### Church Music in New York.

In the service of the Romish church, from time immemorial, the talents of the best composers have been availed of to render the music as attractive and at the same time as impressive as it could be made; to this end have the abilities of such minds as Haydn, Mozart, Cherubini, and contemporaneous composers been directed, whilst in the Protestant church of all denominations, the power of music to elevate and purify the mind has been, until within a brief period, almost entirely ignored or overlooked.

The ancient and severe English style is rapidly going out of use, and giving place to the more effective and less solemn modern school. Of course there are exceptions (such as Trinity Church), but such is the general tendency. In some of our Catholic churches, the music approximates very closely to what one hears in the cathedrals in Paris and Germany: foremost among these is the Church of St. Francis Xavier, in Sixteenth street, where the music is under the direction of Prof. William Bergé, a graduate of one of the first universities in Germany, who has been in this country about fifteen years. The music of this church is of an imposing description, and the choir capable of executing the most difficult compositions extant. They receive every month manuscript masses from the pen of Mercadante—at present sojourning in Italy. Prof. Bergé is himself a composer of much ability, and produced at this church, Christmas day, a mass of his own composition, which has withstood the most searching criticism, and was accorded to possess singular beauty and merit. On this occasion the soloists were—soprano, Mrs. Cooper; contralto, Madame Colletti; tenor, Mr. C. Hubner; and baritone, Mr. C. Werneke. A powerful chorus assisted. The World, in a recent number, said of him:

Bergé divides the palm of merit with Morgan, so far as strict organ playing goes, but is said to excel him in point of brilliant execution, and a power to produce wonderful orchestral effects with his instrument. His reputation is European as well as transatlantic, and it is doubtful whether Catholic music is interpreted with as much brilliancy and finish anywhere out of Italy, as at the Jesuit chapel in Sixteenth street. He has done more towards encouraging a taste for brilliant church music than any other organist that was ever among us, native or foreign.

The Church of the Immaculate Conception, in Fourteenth street, was completed some three years since, and contains an organ built by Erben of this city, which is an instrument of unusual power. The music is directed by Herr G. Schmitz, organist of the church, a player of no ordinary capacity, with surprising powers of execution, manifest even in the plainest Gregorian chants. His accompaniments and *extempore* voluntaries compare favorably with those of the best European organists. The first soprano singer is Mme. Caradori; contralto, Miss Frost; tenor, Mr. H. Schmitz, a brother of the organist; and basso, Mr. Durlion. On the eighth of December, at a musical festival in commemoration of the anniversary of the "Immaculate Conception," at this church, some thirty of the leading musical talent of the city took part. We attended vespers service here yesterday, and heard the brilliant "*Tantum Ergo*," composed by Rossini for the coronation of the Pope, rendered in a manner not soon to be forgotten.

At St. Stephens in Twenty-eighth street the music is of a highly finished and artistic character. Dr. Cummings, the prelate of this church, is known to many of your Boston readers, having delivered the address at the laying of the corner stone of a large educational institute in Roxbury a year ago; also from having lectured before the Young Men's Christian Association, at the Hollis Street Church, in



November last—almost the only case on record of a Catholic Priest having occupied a Protestant pulpit. He is personally a good judge of music, and has frequently been known to pay a good premium for an extra soprano solo. The regular choir consists of Madame Isadora Clark, first soprano; Madame Berger, alto; Signor Quinto, of the Academy of Music, tenor; and Signor Centemani, barytone, with a chorus of amateurs. Occasionally the *Prima Donnas* of the various operatic troupes take part in the music of this church, and the writer has heard such singers as Gazzaniga, Patti, and Carl Formés there. The organist, Mr. C. Wels; is a very superior performer, and one of our best pianists, who has succeeded W. A. King, formerly of Grace Church, and author of the celebrated "Grace Church collection of music." The latter now officiates at Rev. Dr. Tyng's.

There is a large German Catholic Church in Third street, where there is an orchestra, in addition to the organ and choir: it is scarcely necessary to add that the music is more noisy than beautiful. There is also a French Catholic Church in Twenty-third street, where the music is superior.

At St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Mott street, where Archbishop Hughes officiates, the music is not of so high an order as in the above, neither at St. Peter's, in Barclay street, although in both of these it is far above mediocrity, and comprises selections from the favorite composers. There are several minor Catholic Churches in this city and Brooklyn, where the music is good; but my space forbids mentioning them in detail.—*Transcript.*

### Eugene Scribe.

This most prolific and successful of all dramatic writers, died recently in Paris at the age of seventy, a good old age, but an extraordinary age for a literary man to attain. Scribe, however, was not a man of genius. He was a man of talent, understood scenic effect admirably, and wrote with great point and neatness. He never attempted in his works the delineation of passion; but he knew well how to appeal to the sensibility of an audience. His sentimental domestic dreams in one and two acts at the Gymnase (then the favorite theatre of the Court and the Duchess de Berri), first made his reputation. Among these the best were the "Happiest Day of My Life," "A Daughter to Marry," "A Marriage of Reason," etc., etc. He afterwards wrote for the Theatre Français several good five act comedies:—"A Chain," "The Minister and the Mercer," "A Marriage of Money," etc. Mlle. Mars was then still on the stage and many of the pieces were written expressly for her. For Rachel, Scribe wrote "The Czarina." His name is associated with the great works of Auber, Donizetti, Halévy, Meyerbeer and Verdi.

Dramatic literature is the most productive of all literary labor in France. No wonder then that Scribe realized an immense fortune. Scribe was the author of three hundred vaudevilles, one hundred comedies, one hundred operas, ninety-two comic operas, twenty ballets, twenty two dramas, and about thirty volumes of novels and tales. It is not, however, to be supposed that Scribe actually wrote all these, though most certainly all his earliest works are his own. Latterly he adopted Dumas' fashion of giving the skeleton of the play and getting it written by various authors; or he would take a play already written and offered to him for approbation, putting in the finishing touches, which ensured its success. It is said that, looking over the best of his dramatic works, he discovered that he had titles beginning with every letter of the alphabet except X, and that, anxious to complete the list, he immediately wrote the piece entitled *La Xacarilla*. He was no less successful as a writer of opera librettos, having written those of Robert le Diable, Le Juive, Les Huguenots, Le Prophète, La Dame Blanche, Le Cheval de Bronze, Fra Diavolo, L'Ambasadrice, Le Domino Noir, L'Etoile du Nord, &c.

Scribe also wrote several interesting novels, among others, *Piquillo Alliaga*. In 1836, he was elected Academician, and was commander of the legion of honor. He had by the frequent repetition of his plays amassed an enormous fortune. However he continued to the last a most laborious life. The two following lines were engraved over the gate of his Chateau at Sérécourt:

"Le Théâtre a payé cet asyle champêtre  
Vous qui passez, merci; je vous le dois peut-être."

It was always his pride, that all he possessed he owed to his pen. In his residence is a series of paintings, representing the first poor beginnings of that that career, and also his successes until the day when he drove in his own coach into the court of his chateau which he was proud to think and tell the theatre had paid for. Scribe, late in life, married Mme. Biclery, the widow of a liquor dealer

in the Faubourg St. Antoine. She was immensely rich, so that M. and Mme. Scribe lived in great style. They were exceedingly hospitable, receiving much company, both in Paris, in his mansion built by himself, on the Rue Pigale and at his country house of Mortolaise. Scribe had no affectation of artistic life. He was not a Bohemian, but a sober citizen, a man of business, honest, amiable and good tempered. Having no pretensions to high birth, (being the son of a shop-keeper,) he himself, chose his own armorial bearings, just as the knights did of old, from their own achievements. He chose a pen, (a graceful quill, not a stiff steel pen,) with the appropriate motto, "Inde Fortuna."

### German Piano-fortes.

Pianoforte playing is perhaps more general in this country than in any other. It is a common accomplishment of both sexes—one that is cultivated by the members of all classes and professions. I have met military men to whom the compositions of Bach and Beethoven are as familiar as the word of command, and have many a time wondered at the seeming incongruity of a captain booted and spurred, sitting down to the pianoforte, and playing off many a long fantasia, while his charger was neighing impatiently for its rider. All the most eminent pianists, those who by their practice I skill and by their writings have developed the resources of the instrument are, with one or two honorable exceptions, of German origin. And yet in Germany hardly any advance in the structure of the pianoforte has been made for the last fifteen, indeed I might say twenty, years. Those improvements in the mechanism of the instrument which have been introduced at different times by the manufacturers of England and France, and which have tended so considerably to its perfection, have not been adopted by the German makers, from whose factories pianofortes are still produced, remarkable for the primitive simplicity of their action and similarity of tone. It is not that the improvements and recent inventions are unknown or unheeded, but whenever they have been copied, the result has not been favorable; the old principle has always been found the most profitable, and is consequently adhered to. Economy is urged as the chief object of the German manufacturer, and any innovation to increase the expense in making an instrument therefore eschewed. The price of pianos in Germany is considerably less than in England and France, eighty or ninety pounds being as much as can be expected for a grand, and the average charge much lower.

Notwithstanding their adherence to the old system of construction and mechanism, the German makers turn out some very excellent instruments. Those of Bösendörfer are acknowledged to be the best that are made in Vienna. This firm has but lately opened a new establishment, in which are to be found the factory, a magnificent suite of show rooms, a concert room to accommodate 600 or 700 people, and a princely residence for the proprietor, all under the same roof. It is a splendid building, situated in Neu Wien, a Vorstadt consisting entirely of modern houses, which in point of solidity and appearance, surpass those of Vienna proper. At the invitation of Herr Dachs, a talented pianist of the classical school, who may some day be as well known in England as he is respected in his own country, I visited Bösendörfer's new premises last week. They are admirably fitted up with every contrivance for the expeditious manufacture of the pianos in the different stages, from the very commencement to the moment when they are exhibited for sale in the show rooms. There are 300 men employed, who finish, upon the average, 30 pianofortes per week, a small number, perhaps, compared to the supply of such houses as Erard, Broadwood, and Collard, but adequate to the demand, which it must be remembered, is almost limited to Austria and Southern Germany.

The building is handsomely decorated. In the reception hall stands a colossal statue of Beethoven, as the sole ornament, giving the visitor a favorable impression of the taste of the proprietors, an impression which is confirmed by every object he sees throughout their model establishment.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS A LIBRETTIST.—"And will a once good and kind master of mine in the craft of letters be angry with his old apprentice and journeyman in these desultory reminiscences? I set down among the fasti of the St. James's Theatre a certain opera called the *Village Coquette*, to which he, a very young man then, with long silky hair, and a cataract of white satin for a cravat, as you see him in Mr. MacLise's picture, wrote the libretto, and in which John Braham enacted the part of a convivial but dissolute squire (in a scarlet velvet

coat and top boots of shiny leather)? The *Village Coquettes*! I remember almost every line of the words and every bar of the music. John Parry, the vivacious, the genial, the evergreen prince of buffo-singers was among the *dramatis personæ*. There was that charming song of "Autumn Leaves," which I sincerely wish somebody would revive now. John Braham had a wonderful song about 'Snipe shooting in the snow.' Whether are fled the days of the *Village Coquettes*? The squire in the scarlet velvet coat is dead. There was a gentleman attached to the St. James's Theatre, who united the functions of treasurer and writer of burlesques, and whose name was Gilbert Abbott à Beckett. He lived to be a writer of leaders in *The Times* and one of the most upright magistrates that ever sat on the bench. He died very sadly and prematurely, too soon for friendship but not too soon for fame. Laughing John Parry laughs yet, and carols gaily. The writer of libretto is alive and famous to all the world. His name is *Charles Dickens*; and did I need a further excuse for routing up these old memories, it would be in the fact that he who composed the music to the *Village Coquettes* also lives, a good and honorable and just man? He has unhappily fallen upon evil days, and in life's wane has to begin the world again; but the author of the words to his songs has no more forgotten the old days than I have; for at the head of a committee for raising the funds for a testimonial to John Hullah I find the name of Dickens."—GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA (*Temple Bar*).

VIENNA.—At the Opera House, Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord* was given on Sunday, Feb., 3rd. With this exception there has been little doing in the way of music since I last wrote.

The chief topic of conversation among musical people, is whether Madame Csillag will return here next autumn. Those who pretend to be good authorities on the subject assert that her engagement with Ullmann has been forfeited by the bankruptcy of that American impresario, and that the lady has an extraordinary offer of an increased salary (according to the official list she already receives more than any of the other artists) if she will renew her contract at the Kärntnerthor Theatre. Whether this be true or not, it is certain Madame Csillag cannot well be spared from Vienna, and I can easily understand the new director, Signor Salvi, advising his imperial master to induce her to remain. There are few *prime donne* anywhere with such *répertoire* at her command, and no one who is so popular with the Viennese.

A new theatre is spoken of, to be erected on the Schotten Glacis. There will be no Italian opera this spring in Vienna.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 16, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of "The Hymn of Praise," (Lobgesang), a Cantata by Mendelssohn.

### Italian Opera.

Just as Mr. Rarey has come to tame his wild horses upon the platform of the Music Hall, under the very nose of Beethoven, the Academy of Music has been purged of the Centaurs that have held it. The ring is gone, the clown and the riding master have departed, the crack of the whip is no longer heard within its walls, the saw dust is swept away, and Music reigns again supreme in her beautiful temple.

The company of associated artists were welcomed, on Monday evening of this week, by the fullest house that we remember ever to have seen on an opening night. People here generally wait to see what a day may bring forth and are slow to trust their dollars to the uncertain fortunes of the opening night; but on Monday the sparkling and lively *Martha* filled the house, the upper tiers and parquet being entirely full. Such an audience could not but be a sympathetic one, and the old favorites, Mad. COLSON, ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, BRIGNOLI and SUSINI were most cordially welcomed as they successively appeared.

There is little to be said of the performance of an opera so familiar to us and by singers so well

known. Mad. COLSON is admirably fitted in every respect for the character of the Lady Harriet, her artistic style and flexible voice giving the fullest effect to the flowing lively music, and her ladylike elegance and beauty being in keeping with the character she assumed, especially in the Fair scene, where she well represented the lady in disguise, while, in the other parts of the opera, she did not have to disguise herself as a lady, as some do. Of Miss PHILLIPS, there is little to be said, as her fine singing and sprightly acting in this opera are familiar. SUSINI is too ponderous and stately in his ways to give the character of Plunkett with the life that Formés throw into it, but he sang the music excellently. BRIGNOLI shone with undiminished lustre in parts where he could be conspicuous, as in *M'appari tutto amor*, but we wish him a sounder artistic conscience, and could not help reflecting how curiously a trio or quartet would sound, if soprano, alto, or basso should follow the example of the great tenore, and sing only where they can sing alone. Brignoli's incomparable voice is all his own, and so is his sluggish nature. We cannot find fault with him, if he does not act with the fire of Formés or Stigelli, for it is his nature, but we may, at least, claim an honest and conscientious rendering of music where the "silver voice" is as necessary to the due effect of the whole, as it is in the beautiful solos in which he (as well as his audience) takes delight. The chorus was meagre in numbers and power; the orchestra good. As to the costumes of which the programme had a good deal to say, we could not but think that the "original sketches" for the dresses of Brignoli and Susini could have come only from the "Book of British Costumes" by one Mr. Punch, for surely no English yeomen were ever so arrayed before.

*Lucia di Lammermoor* was given on Tuesday night for the debut of Miss ISABELLA HINCKLEY, the young American prima donna; a real native American this time—American born and bred. She at once attracted the attention and good will of the audience by her beauty, and the first notes of the opening scene, *Ancor non giunse*, showed us that she had a voice fresh and sweet as spring flowers, a mezzo soprano of large compass and sympathetic quality; of much natural capacity for the execution of difficulties, equal to the performance of the most intricate music, although frequently betraying some lack of confidence in the approaching and attacking of difficult and dangerous passages that we should naturally expect in a young novice, but which study, care and good schooling will, in no long time, remove. Her voice is admirably true in tone, but her enunciation is indistinct, so that words are recognized only with difficulty; a striking contrast to the orotund distinctness of the native Italian, of which the utterance of Brignoli is so beautiful and absolutely perfect a model, both to singers and speakers. Indeed, there can scarce be a better study for a public speaker in this matter, than to mark with care this feature of Brignoli's singing. It is worth of score of lessons in elocution.

Miss Hinckley's performance through the opera was well sustained to the end, confirming all the impressions which we received of her early in the evening, and showing, in addition, a decided dramatic talent in her acting of the more intense passages of the opera. She was vehemently applauded, and we must consider her debut to have been marked by unusual success.

STIGELLI sang the music of Edgardo with all his peculiar charm and gave to the exciting scene of the Malediction an energy and intense verisimilitude that has never been surpassed or indeed equalled here, by any other tenor. With Miss Hinckley he succeeded in giving an *éclat* to the sextette that was hardly to be expected, when the important part of Ashton was given not only *sotto voce*, but actually inaudibly, by Signor FERRI, who thus not only deprived the sing-

ers of important support, but defrauded the audience of what was necessary to the completeness of the rendering of the music. Generally, an attentive, conscientious and pleasing artist, he has never before appeared to so little advantage. We can pardon or at least tolerate the constant *tremolo*, attributing it to a mistaken theory or a bad school, but neither audience or critics, can endure such noticeable and marked neglect on the part of an artist, or long fail to remind him that he does not fulfil his part of the contract he has entered into with the public. Signor BARILI filled the rôle of Raimondo with credit; Signor LOTTI sang very well the Arturo music; and an opera would hardly be one without the familiar presence of the useful Mad. AVOGADRO, who has filled certain characters for so many years.

The performance, which as a whole, it may be seen was an unequal one, was brought to a brilliant close by the superb singing of Stigelli in the finale. In him we have an artist who always throws his whole soul and his whole talent, and all that he has to bring to his audience (which he always has in mind) into every effort that he makes. Would that we had more such as he! The house was not so full as on the first night, still a very large and paying audience was assembled.

Wednesday night gave us *Il Giuramento di Mercadante*, which has not been heard here since the days of Truffi and Benedetti. We must confess to recalling but very little of the beautiful music of this opera, save a few morceaux that have long ago become common property, and also to being entirely mystified by the intricate complications of the plot. The opera was preceded by Verdi's overture to *Giovanna d'Arco*, which was well played by the orchestra and pleased the audience much. The opera was admirably rendered by all the artists. Indeed it gives rare opportunities to each of the characters to display their best points separately, and it likewise abounds in beautiful passages of concerted music.

Mad. COLSON, as Elaisa, sang with rare excellence and made the character, by her spirited and admirable acting, one of great interest. In fact, in no respect does Mad. Colson ever disappoint her audience; she is always up to what is required of her, and always does her whole duty as well as it is possible for her to do it and in a manner that few can equal.

Miss PHILLIPS admirably supported her throughout the opera. The music that falls to Bianca is elaborate and difficult of execution but she met and conquered all difficulties, in the most triumphant and satisfactory manner. The beautiful duet, *Dolce conforto al misero*, was most exquisitely sung by these ladies, and its repetition was imperatively demanded and acceded to.

BRIGNOLI had those opportunities which he delights in and never fails to improve, abundantly given him in this opera, his very first entrance upon the scene being in the beautiful aria, *Bell' adorata imagine*. In the finale he was quite spirited in action, and we cannot remember the occasion when he has appeared so animated or so entitled himself in this respect to higher commendation; while to praise his matchless singing, is a superfluous, though always agreeable, duty. After Mario, there is no such tenor voice within our knowledge.

So, Signor FERRI was admirable in his singing, this evening, receiving the most enthusiastic applause. The prayer, *Alla pace*, was very beautifully rendered by him. His dress and personal bearing were exceedingly appropriate and picturesque.

The whole opera was well given and is full of beauties, and was formerly a very popular one in Boston. The distractions of the plot, however, and the novelty of the music (to ears a little surfeited with Verdi and Donizetti,) demanding an incessant attention on a first hearing, may account, in some degree, for the moderate applause and some apparent

want of enthusiasm on the part of the audience, which would, no doubt, be different in a more intimate acquaintance.

This afternoon *Ernani* is offered, with Mad. Colson and Stigelli, and the last act of *Lucia*, Miss Hinckley taking that character. On Sunday evening the opera troupe and the Handel and Haydn Society unite their forces, and give Rossini's *Stabat Mater* at the theatre.

On Monday, Miss KELLOGG, another new American artist, will appear in the pretty part of *Linda de Chamounix*.

PRIVATE CONCERTS.—Mr. George E. Whiting's and the Mozart Club.—Both these concerts offer something worthy of note.

On Mr. WHITING's programme of the entertainment given March 1st, at the Tremont Temple a good deal of classical music appeared. Mendelssohn's F minor Sonata (op. 65, No. 1) a Fugue by Bach in G minor, one by Schumann on Bach's name, the chorus "Fixed in his everlasting seat," by Handel, were pieces showing that the gentleman is in earnest. That this is really the case Mr. Whiting's own Fantasia proved, which is written in a dignified mood, becoming the solemn and grand instrument for which it is written.

We may add that Mr. Whiting showed considerable dexterity in the treatment of manuals and pedals. We would urge upon Mr. Whiting to continue the study of such masters as he presented in his concert.

The audience enjoyed the selection highly and especially after the minor pieces, such as Mendelssohn's Wedding March or Mozart's F minor Fantasia for a musical clock, applauded very heartily.

We should have noticed this entertainment in our last week's issue had not the pressure of other matter prevented it.

A very pleasant surprise the "Second Social Orchestral Entertainment" of the Boston Mozart Club gave us. We were not prepared to see so many amateurs together, much less to hear them play so well. It certainly reflects much credit on their leader, Mr. Suck, to have trained his orchestra of about thirty performers so well. The programme included the E flat symphony by Haydn, probably the most beautiful he wrote, the overture to "Die Entführung aus dem Serail" by Mozart, and the Concert Overture by Kalliwoda in C. We noticed as especially good the string-quartette and the horn. This way of meeting together for the love of music solely without an eye to the dollar is a pleasant sign of progress among us. We hope the B. M. C. will flourish and prosper, and by giving such fine entertainments as this was, do their share in the good work of improving public taste. They have our congratulations and best wishes. \*†

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—We regret to have lost the last afternoon concert, which offered unusual attraction, as may be seen from the programme which we subjoin. We learn that the house was crowded again.

1. Overture—Der Freyschütz.....Weber
  2. Marcia Funebre.....Chopin
  3. Symphony No. 1.....Beethoven
  4. Les Preludes.....Liszt
  5. Selections from Huguenots.....Meyerbeer
- The next concert we are promised Mendelssohn's Symphony, No. 1; Suppe's Overture, "The Farmer and the Poet," Romanza "L'Eclair," and Lanner's Concert Walts "Jubel."

## Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MARCH 11.—Before this letter reaches you, the opera company lately playing in the city will have appeared in Boston. The season here has been totally successful until the last week when the receipts fell off fearfully.

Miss Kellogg has been the chief novelty after the

now opera *Un Ballo in Maschera*. She sang moderately well on the occasion of her debut, and exceedingly well at a matinée performance of *Linda* on Saturday. The opera season has altogether been the longest ever known in the history of our Academy. The new opera has proved a genuine success and is already very popular. The foreign music dealers have sent on for additional copies of the score, and our home dealers have given commissions to arrangers, to prepare piano arrangements of the principal airs.

There has been considerable concertizing of late. Gustave Satter has given two matinée performances, both of which were well attended and have done the pianist much credit. Rapetti the violinist and ex-opera conductor gives a concert to-night at Irving Hall, at which his daughter sings and several instrumental soloists assist. To-morrow Miss Emma Rowcroft gives a vocal matinée, the first part composed exclusively of sacred music.

As the first of May approaches, there is commotion and agitation among church choirs and many important changes will take place this season. At St. Stephen's Roman Catholic church, where Charles Wels plays, and Isadora Clark sings, there will be quite a revolution. A Signor Speranza who made a *fiasco* at the Academy of Music some months ago under Strakosch's regime, will take charge of the choir and young Morra, a son of the useful Madame Morra who takes the subordinate parts in the operas will be the organist. In Episcopal choirs revolutions will be numerous and complete. TROVATOR.

NEW YORK, MARCH 12.—On Friday last Mr. Satter gave a second Matinée, which was, however not quite as well attended as the first one. Among the audience assembled, however, there were sundry very restless spirits, who, by constantly changing their seats, or standing up in the middle of the room, close by the piano, and consulting about the best place, not only annoyed other people exceedingly, but obliged Mr. Satter to make a very inappropriate pause between the movements of the piece he was playing. This latter was the Pastoral Symphony, in Liszt's two-hand arrangement. It is about as perfect a reproduction of the orchestra as it is possible for the piano to give, and Mr. Satter played it exquisitely. In the second part he gave Fantaisies of his own on the Huguenots and Don Pasquale and a banquet of short pieces, consisting of Chopin's lovely A minor waltz, a Midnight Barcarole by J. Hopkin, a very pleasing and original composition indeed, and a Ballade, "Loreley," by himself, also a striking piece. A request for an Improvisation was handed in, but with no effect this time. And indeed, one ought to be satisfied with the variety and many-sidedness of Mr. Satter's repertoire. Technically, he is equally successful in every possible style of music, whether this can be said of the spirit of his interpretations, every one must judge for himself, and by his own feeling and taste.

Another Matinée is announced for next Friday.

A Miss Lesermann, a singer, made her debut last week in a miscellaneous concert at Irving Hall, assisted by a number of our leading artists. Last evening Sig. Rapetti brought out his daughter, Miss Cecilia R., in the same capacity at a similar concert, and it is said with great success. A third vocal débutante, a Miss Emma Rowcroft made her appearance at a matinée this afternoon. Add to these our two new operatic acquisitions, Misses Hinckley and Kellogg, and no one can say that vocal music is not flourishing among us. You will hear from other sources of charming little Miss Kellogg's success in *Linda*. She seemed just made for the part, and there is something so winning and ladylike about her, as if she had just stepped from our midst upon the stage, that we cannot help feeling the warmest interest in her progress and success. —t—

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 12.—Messrs. Editors: The preponderating taste of this musical municipality appears to be for popular orchestral concerts; the Germania Rehearsals have always paid; the Promenade Concerts at the Academy of Music were always successful; and at different times the crowded audiences that greeted Gungl and Jullien, show proof that the efforts of a well trained and well directed orchestra are sure to meet with appreciative support and encouragement in Philadelphia.

On Monday next a series of popular concerts, after the style of Jullien, are to be inaugurated at Concert Hall; we are then promised the production of the best works by the best composers; with the assistance at times of a numerous and competent chorus. The management of affairs, musical and financial, is to be in the hands of Mr. ENGELKE, well known as a musician of the greatest ability and, *par excellence*, as a gentleman. He has in his possession for reproduction the best part of the orchestral scores, originally belonging to the great Jullien, with which great man he was long associated on terms of the most friendly professional intimacy. Mr. Engelke certainly brings ability sufficient for its accomplishment to the undertaking, and with the assistance of the people he can make these concerts a great and permanent success.

The monotony pervading our musical life is to be agreeably relieved in a few weeks by a short season of opera, including representations of "La Juive," "Un Ballo in maschera," by way of novelty, and the old stock of "Martha" and "La Traviata," by way of novelty, too, I suppose. \* \* \*

An incorporated institution of many years existence here is the Quartette party at the house of Mr. M., on Market street, on an afternoon of the week, which, since I write from Philadelphia shall be nameless. Mr. M., has the finest quartette of stringed instruments perhaps in the country; his repertoire, of its kind and its way, is very full and very perfect; and of a consequence the resident talent here most do congregate. Should you be so fortunate as to drop down among us at any time, you must get the Directory, or call on the Mayor, who being a religious man will doubtless direct you to the spot.

MERCUTIS.

MONROE, MICH., FEB. 23.—The celebration of our cherished anniversary—Washington's Birth-day, was not confined to large cities, or particular sections of the country, and if we, of the Western country, outside of the cities, do not always make so much of a show of our enthusiasm it is no less heart-felt and earnest.

Among the demonstrations of the day in this quiet little city was the concert given at the Seminary, a programme of which I append, which was received with marked favor and shows I think a good degree of conscientious desire for good music in a Female Seminary as also the manner in which the music was received, an appreciation of music above the dance-music of the day.

#### PART I.

1. Duo—2 Pianos, "Recollections"..... Miss Chandler and Mr. Chamberlin.
2. Piano Solo—Andante, op. 52..... Thalberg  
Miss Gustine.
3. Vocal Duett—"Speed My Bark"..... Neukomm  
Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlin.
4. Piano Solo—"Yankee Doodle"..... Strakosch  
Miss Chandler.
5. Song—"Friend of the Brave"..... Calcott  
Mr. Chamberlin.

#### PART II.

1. Piano Solo—Sonata, op. 26..... Beethoven  
1 Andante. 2 Marcia funebre. 3 Allegro.  
Mr. Chamberlin.
2. Vocal Duett—"Swallow's Farewell"..... Kucken  
Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlin.
3. Piano Solo—"Moise"..... Thalberg  
Miss Chandler.
4. Song—"Our Native Song"..... Russell  
Mr. Chamberlin.
5. Piano Solo—"Silver Spring"..... Mason  
Mr. Chamberlin.

The city paper in speaking of the concert uses the following language:—

THE CONCERT AT THE SEMINARY.—The concert at the Young Ladies' Seminary on Friday evening last, given by Prof. Chamberlin and his pupils, in honor of the officers and members of the U. C. D. Society, was very largely attended, and was a pleasant affair. The study hall was filled to its utmost capacity. The performances both of Mr. Chamberlin and his pupils, Misses Chandler and Gustine, were excellent. The "Swallow's Farewell," sung by Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain, was excellently done,

and by request was repeated. "Our Native Song," and "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," were both well performed by Mr. Chamberlin. C.

WORCESTER, MASS., FEB. 27.—Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream was read at Mechanic's Hall, on the evening of the 22d inst., by Prof. Russell of Lancaster, with Mendelssohn's music which was performed by a select choir and by Mr. B. D. Allen and Mrs. E. B. Dame, pianists. The reading did not meet the expectations of the large audience, but the music was exceedingly well performed, thanks to Mr. Allen, to whose direction it had been intrusted.

On Sunday evening the Mozart Society gave a concert for the benefit of a pet object of our charities, the Orphans' Home, and a most successful concert it was. Under Mr. Frost's direction the choruses went off finely. It is rare to hear them sung with such expression, and in such excellent time. The singers, a hundred and fifty in number, took them up readily, and sang in truth, with "spirit and understanding." We must mention, as especially good, the "Wonderful" chorus, *All we like Sheep, B-hold the Lamb of God*, and the *Hallelujah*, which always carries inspiration with it. Mr. Stocking sang *Comfort ye*, with smoothness, and correct execution; also, *Thou shalt dash them*. Mrs. Pierce's musical alto, with more earnestness of manner, would have made us pleasantly remember *O thou that tellest*. Mr. Lawrence gave *The people that walked in darkness* with very good effect. Miss Fiske sang well in *Rejoice greatly*; and, *I know that my Redeemer liveth*, that great song of faith, she sang as one feeling its mighty truths. Miss Muzzy, whom we heard for the first time, sang *Come unto Him* with much sweetness, but there was a lack of correct intonation. Mrs. Hill's *He was despised*, was one of the fine things of the evening. Mr. Sargent, a new-comer, astonished and pleased all by his artistic rendering of *Why do the nations*, and *The Trumpet shall sound*. One rarely hears recitatives better sung than they were by most of the singers. The orchestra, fifteen members, rendered efficient aid under Mr. Burt's direction, and Mrs. Hummond's piano-accompaniments were deservedly commended.

Popular and patriotic concerts are the fashion this week. Miss Lizzie Heywood and Master Rentz appear at one to-morrow night. A concert by resident talent will be announced next week, the proceeds to be added to the Kansas contributions. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club give the last concert of their series on Friday evening, with Mrs. Kempton vocalist. Their programme is hardly up to the usual mark. It contains, however Mozart's Clarinet Quintette, and the Fifth Symphony *Adagio*. S.

#### Another American Singer.

In the *Signale*, (Leipsic) we find the following notice of Miss Jenny Busk a young lady of Baltimore, Md., who has been studying music for eight years in Germany.

The cantatrice, Miss Jenny Busk, a young American, who has finished her studies in the conservatory at Leipsic, has lately attracted much notice. We remember that this genuine child of the New World excited already, while at school, extraordinary hopes, which now seem about to be realized, as she has lately sung in the cities in the vicinity of Leipsic with great success, as we learn from the reports now before us. Dr. E. Baldamus speaks, in the *Cöthen Gazette*, concerning her concert given on the 12th of December, as follows:—"This cantatrice unites all excellencies of a good school with a pleasant voice, pure and certain intonation, perfect control over her means, symmetric formation of sound, extreme purity and elegance of the colorature, noble tact in the accents of her performance, and, above all, the spirit of a clear perception, together with an enthusiastic appreciation of the art and the composition. We desire that Miss Busk should appear before a Leipsic public and grant them the enjoyment of her fine talents."

## Music Abroad.

PARIS.—At the Theatre Imperial Italien, The Barber, Il Matrimonio Segreto and Don Giovanni have been given lately. The *Gazette Musicale* says that Mozart's *chef d'œuvre* demands an ensemble of artists very difficult to be found, and that the cast this year left much to be desired in several rôles. Mme. Penco alone was complete in that of Donna Anna. Mlle Marie Battu gave with much taste and life the part of Zerlina. Mlle Dalmondi who made her debut as Donna Elvira had a feeble or exhausted voice, with no medium tones, singing true however, — a great quality. Gardoni and Zucchini filled well the parts of don Ottavio and Leporello. As for Mario, he was entirely Don Juan in his splendid black dress à la Henri II., in his sword, his cane and in the serenade *Deh! vieni alla finestra* which he sang deliciously.

He seemed however to care but little for the rest and sang the *Fin che dal vino* almost like couplets in a vaudeville, rather spoken than sung. But what odd stage play had he conceived for the finale of the first act? Instead of the sword he has only a poniard, with which he threatens Leporello, and, in the moment of the general tumult, when every body is against him, his valet brings him two enormous pistols, beautiful works of art, no doubt, but which, in the hands of a gentleman of that epoch, produce a very singular effect. Why does not Mario understand that Don Juan and the revolver ought to have nothing in common? Why not a rifled cannon? The masked trio was encoored, (just as it always is here) and Mme. Penco was complimented with a bouquet.

LEIPZIG.—The Neue Zeitschrift reports that "In a concert given by F. Menzel in the Schützenhaus, Mr. Carl Hause from Boston took part. He played only compositions of his own, and was applauded for the mechanical dexterity which he displayed and which is quite commendable. We refrain from saying more until we have heard him in works of other composers."

### London.

At Her Majesty's Theatre *Fra Diavolo* has been produced with Mlle Parepa as Zerlina. Wallace's *Amber Witch* was announced as to follow. At the Royal English Opera, Stoepel's *Hiawatha* was brought out (Feb. 11) by Miss Pyne and Harrison with Mad. Stoepel, (Matilda Heron) as reader of the poem. The *Musical World* speaks favorably of the composition. Balfe's *Satanella* followed with Miss Pyne and Harrison. Concerts are numerous. The Monday Popular Concerts at St. James' Hall gave a programme made up entirely of Beethoven. The *Musical World* says of it:

The entire programme was devoted to Beethoven, and comprised no less than four *chefs d'œuvre* of the great "tone-poet"—two for the first time, at the Monday Popular Concerts. The Quartette in C major (op. 59), which has been already heard at these concerts (Nov. 14, 1859), and is the last of the three dedicated to Count Rasoumowski, the Russian ambassador at Vienna, and, as all our readers know, one of the most strikingly original of the stringed compositions of the great master. Enough to say that in the hands of Messrs. Vieuxtemps, Ries, Schrears and Piatti, the performance left nothing for the most fastidiously hypercritical taste to desire. So in the trio in C minor for violin, viola and violoncello (the last of four), which was equally faultless in execution, and made a worthy commencement to the second part, the performers being summoned forward at the end.

To Miss Arabella Goddard the musical public is in a great measure indebted for the resuscitation of Beethoven's latest piano-forte solos—the envy and despair of those with less intellectual grasp and manipulative skill who consequently pronounced these works as meaningless and unplayable—the truth being that they lacked the comprehension to understand and the fingers to execute such wholly exceptional compositions. Opus 111—the thirty-second and

last of the sonatas of Beethoven—was introduced by Miss Goddard some time since at one of her memorable *soirées*, and its reproduction at the Monday Popular Concerts was looked forward to with much interest, the op. 109 (E major) having been so well received in March last year. That the expectation formed was by no means deceived may be readily understood by those who know how thorough a mistress of her part is Miss Goddard, the audience showing the most strict attention and the warmest appreciation of this truly magnificent sonata, after her matchless execution of which she was unanimously recalled into the orchestra and applauded with the heartiest enthusiasm.

The last piece formed an appropriate climax to the very admirable selection of the evening,—every note of the now familiar Kreutzer sonata being enjoyed to the full and applauded to the echo. Indeed it has rarely been our lot to listen to such a marvellously spirited performance—Miss Goddard and M. Vieuxtemps outshining even themselves, and both being recalled at the end.

FATHER KEMP'S OLD FOLKS.—An American entertainment without the nigger element is a novelty to commence with. Here we have a troupe of minstrels, wanting the conventional blackened faces and red ruled shirts, illustrating the various actions and passions of humanity by the power of music, and making themselves agreeable without bones, banjos, and muscular contortions. Father Kemp's Old Folks have the least possible pretensions to anything out of the way. Their sole peculiarity consists in their costume, which professes to be that of "one hundred years ago," and which certainly look odd enough to belong to a century or two more remote. The troupe consists of thirty ladies and gentlemen, part forming the orchestra, part chorus, and a few soaring into the empyrean of single voices. The orchestra is not very powerful, nor is the choral force remarkable for its strength, but they sing and play well together, and Father Kemp marshals them in a skilful manner. Of the solo singers we must specify distinguish from the rest Miss Emma J. Nichols, "the favorite young American vocalist," as she is styled, who may without violence, though young, be denominated the vocal soul of the Old Folks. Miss Nichols has a very fine, powerful contralto voice of peculiarly telling quality, and which she manages with sufficient ease, although apparently without much art. To a real vocaliser such a voice would prove an immediate fortune. The young lady is an immense favorite already with the audience of the lower room at St. James' Hall, where the Old Folks are now exhibiting, and gives some of her songs nightly—more especially "The captain with the whiskers," with an effect hardly to be described. The rest of the company do not number among them any Sims, Reeveses or Louisa Pynces.

VERDI IN PARLIAMENT.—Our readers who now and then hum "Il Balen," "La mia Letizia," and dozens of other popular melodies, will be glad to hear that Verdi, who is an ardent liberal (not republican) politician, has been elected a member of the Italian parliament. Through the spirited medium of Reuter's telegraph, we have received an anticipatory report of his maiden speech, which is as follows:—*Care campagne e voi teneri amici*, I am glad to meet you on the parliamentary stage of our beloved country, and I trust my humble efforts may be instrumental introducing concord and harmony in our deliberations, and composing our fears. Let us, *amici miei*, act together in concert, and soon our beloved *Italia* will no longer be a *Traviata* among nations. Under the guidance of our *Ré Galantuomo*, we will also soon free *la Bella Venezia* from Austrian tyrants, and when he cries to us, "*Suivrez moi*" and "*Vieni in Roma*," let our response as a band of brothers, be *Guerra, guerra!* and if our words are *piano* let our blows be *forte*, so that the *finale* of our operations may be a blaze of triumph, such as *Il Signor Bunn*, *mio caro amico Inglese*, never dreamed of in his most poetic flights. With such a leader and conductor as *Vittore Emmanuele* and *chefs d'attaque* like Garibaldi, Cialdini, Persano, and other great warlike artists, we must succeed; and though the Pope and Francis Joseph, on the score of some of my works being produced in Rome and Venice, style me a double base traitor, my *aria d'intrata* shall ever be *Viva l'Italia Unita*. Let us repeal overtures on any other terms, either from foreign, royal, and imperial managers, or the *sediziosi voci* of Bombastic bravoes and reactionary prompters. This speech which was delivered in recitative, excited the greatest *furor*, and the members were so excited, that for several minutes the cries of "Bravo" and "encore" shook the building.—*Liverpool Porcupine*.

## Special Notices.

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Morceau de Concert en forme de Polonaise.  
H. A. Wollenhaupt. 75

The last of a series of four compositions which have been announced through these columns. The good Pianists all over the States cannot help taking notice of these pieces. They will soon be heard in Exhibitions, Concerts, in the music-room of the professor and the parlor of the fashionable dilettante.

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DITSON & Co's STANDARD OPERA LIBRETTOS,  
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The librettos of twenty-three Standard Operas are now published of this admirable Series, rendered popular by their correctness of text, excellence of typography, and convenience of size. During the present season of opera in this city they have been found quite indispensable with those who sought to enjoy, understandingly, the performance; and we have no doubt that in all other localities they will be found equally desirable. They contain an Italian and English text, an epitome of the plot, and the music of all the principal Aïrs.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 468.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1861.

VOL. XVIII. No. 25.

## II Giuramento.

In the year One thousand four hundred and blank  
A lady performed a most singular prank,  
For against all precedents anywhere heard,  
The female in question did keep her word;  
Which fact is so queer,  
You may fancy to hear  
How such a phenomenon chanced to appear.

Taormina (the name of a town you must know,  
In Lippincott's Gazetteer put down just so,  
And not, as Librettos might lead you to think,  
A man or a woman, or something to drink)  
Taormina, I say,  
A Sicilian cité.

Was the scene one time of a brilliant soirée;  
Though if the Academy shows it up fair  
I'm not very sorry I wasn't asked there,  
For it seems a witch Sabbath of frightful old girls  
With very thick ankles and very false curls,  
And gents who, unvouched for as princes and earls,  
Would show a clear cross between cut-throats and churls.

You'd be frightened to meet  
Such a set in the street,

If the watchman, per custom, was far from his beat.  
Which leads us to drop this small inquiry, in —  
Why chorusses always are ugly as sin?

But while Scilly's upper-ten belledom and beaux,  
Are singing away more or less through the nose,  
Viscardo (Brignoli) stark straddles ahead,  
With his larynx of silver, and pedals of lead.

And makes a great show  
Of sighing and woe,  
About an old sweetheart, lost some time ago.

Yet methinks all his grief may be all in my eye,  
For he's having a very good time on the sly,  
With a much fairer lady, hight Colson, that is  
Elaine—which seems the Italian for Lis—  
Who's thick too with Count Manfred, unprincipled dame!  
She's flirting with both in a deep double game!

And when caught making eyes  
At the wrong man, she lies,  
And says she's but thinking of dad in the skies,  
And a Vow to be paid,  
An incognito maid,

Who saved that papa in a John Brownish raid.  
But no one was good in that dissolute day,  
For the Count, too, behaves like a perfect roudé,  
Quite horrid to see in a gent fiancé!

Now a certain Brunoro, at singing a stick,  
But in mouthing and gestures, the very old Nick,  
Hates Bianca, Manfredo's intended that is,  
Since in stealing a kiss, he got slapped on the phis,  
So he hints the new bride that his countship has got,  
Is the same girl that Viscardo is trying to spot,

Then, to add to the fun,  
Tells Eliza she's done,  
For her lover is off and her rival has won.  
Thus, when the fond pair try to bill and to coo,  
They suddenly get in no end of a stew,

For Eliza pops in, like a jealous old shrew,  
And orles with great goul  
For the Count and his crew

To settle the hash of the amorous two.  
But just as you wait for the mischief's own row,  
She finds that Bianca's the girl of her vow,  
Whom she's bound to befriend though thick and through thin!  
So you see what a pickle Eliza is in!

Then she dowses her jib,  
Tells a whopping big fib,  
And the Count rests content with his destinate rib,  
When the men, in the notion that everything's right,  
Stir their stumps to go off on a jolly good fight.

But Cupid soon after will put in his oar,  
And get the poor lovers in troubles once more.

So Viscardo the true,  
As from battle he flew,  
Must needs send his lady a small billet-doux,  
Which gets to Manfredo and gives him the cue.  
Why won't swains be content with whispers and busses,  
And not send these letters to get them in fusses!  
For the Count works his soul to a terrible fume,  
And shuts up his bride in his family tomb,

And thereupon asks, with politeness surprisin'  
She'd drink to his health in a cup of cold pisin!  
But Eliza is minding her P's and her Q's,  
And her friend, by her aid, prussic acid eschews,  
Takes Daffy's elixir and gets a good snooze.  
But oh! lackaday!

There's the dickens to pay!  
Eliza won't live when her beau's gone away,  
And thinks that her hopes will be satisfied wholly  
If she could only die by the hand of Brignoli!

So tells fib number three,  
Says she killed his *Amie*,  
And gets stabbed by her sweetheart as pat as can be.  
But, — all lady-killers take note if you please, —  
This slaughtering damsel is not the right cheese

For just after the blow,  
When the victim cries "O,"

Bianca wakes up and asks what's the go;  
So Viscardo finds out in his folly and fury  
He's like to be tried by a Coroner's jury.

Then Colson, before she goes off in a fit,  
Wants Brignoli to pet her a little wee bit;

But he's under a ban,  
The unfortunate man!

Either acting 's a science he never could span,  
Or public affection is not in his plan,  
So poor Colson dies in the best way she can.

### MORAL.

The point of this tale  
Remember! don't fail!

It may save you from premature kicking the pail —  
Don't swear! yes and nay are the best institutions,  
And 'tis fearfully rash to make good resolutions!

And ladies! take warning besides, from the rhyme.  
Don't favor two lovers at any one time!

You'll be sure to be hurt,  
If so greedy a flirt;

And between the two stools you will fall in the dirt!

Philadelphia Bulletin.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Sketches of French Musical History.

### IX, (Continued.)

#### OPERA.

1700—1800.

June 8th, 1781, another fire destroyed the new opera hall of the Palais-Royal. As after the last work of Rameau, so, one may say, after that of Gluck, the fire was determined to prevent that vaulted roof still echoing to the sublime accords of the master, from being long profaned by the vulgar and paltry airs of his unworthy rivals. Be that as it may, twenty-one human bodies were found in the ruins. Three capuchins perished victims to their duty. Rey, chief of the orchestra, saved with great difficulty the score of his *Coronis* from the flames, and Lefebvre, the librarian, faithful to his post in the danger, did not quit the spot until the last manuscript had been placed in safety. Opera, houseless for sixty-six days, found a refuge in the hall of the Menus-plaisirs, where the *Devin du village* and then *Echo et Narcisse* were reproduced. Lenoir, the architect went rapidly on with a new building; and in less than three months finished the theatre of the *Porte-Saint-Martin*, which was opened to the public Oct. 27, 1781.

To recompense Lenoir, the queen, who had just given birth to a Dauphin, granted him the order of St. Michel, and a pension of 6,000 livres.

From this time to the Revolution of 1789, the

principal successful works performed at the Académie Royale, were:

1. *Colinette a la Cour*, by Gretry, Jan 1, 1782.
2. *Renaud*, by Sacchini, an Italian composer, befriended by the Queen.
3. *Didon*, by Piccini, in which Madame Saint-Huberti gained real triumphs.
4. *La Caravane du Caire*, text by the Comte de Provence, music by Gretry.
5. *Les Danaïdes*, music by Salieri, pupil of Gluck, (1784).
6. *Le Deserteur*, a delicious ballad, by Maximilian Gardel.
7. *Panurge*, a happy work of the Comte de Provence and Gretry.
8. *La Toison d'or*, text Desvieux, music Vogel, (1786).
9. *Edipe a Colone*, a magnificent success for Guillard (text), Sacchini and the actor Cheron.
10. *Tavane*, opera in 5 acts, text Beaumarchais, music Salieri (1787).
11. *Le roi Theodore*, by Paisiello, followed by Cherubini, who was then beating between the styles of Piccini and Gluck.
12. *Les Pretendus*, by Lemoyne, an opera the success of which caused Sacchini to die of chagrin, in his despair at seeing the Queen forced to support, to his detriment, a French rival.
13. Finally, the *Demophon* of Vogel; this opera had a posthumous success, as in case of the *Edipe a Colone*, and in our own times *Les Puritains* of Bellini, and *Le Pre aux Clercs*, of Herold.

Vogel, worn out by disappointment, died at the age of thirty-two; he had waited seven years to see the ninth performance of the *Toison d'or*, a score of much merit, dedicated to Gluck. Dauvergne, director of the opera, had advanced him the money for his manuscript, to get him out of trouble. Meantime, from 1782, Louis XVI. had paid attention to the Académie; he began by reducing to the half its excessive cost, and, in 1784, he established a number of prizes for operatic texts. Then he bought the theatre of the *Porte-Saint-Martin*, laid a stamp upon music, the revenue of which went towards the expenses of the school of singing and declamation established by the Baron de Breteuil; and in 1787, issued a set of wise ordinances for the regulation of the theatre. But the tempest's voice was heard already growling in the distance; Sept. 20, 1791, the royal family appeared for the last time at the opera. The play was *Castor and Pollux*.

The revolutionary period had begun. July 30, 1790, the actors of the opera executed, in the church of Notre Dame, the *Prise de la Bastille*, a sort of musical drama by Marc Antoine Desaugiers. A profitable reproduction of Rameau's *Castor and Pollux*, retouched by Candeille, took place June 14, 1791; the liberty of the theatres was proclaimed in the laws of the January 13 and March 2 following.

The actors' names were, for the first time, printed upon the posters, on occasion of the performance of the *Offrande a la Liberté*, an operaballet, by Pierre Gardel and Gossec. It was a putting in action of the *Marseillaise*, Mlle. Mail-

larch, placed upon a small mountain, representing Liberty.

From the 1st of April, 1792, the city of Paris ceded the opera to citizens Francoeur and Cellerier, and in 1793, — that year of dark memories, — Hebert made out a list of 22 names, which held the members of the opera within due limits by the fear of the scaffold. They played the *Triomphe de la Republique*, by Chenier; *Siege de Thionville*, by Jadin; *Apotheose de Marat et de Lepelletier*, executed upon the boulevard in front of the opera house. Suddenly, Sept. 16th, Francoeur was imprisoned at La Force, where he remained a year upon an accusation of having put malicious obstacles in the way of bringing out an opera on the subject of the *Passion de Jesus Christ*. Sixteen persons belonging to the theatre perished by violence from 1792 to 1794.

In the midst of these sanguinary horrors, was celebrated in Notre Dame, Dec. 10, 1793, *La Fete de la Raison et de la Liberte*, in which the beautiful Madame Sophie Momoro, the wife of a bookseller, was forced by her husband to represent the principal part. The unhappy creature wept with vexation, and shivered, naked to the public gaze, the thermometer being below freezing point. Next day at four o'clock was a second performance, which terminated in a veritable orgie and in bacchanalian excesses of the lowest kind.

In 1794 were played *Horatius Cocles*, by Arnault and Mehul; a *Sans Culottide*, in 5 acts, a lyric medley, by Maline and Porta, under the title of the *Reunion du 10 Aout*; and the *Rosiere republicaine*, by Marechal and Gretry. On the 8th of June of the same year, Louis David, the painter, and Maximilian Robespierre had caused to be performed an ambulatory ballet in the public squares, entitled *Fete a l'Etre supreme*, (Festival in honor of the Supreme Being!). A hymn, text by Desorgues, music by Gossec, beginning with the words, *Pere de l'Univers*, was distributed gratis in thousands of copies among the people.

That was a time of hymns of every sort; *le Chant du depart* by J. Chenier and Mehul, was contrasted with the *Reveil du peuple*, music by Pierre Gaveaux. A decree of Jan. 4, 1796 forbade the singing of the latter piece, as being tainted with royalism.

That was surely an extraordinary period in which we find behind the scenes of the opera, the Marquis de Louvais, performing the functions of assistant machinist, Perne and Villoteau, men worthy of seats in the Institute, reduced to the humble employment of singing in choruses.

After the fall of Robespierre, the architects Cellerier and Fontaine caused the busts of Marat and Lepelletier, which had been placed (Oct. 23, 1793,) in the proscenium of the opera, to be destroyed; and, Aug. 7, following, the theatre was transferred to the Rue Richelieu, upon the site of the hotel Louvais, by virtue of a decree of the committee of public safety, dated April 14, 1794.

It is said that Henriot, a believer in the uselessness of reading, had expressed the hope, in supporting this proposition, that through the vicinity of a building so likely to be destroyed by fire, his horrible motion to burn the Library, might thus be effected.

With the change of place the opera changed its name to Theatre des Arts. Now, for the first, seats were placed in the parterre. Masked balls were introduced Dec. 20, 1796, but no novelty

was produced during the sixteen months from Aug. 10, 1795 to Jan. 17, 1797. On this day Gretry obtained a splendid success by his *Anacreon*, which was produced with the celebrated singer, Lays. Worthy of remark were an air of the tyrant Polycrate, sung by Adrien, and a solo for clarinet, played to perfection by Lefevre. The public became gradually disgusted with the eternal performance of republican plays, and the old operas again came upon the stage; purified, however, by democratic arrangers.

July 28, 1798, the performances were suspended upon occasion of the triumphal entry of the works of art from Italy — the plunder of Gen. Bonaparte. The entire operatic troop figured in the procession. After being closed some two months, the theatre, splendidly refitted, opened its doors again, when Mlle. Chevalier made her first appearance in the part of Antigone. She was afterward the celebrated Madame Branchu.

In 1799 the concerts of Garat, Rode and Duvernoy brought receipts to the amount of 15,000 francs.

June 4, *Adrien*, by Hoffman and Mehul, had a fair reception; Mehul was an imitator of Gluck; he had not yet risen to the height which he afterwards attained. The salaries of the *premiers sujets*, which, in 1776, were 6,000 livres, were now raised to 12,000 francs. At this time the principal singers were Cheron, Lays, Lainez, and Mesdames Maillard, Cheron and Latour; dancers, Vestris, Milon, Gogon and Mlles. Clotilde, Chevigny and Gardel. Catel was accompanist, and Rey head of the orchestra.

Nov. 11, 1799 was the second day after the 18th Brumaire. The opera was *Les Pretendus*, and the words of the quartet struck the entire audience. As Julie and her lover sang "Victoire! victoire éclatante!" the applause was great. The *Pretendus* reply "C'est notre retraite qu'on chante." The applause became furious when the latter added to their refusal, "Mais attendez au moins que nous soyons partis."

Nov. 27, *Hero et Leandre*, a ballet in one act, by Milon, had a complete success, Mlle. Ninette Duport made her first appearance in the part of *Amour*, and Mlle. Clotilde-Pallas danced the pyrrhic with a grace only equalled by her vigor and nobleness of mien.

Finally, Dec. 31, 1799, there was a grand reproduction of *Armide*, upon a scale of vast luxury and splendor. The price of the tickets for amphitheatre and orchestra was raised to 10 francs for the first three representations.

Armand Vestris made his first appearance in the *Caravane*, being brought forward by his father and his uncle — a new triumph for that family. Cellerier was now joined by Devismes and by Bonet de Treiches, an ex member of the convention, in the direction of the opera.

We have omitted to mention that upon the 20th of March, 1793, a translation of Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro* had been produced. This masterpiece, so very successful at a later period, was not at first comprehended. True the delicate music of this master of masters, must have been in singular contrast to that of the *Apotheose de Beaurepaire* or the *Siege de Thionville*. Mozart had been in Paris from the 23d of March to the end of October, 1778, but had been unable to obtain the composition of any work for the stage. In one of his letters he writes: "It is

very difficult to find a good text, the old ones, which are the best, are not framed after the modern style, and the new ones are good for nothing; for poetry, the only thing of which the French may be proud, is declining daily; and it is just here that the poetry ought to be good, since they knew nothing of music. There are but two texts which would suit me. The first, in two acts, is *Alexandre et Rozane*. The second, in three acts, is *Demophon*, translated from Metastasio, diversified by choruses and ballets, and adapted to the French stage. If they should order an opera of me, I should have much to trouble me; but that causes me little disquietude; I am already used to that. And then this wretched French language is abominable for music. It is really a pity. German is divine in comparison. And the singers, Good God! They do not deserve the name, for they do not sing; they scream, they howl with full strength of lungs, through their throats and noses." We see, that the opinions of this Raphael of music, expressed in 1778, are perfectly apt to our own epoch.

### Music and Musical Criticism.

#### SCUDO ON VERDI—CIMAROSA'S MATRIMONIO SEGRETO—THE ITALIAN OPERA AT PARIS.

##### I.

(Continued from page 404.)

The sweet spring has suddenly departed; clouds have passed over the bright sun; the soft west wind has changed and become fitful and moaning; heavy gray clouds come looming up around the horizon, and the little hound terrier grows restless and wakeful.

We have searched out and dwelt on all our favorite passages in this lovely Opera. The "*E vero che in casa*," which makes one think of Mozart and of Gretry's saying that Cimarosa put the pedestals in the orchestra, and the statue on the stage, while Mozart did just the opposite.

In this passage, the orchestral pedestal is covered with such lovely relieves, that the petulant little Fidama statue is comparatively quiet.

The sun was beaming very brightly when we enjoyed that cantabile movement of Carolina, in which she expresses her short lived, but honest indignation at the

"*Diagnia mechinella!  
Io rival di mia sorella!*"

Such exquisite taste is displayed in this. A Verdi would have thrown this "*Deh lasciate ch'io respiro*" into an "*Ercles vein*;" but the discreet Cimarosa knew how such a quiet little woman as Carolina ought to express her indignation; it was not of the Bohemienne or even the poor artist form, "full of sound and fury, often signifying nothing" alas! — but the quiet expression of a conventional anger, that always means something.

And here we have come to the Farinelli duo finale, just as the window has to be lowered, the fire stirred up, and the sombre grey of February winter accepted after all the sweet hopeful promise of the morning. So we shut up the opera book, put it back on the music shelf, take up the fretful little terrier who is protesting in howls as sharp as M. Scudio's criticisms against the music, and return to the magazine article.

Ah! here we come across some other musical people we know of—Mario and Ronconi. They sang in November, at the Theatre Italien, in the *Barber of Seville*. Mario still looks young, Scudio says; but his voice, which might formerly have softened the hearts of savage beasts, can do so no longer. He possesses only a few notes, now, of that fine key board which was once his; he shortens his passages, breathes at every syllable, and often sings false.

Ronconi, too, who has not sung in Paris for a decade of years, shows alas! that he is human. His "*Figaro*" Scudio pronounces a burlesque, and he says the fastidious Parisian audience were

little pleased with the attempt which he and Mario made, of putting a lively little dialogue in the place of Rossini's music.

The troupe of the Théâtre Italien has some familiar names in it: Mmes Alboni, Penco and Battu. The *chef d'orchestre*, M. Bonnetti, is sadly displeasing to M. Scudo. He only understands Verdi's music, and such an one is not a good *chef d'orchestre*.

"We shall never cease repeating this common place truth," he says; "the power of music, as that of all arts, consists in the careful observation of shades; without this attention to the delicate lights and shadows, which make up the character of a work, music is no more than gross effects of rhythm and sonorosity, which soon fatigue us."

At the French Opera, there appeared in October, a singer who delighted the Philadelphians one bright spring some ten years or so ago—Tedesco. We remember, she was the prima donna of a Havana troupe, which troupe left, as its musical war-swept back, Perelli, high and dry on the shores of our amateur musical society. He gave up the training of gay young Tedesco opera singers, and took to teaching the young Miss Grundys "to aggravate their voices," so that, like "sweet bully Bottom," "They could roar you as gently as any sucking dove, aye, an' t'were any nightingale."

In the meanwhile, his buxom Tedesco pupil has grown and waxed strong in fame and voice. Scudo says she is a placid, good humored singer, who never gets in a passion; she never tries "the Eracles vein the part to tear a cat in, to make all things split;" she preserves religiously her fine voice and health, which are both as fresh as if no fatal decade of years had passed over them.

She lacks only one thing to make of her a great dramatic singer,—that which Roland's horse needed—*un certo non so che*, a soul, a spirit, a breath, as the Bible calls it.

In M. Scudo's passing notice of the Theatre Lyrique he makes this characteristic remark *apropos* of Gluck's Orpheus:

"In the order of sensations which the Fine Arts give us, the romance in Orpheus, 'J'ai perdu mon Eurydice,' and the music in the Elysian scene, second act, are worth more, yes, count more in the sight of God and man, than thirty other operas I could name. But we must submit to circumstances and acknowledge that in this life as in the other, there is a little circle of elect for whom alone are destined certain works of the human mind."

Southern European as M. Scudo is—Venetian we believe—he works and thinks more like an Anglo-Saxon than a "foreigner." He is the Ruskin music critic of the present day, full of prejudices and dogmatisms but he has also healthy, true enthusiasm, and a great deal of tender feeling. He is a strong, suggestive writer, of information and culture, and however one may differ from him, it must be admitted that he is honest, and endeavors as much as lies in his power, to fulfil his own definition of the critic's mission—"to awaken public conscience to protest against evil, excite and encourage true talent generously, and prevent corrupt forms of art from making artists forget things which are eternally true."

Where he fails it arises from inherent defects in his earnest, true nature; defects which are like spots in the sun, springing from the very brightness of his eager, warm temperament.

All reformers, it has been said, must be like the entering wedges in wood-splitting, made of strong, coarse material; and the true critic must have the ardor and heart of youth with the head of age, and a face like Dante's astrologers, turned backward forever toward the tradition of the past.

M. Scudo concludes the article as follows:

"In terminating this chronicle of '*faits accomplis*,' in the art of Mozart and Rossini, would that we could add the report of some good news which the future has in reserve for us. From what side of the horizon shall rise up the man predestined to renew vital forms and to communicate to art, which is degenerating more and more, the fertil-

izing impulse of which it has so much need?

"Shall it be regenerated Italy, Germany or France that shall give birth to this prophet of nations, this ideal musician, who shall put to flight the cobblers and tinkers who overwhelm us with their rough, shabby work? From whatever place this revealer of a new beauty shall arise, he shall be welcome. We are dying of ennui and inanition; mediocrity oppresses us. Reputations which depend on merit about as deep as the surface given by veneering or electrotyping, are becoming a scandal to, and turning the consciences of people of taste.

"There is a difficulty in defending oneself against the corruption of the crowd which invades the theatres and concert halls. It seems that the very soul has lost its power of assertion; that there is a mercenary politeness towards individuals shown, and unworthy arrangements for mere interest's sake are being made, all of which take from us the courage to love boldly that which is beautiful, or repulse that which is ugly.

"We no longer dare blame or hate anything, and all mental works whatever may be their merit are received with an equal benevolence, which kills emulation and discourages true talent."

Thus we see that even among the fastidious Parisians there is as much cause for complaint of the insincerity and worthlessness of public opinion, as we may have fancied was peculiar to our own country, and which has been curiously peculiar to every *aujourd'hui*, from the days of the Athenians to the present.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

#### Death of Eugene Scribe.

The North Briton brings us intelligence of the death of the most celebrated and prolific of modern dramatic authors—Augustine Eugene Scribe—to whom, more than to any other one man, the modern French stage owes its popularity and preëminence, and to whose facile pen and ingenious brain, English and American dramatists are so frequently indebted for the plots and incidents which they palm off as original.

We have as yet received no particulars as to the death of this distinguished writer, but merely the bare announcement of his decease. He was quite an old man, having been born in the Rue St. Denis, Paris, on the 24th of December, 1792. His father, who was a prosperous silk-mercant, sent Eugene to the college of St. Barbe, where he showed his aptitude in the line in which he afterwards achieved so high a rank. When twenty-one years old he wrote his first composition for the stage—a vaudeville for the Gymnase—and for nearly half a century since that time he has written incessantly, his works including some twenty-five comedies, over one hundred and fifty vaudevilles and as many operas. He was a member of the French Academy, and had received decorations from almost every sovereign in Europe.

To give a list of the successful plays of Scribe would fill a column. So perfectly did he understand all the details and minutiae of stage life, and so familiar was he with the effect of dramatic incident and stage situation, that his later works never failed, and very many of them have been again and again translated and played under different titles at the various theatres in this country and England. But Scribe is known here quite as much from his opera librettos as from his plays. Almost all the great operas produced by other than purely Italian composers are based on his plots and language. With Auber and Meyerbeer he has long been a literary partner, and he has also been associated with Verdi, Halévy and Donizetti. The librettos of the "Star of the North," "Robert le Diable," "Le Prophète," "Pardon de Ploermel," "Sicilian Vespers" (composed by Verdi for the French opera), "Masaniello," "Gustave III." (and through that, of the "Ballo in Maschera"), and indeed almost all of Auber's works, and Halévy's "Magicienne," "Tempesta" and "La Juive," are samples of the extraordinary versatility of Scribe. They prove that, admirable and popular as he was in comedy, his talent was by no means confined to this; for there are scenes and situations in these opera plots which are unsurpassed in the entire range of modern drama. For instance, the great cathedral scene in the "Prophet," in which John of Leyden, without speaking to her, makes his mother deny her son; the scenes with Robert, Bertram and Alice in "Robert le Diable," and several situations in "La Juive."

The last work of Scribe was a comic opera, in three acts, to which Auber composed the music, the entire affair thus being the result of the joint labors of a septuagenarian and an octogenarian, for Scribe was seventy and Auber over eighty years old when they produced "La Circassienne," which was first played at Paris about six weeks since. Yet, both words and music are as fresh and happy as though Scribe and Auber were in the prime of life, or rather the hey-day of youth. Perhaps the world will never see again such a remarkable pair of "young old men" as these. Paris critics term "La Circassienne" a veritable model of a comic opera.

Oscar Comettant, who will be remembered as having passed some years as a pianist in New York, and who is now connected with the *Paris Art Musical*, relates a recent interview with Auber.

"It is a difficult and thankless trade," said the author of *Masaniello*, "this of a musical composer. To practically succeed so as to enjoy the fruits of one's labor requires both luck and talent; and, generally, more of the former than of the latter."

"But good luck usually follows real talent," said Comettant.

"Not always," replied Auber; myself, for instance to whom many people award some little merit —"

"It is deserved," interrupted the other.

"Very well," continued Auber, smiling. "I owe whatever reputation I may enjoy the coöperation of M. Scribe."

"This is but modesty on your part."

"It is justice. If, after my first few failures, I had not made the acquaintance of Scribe, whose admirable facility lent itself readily to musical fancies, and who often wrote his words to music I had composed in advance, I am convinced that fortune would not have treated me like a pet child, as it has frequently done. Yes, my fortune is M. Scribe himself."

Scribe has been also the fortune of Meyerbeer, Halévy, and of theatrical managers all over the world. Nor was fortune chary of favors to himself. He received a princely income from his works, had his hotel at the French capital, his domain in the country, and an elegant villa at Mendon, near Paris. Scarcely a man of the present generation could have prepared a more delightful autobiography. For years he had mingled with the best literary and musical society of Europe, and associated intimately with the leading celebrities of his age. It is to be hoped that a man who has enjoyed such unusual facilities has left behind him materials for a memoir which could not fail to prove lively and interesting.

#### Bristow's New Oratorio.

The New York *Albion*, which is usually chary and cautious in its praise, speaks in the following terms of this new work!

On the same evening Mr. Bristow's new oratorio, "Praise to God," was repeated, for the second time, at Irving Hall. We designate the work in accordance with the composer's classification, but without, in the slightest degree, recognizing the word "Oratorio" as properly used in this connection. A sacred drama, having action, or, at least, a dramatic contrast of emotions, is what we regard as an Oratorio. This, most assuredly, is not the characteristic of the Song of Praise in the Episcopal service. The responsibility, however, rests with Mr. Bristow. He uses the word to describe an entertainment of an sacred character. So be it.

Mr. Bristow does not occupy the position in American Art that he is fairly entitled to. He is not only the best composer the country has produced, but the only one (except Mr. Fry) whose works have crossed the Atlantic. For these facts he should be famous, instead of remaining comparatively obscure. When Jullien was here, Mr. Bristow was one of the first to enjoy his kindly appreciation. The good hearted conductor not only brought out some of his works, but actually made a speech about their merit; and so honestly was he convinced on this subject that shortly afterwards, when he returned to London, the same productions were revived to a Metropolitan audience, and we believe with success. The *Fyne and Harrison* troupe secured an opera from Mr. Bristow, and "Rip Van Winkle" enjoyed much popularity. It was to have been brought out out in London, but other works have crowded it from the bills, although it still occupies the most favored place in the repertoire of the company. In addition to what Mr. Bristow has thus accomplished, he is the author of many miscellaneous pieces, and finally of the so-called Oratorio, "Praise to God." There is no country in the civilized world where sacred music occupies so low a station as it does here. If we go into the churches we hear frivolous music, sung by a quartet of voices, and accompanied by an organist who would be rapturously appreciated in a larger beer cellar. John Wesley could not assert now that the devil has all the best tunes. If we go into the Concert room we hear, once a year, the "Messiah," and semi occasionally a Cantata, performed in a rudimentary manner by a small number of ladies who are no doubt highly respectable and delightful companions, but hardly first class artists even in a choral point of view. Of that hearty enthusiasm for sacred music which prevails everywhere in England, and which frequently embarrasses the conductor with the amount of resources at his command, there is absolutely none. It will be seen then that Mr. Bristow's self imposed task has been a matter of love rather than prospective profit. And the more we examine the work, the more we become convinced of this fact. Every page reveals the devotion of a classicist who has studied thoroughly the school in which he belongs and believes implicitly in its tenets. Those who expect to discover innovations of style and form, such as characterized some parts of Mr. Costa's "Eli," will be

disappointed. Mr. Bristow's ideas are fresh and original—singularly unborrowed indeed—but his manner of conveying them is identical with that adopted a century ago. We do not say that he is wrong in adhering to the old plan: we do not even pretend that it can be materially changed. But in the present day, when Art is moving onward with giant stride, it is at least curious to come across a work that ignores progress, and boldly swears by the models of the past. Judged by these same models, Mr. Bristow's work deserves to rank high. There are some choruses in it, which, in boldness of outline and happiness of general completion, would not suffer by being compared with the best Handel, the master of the art, has left us. The concerted pieces are frequently very good, although, as there is no dramatic interest in the poem, the responses are mere alliterations, having none other than harmonic significance. The *soft* are, musically considered, in advance of the other portions of the work, and although somewhat cold in their character, are laid out more in accordance with the modern idea of that just balance of phrases which should constitute a melody than we are apt to find elsewhere. It cannot be denied, however, that Mr. Bristow rambles occasionally, even as Handel did, and without seeming to have the slightest apprehension of the singer who is to interpret his thought; thus we find the bass running the gauntlet from E below the bass staff to E on the second line above, a sweep which will not always be rendered as clearly as it was by Mr. Thomas on Thursday. Our space is now so limited that we must accord our verdict in the fewest possible words. Here it is: Mr. Bristow's Oratorio is the best work of its kind that we have heard or seen, after the great masters. It is not a progressive work. It accepts as a truism that Handel was right and absolutely perfect. It does not try to get away from Handel, but, on the contrary, draws closer to him in every great emergency. Judged then by the Handelian standard, Mr. Bristow's "Praise to God," deserves to rank as a great production.

### Music.

Strange how the mystically mingled sound  
Of voices rising from these rifted rocks  
And unseen valleys—whence no organ ever  
Thundered harmonious its stupendous notes,  
Nor pointed arch, nor low-browed darksome aisle,  
Rolled back their mighty music—seems to me  
An ocean vast, divinely undulating,  
Where bathed in beauty, floats the enraptured soul:  
Now borne on the translucent deep, it skirts  
Some dazzling bank of amaranthine flowers,  
Now on a couch of odors cast supine,  
It pants beneath o'erpowering redolence:—  
Buoyant anon on a rejoicing surge,  
It heaves, on tides tumultuous, far aloft,  
Until it verges on the cope of heaven,  
Whence issued, in their unity of joy,  
The anthems of the earth creating Morn:  
Yielding again to an entrancing slumber,  
In sweet abandonment, it glideth on  
To amber caves and emerald palaces,  
Where the lost Seraphs—welcomed by the main—  
Their lyres suspended in their time of sorrow,  
Amid the deepening glories of the flood;  
There the rude revels of the boistrous winds  
The tranquillous waves afflict not, nor dispart  
The passionate claspings of their azure arms.

[Motherwell.]

### Music Abroad.

UN BALLO IN MASCHERA.—From all parts of the great capitals of Europe we have accounts of the brilliant success of Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera," so well received at our Academy of Music. At Naples the superintendent of the theatres has written to Verdi, asking him to come and assist in the production of the "Ballo," which was written for the San Carlos theatre, but forbidden by the Bourbon censors. If Verdi accepts the invitation, the work will be sung in Naples by Medori, soprano, Dory, contralto, Negrini, tenor, and Coletti, baritone. At Rome, where the Pontifical government has suspended the representations both of *Trovatore* and *Traviata*, and where the "Ballo" was first produced, this latter opera has been revived, with Bendazzi, Tati, the tenor Gaziani, and the baritone Bartilini. The success of the opera has been greater this winter than last, and the singers have been called before the curtain twenty times each night. At Milan the "Ballo" is in rehearsal for the debut of the baritone Butti. At Lisbon the popular opera has been sung by Madame Fricci, Miss Hensler and others. At Barcelona it has been produced with a splendid cast, including Carozzi-Zucchi, Brambilla and Naudin. At Paris, with Penco, Alboni, Badiali and Mario, it has met with the same success. Musard has introduced his "Ballo in Maschera" quadrilles at his concerts, and Oscar Comottant, the pianist, well known here, has written a *caprice de salon* for the piano, on themes

from the new opera. Indeed, the "Ballo in Maschera" promises to become Verdi's greatest hit.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

PARIS.—The Paris correspondent of the N. Y. Albion gives the following account of Auber's new opera *La Circassienne*:

I pass therefore to the Opéra Comique; and in assisting at the representation of *La Circassienne*, we have not quite done with carnivalesque disguises, though I need not go through the libretto of this last work of Messrs. Scribe and Auber. It is a tissue of improbabilities and impossibilities in which one sees a painter sent by the Emperor of Russia to take out-of-door sketches in the midst of a rigorous winter and in a country where one must camp beneath snow and ice; and in which one makes acquaintance with a Sultan and the customs of a Harem, such as are exclusively known to Mr. Scribe himself. The tricks of the author of the "Crown Diamonds" cannot be analysed; every one knows that he has reduced dramatic art to a series of surprises sprung upon you. *La Circassienne* is the work of a veteran and belongs to a libertine age; but it is a remarkable instance of what may be effected by an unrestrained imagination, seconded by a wondrous knowledge of the stage and by a dramatic tact absolutely consummate.

But it is not the piece—neither the prose or verse of Mr. Scribe—that draws me to the Opéra Comique. It is the music of Mr. Auber, of that remarkable man whom I meet taking his daily promenade on the Boulevards, and who, at the age of 79, has more of youth in him than the young men of to-day. His last opera, the thirty-ninth that he has written if I don't mistake, contains a number of "motifs," agreeable, lively, piquant, and artfully disposed. It is not passionate music; it does not carry you away; but there is something sprightly and charming in it, as in Voltaire's small pieces of verse. Far inferior to "Fra Diavolo" and to the "Domino Noir," *La Circassienne* is a work that I place about on a level with "L'Haydée." The overture, without ranking with the best, is destined to become soon popular; and it closes with a waltz movement, slow and voluptuous, which occurs again in the second act of the opera, and which forms indeed the most original and the best-relished page. All the first act is delicious, and the only fault in the work is that its musical interest becomes more feeble as it progresses. The law of *crescendo* should always be observed, but one can forgive an octogenarian not being faithful to it, seeing that in so many instances he has shown how well he can follow it.

At the Theatre Lyrique, has been given Mr. Clappon's 3 act opera, *Madame Grégoire*, the heroine of Béranger, so dear to lovers of song. The joyous old gossip of the poet is singularly metamorphosed in the piece, and has not inspired in any extraordinary manner the author of "La Fanchonnette." It is true that, in losing Madame Miolan Carvalho, the Theatre Lyrique has lost its nightingale.

At the Opéra the *Tannhäuser* is in active rehearsal, and it will soon break forth with its explosions of trombones and instruments germanico-philosophico democratic. Already Liszt has arrived in Paris, where all the "musicians of the future" have agreed to meet, to swell the triumph of their king-prophet, Richard Wagner. Waiting my doom to undergo these deafening tempests, or these instrumental riches destined to hide a great paucity of ideas and a plentiful lack of invention, I continue to enjoy to the full the splendid concerts of the Conservatoire, the delightful *Matinée musicales* of the violinist Alard, and the soirées of Jules Schulhoff.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 28, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of "The Hymn of Praise," (Lobgesang), a Cantata by Mendelssohn.

### Editorial Correspondence.

NEW SERIES.

NO. VIII.

ROYAL ORCHESTRA SINFONIE CONCERTS.

Berlin, Feb. 1861.

In the distribution of the elements it has been usual to assign to the Germans the kingdom of the air. It must be confessed that they administer it very badly. It is not enough to say, that

they ignore the air; they seem to positively hate it, and try altogether to exclude it. They abhor it, as nature does a vacuum. They have the same proud affection for this kingdom of theirs, and rule it with the same tender mercy, that Phillip I. did the Netherlands; they *smoke out* any vital atom of it as composedly and cruelly as that benign and gracious monarch, that innocent, sublime Defender of the Faith, burned the souls out of his live subjects. They do not condescend to persuade the world, as they have long since persuaded themselves—they tranquilly assume it as a settled principle, and act accordingly, (at your expense, however much you may protest), that human lungs were never made to breathe fresh air, but only to inhale tobacco smoke. Every breath that man drew previous to this state of grace, which came in with the discovery of "the weed," was hopelessly profane and subject, of course, to the condemnation of the natural man. This is the chief weapon wherewith they arm themselves against the Legion that lurks invisible in the unsanctified circumambient element. This is one way they have of keeping order in their kingdom; the sovereign method of fumigation and extinction. This is one way by which they fancy they maintain due subordination among the subtle, dangerous spirits of the air. And so in every little *coupé* of the railroad train, in every place of waiting, every café concert, every *kneip* and supper room, in all streets, and especially in dense crowds going in and out of places, the inevitable cigar is lighted; and the denser the smoke, the stronger and more disagreeable the smell, the better for you, so you seem to read in the complacent smile of your tormentors. (It reminds one of the answer of the boy in one of our backwoods States, who was expostulated with for watering his horse in a muddy ditch: "Why sir, the dirtier you get it into him the better for him, so as the animal don't complain!") With this difference, though: that you, poor victim of the smoke diet, may complain all day by every pantomimic sign and gesture of annoyance and distress, and your seasoned German, who is so exquisitely unfailingly polite in a thousand technical superfluous ways, who takes his hat off to you on the least occasion, begs your pardon without any provocation, and who cannot take up a newspaper laying three yards off from you without saying "By your leave, sir," and "are you not reading it," or enter a seat half a dozen from you without first asking you if it is *besetzt* (reserved for a friend of yours),—will smoke in your face and smother you so that you cannot talk with him, sociably inclined as he may show himself, without ever betraying the least symptom of a suspicion on his part that it is possible to be selfish or uncivil in the exercise of the smoking prerogative, or possible that any human individual can be otherwise than benefited by what comforts him. Tacitly and as a matter of course he demands your sympathy, if not your participation, in this odorous protest against Nature. It does seem as if Nature on the other hand, with subtle satire, had anticipated her revenge in this very invention of the cigar to be the type and correspondence of selfishness, just as the lily is of Purity, the violet of Friendship, and soon. Walk under the Lindens and meet the sallow insolent face, with knit brows, fierce or anxious eyes, hurried and important gait, mingled look of defiance and uncomfortableness, rush-



ing past you with the inevitable cigar cloud (of the meanest quality, perhaps, but not the mildest) streaming full in your eyes and nostrils, and does he not look to you the incarnation of low arrogance and selfishness? What cares he for you or anybody, as he steams along completely fortified in the rank cloud which he diffuses round him to shut out your sphere? You go to buy your ticket at the railroad office, and in the eager crowd that besets the window you have a bad cigar thrust into your face on one side, and a vile pipe on the other, at the risk of fire as well as smoke, all which you must endure or yield your place to such well armed competitors and after-comers. Or you stand admiring before some fine engraving that has caught your eye in one of those rich windows on the Lindens, and presently a fellow with a cigar—a gentleman perhaps?—pushes before you without ceremony and supplants you; in vain for you to contend against such odds; he has the advantage over you; he fights instinctively with the same weapon as a certain formidable little animal does that shall be nameless.

But, good friends, let us—we who love a world well aired, and do not like smoked suppers nor smoked symphonies (such as one gets at Liebig's)—let us not be selfish in our turn. Some smokers are not selfish; some are genial, generous and noble; just the best fellows in the world; poets, artists, men of genius even, who, if they love to draw the soothing, fragrant cloud and halo round them, do it to exclude the petty cares, the acrid consciousness, the staring prose and common place of the confusing and impertinently near-to-day; that so they may isolate themselves in a poetic atmosphere and realize the glorious, tranquil freedom of the soul, and that the soul may have as it were a canvas whereupon to breathe its exquisite ideals, be they music, poetry or picture, for the delight and inspiration of us all. The humblest of us have the element of genius in us, if we are not geniuses—inasmuch as we have souls—and can therefore appreciate and need a comfort of this sort. Joy to any mortal who finds comfort in it, so long as he can do so with due decency and a regard for others.

But this is wandering with a vengeance. Actually in the midst of a moral essay on tobacco, when our theme was music! We began with air; but music is made of air. To come one step nearer to our subject. Smoke, we have said, is one way in which the Germans rule their kingdom of the air as if they would exterminate it. Their other way is, to confine it until it be dead; to carefully exclude all quickening draughts of fresh air. Of ventilation they will stubbornly know nothing. Their ever present terror is a draught; so they keep out of the air as much as possible, that they be as unfit for it as possible, whenever they must come into it. So you must endure the martyrdom of closed windows in cars, and more than a summer heat without a vitalizing breath of summer air in lecture rooms and concert halls and theatres. However spacious and however splendid, it is at the risk of suffocating that you sit through the grandest operas or symphonies in these halls, unless you happen to be fortunately placed. In crowded rooms, in close, stale air, the famous university professors hold their lectures, as if one must cease to inhale breath before he can imbibe ideas; as if the brain became a better passive recipient of doctors' lore

by cutting off its vitalizing supplies of oxygen. You wonder if the German is as afraid of pure water as he is of air? Pray do not ask.

And now we have reached our subject. The "Sinfonie Concerts" of the Royal Kapelle, or Orchestra, in Berlin, are 'perhaps the best of the kind that Germany or the whole world affords. They are given in a moderate sized concert room in the Royal Opera House, architecturally the most exquisite and tastefully rich room for the purpose that I ever beheld. You fancy yourself in one of the choicest Art sanctums of a king's palace. In fact the place is the king's; it is where the royal family and court take their symphonies; it is fashionable; and admission, although not costly is a privilege. But it is always, upon these occasions, crowded to the utmost, and most miserably unventilated. The hall holds eight or nine hundred people. Nearly all the tickets are held by subscribers, mostly by families who have a sort of pre-emption right of long standing; indeed the right of subscribing is often inherited through generations in a family. As a rule all the seats upon the floor, where alone the heat and close air are endurable, are pre-occupied in this way. It is the same case with the concerts of the Conservatoire in Paris. The newcomer can only bring a ticket to the balcony, which surround the hall high up underneath the ceiling, answering chiefly the purpose of architectural ornament and serving as a sort of continuous crown or capital to the system of pilasters, which divide the arches of the four walls and which terminate in large and beautiful caryatides, like water nymphs, holding their rich arms in various graceful postures and bending their beautiful necks to uphold its weight. An exquisite, classically, chaste, light gallery to look up to from the floor, but a suffocating Tophet of a place to the poor musical enthusiast who finds a seat in it. There all air seems absolutely shut out (except the airs that vibrate with enfeebled spirit from the instruments below); and all escape of hot and dead air just as absolutely barred. Three times has your reporter's eagerness to hear the orchestra doomed him to this experience, and three times he has had better luck. The concerts are given at irregular intervals, usually on Saturday evenings, and on these occasions there is no performance at the Opera, for it is this noble orchestra which lends more than half the glory to *Fidelio*, and *Don Juan*, and the *Iphigenias*, &c., as you see them splendidly and thoroughly brought out in this theatre. I have attended five of the six concerts composing the first "cyclos," and the first of the new cycle of three. These have been the programmes:

November 10.

Symphony in D.....Mozart  
Overture to "Faust,".....Spohr  
Overture to "Athalie".....Mendelssohn  
Symphony No. 7, in A.....Beethoven

December 22.

Overture to "Jessonda,".....Spohr  
Symphony in D minor, Ch. Phil. Emanuel Bach  
Scherzo (G minor) from "Midsummer Night's  
Dream.....Mendelssohn  
Symphony No. 8, (F major).....Beethoven

January 21.

Overture on the Choral: "Ein feste Burg."  
Otto Nicolai  
Symphony in G minor.....Mozart  
Overture to "Coriolan".....Beethoven  
Sinfonia Eroica.....Do.

January 26.

Symphony in G major.....Haydn  
Overture to "Anacreon".....Cherubini

Symphony No. 1 (C major).....Beethoven  
Overture in "Leonore" (No. 3).....Do.

February 2.

Overture to Goethe's "Iphigenia".....Bernhard Scholz  
Symphony in A major.....Mendelssohn  
Overture to "Oberon".....Weber  
Symphony No. 4, (B flat major).....Beethoven

February 11.

Symphony in E flat.....Haydn  
Overture to "Vestalin".....Spontini  
Overture to Byron's "Manfred".....Schumann  
Symphony in C major.....Mozart

The list, it will be seen, includes principally the well-known and greatest works; particularly the best specimens of the three great symphony masters. What a pleasure it was to hear these, even from the balcony aforesaid, may be imagined when you reflect that the orchestra of eighty is perfect in all its parts; perfectly balanced; fine in every single instrument, the player of each being a finished artist "fully grown up" (as the Germans say) to every task that can legitimately come before his instrument; that they are kept in constant discipline and sympathetic play together, as severely nice and careful for the theatre work of every evening, as for the symphony of now and then; that they have one of the most experienced and admirable musicians living, TAUBERT, for a conductor; that they have royal patronage, and play before an audience as enlightened and appreciative in these things as could be anywhere assembled. These concerts, too, are not pecuniary speculations; their pay for them does not depend upon their audience; they have not to compromise the highest demands of Art and taste for popularity. All the money received from the sale of tickets goes to a fund for their widows and orphans. (In fact, very few, if any concerts are given by societies in Berlin to make money; nearly all the concerts are ostensibly for charity, or for some public cause; he who would air a new composition of his own must get musical friends to unite with him in the name of some charitable object.)

How much more pleasant it was of course, to hear the music from a good seat on the floor! There, besides a chance to breathe, you feel the magnetism of so fine a company; you may smile more or less at much that seems mere fashion, rank, convention, vanity; but there is a general average of high intelligence and character; you see it in the faces; you have the best society of Prussia about you; although in respect of personal beauty the eye misses the rich field of blossoms over which it has been wont to rove in many an American audience. There too you can fairly see and get to feel a personal interest in the orchestra; particularly in Taubert. He is the very model of a conductor in firm, gentlemanly, graceful, quiet, yet decisive manner. There is an air about the man that wins and engrosses everybody. You feel an entire confidence in him. His face is singularly interesting, full of character and kindly feeling. There is a certain something like Beethoven in it, only milder and much happier. You know from his look and his whole air that he is genial and wise, that he is true and kind. He is not a great genius, has not a very marked creative individuality as a composer; yet is he a graceful characteristic, fine composer, one of the masterly musicians, and with a right genial vein in him. It certainly was something to produce those exquisitely fanciful and quaint children's songs of his—or rather,

songs of childhood for older people. And I must own that the music of his opera of "Macbeth" afforded me a charming evening, one of beautiful and fresh sensations, little as I can now recall of it. It is true that he has not all the fire in him of some younger conductors. It is possible, it would be quite natural, that he sometimes in his comfortable and long accustomed position, should sink a little into the vice of routine. This I have heard said of him by high authority; but I must confess that so far I have not been able to see it. D.

### Italian Opera.

Since our last we have had the somewhat unusual excitement of the production of a new opera of Verdi's and the debut of a new American prima donna, whose claims are perhaps stronger in respect to nationality than those of any who have preceded her, being, as we learn, American in birth and education, having received her entire musical instruction in this country. Music, to be sure, is a universal language and the birth place of her servants is of small moment, still it is pleasant to see the result of a purely home education so satisfactory and even brilliant as in the case now under notice.

ERNANI on Saturday attracted an audience that would doubtless have been a large one, had the weather been more promising. Mad. Colson appeared as Elvira, Stigelli as Ernani, Susini as Silva and Ferri as the king. The performance was an exceedingly spirited one, and was constantly rewarded by the most enthusiastic applause. Mad. Colson was never in better voice and gave us all the music of Elvira in the best manner, STIGELLI too seemed inspired to unusual efforts, even for him, who always does his best; FERRI and SUSINI looked these parts with picturesque dignity and effect, the former singing in his best manner. All the artists entered with a zeal into the performance that is a little uncommon at a "Grand gala matinee." The Finale was given with fine dramatic effect and worthily closed an uncommonly good performance of this favorite opera. The orchestra was frequently at fault, more so than is pardonable in an opera so familiar to every one. Miss ISABELLA HINCKLEY then appeared in the mad scene of Lucia. She gave much pleasure by her intelligent and in many respects effective rendering of this scene, receiving generous and well merited applause.

UN BALLO IN MASCHERA.—To hear a new opera, hardly known yet abroad, never yet performed in London and only within a few weeks brought out in Paris, is quite an event in the operatic experience of Boston. We cannot fall back upon the received opinions of Europe as we may in the case of older works, and we surely cannot pin our faith to what the New York papers have told us. In fact, in making up our opinion we have to rely wholly upon our own impressions.

We have had two opportunities since our last, of hearing Verdi's new work; it having been given on Friday of last week and on Monday of the present week.

We have already given from other sources some sketch of the plot, which in itself is a good one, simple and easy of comprehension with but little aid from the libretto.

To be sure, the incongruities and absurdities were more than numerous, as seen by us, sitting here in Boston, in the old province of Massachusetts Bay, where the scene is laid. The scenery, the costumes the manners and customs of the people and even the surface of Nature itself, as it was represented (to say, nothing of what was beneath the surface, in that wonderful witch's cave), were ludicrous in the extreme. We doubt whether the old Province House (the mansion of our royal governors) ever saw any such fan-

tastic mummery as a masked ball, unless, in our own day, the "Minstrels" who now hold it, may have enacted one within its walls.

Setting all this aside, however, the plot is dramatic, well constructed and easily understood, and the cast was admirable. Brignoli as Ricardo, Ferri as Renato, Colson as Amelia, Adelaide Phillips as Ulrica and Miss Hinckley as Oscar, filling their respective rôles in an admirable manner that left little to be desired. Nor shall we omit to notice Barili and Dubreuil in the important parts of the two conspirators, Sam and Tom.

The impression made at the first hearing by this opera, and entirely confirmed by a second, was very satisfactory and pleasing. The music is characteristic of Verdi, of course, yet free from his more marked mannerisms and tricks of composition, free from the almost stereotyped phrases, both of melody and of instrumentation to which we have become accustomed. In fact, the Ballo in Maschera seems to mark the beginning of a new style in the works of this popular composer, and we should incline to the belief that he has taken a leaf from the experience and practice of Meyerbeer. Particularly in the treatment of certain dramatic situations are we reminded of the latter. The music of the two conspirators, who perpetually hover round the scene like birds of evil omen, recalls vividly Meyerbeer's treatment of the somewhat similar characters of the Anabaptists in the Prophet. The orchestration of the whole opera moreover, while bearing strong marks of the hand from which it came, is in a different vein. It is softer, more subdued, more varied, and the instrumental combinations are often novel, for the work of Verdi. The concerted music is remarkably beautiful, fresh and novel, especially, we might mention the trio and laughing chorus, at the end of the third act, as being ingeniously elaborated and singularly effective and dramatic, as illustrating perfectly the thing which the composer had to describe. The trio, *Odi tu come fremono*, a hurried passionate scene, is one of these passages of intense dramatic effect. The solemn dark phrases of the conspirators are always in wonderful contrast to the action and music of the other characters on the scene, and they are throughout conspicuously before the mind and the eye of the spectator. The receding voices of the conspirators and chorus as they leave the scene produce a marked effect. In strong contrast to Sam and Tom is the character of the page, Oscar, which is made very attractive by Miss Hinckley's graceful impersonation of it, and musically is very interesting from its sparkling pretty songs so different from the sombre mood of Renato and from the mysterious character of the conspirators. Indeed the whole opera is one of strongly marked contrasts. The governor and his secretary, the wife and the sorceress, the page and the conspirators, are constantly set off against each other, making a most attractive musical *chiar' oscuro*.

Each of the principal characters has beautiful solos, which we need not say with this cast were beautifully given. Very sparkling and fresh is the lovely barcarole sung by Brignoli in the cave of the witch and admirably adapted to his voice. Indeed he sings throughout this opera, evidently *con amore*. We have no space to remark upon these more fully now. The character of Ulrica is perhaps the least interesting; and the incantations of the witch came short of the proper effect, although Miss Phillips made of the part all that can be, we should imagine, which is not small praise, since Alboni, in the same character, has failed of success.

Mad. Colson sang exquisitely and acted with her accustomed fire and grace, at the first representation, especially in the moonlight scene, but on Friday was ill, yet unwilling to disappoint the audience, did her best, although obliged to omit some of the music.

FERRI gave his part of Renato, with excellent con-

ception and artistic style. His dress was picturesque and his bearing and action exceedingly effective. He sang beautifully the air *E sei tu che macchiavi*.

In short, we have been much pleased with the new opera, and are not content with what we have heard of it. The first act is less interesting than the others but the dramatic and musical interest progress and increase gradually till the climax is reached. It certainly adds much to Verdi's reputation, is a work which does honor to him in every way, and has in it many of the elements of extended popularity and a long life.

At the first performance the theatre was packed from top to bottom, even standing places being hard to be obtained. A large audience witnessed the second performance, and many will be glad to learn that it is to be given for the third time this afternoon.

*Linda di Chamounix* was selected for the debut of Miss CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, on Tuesday evening. The sweet simplicity of the young Savoyard peasant girl is easily reproduced by the powers of a young girl, coming within the sphere of her experience and not forcing her to counterfeit passions of which youth and innocence can have but small conception. The opera is thus well adapted for a debutante.

We have rarely had occasion to record a more complete and genuine success than was won by Miss Kellogg on this occasion. An entire novice upon the stage, having appeared only some half dozen times in all, coming to us almost unheralded and unpuffed, indeed almost unknown, she has stepped into the position of a public favorite, at a single bound. In person she is slender and graceful, with a pleasing face, intelligent and intellectual, rather than a beautiful one, capable of the most varied expression. Her voice is a pure high soprano, of that thin and penetrating quality that cuts the air with the keen glitter of a Damascus blade, wanting now, of course, in that volume and power which age and time will give, yet sufficient for all practical purposes; of course, furthermore, not so full in the lower register as it will be in time. She reminds us much of Adelina Patti as to the quality of her voice, and indeed in her execution, which is finished and thoroughly artistic, avowing little of the novice, but worthy of the experience of a longer study and maturer age. Every thing attempted is done with admirable precision, neatness and brilliancy that leave little to be desired. In the opening cavatina, *O luce di quest' anima*, she exhibited at once these qualities, giving the air in a way that brought down the house in spontaneous applause. As she proceeded she evinced a rare dramatic talent and an apparent familiarity with the business of the stage that was truly remarkable. The grace and simplicity of manner that mark her, are, however, native and not acquired, and seem a real gift of nature. Through all the changes of the opera, she showed herself always equal to the demands of the scene, so that, as an actress, we should set her down as possessed of a rare instinct, if not, indeed, of positive *genius*. We do not remember any one in the character of Linda who has given it more acceptably than she.

She was admirably supported by Miss PHILLIPS as Pierotto, who eclipses all without exception who have sung this charming character, from Signora Sofia Marini in 1847, down to the present time. No one has sung the music more perfectly, no one has ever acted the character so well.

BRIGNOLI sung delightfully and we have seldom heard more marked applause than that which followed the duet between him and Miss Kellogg.

FERRI was very effective as Antonio; indeed his conception of every character that he assumes is of the highest excellence, and on this occasion his singing was unusually pleasing.

DUBREUIL made an excellent Marquis, deserving favorable notice. The only drawback to a very perfect performance was the severe hoarseness of

SUSINI, whose appearance should have been preceded by an apology, so large a part of the audience being strangers to him and his usually excellent singing. He acted however with much spirit. Miss Kellogg impresses us as an artist full of the best promise. We trust that she may not be forced too fast, nor overworked, that the freshness of her voice and the life and energy of her young nature may not be prematurely injured by labors too great or by an unwise ambition. We are glad to learn that no necessity obliges her to go upon the stage, but that a true love for art is the only impulse. The studies so well begun, it must be remembered are only begun. There is no end to study in so high an art, for a person of so much promise, to whom such high achievements seem possible.

### Jamaica Plain.

#### MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.

A series of three concerts at Eliot Hall in the above place has just come to a close March 7th. The kindness of a correspondent enables us to give a short account of the labors of the club in that beautiful village. Three concerts were got up by subscription through the efforts of a gentleman of Roxbury, who on similar occasions before has shown his love of music. The first concert unfortunately came on that memorable Thursday, February 7th, when a spring-like morning was followed by a night so intensely cold as to prevent a large attendance; the following nights there were full houses and enthusiastic audiences. In the second concert the club were assisted by Miss Housen of the Old South choir, who sang two songs to great acceptance.

Of classical pieces the club played Mozart's Quintette No. 4 in D, Beethoven's Quintettes in B flat No. 6, op. 18, and in C. op. 29 entire; and the following parts of pieces: Andante and Variations from Schubert's posthumous Quartette in D minor, and the Andante and Canzonetta from the Quartette in E flat by Mendelssohn. There were arrangements from Robert Le Diable and from Don Giovanni, and overtures, besides the usual soli on the violin, violoncello, flute and clarionette, played to the great satisfaction of the audience.

#### PRIVATE CONCERTS.

There were last year and are going on this year musical gatherings at Jamaica Plain, which we think a good proof of the love that is borne there to good music. We say good music advisedly, as we happen to know several of the parties that usually entertain the company, and their taste and love for the best in music, and as we have been permitted a glance at their programmes. The first "Musical" came off on March 8th, and comprised beside some vocal and instrumental pieces by other composers, selections from Weber.

Such gatherings are pleasing evidences of the spread of musical taste among us. It is a true pleasure that cannot be replaced by any other way of enjoying music, to make music together in the home-circle. There is the delight in music, where the heart has a share too. Here around us are all those whom we love best, uniting, for the pure love of it, in the production of music. The way we play may be mediocre, it may be inferior, if judged by a critical standard. But the sweet sounds and the love flowing over in them please and elevate nevertheless. The next way of enjoying music in company is at such musical gatherings of friends and acquaintances. A little more formal, requiring somewhat more of a preparation, still social, free from the stiffness of the concert-room and genial. There is an indescribable charm in anything we have done or are doing ourselves. And thus the feeling of satisfaction makes up, in a great degree, for whatever may fall below the standard of the artist. It is a desirable way of spending evenings, very useful to the spread of good taste and commendable in the highest degree. There

may be such gatherings in other places. If so, we would be very glad to hear from them. \*†

**THE SACRED CONCERT.**—The post of a lobby member of the legislature or of Congress may be an agreeable and useful one; that of a lobby member at the Boston Theatre, however, is neither the one nor the other. We, therefore, did not avail ourselves of the complimentary (?) ticket sent to us to the concert of the Handel and Haydn Society and the Opera troupe on Sunday last; having, moreover, a well founded distrust of such a union of uncongenial elements, performances so given having never reflected credit upon either body engaged in them.

**ORCHESTRAL UNION.**—The last concert was attended by a crowded house. Some Hercules should have cleansed out the Augean stable and purged the Music Hall from the signs of the presence of Mr. Rarrey's horses. We annex the programme, and regret that we have not space to give more particular notice of the performance.

1. Overture, "Dichter und Bauer," (first time) . . . Suppe.
2. Romanza from the Opera L'Eclair (for Flute and Corn, Anglaise).
3. Symphony No. 1. (1st time in Boston). . . Mendelssohn.
4. Les Preludes. . . . . Liszt.
5. Grand Ballet, from "Robert le Diable". . . Mendelssohn.

**A. P. HEINRICH.**—We translate the following from the New York *Abendzeitung*, and trust that some of Father Heinrich's friends here may be able to relieve his necessities in his sickness and old age. Further information may be had at the office of this Journal.

"There is among us an aged artist, numbering eighty years. Every reader of this paper knows him as a highly gifted musician. His many valuable manuscripts fill large trunks, and in face of these riches, the old man lies sick and without money in the second story of the house, No. 33 Bayard Street. ANTHONY PHILIP HEINRICH is too illustrious a person to be suffered to make his debut before the world in the character of a beggar. He has worked much and the world owes him. Will you not, my fellow citizens, liquidate part of this debt? I trust that the German-American part of our population will see to it that this venerable old man is not only relieved but done justice to."

## Musical Correspondence.

**NEW YORK, MARCH 18.**—MR. SATTER seems so well satisfied with the success of his Matinees, that he repeats them weekly, and as he tries to please every class of listeners in his programmes, he is likely to continue to draw fair audiences (in two senses) for some time longer. Last Friday he produced Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony in a two hand arrangement. The very obvious difficulties of the latter he surmounted with the most perfect ease, and played the whole in just the right spirit. The Andante, particularly, was very beautiful, and the Scherzo a marvel of delicacy and nimbleness of finger. The Finale was so dependent on orchestral effects, that even more skilful hands could not have made it appear to entire advantage on the piano; however, it presented no drawback to the enjoyment of the whole. This number was followed by another little bouquet, (not "banquet," as your printer makes me say in my last) of minuets, by Haydn, Beethoven, and Mozart, all of them exquisitely rendered; the individuality of each brought out and contrasted with the others most truthfully.

After this came a graceful, dance-provoking waltz by Mr. Satter himself, in compliment probably, to the preponderating element in the audience, as it was called "Les Belles de New York." This being encored, Mr. Satter responded by an improvisation or Fantaisie on the Serenade and Eulogy of Tears, by

Schubert, and ended the concert by a Fantaisie on Traviata. This last was the merest show-piece, and not worthy of one who is capable of so delighting even the most critical, as Mr. Satter. Any one claiming the name of artist ought never to lower himself to please even a portion of his public. Even modern Italian Opera airs can be arranged and worked up with genius, and need not be spoiled by ornaments and variations entirely inappropriate to their character, but when these same floriture are applied to the beautiful melodies of Schubert, or, as in the Fantaisie on the Huguenots, the sublime choral "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," is dressed up in a fancy costume of roulades, trills, etc., thus being robbed of all its grandeur and solemnity, this is still less excusable. Such clap-trap performances should be beneath the dignity of one who can interpret the Pastoral and Scotch Symphonies, Beethoven's Sonata, op. 26, Chopin's Impromptu and the like compositions as Mr. Satter can.

On Saturday our fourth Philharmonic Concert took place, attracting the largest audience that the Society has had this season. Even the amphitheatre was comparatively full, while below not a seat was vacant. Beethoven's ever beautiful Seventh Symphony headed the programme. Then came a novelty to us at least, in the shape of Mozart's Piano Concerto in D. major, rendered I may say to perfection, by Mr. Hoffmann. If I am not mistaken you have heard this beautiful work several times in Boston; here it was produced for the first time, and appeared to afford the greatest enjoyment to every one but a party of young ladies and gentlemen in one of the proscenium boxes, who were so persistent in carrying on a loud conversation, that only repeated and energetic hisses from all parts of the house could at last silence them. It would be advisable for these individuals, if they cannot possibly converse as well at home as at the Philharmonic concerts, to choose at least some point in the house which is less conspicuous, and not so much like a whispering-gallery, from whence the sound of their voices is carried over all the house, not even excepting the amphitheatre. The second part opened with Schumann's Overture to Genoveva, also unknown to us heretofore, and concluded with that to les Francs-Juges, by Berlioz—both very effective; but the former of more intrinsic value than the second. Between these Mr. Moissehauer played one of his indescribable compositions they can hardly be called—rather combinations of every possible trick and *lours-de-force* for the violin. Mr. Hoffmann played a couple of solos, the second of which, a Polonaise by Lubeck, was very effective and powerful. Both solo-players were encored with enthusiasm, and replied by short pieces. —t—

**NEW YORK, MARCH 18.**—MISS CECILIA RAPPETTI, a daughter of the well-known violinist and opera leader, made her debut, last Monday evening, at Irving Hall, before a large audience. She is young and talented, possessing a good mezzo-soprano voice with excellent low notes, and, moreover, gifted with those rich sympathetic tones which are so much more grateful to the ear than the most difficult but mechanically executed cadenza. She was very much frightened but did not show it, and she sang very well, though the selections made were poor, her principal songs being the hacknied *Aria di Sortita*, from *Traviata*, and the corresponding aria in *Trovatore*. The allegro to the *Traviata* air the young vocalist omitted.

There were a great many personal friends in the room, but even without their aid, the debut would have been considered a success. To be sure one surly old music teacher went into the green-room between the parts and said that the *debutante* might do for the parlor but was wholly unfit for the concert room. But all this was bosh. Miss Rappetti is now a pleasing and delightful singer, and, with further

development of years and physical strength, will please even the surly musical teacher unless he be an obstinate idiot.

I spent a delightful hour the other day with **GUSTAVE SATTER**. He lives at 154 Waverley Place, in this city, and has a large parlor, in which the principal article of furniture is one of Steinway's grand pianos. Of this instrument Satter speaks in the highest terms. He has had it for two years, has taken it with him, by sea and by land, has visited with it various parts of both South and North America, and yet finds its tone as brilliant and gratifying as ever. This is certainly a proud testimonial for the makers of the instrument, who are now fairly rivalling the Chickering's. The Steinways, it may be remarked, are recovering from the business prostration into which all kinds of trade have been thrown during the past winter, and now give again full work to their large body of employees.

But to Satter. He plays in a private room and to one person quite as well as in a concert hall before a large audience. It was a treat indeed to hear his admirable fantasia on *La Juive* and his brilliant arrangement of *Ernani* airs in the finale of the third act was finely worked up. Then he played some pieces of his own composition and closed with a wonderfully long and difficult fugue of Handel's, composed for some festival at Westminster Palace. All these, Satter played from memory. He never uses notes when playing before any one. Unlike other eminent pianists here, he does not teach, devoting his whole time to concert giving and practice. He has taken up his permanent residence in New York.

Miss **EMMA ROWCROFT** gave a matinée concert the other day. She is a vocalist of considerable merit, and the daughter of a British ex-consul to Cincinnati. She has come to New York to settle down as a teacher, and has given one or two concerts. At her last matinée, she gave, among other things, the "Shadow Song," from *Dinorah*, and did it very well, too.

Talking about *Dinorah* reminds me of **ADELINA PATTI**, who is singing with such acceptance in that opera at New Orleans. She has been engaged to stay there another month. Her sisters are in this city at the home of the Strakosches in 22d street. Such an ineffably musical family never was heard of. You know that Mrs. Strakosch was formerly Amalia Patti, the contralto. The sister, older than she, Clothilde Barili was Mrs. Thorne and was a good prima donna. She died some years ago. Then came Amalia. Then Carlotti Patti, who has recently appeared as a concert singer with eminent success. Then Adelina, who is a real musical wonder. The portraits of these four gifted sisters hang up, side by side, in the 22d street house.

The father of the Patti and Barilis was in early life a tenor, and was associated with Sanquirico and Palmo in one of the earliest operatic enterprises of New York. The mother was a prima donna. Then there are the two sons Ettore and Nicolo Barili, and nobody knows how many musical relatives may exist in Italy. But certainly there is no such a musical family in this country. The Strakoschs are not musical with the exception of Maurice, and he and his brother Max are the only members of that family in the country.

Musical people here are quite anxious to hear how the Ballo in Maschera will take in Boston. It is much liked here by all except a few bigots and will now draw as good a house as any other opera that can be named. Brignoli sings excellently in it, although they say that Mario in Paris, can't do anything with the part of *Ricardo*. Brignoli can.

That reminds me. Funny story about Brig. They say that he has a certain talisman or treasure which he carries about with him wherever he goes. It is not a cross of gold, nor a mystic vial, nor a

saintly relic; but the head of a buck! The animal was shot some time ago in the western wilds and Brignoli had the head stuffed, with the antlers preserved, the whole forming a unique and pleasing ornament. He is very fond of it and probably you may see it by applying to him in Boston.

There will be a number of changes in church choirs this spring. I have already notified you of the revolution in Dr. Cumming's choir, where Isadora Clark sings. At Dr. Cheever's church also, a revolution takes place. The congregation has been much weakened by repeated secessions, in consequence of the political views of the pastor, and cannot afford to keep their excellent but expensive choir, of which Mrs. Jameson, the best singer of sacred music in the city has for years been the leading soprano. At Christ church in this city where two Boston singers Mrs. Mozart and Mr. Millard form half of the choir there has also been a change, the organist, Mr. Schmidt having gone to San Francisco. His place is temporarily supplied by Mr. McKorkell, the harpist and organist. At Dr. Hague's new Madison Avenue Baptist Church, there has been a squabble, and Mr. Beals the English organist engaged there has left after playing some two months, a Mr. Thompson succeeding him. It is now-a-days quite the cheese for our resident musicians to have regular weekly reception nights at which music and talk form the entertainments. Musical soirées are also becoming more frequent in private circles. Aptommas, the harpist, has regular weekly receptions on Saturdays, and that on Saturday last is a sample of the kind. By the annexed programme, you will observe that several professional artists, the wife of the senior editor of the N.Y. Express and a number of amateur pupils of Aptommas were among the performers.

Inflammatus—Stabat Mater, Mme. De Ferruccio and chorus  
"Send your Hearts".....Mr. Cook  
Organ Solo—(Meditation Religieuse).....Mr. Villanova  
Ave Maria (with Bach's Fugue).....Miss Gaynor  
Accompanied upon the Harp, Organ and Violin, by  
Messrs. Rapetti, King and Aptommas.  
"Rest in the Lord"—Elijah.....Mrs. Elliott  
"Pro peccatis".....Mr. J. R. Thomas  
Harp Solo—Sacred.....Mr. Aptommas  
Duo Religioso.....Mr. Millard and Miss  
"Fae ut Portem".....Mrs. Elliott  
L'Annunciation—For Harp and Organ.....  
Messrs. Villanova and Aptommas  
"Lord Remember David".....Mr. Millard  
Cantique de Noel, (with harp and organ).....Miss Gaynor  
Il Preghiera—More in Egitto—Solos by.....  
Messrs. Cook and Thomas and Mrs. Gottendorff  
Accompanied on four harps by Mrs. James Brooks, and  
the Misses Gaynor, Brooks and Van Buren.  
Hymn—by all....."From all that dwell below the skies"

I have frequently in my letters to Dwight given gossip about church choir affairs. Let me now give a specimen of meanness on the part of a church which is well worthy of notice.

There is in this city a wealthy congregation who have recently erected a new church edifice and placed in it a splendid organ built by Erben. At the opening of the church, several other choirs and a first soprano well known in Boston, were called upon to lend them aid. A skilful English organist was chosen, and a double quartette choir engaged. Soon the leader of the choir squabbled with the bass of the auxiliary quartette, then he quarrelled with the organist who with quartette No. 2 left the church.

Now the church is rich. Remember that. There's no necessity of the trustees doing a small thing. But they did it. A distinguished organist of another church managed to get one of his pupils in the vacant place, promising himself to play at the evening services gratuitously. Thus he ensures a pupil at \$50 a quarter.

Now where's the meanness. Not so much in the teacher—not as much in the amateur pupil, but in the church trustees, who think they make a great bargain, getting an organist or two of them for a trifling sum, and thus keeping some good, deserving and perhaps needy organist out of a place which can really afford a good salary. Now, that this is a very contemptible style of economy is the opinion of  
TROTATOR.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Here with thee. (Tecco io sto.) From Verdi's  
"Un ballo in maschera." 75

Duet in the second act between Richard and Amelia  
(Soprano and Tenor). It is a piece of much beauty of melody and fine dramatic power, and has been unhesitatingly acknowledged here as one of the lasting gems in the opera.

O thou wert bright as op'ning day.

E. C. Sebastiani. 25

A pleasing song.

If I could change as others change. Song.

M. W. Balfe. 50

A Parlor Song, which is much admired in England, and is deserving of a wide popularity.

The man who didn't take a paper. L. Heath. 25

A pretty comic song in that happy vein which the author has so successfully touched in some previous songs, as, for instance, the "Woman's resolution," or the "Matrimonial Jars," both of which have taken immensely wherever they were performed.

#### Instrumental Music.

Forget me not Waltz. Arranged by

Carl Zerrahn. 50

As played twice by the Orchestral Union in their afternoon concerts. For a long time no waltz has so generally pleased, and the calls for it previous to its publication have been very numerous. It will no doubt continue popular.

Let me kiss him for his mother. Variations.

Chas. Grobe. 50

Ordway's popular air nicely varied. Of the difficulty of the "Shells of Ocean" and other popular pieces of the celebrated author.

Air d' Isabelle in "Robert le Diable." Transcription.

Otto Dreed. 50

The air of which this is an elegant arrangement opens the second act and begins in the Italian version "In vano li fido." Those teachers who are afraid to use classical music with their advanced pupils will find this an unobjectionable substitute. The treatment is thoroughly artistic, and everything arranged to the best advantage. Operatic arrangements of such intrinsic merit are rare.

#### Books.

DITSON & CO'S STANDARD OPERA LIBRETTOS,  
each 25

The librettos of twenty-three Standard Operas are now published of this admirable series, rendered popular by their correctness of text, excellence of typography, and convenience of size. During the present season of opera in this city they have been found quite indispensable with those who sought to enjoy, understandingly, the performance; and we have no doubt that in all other localities they will be found equally desirable. They contain an Italian and English text, an epitome of the plot, and the music of all the principal Aïrs.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 469.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1861.

VOL. XVIII. No. 26.

## Spring.

(From the Dublin University Magazine.)

A flush of green is on the boughs,  
A warm breath panteth in the air,  
And in the earth a heart-pulse there  
Throbs underneath her breast of snows:

Life is astir among the woods,  
And by the moor, and by the stream,  
The year as from the torpid dream,  
Wakes in the sunshine on the buds:

Wakes up in music as the song  
Of wood bird, wild, and loosen'd rill  
More frequent from the windy hill  
Comes greening forest aisles along;

Wakes up in beauty as the sheen  
Of woodland pool the gleams receives  
Through bright flowers, overbraided leaves,  
Of broken sunlights, golden green.

She sees the outlaw'd winter stay  
Awhile, to gather after him  
Snow robes, frost-chrysell'd diadem,  
And then the soft showers pass away.

She could not love rough winter well  
Yet cannot choose but mourn him now;  
So wears awhile on her young brow  
His gift—a gleaming icicle.

Then turns, her, loving, to the sun,  
Upheaves her bosom's swell to his,  
And, in the joy of his first kiss,  
Forgets for aye that sterner one.

Old Winter's pledge from her he reaves—  
That icy cold, though glittering spar—  
And zones her with a green cymar,  
And girdles round her brow with leaves.

The primrose and wood-violet  
He tangles in her shining hair,  
And teaches elfin breezes fair  
To sing her some sweet canzonet.

All promising long summer hours,  
When she in his embrace shall lie,  
Under the broad dome of bright sky,  
On mossy couches starr'd with flowers.

Till she smiles back again to him  
The beauty beaming from his face,  
And robed in light glows with the grace  
Of Eden-palaced cherubim.

O Earth, thy growing loveliness  
Around our very hearts has thrown  
An undimmed joyance all its own,  
And sunned us o'er with happiness.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Sketches of French Musical History.

### X.

### OPERA.

1800—1830.

Dramatic music, like literature and the plastic arts, reflects in every age the predominant spirit which governs the ideas and manners of a people; this art—doubtless more powerful than any other, since it combines them all, as it were, in itself—

renders obvious to sense, if we may so speak, the picturesque side of the human soul, and gives the careful observer a daguerreotype of the mobile and varied physiognomy of the ages as they pass.

Just as the musical era of Cambert and Lulli seems to us to correspond exactly with the grandeur of the times of Louis XIV. so Campra represents the affectations of the Regency, Rameau paints for us the inimitable gracefulness of the epoch of Louis XV. and Gluck the austerity of manners under Louis XVI—a king who vainly strove against the dissoluteness of a corrupt court. We shall see during the first thirty years of the 19th century, Lesueur and Spontini faithfully rendering the grandeur and mystery of the Imperial era, and the immortal Rossini brilliantly reflecting, during the more quiet times of Louis XVIII. and Charles X., the important literary transformation effected by the consecutive labors of Chateaubriand, Lamartine and Victor Hugo.

The time of the Consulate, which was but a preparation for the Empire, is essentially a period of transition. We therefore find little to notice in the annals of the Theatre of Arts from 1800 to 1804, except *La Dansomanie*, a ballet by Gardel and Mehul; *Praxitèle*, which we owe to the pen of Madame Devismes, wife of the Director of the Opera; *Les Mysteries d'Isis* a pasticcio by Moreland Lachnith from Mozart's Magic Flute and works of Haydn; the Cantata composed by Lesueur in honor of peace and the heroes of France (April 14, 1802); the *Semiramis* of Catel, a work correct, but cold; *Tamerlan*, by Winter, which had but a dozen representations; produced at Notre Dame, on occasion of the solemn proclamation of the concordat, a mass performed by an aggregate of 400 singers and instrumentalists; and finally the *Anacreon* of Cherubini, in which Lays, crowned a wreath of ivy, grape leaves and roses rejoiced,

Animé du triple désir  
Des Vers, de l'Amour et du vin.

A conspiracy of the republicans against the first Consul Bonaparte was to be executed on the 18th Vendémiaire, de l'An IX. (Oct. 11, 1801); and the Opera house was selected as the place to for the deed. The play was the *Horaces* by Porta. The chorus of the Oath was designated by the leaders as the right moment for simultaneous action by the band, which was to be scattered through the theatre. Sixty of them were seated in boxes taken for the purpose, or were mingled in the crowd of spectators. Their plan was to extinguish between the acts, the lamps which lighted the corridor of the first boxes and to hurl from the upper rows a great number of fuses and crackers on fire, which would naturally frighten and confuse both spectators and actors. Profiting by this moment of general terror, tumult and confusion, the conspirators would be able to assassinate the First Consul and his companions. One of the traitors, struck with remorse, went during the night and made known all the details of the plot to the prefect of

Police. Bonaparte to whom the matter was revealed at 4 o'clock in the morning held a council with his chief officers. In the evening he went to the theatre; the general officers clothed in citizens' dress, mingled themselves in the crowd and acted their part so skillfully, that it was impossible to suspect them of knowing all the particulars of the plot. They went directly to the boxes of the conspirators, and besought the occupants to retire peaceably and without noise. At length the elder Horace upon the stage came to the passage,

Jurez donc devant moi, par le Ciel qui m'écoute  
Que le dernier de vous sera mort ou vainqueur.

This, the preconcerted fatal signal fell upon the ears of the First Consul; but, the conspirators, taken with their hands filled with arms and fireworks were already under guard beneath the staircases of the theatre. Before the end of the third act, they had been carried to their prisons in carriages. During all these proceedings the spectators were hardly aware that anything extraordinary was taking place. Some slight excitement was visible in the lobby which was filled with people, but no one knew precisely the key to the enigma.

On the 3d Nivose (Dec. 23d) of the same year a new conspiracy was indicated by the explosion of the infernal machine. Without exhibiting the least trace of emotion, Bonaparte, who was on his way to the opera house at the time of the explosion, entered that building to hear the first performance of Haydn's *Creation*. Garat, Cheron, and Mesdames Barbier, Valbonne and Branchu sang the principal parts in that master work.

Daniel Steibelt had exhausted all his skill in adjusting the barbarous text, as translated by a hack writer, to the admirable melodies of the great German master, and in spite of the disadvantages of the translation, the oratorio produced an immense effect. 156 vocalists and as many instrumentalists, with a pianist to accompany the recitatives, in all 313 performers took part in the work. The receipts on this occasion reached very nearly the large amount of 24,000 francs. It had attracted the notice of the first consul that 17 boxes, containing 94 seats were occupied gratis by the municipal officials of the government. Struck by this wrong, as the reason of the annual losses of the theatre, he wrote with his own hand a note, still preserved in the collection of the Comedie Francaise, of which the following is a copy:—

"A dater [sic] du 1er nivôse, toutes ces places seront payées par ceux qui les occupent.

BONAPARTE."

It was not long before the conqueror of Italy was proclaimed Emperor, and Dec. 2, 1804, the musicians of the opera joined those of the chapel in executing the Mass of Paisiello at the coronation of Napoleon and Josephine, which took place in Notre Dame.

The two most important works executed in the Imperial Academy from 1804 to 1814 were, beyond controversy *Les Bardes* by Lesueur and *la*

*Vestale* by Spontini. But before going into details upon these two remarkable productions, we will note rapidly;—

1. A translation of Mozart's *Don Juan*, sung by Rolland, Luby, Derivis and Mlle Armand;

2. *Nephtali* by Blangini, the performances of which, having been interrupted by the Emperor's absence in Poland, were renewed upon his return by his order;

Of less note were *Paul et Virginie* a ballet by Gardel and Kreutzer; *le Triomphe de Trajan* by Esmenard, Lesueur and Persuis; *Aristippe* and *La Mort d' Abel* by Kreutzer, imitated by the *Mort d' Adam* of Guillard and Lesueur; *Fernand Cortes* by Spontini, which ran eighty nights consecutively; *Les Bayaderes* by Catel; *Jerusalem* by Persuis; and *Les Abencerrages* by Cherubini. The first representation of *Les Bardes* was upon the evening of July 10, 1804. After the third act, Napoleon sent Marshal Bessières to call Lesueur, that he might express in person the lively satisfaction which the work had caused him. After some complimentary words, Lesueur was about leaving the imperial box, when Napoleon holding him by his coat said, "Remain here and enjoy your triumph to the close." He afterwards added "your fourth act is superb but the third is unapproachable; I give you the cross of the Legion of Honor."

Some days after the Emperor sent Lesueur a small box of gold containing bank notes to the amount of 6,000 francs. On the edge of the box inside was engraved "L'Empereur des Français a l'Auteur des *Bardes*."

The first performance of *La Vestale* was upon Dec. 15, 1807. Spontini, already known by several works, had at length obtained a text from Jouy, composed it and submitted the score to the judges of the Imperial Academy. They found 'good things' in it, but with one voice condemned its extravagance of style, the boldness of its innovations, its abuse of loud instrumentation and the hardness of many of its progressions. The decision was that the work should not be performed. Thanks to the Empress Josephine Spontini surmounted the opposition of the jury. The opera was put in preparation by order of the court, when suddenly Spontini was forced to bow his head and submit his score to Persuis and Rey, who manipulated it at their ease but did not succeed in completely spoiling it. So at last the work was produced and received with enthusiasm. The execution was very fine. Lainez, Lays and Derivis filled the parts of Licinius, Cinna and the high priest.

Madame Branchu gave Julia, and Mlle Mailard the grand vestal. The entire second act is a masterpiece of sentiment and expression; it is both charming and vigorous. The prayer, the "Impitoyables dieux!" the cavatina of Licinius, the finale duett, and the stretto in three kinds of time—all this produces a marvellous effect; and yet without the high protection, which sustained the efforts of the composer, this masterpiece might never, perhaps, have passed the threshold of the theatre. The changes which Spontini had been forced to make in his music raised the expenses of copying to the enormous sum of 10,000 francs.

As we have seen, Napoleon strongly favored the encouragement of letters and the arts; a sufficient proof of this we find also in the remarkable report made by Chenier at the instance

of the Emperor on the state of literature at the end of the 18th and the beginning of the 19th centuries.

Decennial prizes were instituted by an imperial decree, dated at the palace of Aix-la-Chapelle. 24 Fructidor an XII. By this decree 10,000 francs are granted to the composer of the best opera at the Imperial Academy of Music, and by a posterior act, of Nov. 28th, 1809, grand prizes of a second class are proposed, first, to the author of the best lyric poem set to music, and secondly, to the composer of the best Comic Opera represented upon any of the principal stages. Nov. 9, 1810 there was a grand distribution of the prizes.

The poem of the Vestal, by M. de Jouy and the music of the same work carried off the two prizes. A "very favorable mention" was accorded to the *Semiramis* of Catel, and a grand prize of the second class to the *Joseph* of Mehul. *Les Deux Journées* by Cherubini, *Montano et Stephanie*, by Berton, *Ariodant* by Mehul, and *L'Auberge de Bagnères* by Catel only obtained "honorable mention."

Four years later hostile armies approached and menaced Paris. Jan. 31, 1814, an occasional piece was hastily arranged, called the *Oriflamme*, the object of which was to revive the hatred of the French against the strangers. It was but a short time however before the Russians and Prussians laid siege to the capital and on the first of April following the *Vestale* was played at the opera in presence of Alexander and Frederick Wilhelm III.

May 17th Louis XVIII. visited the Academy Royale de Musique, once more, on which occasion were given *Cedipe à Colone* and *Le Retour des Lis*, a ballet improvised for the occasion. Dec. 14th *Castor et Pollux* was revived; and April 18, 1815, Napoleon in turn was present at a performance of the *Vestale*, followed by the ballet *Psyche*.

July 9th, Louis XVIII again entered the opera, now in company with the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, *Iphigenie en Aulide* and *la Dansomanie*, were performed, and Lays sang the *Vive Henri IV*.

An ordinance of the King, of Jan. 18, 1816, regulated the rights of authors. The same year two successful works were produced, *le Carnaval de Venise* a ballet by Kreutzer and Persuis and *le Rossignol* an opera in one act by Lebrun. The *Fêtes du Cythère* was hurriedly put together for the marriage of the Duc de Barry by Dieulefoi, Brifant, Berton, Kreutzer, Spontini and Persuis. Reproductions were successively, *Fernand Cortes*, *Les Danaïdes*, *Tarare* and the *Caravane* of Gretry. *Les Jours Floraux* by Bouilly and Aimon had but a moderate success. The *Olympie* of Spontini was played but twelve times though mounted a cost of 170,000 francs.

But the unlucky 13th of February 1820 put a sudden stop to the performances in the Academie Royale. The Duc de Berri was assassinated at the opera on the last Sunday of the Carnival. Horrible and touching contrast! the unfortunate prince stretched upon his bed of death, while the actor Elie was receiving the applause of the spectators in the part of Punchinello. The entire royal family in tears, hardly separated by a thin partition from an audience convulsed with mirth—was not this a most energetic instance of the sorrow and vanity of things of this world?

The last sacraments were administered to the dying duke, on the spot where the crime was committed, upon condition that the opera house should be demolished. Such was the will of de Quelon, archbishop of Paris.

The opera fled to the Salle Favart on the 7th of April. Mlle. Bigottini obtained there a good success in the ballet *Clair*; and Sept. 29 the birth of the Duc de Bordeaux was celebrated there by the performance of the *Choruses of Athalie*, music by Gossec, and the ballet *Paris*. Fine composers, too, joined to celebrate the baptism of the new prince, in an occasional opera entitled *Blanche de Provence*; they were, Berton, Boieldieu, Cherubini, Kreutzer and Paer.

The present opera house in the rue le Pelletier was opened August 16, 1821. The performances were the variations by Paer upon the *Vive Henri IV*, *Les Bayaderes* of Catel and *le Retour de Zephire*, a ballet. Adolphe Nourrit, a pupil of Garcia made his first appearance as Pylades in *Iphigenie en Tauride*. Nov. 1. Habeneck succeeded Viotti and Kreutzer as orchestral director. *Aladin ou la Lampe merveilleuse*, music by Nicolo and Benincori obtained great success. Feb. 6, 1822. But a new revolution was approaching in the realm of music. Castil-Blaze had invigorated the public taste already by bringing to its knowledge foreign masterpieces, in his pasticcios of the *Folies Amoureuses*, *La Forêt de Senart*, and by his translations of the *Barber la Pie voleuse*, *Otello*, *Marguerite d'Anjou*, the *Marriage of Figaro*, *Tancredi* and finally *Robin des Bois* [pirated and altered from Weber's *Freyschütz*] which latter, at first coldly received obtained afterwards an uninterrupted series of 387 representations at the Odeon. Herold and Auber began to be known in 1823 by the *Lasthenie* and the *Vendôme en Espagne*. *Pharamond* was given June 10, 1825, on occasion of the coronation of Charles X.

After the *Don Sanche* of Theaulon and F. Liszt, was represented May 6, 1826. *La Chasse du Jeune Henri* a picturesque symphony by Mehul, put into action by Gardel. Oct. 9, the benediction of the flags in Rossini's *Siege de Corinthe* was applauded. What can we say of the *Moise* first given Feb. 26, 1827; of the *Muette di Portici* the masterpiece of Auber (Feb. 29, 1828), of *Comte Ory*, that delicious work of mixed style; of *Guillaume Tell*, the brilliant reproductions of which do but add to its eternal youth? What is most to be admired in these works, the vocal melody or the orchestration which is so brilliant without being bellowing as in the great works of the present time?

That was also a beautiful epoch in song when one could hear on the same evening *Meadames Sontag* and *Malibran* of the Italian Opera, uniting in the performance of *Tancred*, *Moise* or *Don Juan*. A magnificent performance Jan. 24th, 1830, brought into the treasury for the poor more than 50,000 francs!

#### John Hullah.

A ladder with the Latin motto "Per scalam ascendimus," mounting by the scale (or ladder), stood over the fireplace of St. Martin's Hall, was destroyed by fire. The master of the hall was Mr. John Hullah, the most effectual musical reformer whose good influence has been felt by the people of England in our day, or in any day before it. His energetic hand has held the ladder by which other men have mounted; but it has been to him no ladder of fortune. Even before he was burnt out by fire the other day, he was burnt out by zeal.

In a Kentish village numbering hardly more than five hundred inhabitants, thanks to Mr. Hullah's scales, the children, the young men and women, even several of the old men who work on farms, have become singers. This Christmas, and every Christmas, and every Christmas and Easter for some years past, they have performed an oratorio of Handel or some other great master; they cherish their church music, and they live together with their minds awakened to such sense of harmony, that for years past not one of them has been punished for, or accused of, against the law. The vicar and his parish are as one family together. At one of their mid-winter oratorios a young woman did not come in till after the music had begun. Her house had been snowed up, but her father, a farmer, had been getting his laborers together, and they had all cleared a way for her, that she might go and take her part in the sublime strain.

At the bottom of this what do we find but Mr. Hullah's music books? Some of them found their way by chance to Pittcairn's Island, where men have learnt from them to make the desert blossom with their songs. Year after year Mr. Hullah has taught classes. His disciples have taught in the provinces with a steady zeal, of which we shall best show the force and the effect by an example.

Twenty years ago, there was no popular taste in this country for anything but dance music, comic songs, and sentimental ballads of the weakest texture. Nobody then believed England to be what everybody now sees it is—a musical nation. English opera then was a tradition more than half suspected to be, like other traditions, fiction. Now, the two largest theatres in London vie with each other in producing it, and we have discovered that our nation begets not only singers and good judges of song, but musicians and composers who in the new atmosphere of national appreciation will know how to hold up their heads in presence of the foreigner.

It seemed to Mr. Hullah in those bygone days that a diffused knowledge of the elements of music would be a great gain to his country. He was first struck by the deficiency, not in observation of the lower, but of the middle and upper classes. When polite folks came together they bored one another with bad solo singing, and concerted music was almost impossible, because there were few vocalists who could really read music at all.

About the end of eighteen thirty-nine, Mr. Hullah, having become acquainted with Dr. Mainzer's system in Paris, again went thither; for he had heard of M. Wilhelm, and he found him carrying out his system of teaching on a very extensive scale, having direct government sanction and support so far as his school for the poor, whether children or adults.

Twenty years ago, Mr. Hullah proposed to the Committee of Council on Education, of which Dr. Kay was then secretary, to open singing schools for schoolmasters of Wilhelm's system in London; and these singing classes soon grew into classes for all kinds of persons; but their growth was impeded by want of a place of meeting, ample, convenient, and not costly. St. Martin's Hall, of which the first stone was laid by Lord Carlisle in June, 'forty-seven, was built; but, alas! St. Martin's Hall, in the phrase of the money getter, "did not pay." It is difficult to estimate the value of the work done in it for the education and refinement of the people. The effort to maintain it had drained all the resources of its founder and its maintenance began to seem impossible when the recent fire brought the whole case to a final issue. Yet, during the past twenty years one hundred and ninety-five classes of adults, of both sexes, averaging seventy persons in each class, have been taught by Mr. Hullah himself, and by a loyal body of assistants, of whom the foremost were Mr. May and Mr. Monk, and two other gentlemen presently to be mentioned by name. The sale of the musical publications has been enormous, and among these, each set of large sheets represents a class somewhere—a single book often the study of a teacher; parents have learnt that they might teach their children. Brothers and sisters have taught one another. The men in the lighthouse on the North Foreland, having got hold of one of Mr. Hullah's manuals, worked through the exercises together, helping and correcting one another as they best might. Others had used, and are now using the book. That is a part only of what the sale of one copy represented.

Mr. Hullah's earnestness and skill were soon appreciated. At the outset of his career he was appointed professor of vocal music at King's College, where he still, as professor, teaches church singing to students of the theological department. In 'forty-four, a class of about fifty was formed for a daily lesson, on Mr. Hullah's system, at Trinity College, Cambridge. Its members were heads of colleges, tutors and masters of arts. The ladies of the same families had

their own class in the hour following. In four or five months these students sang glees, madrigals, part songs, anthems, and motets of rather more than ordinary difficulty. The lessons were resumed after the long vacation, and at the end of the year several private choral performances were given at Trinity Lodge. A class for the under graduates had been at work also; and there were classes for townspeople of diverse grades. Mr. Banister, who represented Mr. Hullah in this leaving of Cambridge with a sense of music, taught also in London a class of wives, sisters, and daughters of mechanics, who, attending themselves, several hundred strong, to be taught by Mr. Hullah, begged that a class might be formed also for their women folk. The result was a class of seventy, to which the women came half an hour before time to secure good places, anxiously conning their last lesson while they waited, and at which they made progress with a speed only to be accounted for by those who could picture the home evenings in which the husband and father joined with his own household in song, and while comparing the fruits of their lessons they all helped each other.

A more striking illustration of the diffused influence of Mr. Hullah's enthusiasm, is to be found in the result of the labors of Mr. Constantine among the mountains of Cumberland and amidst the whirr of the machinery of northern England, among a people famous in these days for their good choral singing. When, in 'forty-two, Mr. Constantine began working Mr. Hullah's system, under the direction of Mr. Crowe, at Liverpool, he taught the first mixed class of ladies and gentlemen in the National Schoolroom at Birkenhead, and gradually undertook the following round as his week's work. We begin it in the middle: Wednesday, the first business, was to get to Ulverston, twenty-two miles distant; the way being across the sands of Morecombe Bay. This journey in winter time, had to be made often in the dark, because the low tide and the morning sun would not always keep in harmony together. The winter fogs, too, are, in Morecombe Bay, not very welcome to a lonely rider travelling on horseback, and obliged to rely on his horse's knowledge of the track. Class day in quiet Ulverston was always a gala day. The singing master's horse was sure to be well looked after. For Ulverston, the town farthest north in Lancashire, stands on a tongue of land where there was nothing to enliven its work, but the market day, till the musician came. The four thousand inhabitants yielded three singing classes. One contained about fifty ladies and gentlemen, another forty children, and the other was a general class of a hundred. The excellent organist kept up the work, and has conducted a musical society from that time, we believe, to this. People came from miles away to be taught in these classes. A cart-load of poor children used to be sent by a kind lady from Bardsea. A hale old clergyman walked, in all weathers, nine miles into Ulverston and nine miles home again, to qualify himself for teaching, upon Mr. Hullah's system, his school-children and parishioners, that so he might elevate not only the music in his church, but also the happiness, and even the morals of his district. He was rewarded with a success beyond his expectations.

On Thursday the lecturer went on to Ambleside, a ride of twenty-one miles, to a place that is, in winter, very quiet, with its five or six hundred inhabitants sorely in need of wholesome entertainment. Here, where there used to be the most horribly nasal and inharmonious imitation of church music, there is now sung by the people a plain musical service, irreproachable in taste. On Friday the round was from Ambleside, fourteen miles on, to Kendal, where there were four pretty good classes, but these did not live to a second course. Sixteen miles on, next day, Saturday, brought the teacher to Casterton schools. Having taught there, a ride of seventeen miles to Preston was followed by a railway journey to Lancaster and back to meet classes there. Sunday was spent at Preston. A ten-mile ride, on Monday, to Blackburn, carried the music master to three classes, the last a very large one, chiefly composed of factory maids. On Tuesday the Lancaster classes were revisited by way of Preston, and so the week's round ran for one of Mr. Hullah's propagandists, in the winter of the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-three. The elementary classes led to the forming of an advanced class, for the practice of Part Music in Preston, Lancaster, Ulverston and Ambleside. The largest classes, however were those at Penrith. The same teacher afterwards taught in other towns both in the North and West of England. At the present time sixty or seventy students leave every year the Home and Colonial schools, and twice as many are in training. The national training schools—St. Marks, Chelsea; Battersea College; Whitelands—each yield about fifty teachers every year, teachers

who have had some musical training. At very many schools—indeed, in all parts of the country—the good work is going on. In Mr. Hullah's personal teaching the interest has been so strong, that some members of his first upper school, formed twenty years ago, have abided by the classes until their recent dispersion. One energetic pupil walked twelve miles to a railway station, thirty miles distant from London on his class nights, and was punctual in attendance. The head of a private school at Tunbridge attended a course, travelling to town for every lesson, and repeating what he had learnt to his own pupils after his return.

It has been found that the number of people who are supposed to have "no ears" is wonderfully small; while only a few may have true genius for music, all can learn its grammar, and by patience with attention learn to hear their part not disagreeably in madrigals and psalms. Thanks to these singing schools the national ear has improved, and the national taste has been raised. Witness the enormous multiplication of concerts in which the choral performers are amateurs; witness the increase in the demand for musical publications and in the sale of musical instruments, especially of pianofortes and harmoniums; witness the great improvement in church music, and the admission even of chants into dissenting chapels. Wherever there is a large town it is now possible to form a chorus at a minute's notice, and it will be a chorus of singers, who are most at home in the best music, and enjoy its performance for the music's sake, far more than anybody can enjoy the act of listening.—*All the Year Round.*

### Church Music in New York.

The law of supply and demand is one of the first in nature, applicable alike to all material, social, intellectual or moral requirements. Thus, when an era in the progress of nations is reached, which calls for great men to take the helm and guide the Ship of State, the supply is always commensurate with the demand, and they are sure to be forthcoming. So it is in all departments of human affairs. At the present time, in accordance with this law, and the advancement of the age in matters pertaining to science and art, a demand exists in all branches of æsthetic culture for something of a better and higher order than our fathers and the generations which preceded us enjoyed. This we find applies particularly to the subject under consideration. The distinguished foreign artists—such as Leopold de Meyer, Herz, Thalberg, and Jenny Lind—who have visited this country, have done much toward creating and developing a taste for fine music among us; as a natural consequence, the want of able performers has been felt, and they have appeared. Many of them have grown up in our midst, and some are from other countries, who, coming here with the intention of remaining but a short time, have preferred to make this their permanent residence.

It has recently been stated in some of the leading German papers, that New York contains more first-class resident pianists than any city in Europe, and we think the same may be truthfully said of organists. Prominent among them is the organist of St. George's Church, in Stuyvesant Square, of which Rev. Stephen H. Tyng is rector. This is, without exception, the largest church in the city, and will seat 2500 persons comfortably; its congregation is one of the most wealthy and fashionable in New York. Of the vocal part of the music at this church we do not propose to say much at present, as a change is soon to be made in the organization of the choir—the quartette of amateurs, of which Miss Dingley is the soprano, being about to give place to a double quartette better adapted to the size of the building. The character of the music is similar to that of Trinity Chapel—described in a previous letter—occupying a position midway between the ancient ecclesiastical and modern secular style. Of the instrumental portion of the music we cannot speak too highly. The organ was built by Henry Erben—by many thought to be the best builder in this country—and, next to that of Trinity Church, is the largest in this city; it contains forty stops, many of which are to be found only in this instrument—one of them is an imported German Gamba, of peculiar richness. The Pedal Organ contains seven, of which one—the Gamba—is a thirty-two foot stop.

Mr. Wm. A. King, a native of London, and son of M. P. King, the celebrated composer, and author of the Oratorio of the Intercession—is the organist. He is the "king" of performers upon the "king of instruments," and has been in this country about twenty-six years, during which period he has officiated as organist at most of the leading New York churches, including Grace, Calvary, and St. Stephen's, Roman Catholic. He has great natural abilities, received his early education at the Royal Acad-

emy, London, and played the organ with skill at the age of twelve years. As an *extempore* performer, he is unexcelled, and his reputation as such has long been established. Overtopping all others of his style, and maturing a great gift in this direction, added to his long experience, he now stands confessedly at the head of the school to which he belongs. His accompaniments are masterly, and in this department he has few superiors; his execution throughout is most delicate and beautiful, characterized by faultless taste, and yet few can produce more *power* when occasion demands. We were present last Sunday evening, when he extemporized a closing voluntary, which held in wrapt and undivided attention an audience of at least two hundred persons, to the close. His playing is imbued with a feeling and energy that transports the hearer's thoughts far above the limits of what the mere instrument can effect. It has been truly said that a large and powerful organ in the hands of a master in one of his best moments of musical inspiration, is inferior to no source of the sublime in absorbing the imagination, and awakening the finer feelings of our natures.

Before concluding our comments upon the Episcopal Church Choirs, we must not omit to mention that of St. Bartholomew's in Lafayette place, corner of Great Jones street, a large and plain, old-fashioned structure. It contains an organ built by Erben many years ago, which is not an instrument of the first class, but the music is artistic and finished, consequently, worthy of notice. Dr. Clara W. Beames, who was formerly connected with the Italian opera and well known as a vocal teacher, is organist and director. He filled the same position at St. Peter's (Catholic) Church, in Barclay street, from 1838 until 1843, and since then seven years at the Church of the Ascension; during which time he presented to the public many of the classical works of Haydn, Mozart and other composers, hitherto unknown in this country. This choir is a quartette. Miss Marie Brainerd, the celebrated vocalist, sustains the soprano; Miss Lindsey, contralto; Mr. Cafferty, the well known artist, (in painting) tenor, and Dr. Roath, bass, the latter three are amateurs in music. Miss Brainerd is a very fine singer in oratorio, and is considered among the best in sacred music; she has also met with considerable success as a singer of miscellaneous pieces in concerts. The whole form a very effective choir, and the music comprises selections from the classical composers, the Grace Church and Greatorex collections, with anthems, chants, &c., of Dr. Beames's own composition.

Brooklyn is fast becoming one of our most musical cities, and the opera has met with more patronage there this season than in New York, but this is owing in part, to the general desire experienced by the public to view the interior of the new Academy of Music. For the same reason, the concerts of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society—which are given at the new Academy—have been attended by upwards of three thousand persons this winter. Church music receives a large share of attention, and, in some of its many churches, the music rivals in brilliancy with that of the leading ones in New York. The largest, handsomest, and most costly of all of them is the Church of the Holy Trinity, located on the heights, corner of Clinton and Montague streets, near the new Academy of Music. Much attention is here bestowed upon the music, and the choir is very thoroughly drilled. The plan upon which it is arranged is antiphonal or responsive, with eight voices on each side, including a fine quartette, of which Miss Comstock, a very superior singer, is soprano and leads the *Decani* side; Miss Chase leads on the *Cantoris* side. Miss Smith is a favorite alto singer, and Messrs. Comstock and Haynes basses of considerable merit. The class of music here produced is of about the same school as that sung at Trinity Chapel and St. George's, New York; services composed by Mr. Warren, the organist, are sometimes chanted. Mr. Warren has it in contemplation to train a number of boys, in addition to the present choir. The organ is a large one, containing forty stops, two octaves pedals, and three ranks of keys. It was built by Crabb, of Flatbush, Long Island, and has recently had several new stops added by Johnson, of Westfield.

Mr. George Wm. Warren, the organist and musical director, is a native of Albany, and acted in the same capacity at St. Paul's Episcopal Church in that city for thirteen years. There, he had a large and fine choir, and became extensively known throughout the country as a teacher and professor. Miss Hinkley, the present popular *prima donna* of the Italian Opera, was one of his pupils, and a member of St. Paul's choir for three years previous to her departure for Italy. Mr. Squires, the celebrated American tenor, was another one of his pupils. Mr. Warren received a call to this church, and came to Brooklyn in August last; here the purity of his style, the total

absence of all effort in his performance, and the true musical feeling with which he is endowed, have won for him an enviable reputation as an artist of the first rank. It has been stated in some of the papers that the sum of \$3000 per annum was paid Mr. Warren, as salary for his services; this is an error. The amount of \$2000 is appropriated for the music of the church, of which about one-half is for the vocalists. Mr. Warren's voluntaries are of a classical description, comprising selections from Mozart and others, and are sometimes *extempore*. We observe that he always improvises a prelude before giving out a psalm or hymn, after an English custom lately adopted by some of the first organists in New York and Philadelphia; it is an excellent plan, calculated to afford rest to the minister, besides adding grace to this portion of the services, but we cannot hope to see it generally introduced, as it requires more ability and originality than the majority of organists possess.—*Transcript*.

### Signor Arditì.

Of all the foreign musical artists who have established themselves in this country, there is no one more deserving the esteem of the profession than this well-known *chef d'orchestre* and composer. A few details of his career, during which he has been associated with the most celebrated vocalists and instrumentalists of the present day, cannot but be interesting to our readers. Luigi Arditì was born at Crescentino, a small town in Piedmont, in 1822. Evincing great musical talent when very young, he was placed under the celebrated Professor Caldera, with whom he rapidly acquired a proficiency in violin playing and composition. At the age of fourteen, by the advice of Caldera, his father sent him to the Conservatoire at Milan, where he devoted himself to a serious course of study, and distinguished himself by the production of an opera entitled *I Briganti*, which was performed with considerable success during the carnival of 1841. In 1842 he gained, for the third time, the prize at the Conservatoire for composition, as well as for violin playing, and on this occasion was presented with a violin by Viceré, as an especial mark of approbation. He took leave of the institution in the autumn of 1842, and may be said to have commenced his public career early in the following year, when he was engaged as orchestral conductor at Verceili. He afterwards performed in several of the principal towns in Italy, and returned to Milan in company with the sisters Milanollo, for whom he composed and arranged some of their most effective duets. During 1844 Arditì extended his travels to Rome and Verona with Bottesini. Their success was unprecedented. Encouraged by the results of their concerts, they had determined to visit England together, when an advantageous engagement for America, offered by the impresario Marty, induced them to set sail for that country, where they arrived in September, 1846.

Arditì was appointed conductor of the Italian Opera at the Tacon Theatre in the Havana, Bottesini being in the orchestra under his direction. At the conclusion of their engagement with Marty, they made a tour through the United States, and remained some time in New York. Recalled by Marty to conduct the opera at the Tacon Theatre, Arditì remained in the Havana until the end of 1850, during which season the company included the well-known names of Bosio, Stefanone, Tedesco, Salvi, Bettini, Lorini, Badiali, Beneventano, Marini, &c. When in the Havana he was generally called "Créolio," from the many graceful dances he composed which became popular. In 1852 he was engaged by Alboni to accompany her during her *tournees* through the States, and then, desirous of holding the reins of management as well as the conductor's baton, he became impresario in partnership with Mad. Devries, and maintained the enterprise successfully for fourteen months.

He was subsequently under an engagement to Sonntag at New Orleans, at the expiration of which his services were secured by Mr. Hackett to direct the operas and concerts given with Grisi and Mario during their visit to America. At this time he conducted the performances on the opening of the Academy of Music at New York.

It will thus be seen that Arditì was connected with every musical undertaking of importance in the New World for a period of ten years, or from the time of his first contract with Marty, in 1847, to the moment of his leaving the United States for the purpose of revisiting his native country, in 1856. Upon his return to Europe, he accepted an engagement as conductor at the Naum Theatre at Constantinople, where new honors awaited him, and where he was decorated by the Sultan with the Order of the Medjidie. Upon leaving Constantinople, Arditì returned to Milan, here his reputation and ability as a maestro induced

the indefatigable Lumley to make an engagement with him, which has continued up to the present time, and thanks to which, his remarkable talent has become known to the English public.

During the last twelvemonths Arditì has published many of his compositions, some of which have become popular. Among these will be remembered the *Valse Chantante* in D, entitled "Il Baccio," which was sung with so much effect by Piccolomini, for whom it was expressly composed. One of his works which is still unpublished, is an opera called "La Spia," of which those who have heard it speak in the highest terms.

It has afforded us much gratification to have been able to give this brief outline of Signor Arditì's successful career, his musical acquirements and amiable qualities making him in every respect worthy of the social and professional position he has attained in this and every other country he has visited.—*Lond. Mus. World*.

**A DANCE FOR LIFE.**—Espinoza, the little ballet dancer with the big nose, who was attached to the Ravel company some years ago, and made quite a hit in "Esmeralda" at the Boston Theatre, and who had in reality an unusual degree of dramatic and saltatory talent, is said to have experienced a singular adventure since he was last seen here. On one of those tours taken by theatrical people in search of the golden fleece, in which they sometimes make the most marvellous perambulations and undergo the most moving accidents by flood and field, Espinoza found himself in the Rocky Mountains; not intending to set up a ballet where Fremont raised the American flag, but with a view to eventually reaching California and discovering a placer.

However, he was destined to perform before a very different audience from those which had applauded his pirouettes in the parquette at Boston. He was captured by a tribe of Indians and doomed to torture. While his masters were gambling around him in their uncounted style, it suddenly occurred to the young Spaniard that his own remarkable friskings might amuse them, or else he was shocked at the bad style in which they performed, and became anxious to instruct them in the movements with which he was familiar.

At any rate he induced them to loosen his bonds, and began to dance. His pranks were so outlandish and extravagant, his gestures so novel and unprecedented, his twistings and turnings, his jumpings and vaultings so entirely surprised the unaccustomed audience that they stared in stupid amazement. It must have been a strange scene. The naked dusky Indians grouped around this little Spaniard, ready so soon as he tired or as they tired of him, to put an end to his life as well as his dancing, and he capered away madly for their amusement. This was indeed "the dance of death." But he intended it should be "the dance of life."

He so fascinated the savages that they became intent on nothing else; and finally when they gathered around him a complete circle he introduced a dance, that many New Yorkers must have laughed at and wondered at when they saw it on the stage; he began running right and left, backwards and forwards, hitting here one and there another, dispersing his audience, touching one with his arm, another with his feet, completely absorbing and delighting them; and while their surprise and pleasure were at the height, suddenly leaped into a vacant saddle on one of the fleetest horses of the band.

The Indians thought this too one of the pranks of his performance, and did not discover their error till Espinoza had shot so far out of their reach, that no effort sufficed to recapture him. He arrived safely at the company from which he had originally strayed more fatigued than after any of his dances in the opera. His audience shouted and screamed, but not with admiration, at the last; and he could boast of having created a more genuine sensation even than Ellsler or Cerito, or any of *les deesses de la danse*.

**VERDI AS A POLITICIAN.** The celebrated composer of the "Ballo in Maschera" has been elected a member of the Italian Parliament. He recently wrote the following letter to the President of the College of San Domine, of which he is a deputy:

President: The honor spontaneously offered me by the College of Borgo San Domine deeply affects me. It proves to me that I enjoy esteem as an honest and independent man, dearer far to me than the little glory and small fortune bestowed on me by art. I thank you, then, President, and beg you warmly to thank for me the electors, who have entrusted me with the honorable charge. Would you kindly assure them at the same time, that if it is not given me to carry into Parliament the splendor of elo-



quence, I shall carry into it independence of character, a scrupulous conscientiousness, and the firm will to co-operate with all my might toward what is good for the honor and closer union of this our native country, so long afflicted and divided by civil discords? Now, to the end that this long and hitherto fond desire of seeing a united country may be satisfied, fortune sends us a king who loves his people. Let us rally, then, all around him, since, if he shall be acclaimed before long the first King of Italy, he will also be, perhaps, the only one who has truly loved his people more than his throne. I beg you to accept the sincere expression of the esteem with which I take pride in declaring myself your devoted servant,  
G. VERDI.

Sant' Agata di Villanova, Feb. 6, 1861.

The critic of the *Boston Atlas and Bee*, who went to a concert of the Handel and Haydn Society, got in, but found no seat—talks some plain common sense to managers and people connected with performances generally, as to the amount of courtesy they display towards those from whom they habitually receive ten or twenty times the worth of the free admissions rendered. After opening his mind pretty freely on the subject, the critic furnishes the following "bill of particulars" of things suffered and enjoyed in his professional tour. It is very much as the experience of nearly every one of his brothers foots up at some time or other:

The Handel and Haydn Society	
In account with Caput Mortuum.	
	Dr.
For two ear tickets.....	\$ 08
" damages from a wet foot.....	25
" swearing while going back.....	10 00
" extra tobacco smoked.....	06
	\$10 39
	Cr.
By wear and tear of conscience saved in not having to	
puff the concert.....	\$9
By comfort in giving a piece of his mind.....	9 99
	\$10 38
	—Exchange.

## Whight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 30, 1861.

IN THIS NUMBER the usual pages of Music give place to a Title-page and Index of Vols. XVII. and XVIII.

### Editorial Correspondence.

NEW SERIES.

No. IX.

#### ROYAL ORCHESTRA SINFONIE CONCERTS.

(Concluded.)

Berlin, Feb. 1861.

I will not enter into any premature comparison between the Royal Orchestra of Berlin and that of the Gewandhaus Concerts in Leipzig. At all events, it would be unsafe to declare the superiority of the former on the strength of a single hearing of the latter, such as I have before reported. Certain it is, that, taken at that moment the Leipzig orchestra was not so perfect, and probably not up to its own standard. The strings were all that could be wished, but in the wind band there was harshness, blur and indecision. It was the animating verve and spirit of the rendering that saved it; and yet there was complaint of falling off in this respect. In Taubert's orchestra the balance is perfect; the reeds and brass are all as true and pure in tone, as sure and clear in outline, and as delicately subordinated as the rest; always present in just the right degree of force, and furnishing the right characteristic color, spoiling no effect by over-prominence, and falling short of none. Each man blows and fingers with the skill and certainty of a consummate virtuoso, but without the virtuoso's egotism; a common classical feeling, an artistic loyal instinct merges each in all. It often seemed to me as if Herr Taubert sat at the keyboard of a single universal instrument, and that one master mind

played the whole, to whom every tube and string were as responsive, each with exactly the right shade of tone, as are the keys of the pianoforte to the masterly interpreter of Beethoven or Chopin. Now this, to be sure, is only saying what every orchestra ought to be; it is the abstracting of all the bad from all the good qualities; it is describing an ideal orchestra. A thing more easily described than found. Such generalized fine talk is commonly dangerous, and so overshoots the mark in respect to anything actual, that it describes nothing. But here is just the place for it, when one at last does find something so complete and faultless; something in hearing which you are relieved of all sense or dread of interfering mechanism; in which you meet the composer mind to mind, and the music seems breathed upon you from the source that first inspired it. That certainly is the best orchestra in which you forget the orchestra itself, and deal solely and directly with the composer's thought. And that I could do all too easily for one who has to make a critical report about it.

The Seventh Symphony of Beethoven was as fine a test as one could have, on the first evening, of the virtues of such an orchestra. Or rather, to put the right foot first, such an orchestra could not do you a more edifying service than to let you hear the Seventh Symphony. There was only one disappointment; we were in the gallery, the air was dead, and of course the sounds could not vibrate with their full resonance upon the ear; your reason recognized how full, how perfect the orchestra was, but subjectively to you the effect was deadened, it needed room to ring in, needed freedom, it reached you partly paralyzed. (Ventilation of rooms has more to do with acoustics than we are wont to imagine.) Such an experience is like listening with wool in your ears. But even with these dampers on the strings (the nerves of hearing), the symmetry and nicety of the rendering were unmistakable. I shall never forget the impression made upon me by the exquisite *pianissimo* with which that mysterious Allegretto (second movement) was commenced by the low strings, and how the stream grew richer and stronger by a *crescendo* that held one one in breathless interest. It is almost worth coming to Europe for to hear a *pianissimo* for once in one's life. I think we have only taken the will for the deed at home, and not a very united will at that. In Leipzig, listening to Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony, I was surprised and charmed (whether I mentioned it or not) by the exquisite fineness, neatness and precision with which the whole body of violins ran through those long sustained passages of *staccato* triplets in the Allegro. It was the same here too. And that work furnished one chance for comparison of the two orchestras in the same task. I should say that the performances were in the main about equally good, with the exception that in the Leipzig one the brass in the strong passages was sometimes coarse in quality and overpowering; the horns in the Trio stammered, &c. In the Andante, the melancholy church-like movement, the reeds here were marvellously expressive; such bassoons and oboes, with such characteristic individuality of sound, I have not heard elsewhere.

But what else of Beethoven? The *Eroica* came out much more clear and majestic, more like a grand consistent whole, to me, than it ever did be-

fore; although that work still lacks to me the perfect unity of form, the suggestion of a single and successful cast, which is so undeniable in the other great ones, teeming as it is with glorious passions, with most original and frequently sublime ideas. But the *Marcia funebre* is the grandest thing of its kind, and was made uncommonly impressive in this rendering. It was for this, doubtless, that this Symphony had been selected.

It was played in honor of the late king, Friedrich Wilhelm IV., who had died on the first of the month; and the concert was the first after the expiration of the *Trauer* period of 18 days, during which all public music, all theatres and entertainments of all kinds were absolutely suspended, and even formally forbidden. How could Germans, especially Berliners, manage to exist so long without music? You wonder that they submit to the compulsory mourning at so severe a sacrifice. But they submit to anything in the name of loyalty and court tradition. Heavy is the tax which Europe pays to *etiquetterei*. When the king dies the whole land must go into mourning; it is not left free to each one's feeling; it is not treated as a matter of feeling; it is an outward observance ordained and imposed on every one; those of such and such a rank must wear such and such crape, and dress so and so, for so many weeks or months; and all must go without music and all public entertainments for a period arbitrarily appointed for them, since it is not safe forsooth to trust the matter to the sincerity of private grief. The nation is the royal house, the people are the royal family, according to the king theory, and are expected to don the livery of the establishment to swell the pomp of its funerals. And so Berlin, so all Prussia, actually existed the first eighteen days of January without theatres or concerts. Of course it was a ruinous interruption of business to some of the dealers in these articles; but good for the keepers of cafés and beer saloons; these became the sole resource for the evenings; for no matter how much crape he wears, how loyally he puts on all the shows of mourning which the Court prescribes, how many black flags wave from palaces, hotels, and fashionable fancy and drygoods shops, how outwardly complete and rigid the so-called *Landestrauer*, construing God's sunshine out of existence for such period as pleases the powers that be, still your Berliner must enjoy himself, must drink and smoke, and reserves one sovereign right against any infringement of which the whole nation would be most sure to rebel—to-wit, the right of Beer. By a curious coincidence the only real Winter we have had in Berlin began and ended with those eighteen days; during that period the presence of his icy majesty was very near and palpable, his freezing breath upon us; the temperature was most of the time below zero and yet never so cold as in the coldest days of our less northern Boston; the climax of the cold, the one day that might have passed for a fair specimen of a right clear, cold New England winter day, was that on which your correspondent nearly froze his feet at Potsdam watching the funeral procession of the King. With the return of music came the melting airs of Spring; the snow departed, not yet to return, and the weather on an average has been milder than our April. (This is the middle of February). But the *Trauer* is observed much longer by the court and all officials and their families; and to this fact it

was owing that many subscribers' tickets to the Sinfonie Concerts were not used, but were offered at sale for the last evenings to some of us outsiders, so that we have heard the music to the best advantage from good seats on the floor.

Of the other Beethoven works in the above programmes, I enjoyed most the overtures to *Leonora* (No. 3), and to *Coriolan*, certainly the two grandest which he or any one has written, and that warm, impassioned, exquisite love Symphony — the Symphony in which the sentiment of "*Adelaide*" and the "Moonlight Sonata" has found its largest expression — the Symphony in B flat, No. 4. This last was just the kind of piece to hear in such a room, from such an orchestra; the impression of its beauty was as pure warm and complete, as that of one of Raphael's loveliest creations.

I should hardly have thought it possible for me to listen with much interest again to that hacknied Symphony of Haydn's, which goes by the name of the "Surprise." But here the marvellous perfection of the rendering lent such a charm to the mere elegance and perspicuity of Haydn's style, that any one could sit through it with delight. And so with the other Haydn Symphony. Judge then how unalloyed the pleasure must have been of hearing from the same orchestra the symphony by Mozart in G minor, which, the more one knows it, the more he is inclined to regard it as a perfect Symphony, one of the very best existing models of the form, so beautiful and so spontaneous as well as logical in its entire development, as to show that the Symphony form is really not arbitrary, not the fashion of an age, the slavish copy of some one man's success, but founded in the very nature of music and the human soul. The great "Jupiter" of Mozart, too, was superbly played; it was easy to trace the four mingling fugue themes in the last movement, in so faithful and distinct a rendering.

Of works more out of the beaten concert track of these days, the Symphony by Emanuel Bach, the son of John Sebastian, naturally excited the most interest, and it had been revived a few weeks before in Leipzig. It was written before the Symphony (or Sonata) form had reached its development, and before the modern orchestra existed. The string quartet of the orchestra is but passingly relieved and colored in it by a few wind instruments. In point of form it seems to occupy the most important step between the old Bach and Haydn. It has three well defined movements, leading without break into one another; and it is full of life and fire, with not a little freakishness, particularly in the finale, where a famous trill is executed by nearly the whole orchestra *en masse*, the double basses included. I must say I enjoyed it, but must hear it more than once in order to know it. Another rarity, comparatively, but very different, was the overture to "Anacreon," by Cherubini; this is one of the most lifeome, stimulating, original, and altogether felicitous productions in the shape of overture that I have ever heard, as sparkling and as wholesome as its subject could suggest.

The two overtures by newer composers, Nicolai and Bernhard Scholtz, were both interesting. The latter, to Goethe's "Iphigenia," has much of the dignity of Gluck, but more enriched with modern orchestration, and made at least a *succes d'estime*. The former, founded on the choral: *Ein feste Burg*, is called a religious festival over-

ture, and was composed in 1844 for the third centennial festival of the University at Königsberg, whose foundations were laid in the same time with those of the Reformation, when these grand old chorales, which form the true heart and subject matter of the great Protestant sacred music, (Bach's motets, cantatas, &c.), as the *Canto fermo* did of the Catholic, sprang into being. It was a true thought, therefore, to choose for the substance of his overture this most representative one of the Lutheran chorals. He gives it out at first solemnly and grandly, and skilfully and justly harmonized, in massive chords of the whole orchestra (accompanied in the original performance by chorus and organ). Then out of fragments of the subject an elaborate and interesting double fugue is developed, in quite a Handelian style, and the overture concludes with the chorale *en masse*, as it began. The work exhibits the composer of that graceful, pretty trifle, the opera "Merry Wives of Windsor," in a more serious and important aspect. There are traces of a happy inventiveness already in the opera, especially the overture; but as a whole it is a failure; and of course the idea of setting Sir John Falstaff to music was simply absurd. But those who knew Otto Nicolai well, lament his early death, as well as his somewhat troubled and eccentric life, as that of a man who had real musical genius in him. Certainly this overture shows depth and grandeur of conception and of feeling, as well as musicianship in the sterling contrapuntal sense. A Motet of his, sung lately by the Dom Chor, confirmed the impression. D.

#### Italian Opera.

*Mosé in Egitto*, which was to have been given on Wednesday, was postponed to Thursday. The tremendous snow storm of that evening however, diminished the size of the audience, which would, under other circumstances have been a very large one, as, in the early days of Italian opera, *Mosé* was one of the most popular of all operas, and as the frequent performances by the Handel and Haydn Society of it in its oratorio form have made the music quite familiar to very many people.

It was indeed refreshing once more to hear so grand a work from the hand of the great living master, whose mind seems to be the inexhaustible fountain of melody ever fresh and ever new. Then the prodigal wealth of ornament, and the richness of accompaniment make any thing from the pen of Rossini a rare feast to ears that have been fed long upon the thinner diet offered by his, in some respects, degenerate successors. Our wonder never ceases at his surprising fertility and variety in the points that we have alluded to.

The day gained by the postponement was an obvious advantage to SUSINI, who, in the condition in which he undertook to appear in *Linda* on Wednesday, could not have sustained the burden which the shoulders of *Mosé* have to bear. The improvement in his voice was very marked, so that he went through the evening quite successfully as regards the music, while his imposing personal presence, and careful attention to the acting of the character, made his impersonation on the whole quite effective. It was a serious drawback however, that his noble voice so inadequately carried out his intelligent and artistic conception.

FERRI as Pharaoh was a worthy representative of the Egyptian king. His bearing and manner were truly royal and he gave good effect to the stirring incidents of the scene.

STIGELLI of course left little to be asked in his rendering of the music of Amenofi. The character

is one of little interest dramatically, hardly more so than that of Pollione in *Norma*, thus giving scarce any opportunity for the energy and fire characteristic of the best efforts of Stigelli.

The duet between Pharaoh and Amenofi was splendidly sung by Stigelli and Ferri, and the audience would only be contented when the curtain which had fallen upon the second act was raised and the duet repeated. The duet with Mad. COLSON was very brilliantly done, and prodigiously applauded. The character of Anais is not one well adapted for this lady, for the purpose of displaying her personal graces and her elegance of manner, and the dress is one severely trying to a pretty woman whose good instinct in matters of the toilet is so conspicuous. She sang however, with all her accustomed effect and brought down the house by her brilliant rendering of the music.

MISS PHILLIPPS as Sinaide appeared to great advantage and her reliable character as a singer, saved some of the concerted pieces, none of which went very smoothly, from the discredit of entire failure.

The spectacle and tableau at the end was as ludicrous as ever it was in old times, but perhaps was as well done as it can be here. The choruses were tolerable and in respect to costume and scenery the opera was quite well presented.

*Rigoletto* was performed on Friday with Miss Kellogg as Gilda, Stigelli as the Duke and Ferri as Rigoletto. The opera is not nor will it ever be a popular one, and is full of some very unmusical music. For its effect it depends upon the character of *Rigoletto*, which on this occasion was most admirably represented by Signor FERRI, who gave it all the pathos and passion that it requires. It was one of the best personations that Ferri has ever given us, excellent and versatile as he has proved himself. It is no small credit to appear as he has on every night in characters of such different natures, and to have given them all so faithfully and so well. Ashton, Renato, Antonio, Pharaoh, the King (in Ernani) and lastly *Rigoletto*, have all been rendered with the same zealous attention, artistic conception and admirable effect, and have done much to place this artist, in spite of some vocal drawbacks, very high in the scale of public favor.

STIGELLI sang *La donna è mobile* finely, but no time can efface the recollection of Mario in this air. He was hardly in a congenial element, playing the dissolute deceiver of the Jester's daughter, but the music was faithfully and effectively given.

MISS KELLOGG "renewed her triumphs" as the bills said, in the character of Gilda, giving it with admirable conception and excellent and artistic style, though somewhat wanting in force in the great quartette, pitted against three such voices as were with her. Miss PHILLIPPS was an incomparable Maddalena and gave great life and spirit to the scene.

*Un Ballo in Maschera* was promised for Saturday afternoon upon the bills, "without abridgement or curtailment," and the performance was perhaps as near to the promise as it is possible for an opera company to keep its word with the public. Have such people no consciences? We have rarely heard an opera more mutilated and more thoroughly shorn of its fair proportions, by leaving out the best part of it, than on this occasion. For example, the whole of the first scene of the second act, which Mad. Colson omitted at the previous performance from indisposition, was again omitted, apparently without this excuse, the audience thus losing one of the finest passages of the opera musically, one also of great dramatic interest. Again the long and important scene that begins the third act, between Renato and Amelia was entirely omitted, very essential to the correctness of the plot, which moreover includes the finest air that Ferri has to sing in the whole opera, whose admirable rendering of it we noticed last week. The scene is also of exciting interest, from the great effect with which it has been given by Colson and Ferri at the previous performances.

BRIGNOLI too, followed suit by cutting the exquisite air of the fifth scene of this act, *Ma se m'e forza perdeti*. The performance however, was made to last the usual time by intolerably long intervals between the acts, so that it occupied exactly the time that it did when given complete the first evening. In other respects this was a very spirited and good performance. Indeed the beauties of the opera grow upon us so that we are loath to lose any of them, even if they are not specially promised. As so many of the prominent solos were omitted at this performance, Miss Hinckley in the part of Oscar became almost the most prominent among the characters, and she sang them all with much spirit. The sprightly, light air *Volta la terra* at once fascinates the audience in favor of the pretty, saucy page and fixes attention upon him, whenever he appears to cast a gleam of sunshine upon the dark passions of the scene. Of this kind of music we know scarce any thing more fascinating than the page's song in the hall room, *Super correste*, which is invariably encored by the audience. The melodies of the opera prove to be of the kind that fix themselves in the memory, and will soon be welcomed as familiar friends.

*Il Trovatore*. The performances of this week began with this opera, with Miss HINCKLEY as Leonora. We have become so accustomed to identify her with the handsome little page in the *Ballo*, that we were fairly surprised at seeing the beautiful Leonora of this evening come upon the stage, lovely enough in truth to captivate Manrico and the Count di Luna and excite them to deeds of desperation to win her. Miss Hinckley's performance of Leonora was a succession of triumphs throughout the evening, and we were also not a little astonished at the power and fine effect with which she gave the spirit of the character. We dare say that some sagacious critic with score in hand will have discovered that some little passage of difficulty may have been omitted, that some lofty feat of vocal gymnastics that we have heard from a Lagrange perhaps may have been missed from her rendering; this may be true, but it is equally true that the real inner spirit of the character and the music has not often been more vividly, faithfully and artistically presented. The most vigorous applause and repeated calls before the curtain rewarded her for all her efforts and frequent bouquets were thrown at her feet. The *Miserere* scene was finely given and frantically applauded, (not by the *claque*, for the deadheads do not sit in the amphitheatre), and its repetition insisted upon by the most prolonged and vociferous demonstrations of delight. Signor Brignoli declined, (although, doubtless, for good and sufficient reasons) to make the additional effort, and thus placed the young prima donna in the awkward position of coming forward to the footlights to respond to the call and being obliged to retire again. The handsome tenor might at least have made his bow and acknowledgement, and the gentleman might have been more considerate of the feelings of the lady. A quite general tribute of hisses was his reward, when, after a long interval, during which the audience would take no denial of its request, the scene was repeated. Another avalanche greeted Signor BRIGNOLI when he appeared upon the scene, which he endured with an imperturbable gravity that quite conquered his enemies, and he took his revenge by singing more exquisitely than ever the remaining music that fell to him, extracting applause from the unwilling hands of those who only just before had hissed him. Miss PHILLIPS as Azucena, made unusual efforts and gave the part with wonderful spirit and dramatic effect. FERRI is an admirable Count di Luna and Barili well sustained the part of Ferrando. Altogether the performance was a very spirited and excellent one, and Miss Hinckley has every reason to congratulate herself on so successful a debut in a difficult part in which the achievements of very great artists are familiar to the audience before which she appeared. This opera always draws a good house, and

the intense passion of some of its characters and the intense music illustrating it, produces an undeniable effect upon the hearer. We have scarcely ever enjoyed the opera, as a whole, more than in the representation of Monday evening. We are glad to have had this opportunity of hearing *Il Trovatore* while the impressions of Verdi's later work are so fresh, and glad to find that our favorable impressions of the latter are even strengthened by comparing it with the earlier work of such universal and undeniable popularity.

"*Moses in Egypt*," performed as an oratorio on Sunday evening was not a very marked success. Choral societies for oratorios, and Italian artists for operas! They cannot exchange places with advantage. The music, we hardly need say to a public familiar with it for these dozen years, is wonderfully melodious and sparkling, and is just as enjoyable now as when it was first brought out. It did not derive any new significance or power from the last rendering. Many of the solos, however, were finely sung; the choruses and accompaniments were good considering the number of performers; and if the principal singers had not utterly spoiled two of the finest quartettes by their jarring *tempos*, we should have had a much pleasanter memory of the concert.

Linda was repeated on Tuesday, Miss KELLOGG in no respect falling short of the impression she made on her hearers at her debut. SUSINI was unable to sing, and Barili, at short notice, was substituted for him. It therefore became necessary to omit considerable portions of the opera. Miss PHILLIPS, BRIGNOLI and FERRI sang excellently and except for the large omissions mentioned above, the performance was spirited and satisfactory. The duet *A consolarmi affrettisi* was encored and the duet between Linda and Pierotto was very brilliantly delivered by Misses Kellogg and Phillips. Signor DUBREUIL improved much in his personation of the old marquis and contributed largely to the good effect of the performance.

*La Juive*.—Halévy's famous opera was given for the first time on Wednesday evening. The announcements of the management had considerably raised the expectations of the public as to its attractions and merits, so that the theatre was again filled to its utmost capacity, offering a most agreeable spectacle to the associated artists, suggestive of large receipts. It is of course impossible to speak with any minuteness of the music of a new opera by a composer almost unknown to us except by name. It gave us little of the melody that one carries away in the head, although it is brilliant and effective from beginning to end, and admirably fitted to the dramatic, even melodramatic requirements of the scene.

Several of the choruses are carefully elaborated and were quite well given. The scene of the feast of unleavened bread was also very impressive and finely sung by SIGELLI with some of the principals and chorus. But the chief attraction of the opera as given by this troupe, at least as it strikes one at the first representation, was the marvellous impersonation of the old Jew Lazarus, by Sigelli, which was one of the most effective and masterly performances that we have ever heard from him. Both in the general effect and in its minutest details it was done with admirable perfection. His dress, facial expression, gait even, were studied with the greatest care and all contributed to the vivid portrayal of the character, on which the whole interest of the opera turns. We need not say that the music was rendered with the finest effect. Mad. COLSON too, shone as a star of the first magnitude, being in the best voice, costumed to the last degree of picturesque perfection, and a beautiful realization of the lovely Jewess. SUSINI made a most imposing Cardinal, but still seemed to suffer from indisposition, although he gave with sufficient effect the music of the part. Signor SCOLA whose name has appeared thus far upon the bills as stage manager, appeared before the public in bodily presence for the first time, as Leopoldo, quite good looking and princelike, but with the merest thread and shadow of a voice, which however, he managed well and intelligently carried out the business of his part.

Miss HINCKLEY looked very charming as the Princess Eudoxia, and sang well, acquitting herself creditably in the close comparison into which she was brought with Colson.

The spectacle was quite imposing; supernumeraries abounded in gorgeous array, and made an almost interminable procession. The interest of the plot and the music culminated in the final scene, where the Jewess refuses to abjure her faith and is plunged into the boiling cauldron, just as the Cardinal, who presides over the *auto da fe*, learns that she is his lost daughter, and not, as had been supposed, that of the Jew Lazarus, who is to share her fate. The composer, himself a Hebrew, reserved his best efforts for the climax of this closing scene, illustrating the noble fidelity to the faith of the chosen people, that in all ages has been its leading and most honorable characteristic.

### Orchestral Union.

AFTERNOON CONCERT.—An excellent programme and a "very middling" audience, to use a common phrase. Four out of the six pieces suitable for any philharmonic concert! That is doing very well for an afternoon concert.

1. Overture, *Fidello*.....Beethoven.
2. Grand Concert Waltz.....Strauss.
3. Concerto in E flat, for Pianoforte.....Mozart.  
(With Orchestral Accompaniment.)  
Performed by B. J. LANG.
4. Overture, *Tannhäuser*.....Wagner.
5. Andante, from "Hymn of Praise".....Mendelssohn.
6. Bedouin Galop.....Lumbye.

The Orchestra, as well as the pianist, Mr. LANG, played with exquisite taste. The purity and crispness as well as the nice shading in the concerto in E flat were charming. The fine Chickering grand showed no signs of striking its colors or surrendering to the invading force of the Steinways.

Mrs. C. VARIAN JAMES, whom we at last have been permitted to hear, made a mistake in not having her name announced on the bill. "Who is she?" was the general question, and from what we heard yesterday, Mrs. James need not be afraid of coming out known to all. She sang a *Scena ed Aria* from Verdi and showed that she sings with spirit and bravoura, has unusual routine, and as far as we could judge, has a strong and round voice. Some of her tones did not show the smoothness and fullness of the others, especially the lower ones. Yet we should like to hear her again before saying more and with better understanding on the subject. We hope she will soon come out again, and by a varied programme make us familiar with all her powers. Our first impression was a pleasant one. \*†

ORGAN CONCERT.—Mr. GEORGE E. WHITING, whose recent concert we noticed at the time, will give another, at the Tremont Temple, on Thursday, April 4 (Fast Day), at 3 o'clock. His advertisement will be found in another column.

### Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MARCH 26.—I send you the programme of Mr. SATTER's last Matinée, which was better attended than the two preceding ones. (Why did you not enclose the programme, — t — ?) The *pièce de resistance* was the Sonata, which Mr. Satter interpreted very finely, particularly in the second and third movements. To the exquisite Adagio he did the fullest justice by the delicacy and feeling with which he played it. The Overture, like all Mr. Satter's similar arrangements, was marvellously transcribed, and played with an effect like that of a small orchestra. The three pieces which formed the second number were totally different in style, but neither of them particularly interesting, Goldbeck's too fantastical and effect-seeking, Pattison's rather monotonous, and that of Gottschalk a fantasia on the "Old Kentucky Home," with the banjo accompaniment, which he is fond of imitating and introducing. The Fantasia on *La Juive* is one of Mr. Satter's best. Previous to it he played, by request, his waltz, *Les Belles de New York*.

At the close of the concert, Mr. Satter thanked his audience for their patronage, and announced that he would give his next Matinée on the 4th of April, for the benefit of the German Hospital in contemplation here. — t —

## Music Abroad.

### Paris.

The meetings at Alard's are devoted to the performance of sonatas, trios, quartettes, and quintettes, of the classical masters; and chamber-music can be heard there better than anywhere else in Paris. Alard's style of playing is marked by vigor, animation, and emphasized, accentuation; his mechanism leaves nothing to be desired, and his bowing is excellent. He is a man of about forty-five years of age, with a gaunt figure, tall and emaciated. His manners betray an iron will, and the history of his life would show that his physiognomy speaks the truth. Sprung from the lowest class of society, this skillful artist possesses now a well-merited reputation, and a considerable fortune which does not hinder him from continuing to live as the most modest of professors. His father-in-law, Mr. Vuillaume, is the first musical instrument maker in France; and at his house I have seen some authentic Stradivariuses and a superb *viola di gamba* which once belonged to Francis I. The neck of the royal instrument is magnificent, and ornamented with all the attributes of a King of France. The backboard is still more remarkable; on it there is a plan of Paris in 1515, and above this a copy of Raphael's St. Luke. Alard is in a better position than any one else, for obtaining violins that have belonged to celebrated masters. He has four, upon which he is accustomed to play, a Stradivarius, a Guarnerius, a Stainer, and an Amati. Mr. Franchomme, a cold violoncellist, but correct and pure in taste, plays by the side of Alard—who uses a magnificent bass viol of Stradivarius—on a violoncello once in the possession of the illustrious Dupont, for which he paid 22,000 francs, if I may believe what rumors says. Notwithstanding Mr. Franchomme's precious instrument, I prefer, to this astute virtuoso, Mr. Jacquard, whom I have heard with the greatest possible pleasure execute one of Mendelssohn's *sonates de concert* with Jules Shulhoff. The two soirées of this eminent pianist gave me an opportunity of judging of his last works; they are more elaborate, but less melodious, than those in his first style. His *Souvenirs de St. Petersburg* (mazurka), his *Polonaise*, and his *Grande Marche*, are his compositions which please me most. He plays them very well, but makes undue use of the loud pedal, and betrays a nervous abrupt manner, which seems to indicate a man whose health is impaired. Jules Shulhoff is barely thirty-eight or forty years of age; and is said to be one of the most modest and amiable of men; and if it be true that his mind has already been in a measure affected, it is to be hoped that the temperate climate of France and England, where he is soon going, will contribute towards restoring his health.—*Albion*.

### Cologne.

*Musical Solemnities in Commemoration of Frederick Wilhelm IV. of Prussia.*—At noon on Sunday the 20th ult., the Cölner Männergesang Verein, under the direction of Herr F. Weber, royal music director, executed in the large hall of the Casino, a musical service in memory of the late King. A numerous audience, headed by the principal military and civil authorities, had responded to the invitations, by especial cards of the committee, and completely filled the area of the hall and the galleries.

The Verein regarded the ceremony as an act of profound reverence to the deceased king. In the year 1855, His Majesty received the congratulations of the society on his birthday, and honored with his gracious attention and approbation the performance of several vocal pieces, in the apartments of the palace of Sans Souci. He also presented the society with the large gold medal for art, and endowed them with corporative rights. The hope that His Majesty would take the society under his especial protection remained unfulfilled, but only in consequence of the inscrutable decree of providence which lately plunged the country into consternation and grief.

The programme was carried out in a manner worthy of the occasion, and one deeply impressive from the feeling way in which the music was sung. The choral, "Jesus, meine Zuversicht," by B. Klein, commenced the ceremony. Next came the "Bardenchor," by Silcher, with new works for the first and second strophes; "Ecce, quomodo movitur Justus," by Palestrina; and "Hoffnung," by J. C. Schärtlich. Herr L. Bischoff, who is an honorary member of the society, then recited a poem, written by himself for the occasion, and entitled: "Der Sänger am Grabe des Königs" (The Singer at the Grave of the King), which was instantly followed by the "Lacrimosa dies illa," and "Pie Jesu Domine," from Cherubini's *Requiem*. Then came Silcher's chorus: "Stumms-

chließt der Sänger," G. Sollmer's "Salvum fac regem" closing the ceremony, which had been listened to by all present with the deepest sympathy and devout attention.

The sixth Gesellschafts-Concert, in the Gürzenich, under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller, had been set apart, by the managing committee, as "A funeral service in honor of his late Majesty King Frederick Wilhelm IV.," and took place on Tuesday evening, the 22d ult. The hall presented a deeply moving spectacle. The whole of the chorus and audience—numbering about fifteen hundred persons—were dressed in mourning. The front of the stage was adorned with velvet and silver hangings, while sacrificial flames burned in high golden candelabra wound round with flags.

After an "elegiac march," composed for the ceremony by Ferdinand Hiller, Herr Laddey recited a poem: "Zür Erinnerung," by Wolfgang Müller. Hereupon were heard the first chords rose and joined in Mozart's "Requiem aeternam dona eis Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis." It was a very solemn moment. The imperishable monument of Mozart's genius once again—by the union of purely human feeling, religious sentiment and artistic conception, which, in his case, had blended into unity and into the peculiar expression of his artistic nature, directed to the highest objects—filled all hearts with comfort and elevating devotion.

The solos were sung by Mlle. Rothenberger, Mad. B. Herren, A. Pütz and K. Hill Malapert, from Frankfurt-on-the-Maine.

What else would follow the *Requiem* in honor of the memory of the deceased monarch, but the sublime composition by Beethoven, which he called the *Sinfonia Eroica*? The execution was admirable. Added to this was the solemn frame of mind of the spectators, so that, perhaps, the great thoughts, the wonderfully interwoven melodies, and the striking specimens of harmony, especially in the first movement and the funeral march, were scarcely ever so grasped by the performers, in all their significance and profundity, as on this evening.

### Munich.

Now that the Prince Carnival has again definitely grasped his all-powerful sceptre, and handed over the concert-rooms to dancing and masquerading, I am enabled to furnish you with a tolerably complete sketch of the first portion of our musical doings during the months of last November and December.

The Musikalische Akademie, under the direction of Franz Lachner, performed at its four Odeon-concerts, an overture for a full wind band (first time), by Mendelssohn; an andante for eight wind instruments, by Beethoven; a prelude and fugue for full band, by Franz Lachner; an air from *Orpheus and Eurydice*, by Joseph Haydn; two of the most recently published vocal quartets of M. Hauptmann ("An der Kirche wohnt der Priester," and a song from *Mirza Schaffy*); and lastly, two charming vocal quartettes, for soprano and four male voices, by Ferdinand Hiller ("Lebenslust" and "Die Lerchen.") Besides these, we had Beethoven's symphonies in D major and A major; Mendelssohn's symphony in A major; and the symphony in D minor (introduction, allegro, romance, scherzo and finale), by R. Schumann; the overture (No. 3) in C, to *Leonore*, by Beethoven; the overture to *Euryanthe*, by Weber, and the Scotch piece, *Im Hochland*, by Gade. Herr Lauterbach played Lafont's sixth violin concerto; and Herr Walter, Molique's third (that in D minor). Mlle. Stöger sang Beethoven's concert air in E flat, while Mlle. Stehle, alone, gave us an air with obligato pianoforte accompaniments by Mozart, and with Mad. Dietz, a duet from *Idomeneo*.

The Oratorio Association, under the direction of Herr von Perfall, repeated, at its first concert, Handel's *Messiah*; at its second, it performed, for the first time, a motet for eight voices ("Herr höret mein Gebet," by Hauptmann; the "Christnacht," by Ferd. Hiller, and the "Pilgerfahrt der Rose," by R. Schumann.

Chamber music was satisfactorily represented at the concert of Herren Werner and Venzel, aspiring young members of the Court orchestra, and at two concerts given by the pianist, M. Mortier de Fontaine, as well as that got up by him, for a select circle, on the anniversary of Beethoven's death. Two orchestral concerts of Herr Seidel presented us as a novelty, with a symphony (in G minor) by Mehul and one by Rommel, who is a professor at the Conservatory here. Finally, in the way of virtuosos, we heard, in addition to that excellent pianist, Mad. Kolb-Dauvin, at present stopping amongst us, the brothers Holmes, violinists, at three concerts, in which the public was especially pleased with the admirable manner in which they played together in Spohr's duet compositions.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

'Tis all an idle folly. (E scherzo ed e follia,) Quintet from "Un ballo in maschera." 80

The great Quintet in the second half of the first act, for Soprano, Alto, Tenor and two Basses, one of the most taking things of that kind ever written. It had to be repeated here at every representation of the Opera. Private singing clubs, always on the look out for good novelties should at once write for a copy.

The angel at the threshold. Ballad. W. H. Beecher. 25

A very pleasing sacred song.

The Captain's pride. J. W. Turner. 25

By the author of many popular songs. Likely to take well with young singers.

The Fairy Invocation. E. C. Sebastiani. 25

Written in a brilliant, florid style. For Memo Soprano.

The old Playground. Song. E. Clark. 25

A nice song on an attractive subject.

### Instrumental Music.

Union Inauguration March. F. Scala. 25

Composed by an eminent band leader in Washington for the last inauguration and performed by his band during the procession. A fine piece.

Overture to "Poet and Peasant." (Dichter und Bauer.) Suppl. 50

A favorite Overture which has been played often here at various occasions, and under various names. Most of those in the habit of hearing Orchestra Music will find it familiar. It is of the French school, light, sparkling, melodious.

Queen's Lancers Quadrille. A. Leduc. 85

New music to the ever popular figures of the Lancers, much better than the average of those many "new" Lancers which have been written in imitation of the popular set.

La Belle Rose Mazurka. R. R. Trench. 35

A pleasing parlor piece in the form of a fashionable dance.

### Books.

BEBIGUIER'S METHOD FOR THE FLUTE. To which are added Drouot's Twenty-Four Studies in all the Keys. Price \$2.50.

This is a course of lessons of real, practical ability; one which is prepared, not merely for the object of getting up a book, but with the far higher aim of furnishing to all who wish to acquire a good knowledge of the use of the Flute the means of doing so in a thorough, masterly manner. The book has been successfully employed by the best teachers in Europe, and to beginners, as well as to those who, having some acquaintance with the Flute, wish to obtain a better knowledge of it, we recommend this Method as one of unusual excellence, and one that cannot fail to give them entire satisfaction.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.









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